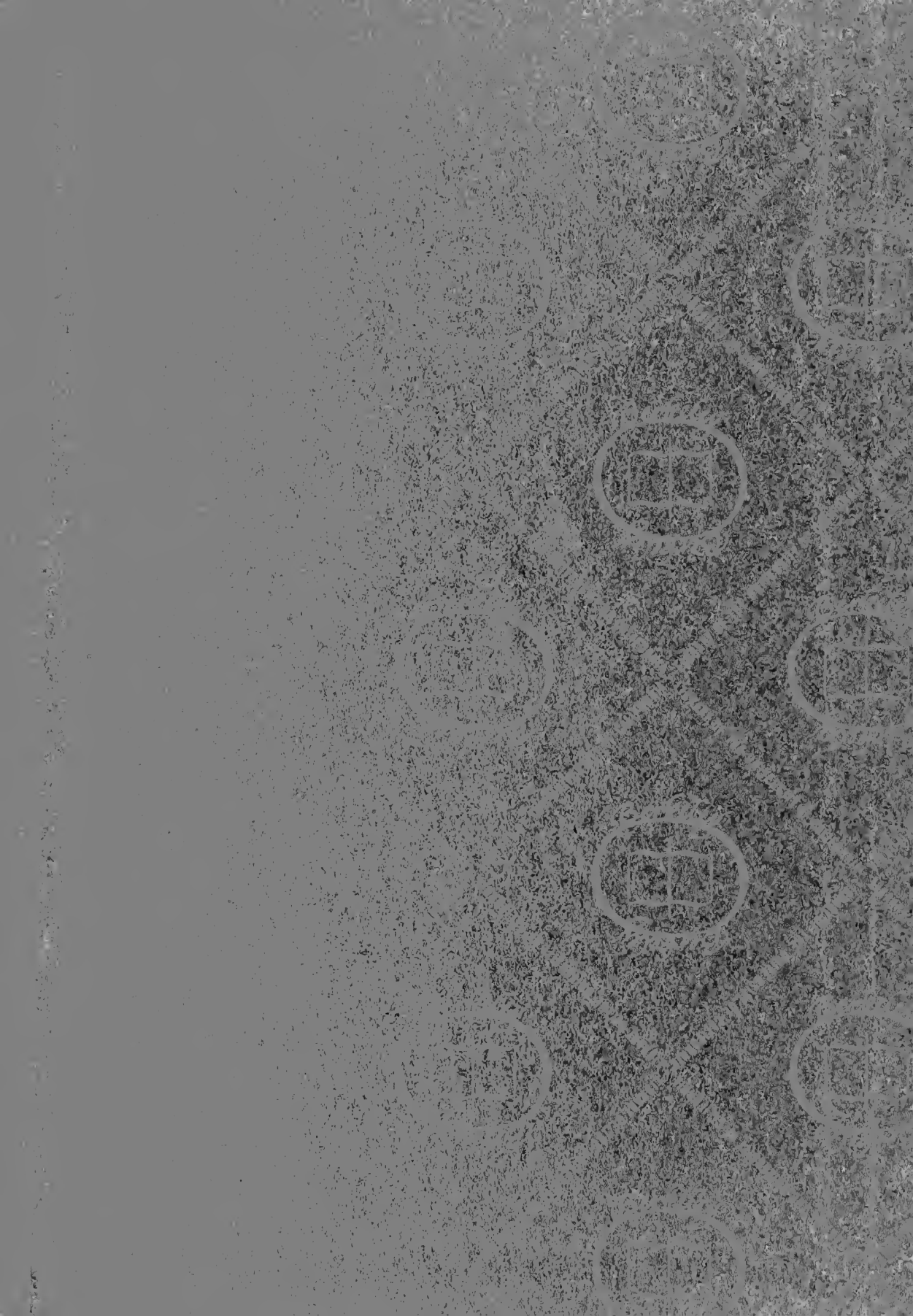


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THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

*Five hundred and twenty copies only printed for England
and America combined. Each copy numbered.*

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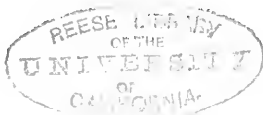
THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

BY EDMUND SPENSER

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1579 IN PHOTOGRAPHIC
FACSIMILE WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY H. OSKAR SOMMER, P.H.D.

LONDON
JOHN C. NIMMO
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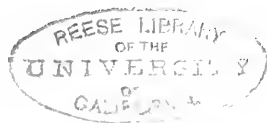
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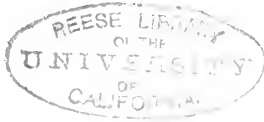
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BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO
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TO
MY KIND FRIEND
THE RIGHT HON. LORD CHARLES BRUCE
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS DEDICATED
AS A TOKEN
OF
HIGH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE

* *
*





PREFACE.



SPENSER'S "Shepherd's Calender" was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with "the new poet," but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579-97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of "The Faerie Queene." Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his "Life of Spenser" appropriately observes, it marks a "turning-point" in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the "Shepherd's Calender" gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication.

It is well known that the attempts to identify "E. K.," the so-called friend of Spenser, whose commentary appeared with the Calender, have given rise to many suppositions and disputes. Some have said "E. K." means E. King; others have asserted "E. K." means Edward Kirke or Kerke, and this for no other reason than that there was a man of such name living in Cambridge in Spenser's time. Very few only, and among them

G. L. Craik, ventured, even at the risk of being laughed at, to speak of the possibility that "E. K." and E. Spenser might be identical.

In 1888, after the subject had been dropped for many years, Dr. Uhlemann, a German scholar, took it up again, and proved, as far as this is possible, that Spenser wrote himself the commentary, generally attributed to one of his friends.

In bringing out the present edition, it was chiefly my aim to make English students acquainted with this result. By kind permission of E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., the Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. L. B. Fleming was allowed to photograph the volume.

H. OSKAR SOMMER.

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INTRODUCTION.



I.

THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

ON December 5, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall¹ under the name of Hugh Singleton, who probably bought the book from the author or his friends. As the epistle of "E. K." is dated April 10, 1579, we may suppose that the volume passed in the interval the press. Neither in the entry nor on the title-page the author's name is mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito." The title of this original edition is this:

1. The Shepheardes Calender. Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sidney. (∴) At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579. 4to.² This edition contains woodcut engravings before each of the twelve eclogues, appropriate to its contents. The poem is printed in black letter, the arguments in italics, the notes in Roman type. Title (with verses "To His Booke" on the back), one leaf; Epistle to Gabriel Harvey, two leaves; the General Argument, one leaf; and the poem on Sig. A1 to

¹ Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London from 1554 to 1640 A.D., privately printed by Edward Arber, 1875, 4to, vol. ii. p. 362:—

5 December [1579].

Hughe Singleton: Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vj^d.

² Handbook to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration. By W. C. Hazlitt. London, 1867, 8vo, p. 572.

N4 in fours. There are four copies of this edition known to exist :—

1°. No. 11,532 of the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, from which the present edition is photographed.¹

2°. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.²

3°. No. 293, Capell, T. 9, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.³

4°. No. 427 of the Huth Library.⁴

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom, according to the Registers of Stationers' Hall, Hugh Singleton assigned the book.⁵ The second edition is very much like the first, and the same woodcuts precede the single eclogues. It has this title :—

2. The Shepheardes Calender. Containing twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sydney. ∴ ¶ Imprinted at London by Thomas East, for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581. Also this second edition is rare. There are copies of it in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries. It is similarly arranged as the first edition. The Title occupyes one leaf; the Epistle to Harvey, two leaves; and the General Argument, one leaf. The volume has 52 folios. The poem is printed in black letter, the Arguments in italics, the Commentary in Roman type.

3. The Shepheardes Calender. Containing twelue Æglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of

¹ Catalogue of the Grenville Library, under "Spenser."

² Catalogus Librorum in Bibl. Bodleiana, vol. iii. p. 520.

³ Rob. Sinker, *Early English Printed Books in the Library of Trinity College*. Cambridge, 1885, 8vo, p. 105.

⁴ Catalogue of the Huth Library. London, 1880, 4to, vol. iv. p. 1385.

⁵ Transcript. Reg. of Comp. Stat., &c., vol. ii. p. 380 :

29 October [1581].

John harrison: Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to haue the sheppardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vj^d.

learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney. Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586. 4to. Contrary to this statement, we read on folio 52: "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison," etc. With very slight differences, arranged as the first and second editions.

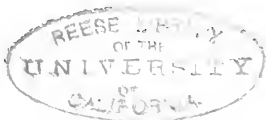
4. The Shepherds Calender, Conteyning twelue Aeglogues proportionable to the twelue Monethes. Entitvled To the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthie of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Maister Philip Sidney. London, Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591. 4to.

5. The Shepherds Calendar. Conteyning twelve Aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve Moneths. Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, &c. London. Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597. 4to. The British Museum copy contains Latin translation in MS.

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepherdes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: *The Faerie Queen: The Shepherds Calendar; Together with the other Works of England's Arch-Poët, Edm. Spenser.* ¶ Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: *To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renowned for Pietie, Vertue, and all Graciously Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c.* Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her Fame.¹

In 1653 Spenser's book came out with a Latin translation in verse:

¹ In this edition the woodcuts that were made for the original edition were used for the last time. The "Faerie Queen," the "Shepherds Calendar," and the "Prosopopeia" are each separately paged. Several of the minor pieces have separate title-pages, and are without pagination.



The Shepherds Calendar, &c., by Edmund Spenser, Prince of English Poets, accompanying "Calendarium Pastorale, sive Æglogæ duodecim, totidem anni mensibus accomodatae. Anglicè olim scriptæ ab Edmundo Spensero, Anglorum Poetarum Principe; nunc autem eleganti Latino carmine donatæ à Theodoro Bathurst, Aulae Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio. Londini M. M. T. C. & C. Bedell, ad Portam Medii-Templi in vico vulgò vocato Fleetstreet. Anno Dom. 1653." 8vo. The editor of this translation, as well as the original, appears to have been, by the preface, William Dillingham, of Emanuel College, who in the same year was elected Master of that Society. At the end of the volume a Glossary, or Alphabetical Index of unusual words, is added. The Epistle to Harvey, the General Argument, and the Commentary are not in this edition. The whole is printed in Roman type, and contains 147 pages.

This edition was reprinted in 1732 by John Ball, with the addition of a Latin dissertation: "De Vita Spenseri, et Scriptis," and an "augmented Glossary." On the title-page below, the words: "Typis Londiniensibus. Prostant apud Ch. Rivington, & John Knapton, Bibliop. & T. Fletcher, Oxon." No date is given, but the volume appeared also with another title-page, on which 1732 and the printer's name, W. Bowyer, are given.

Besides these separate editions, the Shepherdes Calendar has been reprinted with all the editions of the complete works of Spenser,¹ the best known of which are Todd's (1805), Collier's, (1862), Hales' (1869), and Grosart's (1882), and with all editions of his poetical works.²

In our own time, Professor Henry Morley edited the "Shepherdes Calender," 1888, separately, for Cassell's National Library (12mo).

¹ According to the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library, there exist about ten different editions of the complete works, and about fifteen of the poetical works of Spenser; so that altogether the "Shepherdes Calendar" has been printed thirty-five times in three hundred years.

² H. J. Todd's ed., 8 vols., Lond., 1805, 8vo; J. P. Collier's ed., 5 vols., Lond., 1862, 8vo; J. W. Hales' Globe ed., 1 vol., Lond., 1869, 8vo; A. B. Grosart's ed., Lond. and Aylesbury, 1882, 4to.

II.

THE COMMENTATOR OF "THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER."

THE "Shepheardes Calender" was from its first appearance accompanied by "the Glosse," or an explanatory commentary, written by "E. K.," who professes to be a friend of the poet. Nobody knew who "E. K." was, and, as far as we could ascertain, about that time nobody was inquisitive to know, perhaps owing to the fact that the poet's name itself, which was naturally of greater interest, was hidden behind the pseudonym "Immerito."

Many years after—the date cannot be fixed—people commenced to inquire about "E. K.," and tried to penetrate the veil with which the pseudo-commentator's personality is surrounded. Successively several suppositions were then made, till it was discovered that about Spenser's time there lived at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, a certain Edward Kirke or Kerke, though really beyond a few dates¹ nothing whatever was known about this Kirke. This discovery put a stop to any further critical investigation. Edward Kirke was the "E. K." alluded to in the letters of Spenser to Harvey,² and he was proclaimed the author of

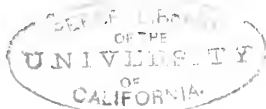
¹ Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, Cambridge, 1858 and 1861, 8vo, vol. ii. 244-245:—

"Edward Kirke matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall in November 1571, subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a member of the latter house, proceeded B.A. 1574-5, and commenced M.A. 1578." (Comp. Biograph. Brit., 3804, 3805, 3814. Calendars of the Proceedings in Chancery in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, Lond., 1827, fol. i. 73, ii. 125. Haslewood, *Ancient Critical Essays*, Lond. 1815, 4to, vol. ii. p. 262 and 288. W. Oldys' *Brit. Librarian*, Lond., 1738, 8vo, p. 87 and 90.—Comp. also *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, ix., June 21, 1860; 3rd Series, vii., June 24, 1865.)

² "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," &c., and in the same volume: "Two other very commendable Letters," &c. Lond., 1580, 8vo.

In the letter dated April 10, 1580:—

1. "'E. K.' heartily desyreth to be commended vnto your Whorshippe: of



“the Glosse.” Thus from edition to edition of Spenser’s works this was repeated as a fact; nobody ever thought of going again deeply into the matter; indeed, if anybody doubted it, he was afraid of expressing his opinion for fear of being laughed at.

It is interesting to read some of the accounts given by Spenser students on this point.

Todd¹ writes: “Some have been led to assign the name of Edward Kerke to the old scholiast. Some also have not failed to suppose that King might be the name.” He himself leaves the point undecided, and generally speaks of the commentator “E. K.”

Collier² says: “The discovery of the name of a person in Spenser’s own college, whose initials correspond with the ‘E. K.’ placed at the end of the epistle to Gabriel Harvey introducing the ‘Shepherdes Calender,’ puts an end to the absurd speculations³ hazarded by some critics that Spenser had in fact been his own editor, and consequently his own laudator, and to the scarcely less improbable notion that G. Harvey had penned the letter to himself.”

Hales,⁴ in his biography of Spenser, says: “These poems are

whome, what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynefull and dutifull Verses to your selfe.”

2. “Thus muche was written at Westminster yesternight: but coming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October to Mystresse Kerkes to haue it deliuered to the Carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke.”

3. “You may alwayes send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other.”

The other reference is in the postscriptum:—

“I take best my Dreames shoulde come forthe alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of Paraphrase) full as great as my Calender. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily discoursed of E. K.,” &c. (These letters are reprinted by J. Haslewood, Lond., 1811, 4to, in *Anc. Crit. Essays upon Engl. Poets and Poesy*, and in vol. i. of Dr. Grosart’s edition of the works of Gabriel Harvey.)

¹ Todd, *Spenser’s Works*, Lond., 1805, vol. i. p. xxi. note.

² J. Payne Collier, *The Complete Works of Spenser*, vol. i. p. xl.

³ Rob. Nares, *A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, etc., in English Authors*. London, new edit. enlarged by J. O. Halliwell and Th. Wright, 1859, 8vo, p. 334: under “Frembd,” “Spenser was probably his own commentator;” under “Mister,” “his own Glossary.”

⁴ J. W. Hales, *Life of Spenser*, in *Morris’s Globe edition*, Lond., 1869, 8vo.

ushered into the world by Spenser's college friend (in Cambridge), Edward Kirke, for such no doubt is the true interpretation of the initials 'E. K.'"

Grosart,¹ in a special article, "Notices of Edward Kirke," &c., writes: "Connecting the full name of 'Mystresse Kerke' (*bis*)—a mere variant spelling of 'Kirke'—with E. K. (also *bis*) of these letters, it has been long accepted that E. K., who was (probably) editor and (certainly) Glosse-writer of the 'Shepherd's Calender,' was an Edward Kirke, contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but certes such appropriation commends itself, as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own Glosse-writer, the absurdity culminating in that of 'Notes and Queries,'² which gravely reads E. K. as 'Edmund Kalenderer' (?)."

More moderately, though not yet decidedly, Craik,³ after having mentioned that some people advanced the opinion that the poet and the commentator are the same person, continues: "It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry, which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had manifest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more

¹ Grosart, Spenser's Works, vol. iii. p. cviii. Besides the few dates given about Kirke in the Athen. Cantab., Grosart adds, "The only other bit of new biographic fact is that Edward Kirke became Rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk." Subjoined is Kirke's Will and Epitaph.

² *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vi., Nov. 4, 1876, p. 365:—

"The gloss or explanatory commentary prefixed to the earlier editions of the several eclogues is subscribed 'E. K.,' intended, not improbably, for the poet himself, the initials signifying here Edmund the Kalenderer," &c.

³ Geo. L. Craik, Spenser and his Poetry. London, 1845, 3 vols. 12mo, vol. i. pp. 34-35.

likely therefore to perform the office himself than intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s 'painful and dutiful verses,' spoken of in the letter of the 16th October 1579, may be merely a long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of 'Immerito,' and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the Gloss of the same E. K. upon his Dreams, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney or Dyer and his other friends by their initials; it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye."

So far the opinions or statements of those who by an intimate acquaintance with Spenser's poetry ought to be best qualified to decide the question who "E. K." was; but can any critic be satisfied with them? They all agree that "E. K." must have been an intimate and chosen friend of the poet, as every page of the Gloss shows, and that for no other reason than that this "E. K." describes himself as such, and because they cannot reconcile themselves with the idea that Spenser could have been capable of such an action. Supposing they were all right, why did not Spenser in later years, when it was long known that he wrote the Eclogues, disclose also his friend's name? The devoted friend is nowhere mentioned after 1580 in any of Spenser's writings. If Spenser was anxious to conceal that he wrote the "Glosse," must we not naturally imagine that he did all in his power to make the illusion complete,¹ and to avoid as far as he

¹ The remarks, therefore, which Spenser makes in the letter already published in 1580 about E. K. are of no value at all.

could everything that might lead to a disclosure? Further, the initials "E. K." were connected with a certain Edward Kirke for no other reason than that he was a contemporary of the poet. Nobody has ever proved that a friendship existed between Kirke and Spenser, but the enigma, one must admit, can through this hypothesis be very conveniently explained. I do not think that I am unjust in saying all those statements, Craik's excepted, are bare of any criticism, for if there were no reasons to be found for the identity of Spenser and Kirke, certainly it is no less absurd speculation to advance the one hypothesis than to be in favour of the other; and however strange it may appear to us if we read "E. K.'s" epistle, and see him spoken of by Spenser in the letters referred to above, it is neither impossible nor improbable, but a fact, that Spenser wrote the "Glosse" without being guilty of any contemptible action. As all great poets, Spenser was in advance of his age. He saw clearly in his mind the difficulties with which he would have to contend in appearing before the world, unknown, in controversy with the existing opinions and fashions, a declared enemy of the University pedantry and the affectations of the Court. Fully conscious of his poetical abilities, and feeling that he was destined to fulfil a literary mission, he wrote the Commentary, in order to draw the attention of his contemporaries to his work, to be better able to point out to them how he meant to deal with style and form.¹ To successfully reach his purpose, he profited by the love of mystery and allegory, a

¹ Spenser intended to introduce pastoral poetry into England (though this had already been attempted long before him by the Benedictine monk Alexander Barclay and others; comp. Sommer, *Erster Versuch über die englische Hirten-dichtung*, Marburg, 1888, 8vo, p. 20); hence his defence of this "new" kind of poetry and his detailed description in the Epistle to Harvey. Publishing some years later the first books of the "Faerie Queene," he accompanied them by a preface in the shape of a letter to Raleigh: "Sir, knowing how doutfully all Allegories may be construed [perhaps he had some experience from his "Shepheardes Calender"], and this book of mine . . . being a continued Allegory, . . . I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as for your better light in reading thereof, . . . to discover vnto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned. . . ." Had he thought it wise to disclose his name in 1579, he would have commenced his preface in very much the same way.

prominent feature of Elizabethan literature, and I believe did no great wrong.

I shall now proceed to adduce, following Uhlemann,¹ arguments that my supposition concerning "E. K." is correct.

I. The recent investigations and researches by Kluge and Reissert² concerning Spenser's sources, both published in the *Anglia*, have shown that the commentator's references to the poet's authorities are in several cases inaccurate or even wrong. As I shall perhaps have an opportunity of treating more fully about this subject later, it may here suffice to give a few examples. In the eleventh eclogue, "E. K." says Spenser has copied or imitated Theocritus, whereas Kluge proves that Mantuan has been the poet's model. In the twelfth eclogue a few verses are said to have been taken from Vergil, but actually they are taken from Marot, &c. How can these facts be accounted for, especially if we bear in mind that "E. K." is generally accurate to the detail? Very well, when we assume that "E. K." is Spenser himself. In the "Epistle" the sources are all stated as Theocritus, Vergil, Mantuan, Petrarca, Boccaccio, Marot, Sanazarus, and "also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author every where followeth;" "yet," he continues, "so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out." For this latter reason, Spenser thought it necessary to here and there point out to his readers the very passages he imitated, and this he did from memory, not having his models at hand, and thus we can explain why his quotations are not always correct and complete. Besides, to judge Spenser, we must adopt another point of view than we would as regards a modern poet. The literary decorum was in the sixteenth century different. Poets profited by their predecessors more than we would consider decent now-a-days, and they did not take care to quote their authorities. So, *e.g.*, Chaucer and Lydgate did, as Kissner, Ten Brink, and Koepfel have proved. Compared to them

¹ Dr. Uhlemann, *Der Verfasser des Kommentars zu Spenser's "Shepheardes Calender," Jahresbericht, No. xiii. des Königl. Kaiser Wilhelms Gymnasiums zu Hannover, 1888, Progr. No. 292.*

² Kluge, *Anglia*, vol. iii. pp. 266-274; Reissert, *Anglia*, vol. ix. pp. 205-224.

Spenser has been scrupulous. The illustrious poet Alexander Pope, many years after Spenser, did a far greater wrong by giving such references to his models as were intended to mislead his readers.

2. In his notes to the Eclogues of January, October, and November, "E. K." refers often to the writings of Plato. He quotes especially the Dialogues "Alcibiades," "De Legibus," and "Phædon." All these references, particularly those in the first and tenth Eclogue, show distinctly that their writer was intimately acquainted with Plato's works. Such a knowledge of Plato was in Spenser's age by no means so common as in our days; but of Spenser we know from his own statements (comp. Preface to the "Faerie Queene"), and from Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life"¹ written between 1584-89, that he was well versed with Greek philosophy, and devoted himself with zeal and pleasure to the study of Plato. Also in his "Fowre Hymnes"² Spenser expresses thoughts concerning true love very similar to those expressed on this subject in his notes to the Eclogues of January; and these hymns, though only published in 1596, were partly written in his earlier days, as he states in his preface, "Having in the greener times of my youth composed these former Hymnes in the praise of Love and Beautie." Is it after these reflections not more reasonable to suppose that Spenser himself wrote the Commentary than to attribute it to an "E. K.," about whom and about whose knowledge of Plato we have no knowledge whatever?

3. Between the Epistle to G. Harvey and the text of the

¹ Lodowick Bryskett's Discourse of Civill Life: "Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to intrust me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie both morall and naturall" (Todd's Life of Spenser, vol. i. p. lviii.).

² Compare, e.g., the 26th stanza:—

"For love is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust," &c.

"Shepherd's Calender" is the "General Argument of the Whole Book," treating chiefly of the history of the "Calender." An article about the signification of the word "eclogue," which, according to "E. K.," has etymologically to be spelled "aigloga," concludes with the words, "Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion." What greater occasion is meant? There appears to be a reference to some unpublished treatise on poetry. Of an "E. K.," whoever he may be, we do not know by any record that he ever wrote or intended to write such a work; but Spenser had finished about that time his unfortunately lost work, "The English Poet," which is described as to its title and contents in the Eclogue of October: "In Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art, or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine Enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called 'The English Poet,' which booke being lately come in to my hands, I minde also by God's grace, upon further advisement to publish." From this we may conclude that one part of the lost work, "The English Poet," treated about the high vocation of the poet. In the "glosse" to the eclogue of October, "E. K." terminates a long remark to the words "For ever," thus: "Such honour have Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this author here verie well sheweth, as else where more notably." This "else where" can only refer to "The English Poet," as none of Spenser's works which we possess treats a similar subject, and among his lost ones it can only allude to "The English Poet." As it is impossible to find any trace of such a work by an "E. K.," I think we may reasonably suppose that "E. K." is Spenser.

4. One may say that the arguments hitherto given are not

absolutely convincing; the following is certainly so. In the notes to the Eclogue of May, "E. K." mentions as source for the verses:

"Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost,"

an epithet of Sardanapalus, which Cicero thus translates:

"Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido,
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta."

"These verses may thus be rendered into English," continues "E. K."

"All that I eate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
As for those many goodly matters left I for others."

As it is obvious, the English translation is an imitation of the Latin distich. Now we know from the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser that the former endeavoured to introduce antique metres into English poetry, and that the latter attempted to carry out these theories.¹ Is not this a reason to attribute the translation of the Latin distich rather to Spenser than to an unknown person? Fortunately we have in this case a certain proof at hand. In the letter dated April 10, 1580, Spenser communicates a little poem to his friend Harvey, in which he tried the antique metre, and says: "Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?"

'That which I eate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.'

This translation corresponds to that owned by "E. K." word for word—except for the change of "all that" to "that which,"—and this proves that "E. K." and Spenser are identical.

Further, in the Eclogue of April, "E. K." or Spenser remarks: "Bay branches be the signe of honour and victorie, and there-

¹ Letter of October 15, 1579, ". . . I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishe versifying, than with ryming: whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your counsell."

fore of mightie conquerours worne in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets :—

“ Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
Honor d’Imperatori et di Poeti,” etc.

The same Italian verses are quoted in Harvey’s third letter to Spenser, where he says, in order to encourage his friend : “ Think upon Petrarch’s *Arbor vittoriosa triumphale*, *Onor*, etc., and perhappes it will advaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher.” Harvey thus apparently takes it for granted that Spenser is well versed with the said verses of Petrarch, and this either because of his personal intercourse and correspondence with him, or because he knew that Spenser was the writer of the “ Glosse ” to the “ Shepheardes Calender,” which latter is under the circumstances more probable.¹

The identity of “ E. K.” with Edmund Spenser is nowhere in contradiction with the form and the contents of the commentary.

If we allow that Spenser wrote the commentary, we can understand the enthusiastic tone of the “ General Argument,” and of the note to the words “ For ever,” in the tenth Eclogue. A mere commentator would never have been so deeply penetrated with a sense of the high vocation and importance of the poet.

¹ Searching in *Notes and Queries*, I came across the following suggestion, Sept. 9, 1854, 1st Series, vol. x. pp. 204–205 : “ In the ‘ Glosse ’ of the Eclogue of April, Rosalind is spoken of as deserving to be commended to immortality as much as Myrto or Petrarch’s Laura, ‘ or Himera the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol, upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of Helena. For which his presumptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayd by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eies.’ If we compare these latter lines with verses 919–924 of ‘ Colin Clout’s come home againe :’—

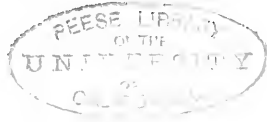
‘ And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise,’

we are led to think that both came from the same pen.”

It no longer excites surprise that the merits of G. Harvey, not to mention others,¹ are so much expounded in the Epistle and in the notes. If "E. K." were not Spenser himself, he would have carefully avoided darkening the poet by praising others at his expense, but Spenser doing it himself simply expressed his gratitude to his best friend Harvey.

Thus we now know that "E. K." means Edmund Spenser, and this result enables us to say that all allusions to the life and works of Spenser contained in the "Glosse" are genuine and valuable material for the completion of his biography, whereas the letters between him and Harvey have to be used with great care. But it still continues an open question why Spenser took these letters, or what is meant by them. Most probably this will remain an enigma, like the mysterious "W. H." of the dedication to Shakspeare's Sonnets.

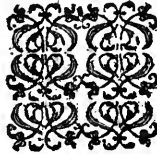
¹ Eclogue for January : Sir Tho. Smith ; in the third Eclogue : Angelus Politianus.



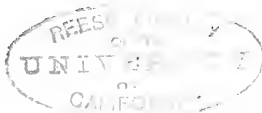
T H E
Shepherdes Calender

Conteyning twelue *Eglogues* proportionable
to the twelve monethes.

Entitled
TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles
both of learning and cheualrie M.
Philip Sidney.
(.)



AT LONDON.
Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in
Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the
figure of the gylden Tunne, and
are there to be sold.
1579.



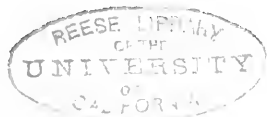


TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent:
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepherds swaine saye did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his honor has thee redde,
Craue pardon for my hardyhedde.*

*But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.*

Immeritò.



The generall argument of the whole booke.



I ttle I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Ælogues*, hauing alreadye touched the same. But for the vvord *Ælogues* I know is vnknownen to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I vvill say some vvhat thereof, being not at all impertinet to my present purpose.

They vvere first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called *Ælogai* as it vvere *αἴγιον* or *αἰγολόγιον*, λόγος, that is Gotcheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be most shepherds, and Gotcheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and vvellspring the vvhole Ignoracion of his *Ælogues*, maketh Gotcheards the persons and authors of his tales. Thus being, vvho seeth not the grosse sense of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they vvould say, extraordinary discourses of vnecessary matter, vvich definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhit answereth with the *αἰγολογία* and interpretation of the vvord. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Ælogues*, vvich sentence this author very vvell obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Gotcheards haue to doe herein, nethelisse doubteth not to cal the by the vvied and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. *Ælogues* euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue monethes may be vvell diuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the fifth, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, vvich conceine matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: vvich for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitterness, namely the second of reuerence deuue to old age, the fifth of coloured deceipt, the seventh and ninth of dissolute shepherds & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt vvits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, vvhoze speciall purpose and meaning I am not priue to. And thus much generally of these xij. *Ælogues*. Now vvill we speake particularly of all, and first of the first. vvich he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fo vvly to haue faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, vvich beginneth not the yeare. For it is vvell known, and stoutely mainteyned vvith stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. for then the sonne renevveth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now vvorne avvay, reliueth. This opinion mayntene the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, vvich account also vv as generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we mayntaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, vvho as then renevveth the state of the decayed vvorld, and returning the cōpasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next, vvich reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaueeth also vpon good proofe of

Special iudgemēt For albeit that in elder times, vwhen as yet the count of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches begining, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Ievves to count the moneth Abil, that vvhich yve call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægypt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in government of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar vvhich first obserued the leape yeere vvhich he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought in to a more certain course the olde vvhandering dayes vvhich of the Greekes were called *επιπλεονεκτης* of the Romanes *intercalares* (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the leamed) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. vvhich in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenn, counting but CCCiij. dayes in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, vvhich was the father of al the Roman ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither vvhith the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February: wherin it seemeth, that vvhich wise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeere at Ianuary, of him therefore so called *tanquam Ianua anni* the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeere: vvhich account for the most part hath hether to continued. Not vvhithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne theyr yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe; God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them *Tisri* And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seuenth moneth, vvhich before that time was the first:

But our Authour respecting neither the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to begin vvhith Ianuary, wening it perhaps no decori, that Sepheard should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth he, & so continueth he throughout.



Epistle.

judgement iangle, without reason rage and some, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly raiſhed them about the meaneneſſe of commen capacitie. And being in the middeſt of all theyr brauery, ſodenly cyther for vvant of matter, or of ryme, or hauing for gotten theyr former conceipt, they ſeeme to be ſo pained and traueled in theyr remembrance, as it vvere a woman in childebirth or as that ſame Pythia, vvhen the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethelſſe let them a Gods name feede on theyr ovvn folly, ſo they ſeek not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder vvhoſe perſon the Authour ſelſe is ſhadowed, hovv ſurre he is from ſuch vaunted titles and glorious ſhovves, both him ſelſe ſheweth, vvhere he ſayth.

Of Muſes Hobbin. I conne no ſkill. And,

Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt, &c.

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, vvherein, it ſemeth, he choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argumēt covertly, then profeſſing it, not ſuffice thereto according ly. vvhiſch moued him rather in *Æglogues*, then other wiſe to vvrite, doubting perhaps his habitie; which he little needed, or mynding to furniſh our tongue vvith this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the beſt & moſt auncient Poetes, which deuſed this kind of wryting, being both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the fiſt to trie theyr habilites? and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the neſt, by little fiſt to proue theyr tender vvyrings, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he vvvas all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet vvell feeling his vvings. So flew Man:uane, as being not full ſomd. So Petrarque. So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and alſo diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, vvhoſe ſoting this Author euery vvhere followeth, yet ſo as ſew, but they be wel ſented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our nevv Poete, as a bird, vvhoſe principals be ſcaret grovven out, but yet as that in time ſhall be hable to keepe wing with the beſt.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpoſe of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to ſay much, him ſelſe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth; that his vnſtayed youth had long vvandred in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in vvhiſch time to mitigate and allay the heate of his paſſion, or els to vvarne (as he ſayth) the young ſhepheards .ſ. his equals and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled theſe xij. *Æglogues*, vvhiſch for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the xij. monthes, he termeth the SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a nevv vvork. Hereunto haue I added a certain Gloſſe or ſcholiſion for the expoſition of old vvordes & harder phraſes: vvhiſch manner of gloſing and commenting, vvell I vvote, vvill ſeeme ſtraunge & rare in our tongue; yet for ſomuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuſes both in vvordes and matter vvould paſſe in the ſpeedy courſe of reading, either as vnknowve, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other vve might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintaunce I vvvas made priue to his counſell and ſecret meaning in them, as alſo in ſundry other vvorks of his, vvhiſch albeit I knowv he nothing ſo much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his frendſhip, him ſelſe being for long time ſure ſtraunged, hoping that this vvill the rather occaſion him, to put forth diuers other excellent vvorks of his, vvhiſch ſlepe in ſilence, as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and ſondry others; vvhoſe commendations ſo ſet out, vvare verie

Epistle.

wayne; the things though vvorthy of many, yet being knowen to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine ovvn good Maister Haruey, to vvhom I haue both in respect of your vvorthinesse generally, and other vvyse vpon some particular & special coufiderations voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and vvorthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning.) VVhose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stir vp any wrongful accusation, defend vvith your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield with your good vvill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I knowv vvilbe set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special good friend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singuler account of vvto so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farvvel, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to
be commaunded E. K.*

Post scr

NOVV I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your special frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, vvwhich catch at the garland, vvwhich to you alone is devve, you vvill be persvaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of yours, vvwhich lye hid, and bring the forth to eternall light. - Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserued prayse, and all men generally, in withholding from them, so diuine pleasures, vvwhich they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doern of your Latine Poemes, vvwhich in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and super excellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Haruey. from my lodging at Lond on thys 10. of Aprill. 1579.



Ægloga prima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloute a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lase called Rosalinde: with whic strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeaere, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, synding him selfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.



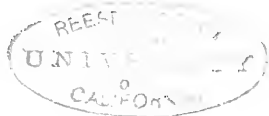
COLIN Cloute.

Shepheards boye (no better doe him call)
 when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
 All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypen.
 So faynt they wore, and feeble in the falde,
 That now vnmetes their feete could them byhold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
 For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
 May seeme he lodd, or els some care he tooker:
 Well couch he tune his pipe, and frame his Gile.

A. I.

The



Fanuarie.

Tho to a hill his shepning flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there feede.

O Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in iopes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And Pan thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flower, and after hastid
Thy sommer proude with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle marv, wherein thou ma-kest late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life blood frieling with unkindly cold:
Such stormy floures do breed my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast, and woren old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,
Wherem the byds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clohd with masse and hoary frost,
Insteed of bloodines, wherewith your buds did floure:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in dycry picles remaine.

All so my lustfull lease is dype and lere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The blossome, which my bzaunch of youth did beare,
Which breathed lighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the dzyling teares descend,
As on your boughes the picles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleere is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare:

Mayst witnesse well by thy ill governement,
 Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
 Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
 With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sitches I curse that carefull hower.
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
 And eke tenne thousand sitches I blesse the stoure,
 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as thee.
 Yet all for naught: such sight hath byed my vane.
 Ah God, that loue should byeede both ioy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol* wherefoze I plaine,
 Albes my loue he leeke with dayly suit:
 His clownish gyfts and curtesies I disdaine,
 His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early frute.
 Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:
 Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe

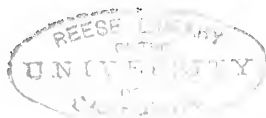
I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
 And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
 Shee deignes not my good will, but doth repproue,
 And of my rurall musick holderth scozne.
 Shepheards deuile she hateth as the snake,
 And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albes rude *Pan* thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
 And thou bulucky *Duse*, that wonest to ease
 My musling mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:
 Both pype and *Duse*, shall soze the while aby.
 So byoke his oaten pype, and downe dpyde.

By that, the welked *Phebus* gan abaile,
 His weary wanne, and nowe the frosty *Night*
 Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
 Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight
 Arose, and homeward droue his sonned sheepe,
 Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

A.ii.

Colins



Januarie.

Colins Embleme.

Anchòra Speme.



GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the vword Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certain Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to know or to haue skill. As vvell interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smith in his booke of gouernment: wher of I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinsman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent wrytings.

Sythe) time. Neighbour tovvne) the next tovvne: expressing the Latine Vicina. Stoure) a fitt. Sere) vvithered.

His clovvnish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,
Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, vvhereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some fauour of disorderly loue, vvhich the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For vvho that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrtus of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: vvho sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, vvhich is Alcybiades ovne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be præferred before gynerastice, that is the loue, vvhiche enflameth men vvith lust toward vvoman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand vvith Lucian or hys deuclish disciple Vnico Aretiso, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawvful fleshlinesse. VVhose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a pretty Epanorthosis in these vvwo verses, and vvithall a Patonomasia or play-
ing vvith the vword, vvhere he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, vvhich being wel ordered, vvil bevray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, vvhom by that name he coloureth. So as Ovide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, vvhich of some is supposed to be
Iulia

Januarie

fol. 3

Iulia, the emperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruatus Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is uel knowen that her right name vvas Violantilla: as vvitnesseth Statius in his Epithalamiu. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Coelia in her letters enucloppeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vuder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secret Personages.

Auall) bring downe . .

Embleme:

Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra sperme: the meaning vvhrof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Februarie.



Ægloga Secunda.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially coueyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie an vnhappy Heardman's boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now dropping, & as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this tyme of yeare, so the in our

A.iii.

bodies

F

February.

bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and frieth the wetbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THENOT.

Ah for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne casswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiber and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wygle talles,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Let woly complainest thou laesse ladde,
Of Winters wyacke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the woꝛld wend in his commun course
From good to badde, and from badde to woꝛse,
From woꝛse vnto that is woꝛst of all,
And then returne to his foꝛmer fall?
Who will not suffer the stoꝛmy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty yꝛime?
Selle haue I woꝛne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold noꝛ heate,
Of Sommers flame, noꝛ of Winters thꝛeat:
Ne euer was to Foꝛtune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter oꝛ Sommer they moughe well fare.

CVDDIE.

No maruelle *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wyathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accoꝛd full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wyꝛpe.
And as the loꝛnyng *Wether* lookes downe,

So seemest thou like good fryday to frowne .
 But my flowing youth is foe to frost,
 My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in baine,
 That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
 So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,
 Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
 And when the shining sunne langbeth once,
 You deemen, the Spring is come atonce.
 Tho gynie you, fond syles, the cold to scozne,
 And crowing in pypes made of greene cozne,
 You thinke to be Lords of the yeare.
 But est, when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the bierne winter with chamfred browes,
 Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
 Dierly shooting his stormy darte,
 Which cruddles the blood, and pycks the harte.
 Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
 Then paye you the pryce of your surquedrie,
 With weeping, and wapling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scozne thy skill,
 That wouldest me, my springing yongch to spil.
 I deeme, thy bzaine emperished bee
 Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
 Or liker thy head beray tottise is,
 So on thy cozbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
 Als my budding bzaunch thou wouldest cropp:
 But were thy peares greene, as now bene myne,
 To other delights they would encline.
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
 And herp with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
 Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis pryple:
 But Phyllis is myne loz many dayes:

A. 4.

I wanne

Februarie.

I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Emboſt with buegle about the belt.
Such an one ſhepheards woulde make full ſaine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a ſon, of thy loue to hoſte,
All that is lent to loue, wyl be loſt.

CVDDIE.

Seeſt, howe byag pond Bullocke beares,
So ſinirke, ſo ſinoothe, his pricked eares?
His hoznes bene as byoade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as laſſe of Kent,
See howe he venteteth into the wynd,
Weeneſt of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy ſlocke thy counſell can,
So luſtleſſe bene they, ſo weake ſo wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth froſt.
Thy ſlocks father his corage hath loſt:
Thy Cwes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes bene ſtarued wick cold,
All for their Maſter is luſtleſſe and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenſt little good,
So vaineſy taquance thy headleſſe hood.
For Younge is a bubble blown by wick breath,
Whole wit is weakenelle, whole wage is death,
Whole way is wilderneſſe, whole ynn Penance,
And ſtoope gallaunt Age the hoſte of Greeuance.
But ſhall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my pouth,
Keeping his ſheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuile:
They bene ſo well chewed, and ſo wiſe,
What euer that good old man beſpake.

Thenot

THE NOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
 And some of loue, and some of cheualric:
 But none fitter then this to applie.
 Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

T Here grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
 A goodly Dake sometime had it bene,
 With armes full strong and largely displayd,
 But of their leaues they were displayd:
 The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
 Whilome had bene the King of the field,
 And mochell mast to the husband did yelde,
 And with his nuts larded many swine.
 But now the gray mosse marred his rime,
 His bared boughes were beaten with stones,
 His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
 His honoz decayed, his banches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging byere,
 Which proudly thrust into Chelement,
 And seemed to threat the Firmament.
 It was embellicht with blossomes fayre,
 And thereto aye wonned to repayre
 The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
 To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.
 And in his small bushes vled to shrowde
 The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
 Which made this foolish Byere were so bold,
 That on a time he call him to scold,
 And snebbe the good Dake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
 Not for fruit, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke:
 Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
 Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,
 With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
 Colours mee te to clothe a mayden Queene.

Februarie.

Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloseth,
By Sinamon sinell too much annoieth.
Wherefoze soone I reoe thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold hère with great vilbaine:
Little him answered the Dake againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

It chaunced after vpon a day,
The hus-bandman selve to come that way,
Of custome soj to serue we his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
Him when the spitefull hère had espyed,
Caul lesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his Lord, stirring by sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Cassall dayly endure;
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like soj desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemye.

Greatly aghast with this pitious plea,
Him rested the goodman on the sea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words thog an this proude weede,
(As most vilen Ambitious folke:)

His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowering blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this fawed Dake,

Whose

Whose bodie is scere, whose bzaunches broke,
 Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the syde,
 Vnto such tyrannye doth aspire:
 Hinderling with his shade my louely light,
 And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight:
 So beate his old boughes my tender side,
 That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:
 Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honoy of your Coronall.
 And oft he lets his cancker woymes light
 Vpon my bzaunches, to worke me more spight:
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
 Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast,
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Crauing your goodthead to aswage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,
 Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greuance.

To this the Duke cast him to replie
 Well as he couth: but his enemye
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious heate,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
 (Alas, that it so ready shoulde stand)
 And to the field alone he speedeth.
 (A little helpe to harme therē needeth)
 Anger noulde let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter his rage nought cooled bee:
 But to the roote bent his sturby stroke,
 And made many wounds in the wast Duke.
 The Ares edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:
 Semed, the sencelesse prou vpd feare,
 Or so wrong holy eld did so beare.

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For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mystere,
And often cross with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But like fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Dake to this miserie.
For nought nought they quitted him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft growed vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the steele had pierced his pitch,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
The earth shooke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Dake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasure:
But all this glce had no continuance.
For elisones Winter gan to approche,
The blustering Boeas did encroche,
And beate vpon the solitarie Brere:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watric wette weighd downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe by right he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and bronzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious here,
For scojning Elo

CVDDIE

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and litle worth,
So longe haue I listened to thy speche,
That grassed to the ground is my byche:

My hartblood is welnigh frozne I feele,
 And my galage growne fast to my heele:
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
 Wpe thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Theñots Embleme.

*Iddio perche è vecchio,
 Fa suoi al suo esempio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,
 Spaventa Iddio.*



GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe.

Grnde) perced : an olde vvord much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of)
 in Chaucer .

Ronts) young bullockes.

VVracke) ruine or Violence, vvhence commeth shipvvracke: and not vvreake, that is
 vvengeaunce or vvrauth.

Foeman) a foe.

Theñot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Æglogues.

The foueraigne of Seas) is Néprune the God of the seas . The saying is borovved of
 Mimus Publianus, vvwhich vsed this proverb in a verse.

Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgromes.) Chaucers verse almost vvhole .

Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone
 as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing vvvarme, begin to flye abroade
 vvhen sodeinly they be ouertaken vvith cold:

But est when) A verye excellent and luey description of VVinter, so as may bee indif-
 ferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for VVinter season.

Breine) chull, bitter.

Chamfred) chapt, or vvrinckled.

Accoied) plucked dovvne and daunted.

Surquedrie) pryde.

Elde) olde age,

Sicker) fure.

Tottie) vvauering.

Corbe) crooked.

Heric) worshippe.

Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknown, whom Cuddie, whose person is secrete, lo-
 ued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Bēlte) a girdle or waft band.

A fon) a foole.

lythe) soft & gentile.

Venteth) insuffeth in the vvind.

Thy flocks Father) the Ramme.

Crag) neckes

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Rathet.

Februarie.

- Rather Lambes) that be eved early in the beginning of the year.
- Youth is) A verye moral and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a vwearie vwayfaring man.
- Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name shal liue, & the name of Poetrie shal endure.
- VVell theyved) that is, Bene morata, full of morall wisenesse.
- There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellent for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdamfull younkers.
- Embellisht) beautified and adorned. To wonne) to haunt or frequent. Sneb) checke.
- VVhy standst) The speech is scorneful & very presumptuous. Engrained) dyed in grain.
- Accloiet) encombrerth. Adavved) daunted & confounded.
- Trees of state) taller trees fite for timber vwood. Sterne (strife) said Chaucer .f. fell and sturdy. O my liege) A maner of supplication, vvherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.
- Coronall) Garlande. Flourets) young blossomes.
- The Print) The chiefe and vvorthiest
- Naked annes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adjudging hym to the fyre.
- The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it vvere of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they say) *est in arboribus*.
- Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for vvithered leaues.
- Hent) caught. Nould) for vvould not. Ay) euermore. VVounds) gashes.
- Enaunter) least that.
- The priestes crevve) holy vvater pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinkle & hallove the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse vvvas in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.
- The blocke offt groned) A liuely figure, vvhiche geueth sence and feeling to vnferible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: Saxa gemunt grauido &c.
- Boreas) The Northerne vvynd, that bringeth the moste stormie vveather.
- Glee) chere and iollitie.
- For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more.
- Galage) a startuppe or clovvnish shoe.
- Embleme.
- This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, vvvhich is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and vvithout beginninge, maketh those, vvvhom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them vvvyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, vvvhom God will so blesse: and albeit that many euill me reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also vvexce olde in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despying his gray and frostye heares.
- VVhom Cuddye doth countervbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the

at the first in contempt of old age generally. for it vvas an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that me of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being typered with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blistes of vengeaunce, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being cyther by longe and ripe vvifedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitic, or vvith much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he vvas at first fore aghast & dismayed at the grimmes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted vvith his lookes, he vvas so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest vvith him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitic. Although it please Erasmus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behooffe, That by the prouerbe Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

March.



Ægloga Tertia.

ARGUMENT.

*I*N this Æglogue two shepherds boyes taking occasion of the season, be-
ginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasaunce, which to springtime
is most agreable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes

B.4.

and

March.

and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye Thomalin.

Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a mozow?
The ioyous time now nighest fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sojow.

Thomalin.

Sicker Wyllye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wraeth begynnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe gynes to be refreshte,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne stude,
How bragly it begynnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is vppst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wepe light,
That scoynefully looks al kaunce,
Tho will we litle Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Wyllye, I wene thou bee assot:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?

O: hast thy selfe his stomber broke:
O: made preute to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preute marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Wlike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a spye,
A stepdame eke as whoet as spye,
That dewly adapes counts mine.

Thomalin.

May, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.

For sithens is but the thurd mozowe,
That I chauntt to fall a sheepe with sozowe,
And waked againe with grieffe:
The while thilke same unhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.

And there vniointed boch her bones:
Dought her necke bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no moze spell.
Thelf was so wanton aud so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought nē gang on the greene.

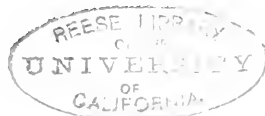
VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,

When



March.

When shepheardes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring by and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in eicher hand,
For birds in bushes footing:
At lengch within an Pute rodde
(There shouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bukkling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Lisening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no moze ruffling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage eard it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprung forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leuelde againe,
And hoer at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I hott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastily bent,
And threwe: but nought abailed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith astrayd I ranne away:
But he, thast earst seemd but to playe,
A hast in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heeler:
For then I little smart did feeles

But soone it foze encreased,
 And now it ranckleth moze and moze,
 And inwardly it festreth foze,
 He wote I, how to ceale it.

VVillye.

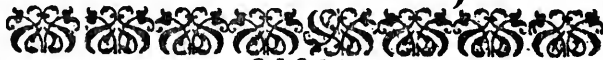
Thomalin, I pittie thy plight.
 Perdie with loue thou diddest fight;
 I know him by a token.
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught vpon a day,
 (Whereof he will be woken)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
 That in our Peeretrete haunted.
 Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
 But boine and shafts as then none had:
 Els had he foze be daunted.
 But see the Welkin thicks apace,
 And stouping Phebus steepes his face:
 Its time to halt vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
 Is graunted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
 The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.



GLOSS.

THIS Æglogue seemeth somevvhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, vvherein
 the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a vvinged boy in a tree,
 'vas by hym warned, so beware of mischief to come.

ouer vvent) ouer gone
 To quell) to abate.

Alegge) to lessen or a svvage.
 VVelkin) the skie.

Cii.

The swallow)

March.

The (swallow) vvhich bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of floyres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which vwith the abuse of her body hauing gottē great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of. so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as the was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing ycerly to her solemne sacrifice.

Maias (bovre) that is the pleasaunt fiede, or rather the Maye bulhes. Maia is a Goddess and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Lettice) the name of some country lasse,

A scaunce) a skēve or a squint.

For thy) therefore.

Lethic) is a lake in hell, vvhich the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulness. For Lethic signifieth forgetfulness. VVherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by soue sleeping in Lethic lake, he meaneth he vvas almost forgotten and out of knowvledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

A slotte) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delights of Loue and wanton pleasures.

VVinges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A del) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspell for theeues, and the vwoodspell. And herehence I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or worde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe

An Yare) a thicke buthe.

Swaine) a bove: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a bove. .f. alwayes freshe and lustic: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .f. ful of flying fancies: vwith bove and arrow, that is vwith glaunce of beautye, vvhich prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue snafis, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the lover that is disdayned or forsaken. But vvhio liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus: whych vvorke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets dongs, very wcl translated also into Englishe Rymes.

VVimble and vvight) Quicke and deliner.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not vwithout speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being nervely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the

Riuert

Riuer of Stryx. The vertue vwhereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes vvashed therein from any mortall vvound. So Achilles being vvashed al ouer, saue onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invluerable: therfore by Paris vvas feyned to bee shotte vvith a poysoned arrowe in the heele, vvholes he vvas busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which my- sticall fable Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by vvounding in the hele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitians) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnevves, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hippocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becometh cold and vnfruitful. vvwhich reason our Poete vvell weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be vvounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

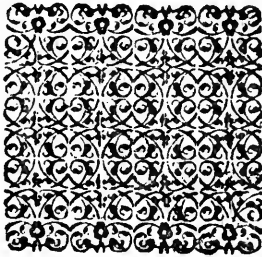
VVroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitie of shepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Periphrasis of the funne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein vvant on youth vvallouerth, be but follye mixt vvith bitternesse, and forovy sauved with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many vvayes, vvith vnrestfulnesse all night, and vvearines all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & synding that we would not haue: euē the selfe things vvwhich best before vs lyked, in course of time and chaung of typer yeares, vvhitche also therevvithall chaungeth our vvonted, lyking and former fantasies, vvill then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, vvhen yougthes flowvre is vvithered, and vve fynde our bodyes and vvits sunfwere not to suche vayne iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.



Aprill.



Egloga Quarta.

ARGUMENT.

THis Eglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious soueraine, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Tenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maieslie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

Thenot.

Hobbinoll.

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes preyed?
Or is thy Baggyppes hooke, that soundes so swete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempted to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like

Like April shoure, so streames the trickling teares
 Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy chrystyc payne.

Hobbinoll.

For thys, nor that, so muche dooth make me mourne,
 But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,
 Howe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scoyne:
 He plunged in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear,
 Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
 He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
 His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lamene?
 Vs loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to bypde loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne Shepheardes boye,
 Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
 Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
 Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
 And woes the Widowes daughter of the glenme:
 So nowe sayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
 So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
 I pray thee Hobbinoll, recorde some one:
 The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
 And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinol.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
 Of sayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all:
 Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
 And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.

Aprill.



Chayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest;
For sake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:

And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,

Helpe me to blaze

Her worthy praise,

Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of sayre *Elisa* be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:

The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,
In princely plight.

For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprung her grace

Of heauenly race,

No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)

Dclad in Scarlet like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.

Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffavillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,

And Primroses greene

Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face;

Like *Phoebe* sayre?

Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?

The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheekke depeincten lively chere.

Her modest eye,

Her *Palettie*,

Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
 vpon her to gaze:
 But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
 it did him amaze.

He blusht to see another *Sunne* belowe,
 He durst againe his fyre face out shoue:
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightnesse compare
 With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy siluer rayes,
 and be not abasht:
 When thee the beames of her beauty displays,
 O how art thou dash't?
 But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
 Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
 How she is a stone,
 And makes dayly mone,
 Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begoe
 such a *Bellibone*,
 And *Syrinx* reioyse, that euer was her loe
 to heare such an one.
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
 To her will I offer a milkewhite Lamb:
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swayne,
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Galliope* speede her to the place,
 where my *Goddesse* shines:
 And after her the other *Muses* trace,
 with their *Violines*.
 Vene they not *Bay* braunches, which they doe beare,
 All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
 So sweetely they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heauen is to heare.

D. Lo



Aprill.

Lo how finely the graces can it soote
to the Instrument:

They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.

Wants not not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euens?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:

She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,

And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither comes this beuie of Ladies hight,
raunged in a rowe?

They bene all Ladies of the lake behight,
that unto her goe.

Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymphe of al,
Of Oliue bzaunches beares a Cozonall:

Oliues bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:

Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hpe you there apace:

Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:

Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,

For moze finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bzing hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres:

Bzing Coronations, and Soys in wine,
woyne of Paramoures.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadodillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevihaunce.

Shall match with the sayre flowre Delice,

Now

Aprill.

fol. 14

Now ryle by *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now yedaintie Damselfs may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longer:
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song,
And if you come hether,
When Damfines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

^{Thenot}
And was this same song of *Colins* owne making?
Oh foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

^{Hobbinol}
Sicker I hold him, for a greater son,
What loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twinkling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

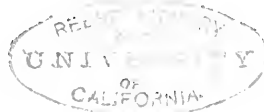


GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete] causeth thee vveepe and complain. Forlorne] left & forsaken.
Attempted to the yeare] agreeable to the season of the yeare. that is Aprill, vvhich mu-
neth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye
the drought, caused through drynesse of March vvyndes.
The Ladde] Colin Cloue]. The Lasse] Rosalinda. Tressed locks) wretted & curled
Is he for a ladde] A straunge manner of speaking. .i. vvhath maner of Ladde is he?
To make] to rime and versifye. For in this vword making, our olde Englishe Poetes were
vvoont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Grecke vword ποιητης
to make, whence cometh the name of Poetes.

D ij.

Colin



April.

Colin thou kens] knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surry or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, Aslythe as lasse of Kent.

The VVidowes] He calleth Rosalind the VVidowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knownen, euen in spight of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle yvoman of no meane houle, nor en dewed vvith anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended to immorallitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellēt Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the vvorthye Poete Stesichorus hys Idole: Vpon vyhom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and vnheedic hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frene] a straunger. The word I thinke vvas first poetically put, and after vvarde vsed in common custome of speach for frenne.

Dight] adorned. **Laye**] a songe. as Roundelays and Virelays

In all this songe is not to be respected, vvhat the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor vvhat to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is molte comely for the meanesse of a shepheards vvitte, or to conceiue, or to vtter.

And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepefold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye dauntie] is, as it vvere an Ex ordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins] the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, vvwhose abode the Poets saie to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye specially flourished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon] is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Bzotia, our of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvwhich spring it is sayd, that vvhen Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grovnde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprange a vvvel of molte cleare and pleasaunte water, vvwhich fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song] seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus *ἠριέρον μέλος.*

Syrinx] is the name of a Nympe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued; she flying fro him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he vvas almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: vvwhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simply meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and

and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

*Θυμός δὲ μίγας ἐστὶ διοτρεπέως βασιλῆος,
τιμὴ δ' ἐκ δῖος ἔστι, φιδεῖ δ' ἐκ κεντίερα Ζεῦ.*

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so vvorthy for her, as Pan the shepheardes God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, of tymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the vrye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremosin coronet] he deuise th her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherev vith Princes Diademes vsf to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish] beautifye and fet out.

Phebe] the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled] mingled.

Yfere] together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the VVhite, is meant the vniung of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by vvhose longc discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traueiled, & almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to vvife the most vertuous Princeesse Elifabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesaydc, in vvhom vvas the firste vnion of the VVhyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope] one of the nine Muses: to vvhome they assigne the honor of all Poetical Inuention, & the firste glorye of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu. which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special partes of Rhetorick: beyde that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, containeth another part. but I holde rather, vvith them, vvhich call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches] be the signe of honor & victory, & therefore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

*Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.*

The Graces] be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaja, Thalia, Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth. f. Pasithea) otherwise called Charities, that is thanks. vvho the Poetes feyned to be the Goddessees of al bountie & comelines, vvhich therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious & bountifull to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three sundry Actions in liberalitie. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from

April.

vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanks to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaffly] Finelye and nimble. Soote] Sweete. Meriment] Mirth.
Beuie] A beuie of Ladyes, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe, the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladies of the lake] be Nymphes. For it vvas an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of euery Spring and fountaine vvas a goddesse the Soueraigne. VVhiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authours of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nympe in Greeke signifieth VVell water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Pedight] called or named.

Cloris] the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of yvhome is sayd, that Zephyrus the VVesterne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene] The Oliue vvas vvent to be the chesigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it oughe, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not growe neare the Fire tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. VVhereupon is finely feigned, that vvhenn Neptune and Minertus stroue for the naming of the cite of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth vvarre, but at Minertues stroke sprong out an Ohue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your] Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitie.

Bing] all these be names of flowvers. Sops in vvine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. Flowre delic, that which they vse to missterme, Flowre de lices, being in Latine called Flos deliciarum.

A Bellibont] or a Bonibill, homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Boniliffe.

Fori vortck and fori warr] ouerlaboured and sumeburte.

I (auv Phæbus] the sunne. A sensible Narration, & present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *metemorphose*.

Cynthia] the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll, vvhich she was honoured.

Latoaes seede] VVas Apollo and Diana. VVhom vvhich as Niobe the wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruct of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therewith displeas'd, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to steale the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: where at the vnfortunate Niobe being sore disinayed, and lamenting out of measure, vvas feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children. for which cause the shepheard sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like mysfortunes.

Now rife] is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her vvith prayes and comparisons, he returne

April.

fol. 16

returneth all the thank of hys labour to the excellencie of her Maiestie.
When Damons] A base reyard of a clovniſh guer.
Yblent] Y, is a poencall addiition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most diurnely set forth. To vvhich similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excellency of Elifa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugeness of his imagination, bruste th out in great admiration, (O quam te memore virgo?) being otherwise vnhabie, then by soddein silence, to expresse the vworthinesse of his conceipt. Vvhom Thenot answereth vwith another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuance, that Elifa is novvhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of vvhome that Poete so boldly pronounced; O dea certe.

Maye.



Agloga Quinta

ARGVMENT.

In this firste Aglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Pa-
linodie, he represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the prote-
stant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether
the life of the one must be like the other. with whom hauing shewed, that it
is dangerous to mainteine any felowship, or giue too much credit to their co-
lourable

Maye.

lowable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such
a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

Palinode. Piers,

I S not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads mak ken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Vlike as others, girt in gatdy greene?
Our bloncket liueryes bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with blooming Buds.
Doughtes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may bus-kets and smelling bhere:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sptten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers Palinode such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a hole of shepehardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and toly there:
Besoze them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Hoone pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such ioyfaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To seichen home Day with their musicall:
And home they byngen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Floza, on whom did attend
A saype flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Haybushe beare)
Ah Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great spozt they gapnen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse tuly I pitie.
Those fapours little regarden their charge,
Whyle they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be spately spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepheards for the Deuils stedde.
That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.
Well is it seene, they sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone,
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the flerce,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords tal-ke,
When gread Pan account of shepeherdes shall af-ke.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest some dele their delght.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied:
And yet if needs were, pitied would be,
Rather, then other should scoyne at me:
For pitied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
But scoyned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulde shepheards other things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,

E. I.

They

Maye.

They sleepe in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spende in cost,
But what they lef behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spende:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a woordes childer:
Who touches pitch mought needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind vled to say,)
Spought not liue plike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike wordly souenance he must forsay.
The soune of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thiske God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood:
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone watted with misgouernance.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wpong theuilaunce,
Heaping by waues of welth and woe,
The floodes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Ayes folish care,
That is so estaunoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hand hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the bzeath of her youngling;
So often times, when as good is meant,
Euil ensueth of wpong entent.
The time was ouce, and may againe retorne,

(For

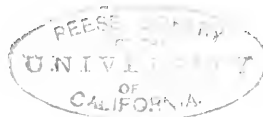
(For ought may happen, that hath bene before)
 When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
 No of land, nor fee in sufferance :
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
 Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
 For Pan himselte was their inheritaunce,
 And little them serued for their mayntenaunce.
 The shephears God so wet them guided,
 That of nought they were vnprouided,
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whap,
 And their flockes fleeces, chein to arape.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
 That nource of vice, this of insalencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That not content with loyall obeysaunce,
 Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
 And match them selte with mighty potentates,
 Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a lofe,
 And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
 Tho vnder colour of shepheards, somewhile
 There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
 That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
 This was the first soule of shepheards sorowe,
 That now will be quitt with baile, nor hozrowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious.
 Women that of Loues longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:
 And who can counsell a thristie soule,
 With patience to forbeare the offered bowle?

E. 2.

But



Maye.

But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
None is, a spoles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height,
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a wenke ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shouldest thou shepherdes liue, if not so?
What? should they pynen in payne and woe,
May sayd I thereto, by my deare boxtowe,
If I may rest, I will liue in soxtowe.

Soxtowe ne neede be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone,
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Then we freely our felicitie.
For when appoche the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe howres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepherdes lo witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world before,
The while their foes done eache of hem sore.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So contek soone by conoord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepherd, I list none accordaunce make
With shepherd, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
For what conoord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe.
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde,
Will doe, as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now Piers, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

Thlike same Kinde (as I can well deuise)
 Was too very foolish and vnwise.
 For on a tyme in Sommer season,
 The Gate her dame, that had good reason.

Wode south abzade vnto the greene wood,
 To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good.
 But for she had a motherly care
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
 Shee set her youngling befoze her knee,
 That was both fresly and louely to see,
 And full of fauour, as kinde mought ber
 His Wellet head began to shooote out,
 And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
 The blossomes of lust to bud did begimme,
 And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.

My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weepe)
 For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
 God blesse thee pooze Dyrhane, as he mought me,
 And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
 Thy father (that word she spake with payne:
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
 Thy father, had he liued this day,
 To see the bzanche of his body displate,
 How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight?
 But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
 And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,
 Betraying him into the traines of hys soe.
 Now I a wayfull widdowe behight,
 Of my old age haue this one delight,
 To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
 And flourish in flowres of lusty head.
 For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
 And so his haucy hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
 A chilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,
 And interrupted all her other speache,

Maye.

With some old sorowe, that made a newe breach:
Seemed thee saue in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace,
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gau his newe budded beard to stroke
Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wylde beastes ligger in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Fore, maister of collusion:
For he has boued thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheriee.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperte the pate fast for feare of fraude:
Me for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the doze at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton some,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Who went the penliffe Damme out of doze,
And chaunst to stumple at the threshold stoze:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dyspailed)
Yet forth shee poded thereat halfe aghast:
And Kiddie the doze sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Fore came to the doze anon:
Not as a Fore, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of crystles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a soze payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the doze he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,
 That some good body woulde once pittie mee.

Well heard Kiddle at this soze constraint,
 And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
 Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
 Prouelie he peeped out thzough a chinck:
 Per not so prouelle, but the Fore him spyed:
 For deceifull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
 Iesus blesse that sweete face, I clype,
 And keepe your corpsle from the carefull stounds,
 That in my carrion carcas aboundg.

The Kido pitying hys heautnesse,
 Alked the cause of his great distresse,
 And also who. and whence that he were,
 Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
 Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
 Sicke, sicke, alas, and litle lack of bead,
 But I be relieued by your beattlyhead.

I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure bonne:
 For with long traueile I am byent in the sonne.
 And if that my Grandfice me sayd, be true,
 Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
 So be your goodlihead doe not disbayne
 The bale kinred of so simple swaine.
 Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,
 With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
 Wherein while kiddle vnwares dtd looke,
 He was so enamored with the netwell,
 That nought he deemed deare for the fetwell.
 Tho opened he the doze, and in came
 The false Fore, as he were starke lame.
 His taylor he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
 Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kide made him good glee,
 All for the lone of the glasse he did see.

Maye.

After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shewe many a fine knack,
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bal-ket for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde scooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his bal-ket did lutch,
He stayed he once, the boye to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the doze stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the floze she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to dere a prise.
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicities:
And such end perdie does all hem remaine,
That of such fallers freendship bene sayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly Piers, thou art beside thy wiff,
Furthest fro the marke, weering it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale bozrowe
For our sir Iohn, to say to morowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Fores bene so crafty, as so,
Such needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of their fashode moze could I recount.
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hie.

Maye.

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Palinodes Embleme.

Palis uis amicos amicit.

Piers his Embleme.

Pis d' amicos amicit.



GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues vvith pleasure of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket lueries) gray coates. Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets) a Diminutiue, f. little bushes of hauthorne. Kirke) church. Queime) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) vent. Iouysfance) ioye. Svinck) labour. Inly) entirely Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, vvhich is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fift booke de Preparat. Euang; vvhich telleth a proper storye to that purpose. VVhich story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of vvalking sprights. vvhich sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemption of man, certain passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alovvde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus vvas the name of an Ægyptian, vvhich was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing care to the cry, was bidden, vvhen he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan vvas dead: vvhen he doubting to doe, yet for that vvhen he came to Palodes, there sodeinly vvas such a calme of winde, that the shippe stode still in the sea vnmoued, he vvas forced to cry alovvde, that Pan was dead: vvherevvithall there was heard suche piteous outcries and dreadfull shrieking, as hath not bene the like. By vvhich Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time vvas by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that vvere wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, ansvvere vvas made him by the vvisest and best learned, that it vvas the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the comen prouerb, Malum Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for vvould not.

Tho vvith them) doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, vvhich caused



May.

caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

„ Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
„ Hæsit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.

which may thus be turned into English.

„ All that I ate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:

„ As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, vvhich though much more vvisedome bewraith, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse. the rymes be theie.

„ Ho, Ho, who lies here?

„ I the good Erle of Deuonshire,

„ And Maulde my wife, that vvvas ful deare,

„ VVe liued together lv. years.

„ That vve spent, vve had

„ That vve gaue, vve haue:

„ That vve lefte, vve lost.

Algrim) the name of a shepheard. Men of the Lay) Lay men. Euaunser) least that. Souenaunce) remembrance. Miscreaunce) despeire or misbelieve.

Cheuisaunce) sometime of Chaucer vsed. for gaine: sometime of other for spoyle, or boote, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Lewie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for GOD himselfe vvvas their inheritance

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters countrefet keyes, open a vvvide gate to all wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce (as some maliciously of late haue done to the great vnrest and hinderance of the Churche) bus to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, in dede feede of theyr sheepe

Sourfe) vvellspring and originall.

Borrowe) pledge or surtie.

The Geaunte) is the greate Atlas, vvhom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in dede a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that novv is Barbarie, vvhich to mans seeming perceeth the clouder, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye. (of vvhome may bee, that that hill had his denomination) brother to Prometheus (who as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starrs, by an excellent imagination vvherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on his shoulders. Many other coniectures needelesse be told hereof.

VVarke) vvorte:

Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare borow) that is our sauour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

VVyten) blame. Nought seemeth) is vnseemely.

Conteck) strife contention.

Hur) theyr, as vseth Chaucer.

Han) for haue.

Sam) together.

This

This tale is much like to that in *Aesops fables*, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be ynderstoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie with carefull vvathe- words (as heere doth the gote) vvarned his little ones, to beware of such doub- ling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to vvhom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowshippe to be vsed.

The gote) the Gote: Northernly spoken to turne O into A. Yode) went. afforesayd She set) A figure called Fictio which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speache to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloomies of lust) be the young and mossie heares, vvhich then beginne to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kinde.

And with) A very Poeticall *metaphor*.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutor and gouernour.

That vvord) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The branch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a piercing sighe.

Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion) A coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beafts is most wily & crafty

Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombing is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastings in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungrous dreame (vvhiche vvas a shrevde prophetic of his mishap, that folowed) it is sayd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to fitte vppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled twise or thrise by the vvay: vvhich of some, that ryding with hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, vvas secretly marked, and aftervvard noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensued. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was with in two houvres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull death.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies. f. Idoles: and glasses. f. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outvvard patience, and voluntarv susterance as a vvork of merite and holy humblenesse.

Svveete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitie alvvayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outvvard Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hole. VVhose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stroundes) fittes: afforesayde.

His lere) his lesson.

Medled) mingled.

Bestthead.) agreeing to the person of a beaft.

Sibbe.) of kynne

Nevvell) a nevv thing.

To forestall) to prazent. Glee] here, afforesayde.

Deare: price.) his lye, vvhich he lost for those eyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, vvhose purpose is to vvarne the protestaunt bevvare, howe he geueth credit to the vsfaythfull

May.

Catholique: vvhetherof vve haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moſte famous of all, practiſed of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the nynth.

Fayne) gladd or deſyrous.

Our ſir Iohn) a Popiſhe prieſt, A ſaying fit for the groſeneſſe of a ſhepherd, but ſpoken to taunte vilernded Prieſtes.

Diſmount) deſcende or ſet.

Nye) dravveth nere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that vvhoe doth moſt miſtruſt is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſehod breedeth miſt iſt in the mynd, thinking noleſſe guile to lurke in others, then in hymſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replyeth vvhith another peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, what ſayth then is there in the ſaythleſſe. For if ſayth be the ground of religion, vvhich ſayth they dayly falſe, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they ſaye.

June.



Ægloga ſexta.

ARGUMENT.

THis *Æglogue* is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill ſucceſſe in his loue. For being (as is a foreſaid) enamoured of a Country laſſe Roſalind, and hauing (as ſeemetb) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forſaken vnfaithfully, and in his ſteede Menalcas, another ſhepherd receiued diſloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this *Æglogue*.

Hobbinoll

June.

fol. 23

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN Clo. re.



O *Colini*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath mean dmy wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delpte :

The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:

The grassye ground with daintye Daplies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde
To the waters fall the first tyme attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
WithouTEN dreade of Wolves to bene yost:
Thy louely laps here mayst thou freely posse.
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shouder my lucklesse pace.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holypush, nor byere, nor winding witche:
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritche,
And fructfull flocks bene euery where to see.
Were no night Rauene lodge moze black then pitche,
Nor eluisk ghoists, nor gaily owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,
Which Heydegupes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst spiers nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Doe make them musick, for their moze delighe:
And *Pan* himselfe to kisse thei chrystall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when *Phebe* shineth bright
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and courie of carelesse peeres

F. 3

Dls

L

June.

2

Oh let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryer age such pleasures doth reppoue,
My fancy eke from former follies moue
To staped steps. for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which weren old aboute)
And ozaweth newe delighces with hoary beares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples bnt pype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, bnt peeres moze rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Thole weary wanton toyes away byd wyffe.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelays,
Which thou were wont on waikfull hyls to singe,
I moze delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Dz hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* wyth *Muses* moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sounz,
Theyr puzzy *Lutes* and *Camburlins* forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill dost showe,
They dyewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shephgard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of *Muses* *Hobbincl*. I come no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest Ioue,
And holden scozne of homely shepheards quill.

For such I heard, that Pan with Phebus strone,
 Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
 A neuer lyst presume to Parnasse hyl,
 But ypping lowe in shade of lowly groue,
 A play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame
 He strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
 With sheheard sices not, followe flying fame:
 But seeke his flocke in fields, where falls hem best,
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rabely drest:
 The fycter they, my carefull case to frame:
 Enough is me to paint out my vncelt,
 And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

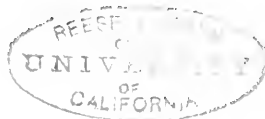
The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
 He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
 Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
 Well couth he waple hys woes, and lightly flake
 The flames, which loue within his heart had bred,
 And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
 The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
 (Why should death on hym such outrage shoue?)
 And all hys passing skil with him is hedde,
 The same whereof doth dayly greater growe.
 But if on me some little drops would flowe,
 Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
 I soone would learne these woods, to waple my woe,
 And teache the trees, thei'r trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, cause of discourtelee,
 As messengers of all my painfull plight,
 Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
 And pierce her heart with poynt of woorthy wight
 As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.

F.4.

And.



June.

And thou *Ménistras*, that by trecherie
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to were so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villance.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylts, or dales, or other where,
Bears witness all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowze is wore a weede,
And fauldlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere;
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyes on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe,
Ah faithlesse *Rosalind*, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this rutchfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryle ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes do: you forstoe,
And weest your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia speme spenta.



GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, vvhetherin *Hobbinoll* made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called *Eden*; vvherein *Adam* in his first creation vvas placed. VVhich of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*; the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the vvorlde (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* de scription of it, in the hystorie of *Alexanders* conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, vvhich of it is so denominated:

For sake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction; but vnseynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed)

informed) and for his more preferment removing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countye, where he dwelt. Nis) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, vwhere he nowe abydeth, vvhich doughte they be full of hylles and vwoodes (for Kent is very hyllye and vwoodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth vwoodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrey.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (VWhereof they be tokens) flying guery vvhether.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elves is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfs oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friets and knauith shauelings so signified; vvhich as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nouell the comen people in ignorouce, least being once acquainted vwith the truth of things, they vwoulde in tyme smell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelse and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that vwhen all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gabelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time vvere frowarde and vvanton, they would say to them that the Guelle or the Gibeline came.

VWhich vwoords novve from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfs & Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchme vsed to say of that valiant captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, after ward Erle of Shrevvbury; whose nobleffe bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies vvere defeated & put to flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In somuch that the Frésh vvement, to affray theyr chylidren, vwould tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces or Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musæus sayth, that in Herocs eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageauntis sayth. An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

Haydeguies) A country daunce or rovnd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonlight. To signifie the pleasauntesse of the soyle.

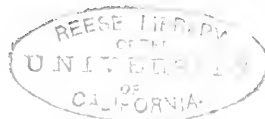
Peeres] Equalles and fellow shepheards. Queneapples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse. Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a strange phrase in English, but vword for vword expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of vvater, but of young trees springing. Calliope) afforesayde.

Thys staffe is is full of verie poetical inuention. Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, vvhich of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan vwith Phæbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo stuiting for excellencie



June.

cellencye in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. VWho being corrupted vvyth partiall affection, gaue the victorie to Pan vnderferued: for vvhich Phoebus sette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales. vvhom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ suæ* .s. the God of hys lyfe.

To make] to versifie.

O vwhy] A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie] he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite] the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas] the name of a shepheard in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnkowne and secrete, agaynst vvhom he often bitterly inuayeth,

vnderfenge] vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie was Anchora speme : for that as then there vvas hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But novve being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come. vvhich is all the meaning of thys Embleme.





Ægloga septima.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherdes, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin.

Morrell.

IS not thilke same a gotheard proude,
that litted on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth throtwe
among the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iollpe shepherds swayne,
come by the hyl to me:
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin:

Ah God sheld, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke alofte,
This recede is ryse, that ofentime
Great clymbers fall bufast.

Iuly.

In humble dales is fodding fast,
the trode is not so trickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared by
his fyiefooted teme,
Makng his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of nopsome breath,
Whose balefull barking bynges in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreety death.
Agaynst his cruell scortching heare .
where hast thou couerture ?
The wastefull bylls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the litle what,
that Thomakin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with sond termes, and weetlesse words
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred vnto saines they stond,
and of them han they name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne cosse:
And of S. Bygets howe I crow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they charcon of Hules skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As gotheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.

And

And wored not the great God Pan,
vpon mount *Oliuet*:

Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
whitch dyd himselfe beget:

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloody sweat
from *Wolues*, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Besyd, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hylle place,
Where *Titan* ysleth from the mayne,
to renne hys dayly race.
vpon whole toppe the starres bene stayd,
and all the skie doth leane;

There is the caue, where *Phobe* layd,
the shepheard long to bream.

Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feede theyr flocks at will,

Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest yd spill.

And lichens shepheardes bene forslayd
from places of delight:

For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
to clime this hilles height.

Of *Synab* can I tell thee moze,
And of our *Ladys* bowze:

But litle needes to strow my stoz,
suffice this hill of our.

Here han the holy *Faune*; resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.

Here has the salt *Hedway* his sourse,
wherein the *Nymphes* doe bathe.

The salt *Hedway*, that trickling *Stremis*
adowne the dales of *Kent*:

Julye.

Till with his elder brother Themis
His brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Teribint* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr thzotes.
Pereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls byneth.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lpe a lewde lozrell,
of H: auen to denier so:
How be I am but rude and bozrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God moze sarre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that strives to touch the starres,
oft stumbles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd proude that sitting hye,
upon the Mountaine sayles.
By seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should pde,
they soone myght be cozrupted:
Oz like not of the frowie fede,
oz with the weedes be gluttet.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adoze:
Not for themselfe, but for the saynctis,
Which han be dead of poze.
And nowe they bene to heauen sozwent,
theyr good is with them goe:

Theyr

They simple onely to vs lene,
 That als we mought doe see.
 Shepheards they weren of the best,
 and liued in lowlye leas:
 And sith they; soules bene now at rest,
 why done we them discase?
 Such one he was, (as I haue heard
 old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepheard,
 and liued with little gayne:
 As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
 simple, as simple sheepe,
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 the flocke, which he did keepe.
 Often he bled of hys keepe
 a sacrifice to bring,
 Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe
 the Altars hallowing.
 So lowred he vnto hys Lord,
 such fauour couth he fynd,
 That sithens neuer was abhord,
 the simple shepheards kynd.
 And such I weene the bryethen were,
 that came from Canaan:
 The bryethen twelue, that kept yfere
 the flockes of mighty Pan.
 But nothing such thilk shepheard was,
 whom *Ida* hyl dyd beare,
 That lest hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
 whose loue he bought to deare:
 For he was proude, that fill was payd,
 (no such mought shepheards bee)
 And with lewde lust was overlapyd:
 tway things doen fill agree:
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 well epyd, as *Argus* was,

Iulye.

With fleshy follyes bndefyled,
and stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys makers face,
His face moze cleare, then *Chyrist* fall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a byother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God theretofore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly woze,
such simpleste mought them shend:
They bene pclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them bliss,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Pygret with beltes of glitterand gold.
(mought they good shepheardes bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has solo,
I saye as some haue seena.
For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)
yode late on *Pilgrimage*
To *Rome*; (if such be *Rome*) and then
he sawe thilke misusage.
For shepheardes (sayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done ocher where,
Theyr sheepe han crukes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesch,
(O seely sheepe the while)
The corne is theyre, let other theysch,
their hands they may not file.

Theyr

They han great fozes, and thyrifte flockes,
 great freendes and feeble foes:
 What neede hem caren for their flockes?
 theyr hopes can looke to those.
 These wisards welre in welchs waues,
 pampred in pleasures deepe,
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
 their fasting flockes to keepe.
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,
 they heapen hylles of wyath:
 Sike spylle shepheards han we none,
 they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
 lost for lacke of telling,
 Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
 harme may come of melling.
 Thou medlest moze, then shall haue thanke,
 to wyten shepheards welth:
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
 it is a signe of helth.
 But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
 that is so oft bynemyt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 but hath bene long ppent.
 One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
 (as now thou wouldest me:
 But I am taught by *Algrins* ill,
 to loue the lowe degree.)
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 An Eagle sozed hye,
 That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
 a shell fishe dotwe let flye:
 She weend the shell fishe to haue byoake,
 but therewith byzd his byayne,
 So now astonied with the stroke,
 be lyes in lingring payne.

¶

Morrell.

Iulye.

Morrell.

Th good *Algrim*, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time.
Know farwell shepheard, sith thys hyl
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Palinodes Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo foelicitas.



G L O S S E.

A Goteheard] By Gotes in scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, vvhose pastour also must needs be such:

Banck] is the seate of honor. **Straying heard]** which wander out of the waye of truth. **Als]** for also. **Clymbe]** spoken of Ambition. **Great clymbers]** according to Seneca his verse, *Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus.* **Mickle]** much.

The sonne] A reason, why he refu seth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scorching sunne, according to the time of the yeare, vvhiche is the vvhoteft moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe] Be tvvo signes in the Firmament, through vvhich the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion] Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sonne did hunt a Lion, vvith one Dogge. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo At vvlich tyme the Dogge starre, vvhich is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, vvith immoderate heate causing Pestilence, droughth, and many diseases.

Ouerture] an open place. The vvord is borowved of the French, & vsed in good writers To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde] vvas vvonat among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, vvre called for more dread and dignitie, *Lurdanes*. I. Lord Danes. At vvwhich time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation vvas so outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane vvete cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which vvas no lesse, then present death. But being after vvarde expelled that name of *Lurdane* became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer *Lurdane*.

Recks much of thy swinck] counts much of thy paynes. **VVeteleffe]** not vnderstoode.

S. Michels

- S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the VWest part of England.
- A hill) Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ. Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen
- VWhere Titan) the Sonne. VWhich story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, vvhich tovvard morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan :
- The Shepheard] is Endymion, vvhom the Poets sayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phcebe. f. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.
- There) that is in Paradise, vvhether through error of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys offspring be debarred & shutte out from thence.
- Synah) a hill in Arabia, vvhether God appeared.
- Our Ladyes bovre) a place of pleasure so called.
- Faunes or Syluanes] be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the VVoode.
- Medway] the name of a Ryuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whom he colleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.
- Meynt] mingled. Melampode and Terebinth] be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.
- περὶ τῆς τερβινθῆς ἀριστήριον.*
- Nigher heauen] Note the shepheards simplenesse, vvhich supposeth that from the hyl] is nearer waye to heauen.
- Leuin] Lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. Feruntque summos fulmina montes.
- Lorrell] A lollell. A borrell] a playne fellowe. Narre] nearer.
- Hale] for holl. Yede] goe. Frowye] mustye or mossie.
- Of yore] long agoe. Forcyente] gone afore.
- The firste shepheard] vvas Abell the righteous, vvhom (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did his brother Cain to tilling the grownde.
- His keepe] hys charge f. his flocke. Lowred] did honour and reuerence.
- The brethren] the twelue sonnes of Iacob, vvhich vvere shepemaisters, and lyued one lyc thereupon.
- VWhom Ida] Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, vvhich being vvith child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyl] Ida; vvhether being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time be came a shepheard, and lastly came to knowvledge of his parentage.
- A lasse] Helena the vyvfe of Menclaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon vvith a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troyc, which vvas the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troyc, and the most famous citye

Julye.

of all Asia most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus] was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: So called because that in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shepherde sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meane nesse of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry. **In purple]** Spoken of the Popes and Cardinales, vvhich vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting. Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering, a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, vvhom they count theyr God and greatest shepherde.

Palinode) A shepherde, of vvhose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

VVifards) greate learned heads. **VVelter)** wallouue. **Kerne)** a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men) such kinde of men. **Sturly)** stately and provde **Melling)** medling. **Bett)** better. **Bynempre)** named. **Gree)** for degree.

Algrin the name of a shepherde afore sayde, vvhose myshap he alludeth to the chance, that happened to the Poet Æchylus, that vvas brayned with a shellfish.

Embleme.

By thys poesy Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in hys former speach by sondry reasons he had proued, for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lovvly state, as that wherein is safetie vwithout feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed vwith two contrary vices: vvherto Morrell replieth vwith continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, vvhich once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitee out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again vwith lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Suorum deus alliffimus.





Ægloga octaua.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuerse, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whercof Colin be sayth was Authour.

Willye. Perigot. Cuddie.
Tell me Perigot, what shalbe the game,
 Wherefore with myne thou dare thy mullick matche?
 Or bene thy Bagppes renne fatte out of frame?
 Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benoind with ache?

Perigot.

Ah Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
 How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well apayde?

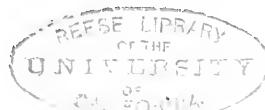
Willye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
 Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
 And wont to make the lolly shepheards gladd
 With ppyng and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

H. 3.

Perigot

N



August.

Perigot.

Oh *Willye*: now I haue learnd a netwe daunces
By old mullick mard by a newe mischaunce.

VVillye.

Witchiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,
That so hath rafe vs of our merimene.

But reede me, what payne doth thee so appalle?
O louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

VVillye.

Herbie and wellawapeill may they thirue:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight,
But and if in ryms with me thou dare strue,
Such fond fancies shall loone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though mocheill worse I fare:
Neuer shall be sayde that *Perigot* was dared.

VVillye.

Then loe *Perigot* the Bledge, which I plight:
A mazer ymough of the Papele warre:
Wherewith is enchaused many a fayre sight
Of Veres and Cygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton *Quie*-twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the *Wolues* lawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepshooke hath him slayne.
Well me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beleme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

There to will I pawne ponder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis like another:
For I brought him by without the Dame.
But *Colin Clout* taste me of his brother,

That

That he purchall of me in the playne field:
 Hope against my will was I forst to yeld.

VVillye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
 But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
 Which ouer the poulle hetherward doth post.

VVillye.

But for the Sunnebeame so soze doth vs beate,
 Were not better, to shunne the scoztching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed *Willy*: then sitte thee downe swayne:
 Like a song neuer heardest thou, but *Colin* sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye tolly shepheards twayne:
 Like a iudge, as *Cuddie*, were for a king.

Perigot.

Willye.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.

Per.

Wil.



Tell vpon a holly eue,
 hey ho hollidape,
 When holly fathers went to *Spizeu*:
 now gyneth this roundelay.
 Sitting vpon a hill so hye,
 hey ho the high hyl,

The while my flocke did feede thereby,
 the while the sheheard selfe did spill:

I saw the bouncing *Bellibone*,
 hey ho *Boubed*,

Cripping ouer the dale alone,
 she can tripe it very well:

Well decked in a frocke of gray,
 hey ho gray is greete,

And in a kirtle of greene saye,
 the greene is for maydens meete:

A chapelet on her head she woze,
 hey ho chapelet,

Of sweete *Violets* therein was soze,
 she sweeter then the *Violet*.

August.

Per. My theape did leaue theyr wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho seely theape,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She roud at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the chryskall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnys beame so bryght,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phobus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into my hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin throudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sorder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer rape
Wil. hey ho the Moone light,
Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pittceous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per. Hastning to raunchy the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth ay moze and moze,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my soze:
Wil. loue is a carelesse sorowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk laste not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynfull loue I pyne,
 Wil. hep ho pinching payne,
 Per. Or thine in welth, she shalbe mine.
 Wil. but if thou can her obtaine.
 Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
 Wil. hep ho gracelesse griefe;
 Per. Witnesse, thee slewe me with her eye:
 Wil. let thy follye be the pyefe,
 Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
 Wil. hep ho the sayre flocke,
 Per. For pyefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
 Wil. and mone with many a mocke.
 Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
 Wil. hep ho holidaye,
 Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
 Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddye,

Sicker like a rounde neuer heard I none.
 Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
 And *Willye* is not greatly ouergone,
 So weren his vnder songs well adrest.

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
 Creede vprightly, who has the victorie?

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
 For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* his owne:
 And for *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
 He can *Willye* wite the witelesse herdgroome.

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
 The shepard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it not yshend
 Pour roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse

I.

Of

August.

Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylike can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it Cuddie, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle ladde.

Villy.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrowned be
In Colins steede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or inatter of his deede,

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heaup laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.



Y wasse full woodes beare witnessse of my woe,
Wherain my plaines did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuite to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me out a sleepe,
Whose streames my trickinge teares did ofte

Resort of people doth my greifs augment, (augment.

The walled townes do worke my greate r woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe
Let streemes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woodes my sorowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waite, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastefull groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose syeking sound
Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes.

Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your ykesome yells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
 I bowed haue to wayte, till safe and sound
 She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
 To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
 The memozy of hys misbeede, that byed her woe:
 And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
 Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the shepheards ioye,
 How I admire ech turning of thy berse :
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie the liefest boye,
 How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at homes
 The night nigheth fast, yez time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willies Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chj puo.

GLOSSE

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.
 Raste) bereft, depriued.

Peregall) equall.
 Misyvent) gon a straye.
 I.2.

VVhilome) once.
 Ill may) accordin;
 to

August.

to Virgile. In felix o semper ouis pecus.

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchafed) engrauen. Such pretic descriptions euery vvhether Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeed he by that name termeth his *Æglogues*: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, vvhether of his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but *Hædilia*, of the Gotcheards in them.

Entrailed) vvrought betwene.

Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme. Pouffe.) Pease.
It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to vvho VVilly answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot vvho is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, vvho is suppos'd, his love detrueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garland lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vvvas sayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced.

But if) not vnlesse. Squint eye) partiall iudgement. Ech haue) so saith Virgile.
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Dooome) iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, iudged. VVire the vvitelesse) blame the blamelesse. The shepherd of Ida) vvvas sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie

Embleme.

The meaning hercof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeie claming the cōquest, & VVillye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semetin to challenge it, as his deuv, saying, that he, is happy vvch can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vvyn the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of vvith the best.





Ægloga Nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Daue is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinol.

Diggon Daue.



Diggon Daue, I bidde her god daye:

Or Diggon her is, or I mistake.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,

But now her is a most wretched wight.

If or day, that was, is wightly past,

And now at earst the dirke night darch hath.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?

Neuer I wilt thee in so pooze a plight.

Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?

Or bene they chaffred? or at mischiese dead?

Diggon

o

September.

Diggon.

Thy for loue of that, is to thee moſte leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefes;
Like queſtion ripeſh by cauſe of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe.

Hobbinnoll.

May, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous ſmart.
Eche thing imparted is moze eath to beare:
When the rayne is ſaln, the cloudes wexen cleare,
And nowe ſithence I ſawe thy head laſt,
Thyſe three Hoones bene fully ſpent and paſt:
Since when thou haſt meafured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the worlde rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flockes aſtate.

Diggon.

My ſheepe bene waitted, (wae is me therefore)
The lolly ſhepheard that was of poze,
Is nowe noz lollye, noz ſhephearde moze.
In forrein coſtes, men ſayd, was plentye:
And ſo there is, but all of miſerpe.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtoze,
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart loze.
In tho countreyes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for thoſe, that truely mene,
But for ſuch, as of guile maken gayne,
No ſuch countreye, as there to remaine.
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a Part of theyꝝ good, name.
The ſhepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her bzother.
Or they will buy his ſheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the ſhepheards thzote.
The ſhepheards ſwayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And

September.

fol. 36

And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any moze:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth soze,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the bluftring blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lozne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth,
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,
Bene all sterued with ppyne and penurce.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll,

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neeede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnkowne gayne,
Ofte liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
With bayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:

September.

I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing sich.
For eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyl:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
But the more bene fraught with fraud and spight,
The in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kinde coales of conteeke and pye,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinke agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all dzench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vnder saye,
They neuer sette foote in ch at same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the deuill at commaunds:
But aske hem therefoze, what they han paund.
Harrie that great Pan bought with deare bozrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowze of sozrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:
For thy woulde drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han byzowed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)
Their ill hauour garres men missay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their saye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how cruely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)

Chat

That like mischief graeth hem among,
 All for they casten too much of worlde care,
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
 For such enchealon, If you goe nye,
 Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye
 The fatte Dre, that wont ligge in the stal,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
 Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
 Vlike as a Monster of many heads.
 But they that shooten neerest the pycke,
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
 For bigge Bulles of Basan brace hem about,
 That with theyr hoznes butten the moze stoute:
 But the leane soules treaden vnder foote.
 And to seeke redressse mought little boote:
 For liker bene they to pluck away moze,
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
 For they bene like foule waignoires cuergraff,
 That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
 The moze to wind it out thou doest swinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
 Yet better haue of with a little losse,
 Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine:
 Better it were, a little to feyne,
 And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
 Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured
 But of like pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Diggon.

Vlike as the shepheards, like bene her sheepe,
 For they will listen to the shepheards voyce,
 But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
 They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,
 And to theyr foldes yeeld at their owne leasure.
 But they had be better come at their cal:
 For many han into mischief fall,

R.

And

September.

And bene of ravenous *Woolues* preynt,
All for they nortix be burdme and bent.

Hobbiholl.

Spe on thee *Diggon*, and all thy soule leasing,
Well is knowpe that sith the *Saxon* king,
Neuer was *Woolfe* seene many noz some,
Noz in all *Kent*, noz in *Chuligdome*:
But the fewer *Woolues* (the sath to sayne,)
The moze bene the *Foxes* that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in moze secrete wise,
And with shecpes clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely palling two and thre,
Enaunter they mought be sithly knowe.

Hobbiholl.

Oz priue oz pett yf any bene.
We han great *Bandoggs* will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeeze thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in thoz furre.
But not good *Dogges* hem needeth to chace,
But heeddy shepheards to discerne their fare.
For all their craft is in their countenance,
The bene so graue and full of inapertenance.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to *Roffyn* not long ygoe

Hobbiholl.

Say it out *Diggon*, what euer it sight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so metke, wise, and mercable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe hope,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my toye)
Shepheards sith, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully theyz flocks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Think same shepheard mought I well marke
 He has a Dogge to byre or to barke,
 Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurte,
 That waketh, and if but a lease sturre.
 Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
 And euer at night went to repayre
 Unto the flocke, when the Weikin shone faire,
 Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man vled to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
 (For he had els learned a curre's call.)
 As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
 Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye.
 This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wait.
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
 Long time he vled this slippery pranch,
 Ere Roffy could for his labour him thanck
 At end the shepheard his practile spyed,
 (For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
 And when at euen he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Wolfe in his counterfect cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Diggon.

Harry Diggon, what should him astraye,
 To take his owne where euer it laye?
 For had his weland bene a little widder,
 He would haue deuoured both hidder & shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse

September.

For it was a perilous beast about all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call,
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow choce,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the doze,
And ranne out, as he was wont of poze.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Rossy renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyr belue.
If like bene Wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
For stallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with sheheard sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From sodden force they flockes for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Wought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhale.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
By piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll

Hobbinoll.

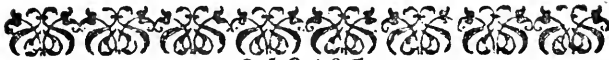
Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
 The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,
 Methelste thou seest my lowly saile,
 That froward fortune doth euer auaille.
 But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
 Diggon thould soone find fauour and ease.
 But it to my corage thou wilt resoꝛt,
 So as I can: I wil thee comfoꝛt:
 There mayst thou ligge in a betchy bed,
 Till fapꝛ Fortune shewe foꝛth her head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite.
 Diggon on fewe such frends did euer lye.

Diggon's Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.



GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrasē of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, vvhio being very frend to the Author hereof, had bene long in foraine countryes, and there seene many disorders, vvhich he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, vvhich cometh beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. I. to saye his prayers.

VVighly) quicklye, or sodenlye. Chaffed) folde. Dead at mischief) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare. Etne) easie. These thre moones) nine monethes. Measured) for traueled.

VVae) vvoe Northernly. Eked) encreased. Caruen) cutte. Kenne) know.

Cragge) neck. Stare) stoutely. Stanck) vvearie or fainte.

And noue) He applicth it to the tyme of the yeare, vvhich is in the end of haruest, which they call the fall of the leafe: at vvhich tyme the VVesterne wynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Decus ludibrium ventis. Lome) leste. Soore) secrete.

Vncouth) vnknewen. Hereby there) here and there. As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane. Emprise) for enterpryse. Per Syncopen. Contek) strife.

Trode) path. Marrie that) that is, theu soules, vvhich by popish Exorcismes & practises they danne to hell.

Blacke

P

September.

Blacke) hell. Gange) goe. Mister) maner. Mirke) obscure. VVarte) vvorſe.
 Crumenall) purſe. Brace compaſſe. Eneheſon) occaſion. Ouergraſt) ouergrovvē
 vvith graſſe. Galage) thoc. The groſſe) the whoſe.

Buxome and bent) mecke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde.
 vvhich king cauſed all the VVolues, vvhercof then vvvas ſtore in thys countrey,
 by a proper policie to be deſtroyed. So as neuer ſince that tyme, there haue ben
 VVolues here ſounde, vnleſſe they were brought from other countreyes. And
 therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying there be VVolues in
 England.

Nor in Chriſtendome) This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indede
 it vvvas vvont to be an olde prouerbe and comen phraſe. The original vvhere-
 of vvvas, for that moſt part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert vvvas
 chriſtened, Kent onely excepr, vvhich remayned long after in myſ beleefe and
 vnchriſtend, So that Kent vvvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iuſtice. Enaunter) leaſt that.

Inly) inwardly. afforſaydc. Preuely or pert) openly ſayth Chaucer.

Roffy) The name of a ſhephearde in Maror his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge.

vvhome he here commendeth for greate care and vvviſe gouernance of his flock

Colin cloutc) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Au-
 thour ſelſe. vvhoſe eſpeciall good freend Hobbinoll ſayth he is, or more rightly
 Maſter Gabriel Haruey: of vvhoſe ſpeciall commendation, aſvvell in Poetrye
 as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, vve haue lately had a ſufficient try-
 all in diuerſe his vvorkes, but ſpecially in his Muſarum Lachrymæ, and his late
 Gratulationū Valdinen ſum vvhich boke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex,
 he dedicated in vvriting to her Maieſtie. after vvvard preſenting the ſame in print
 vnto her Highneſſe at the vvorſhipfull Maſter Capells in Hertfordſhire. Befide
 other his ſundrye moſt rare and very notable vvritings, partely vnder vvunknown
 Tydes, and partly vnder counterſayt names, as hys Tyrannomaſtix, his Ode
 Natalitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that parte of Philomufus, his diuine
 Anticoſmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As alſo by the names of
 other ſhepheardes, he cotereth the petions of diuers other his familiar freendes
 and beſt acquayntaunce.

This tale of Roffy ſeemeth to coloure ſome particular Aſtion of his. But vvwhat, I certain
 lye knowv not. VVonned) haunted. VVelkin) ſie. afforeſaid.

A VVeanelt vvaiſte) a vvveaned youngling. Hidder and ſhilder) He & ſhe: Male
 and Female. Steuen) Noyſe. Belieue) quickly. VVhat euer) Ouids verſe
 tranſlated. Quod caret altera requie, durable non eſt.

Forehule) dravve or diſtreſſe.

Vetchie) of Peaſt ſtravve.

Embleme.

This is the ſaying of Narciffus in Ouid. For vvwhen the fooliſhe boye by beholding hys
 face in the brooke, fell in loue vvwith his ovvne likeneſſe: and not hable to con-
 tent him ſelſe vvwith much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him
 poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſence. But our Diggon vv-
 ſeth it to other purpoſe, as vvwho that by tryall of many vvayes had ſounde the
 vvvoit,

September.

fol. 39

vvorft, and through greate plentye vvas fallen into great penurie. This poesie I knowve, to haue bene much vsed of the auihor, and to suche like effeete, as fyrste Narcissus spake it.

October.



Aegloga decima.

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whishe finding no maintenaunce of bis state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and enen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular account & honor, & being indede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *εβραϊσμός* and celestiall inspiration, as the Ausber hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke bring lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduiseement to publish.

Pierce.

Cuddie.

Cuddie, for shame hold by thy heaupe head,
And let vs call with what deliight to chace:

R. 4.

And

October.

And weary thys long luytring *Phebus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in riddles, and in bydding bafe:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead!

Cuddie.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with paynt,
That all mine Oen reedes bene rent and woze:
And my pooze *Hul* hath spent her spared stoz,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the *Grashopper* so pooze,
And ligge so layd, when *Winter* doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede yowthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender pyse.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good there of to *Cuddie* can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The gloze eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honoz is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
O pycke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
As the shepheard, that did fetch his oame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowze withouten leauer
His musicks might the hellish hound dw came.

Cuddie.

So praysen habes the *Heacoks* spotted traine,
And wondzen at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the moze for thy?
O? feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

October.

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Like prayle is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Like wordes bene wynd, and wassen soone in vayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and biler clowne,
Lift by thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne.
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes bnbuzed wepen dayly brome.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in sayze *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduance the worthy whome thee loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubbozne stroke of stronger sounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of lue and lusthead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Pyllers rownde,
All were *Elisa* one of thylke same ring.
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sownde.

Cuddye.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
Through his *Mecenas* lest his Daten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yeld the timely eate,
And erst did sing of warres and deadly drede.
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecenas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies ligger wyapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For euer, who in verryng doe were dreade,
The lot, is verse of hem was loued aye.

L.



October.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The haunting Poets found nought worth a peake,
To put in ppeace among the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any budde of Poesie,
Pet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudyne.
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Com Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then the place?
If not in Princes pallace thou doe sit:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fit)
He best of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah Percy it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to soze, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For Colin fetes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers

Ah son, for loue does teach him climb so hie,
And lyftes him by out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhors, as he doth admire,
Would raple ones mynd about the starry skie.
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,
For losty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

All other wise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

The

The haunted berse a vacant head demaundes.
 He wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,
 Unwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weigheye prise,
 And thinks to thow out thondring words of threate:
 Let powre in lauish cups and thristie bitts of meate,
 For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phœbus* wife.
 And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
 The numbers flowe as fast as spyring dorch ryle.

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
 O if my temples were distaind with wine,
 And girt in girlonds of wild *Vine* twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 And teache her tread aloft in bus-kyn line,
 With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

But ah my cozage cooles ere it be warme,
 For thy, content vs in thys humble shade:
 Where no such troublous tydes han vs assapde,
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Pires.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
 Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to Roze his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.



G L O S S E.

This Eglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, vvherein hee repro-
 ued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardite towarde Poetes, in whome
 is the power to make men immortal for theys good dedes, or shamefull for their
 naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in
 Theocritus, is more losyfe then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall
 vvitte.

Cuddie] I doubtte vvwhether by Cuddie be specified the author selfe, or some other. For
 L.ij. ia.

October.

in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, finging a Cansion of Collins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

VVhilome) some time.

Oaten reedes) Aucna.

Ligge (so layde) lye so faynt and vnlustye.

Dapper) pteye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes. for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To reframe.) This place seemeth to conspyre vvith Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry vvvas of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, vvwhich they vsed every five yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable thē the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytt and Musicke, vvould take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eynthet of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it vvcre rauished, vvith delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he vvvas inspired from aboue, called him vvaem: vvwhich kinde of men aftervvwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinde, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of mē) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing vvwith loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some povvred out in pleasures, and so vvcre called Poetes or makers.

Sence increaue) vvhat the secrete vvorking of Musick is in the myndes of men, as vvell appeareth hereby, that some of the aunccient Philosophers, and those the moste vvise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd vvvas made of a certaine harmonie and muscicall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to vvhom vvhen as Tumotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he vvvas distraught vvwith such vvvvonted fury, that streight vvay ryfing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to vvwarre (for that musick is very vvwar like:) And immediatly vvhen as the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvvas so furr from vvwaring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick. vvwherefore Plato and Aristotle torbid the Aradian Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogether on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, vvwhich vseth to burne in yong breasts. So that it is not incredible vvwhich the Poete here sayth, that Musick can increaue the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he rccoovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Inno to him committed hir husband Iupiter his Paragon Iō, because he had an hundred eyes: but aftervvwarde Mercury vvwith hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slevv him and brought Iō away, vvwhose eyes it is sayd that Inno for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

VVoundlesse armour) vvnvounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poecicall metaphore: vvwhere of the meaning is, that if the Poet list shovve his skill

skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraign, vvhó (as before) he calleth Elifa. Or if mater of knight-hood and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both vvorthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayfes, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The vvorthy) he meanderh (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowned the Erle of Leycester, vvhó by his cognifance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bevrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be knowvn to country clovne,

Slack) that is vvhen thou chaungeft thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) vvel knowé to be Virgile, vvho by Mœcenas means vvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moued to vvrite in losuer kinde, then he erst had dœn.

Vvhereon) in these three verses are the three seuerall vvorkes of Virgile intcnded. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of vvares and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and cheualrie.

For euer) He theveth the cause, vvhy Poetes vvete wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their vvorthines & valor thold through theyr famous Poesies be cõmended to al posterities. vvherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses. vvich is the only aduantage, vvich he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great cõming to his tombe in Sigetus, vvith naturall teares blessed him, that euer vvas his hap to be honoured vvith so excellent a Poets work: as so renowned, and ennobled onely by hys meanes. vvich being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba

Del fero Achille sospirando disse

O fortunato che si chiara tomba. Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alvayes made of Poetes, as vvell theveth this that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvarres against Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, vvhen he vvas enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus vvas borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that vvete of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. vvhych prayse otherwise vvas in the same man no lesse famous, that vvhen he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, vvhom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a litle coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers vvorkes, as layd vp there for speciall ieuells and richesse, vvich he taking thence, put one of them daily in his bosome, and dother euerly night layde vnder his pillowe.

L. 3.

Such

Q

October.

- Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men, which this author here very well sheweth, as els vvhether more notably.
- But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and basenesse of mynd. Pent) shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.
- Tom piper) An Ironicall Sacrasmsus, spoken in derision of these rude vvits, vvhych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounde vpon learning and iudgment.
- We brest) the meener sort of men. Her pecced pineons) vnperfect skil. Spoken vvyth humble modestie.
- As soote as Svyanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the svyanne hath cuer vvonne small commendation for her svvete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the svvan a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecyng by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As vvell sayth the Poete elsvwhere in one of his sonetts.
- The siluer svvanne doth sing before her dying day
As shee that feesles the deepe delight that is in death &c.
- Immortall mynhour) Beauty, vvhych is an excellent obiekt of Poetucall spirites, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrachs saying.
- Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.
- A caytiue corage) a base and abiect minde.
- For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as wel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozelora.
- A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying, vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.
- Lauish cups) Resembleth that comen verse Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum.
- O if my) He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise to ful, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.
- Vvild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or fauelins, vvrapped about with yuie.
- In buskin) it vvvas the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vsf stockes & light shocs. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as it said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.
- Queint) strange Bellona; the goddesse of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) vvhen Iupiter hir father was in traueile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hevv his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, vvhom seeing Vulcane so faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, proferted her some corttesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such strauuigenesse is vvell applyed to her.
- Equipage) order. Tydes) seasons.
- Charme) temper and order. for Charms vvwere vvont to be made by verses as Ouid sayth. Aut si carminibus,

Embleme.

October

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Embleme.

Hereby is meane, as also in the vvhole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. VVhom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellency of the skyll vvhenceof in Cuddie free hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

November.



Ægloga vndecima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of great bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Æglogues of this booke.

Thenot.

Colin.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were | wont songs of some ioulsaunce?
Thy Spule to long slombryeth in soyrrowing,
Lulled a sleepe throughth loues misgouernaunce,

Æ. 4.

Now

November.

Now somewhat sing, whose endless soueraunce,
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honoꝝ Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Noꝝ Pan to herpe, noꝝ with loue to playe:
Sike myth in May is meetest foꝝ to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phebus weary of his pereip taf-ke:
Pstabled hath his feedes in lowlye laye,
And taken by his punne in Fishes hal-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth afke:
And loatheth like delighes, as thou doest prayse:
The moynesfull Muse in myth now list ne make,
As thee was wont in yongth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate list light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues like Poetes prayse?
Relieue thy Dacen pyppes, that sleepe long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent bee:
And I vnder to thrust in l-kulfull thronge,
Should Colin make iudge of my foolerie.
May, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindly dewedrops from the higher tree,
And wets the litle plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorowe and deathes dycrement.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and dyent,
Dido the greate shephearde his daughter heenes

The

The fairest Day she was that euer went,
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.
 And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull tene:
 I shall thee giue yond Collet for thy payne:
 And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,
 As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Then Kinde or Collet, which I thee bynempt:
 Then by I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

I benot to that I choole, thou doest me tempt,
 But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
 And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
 Yet as I come, my conning I will strayne.

When *Melpomene* thou mournefull Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afoze:
 Up grieu'd ghostes and by my rufull ryme,
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no moze.
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of poze.

Dido my deare alas is dead,

Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:

O heauie herse,

Let streaming teares be poured out in floze:

O carefull berse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
 Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:
 Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde:
 Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
 The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:

The earth now lacks her wonted light,

And all we dwell in deadly night,

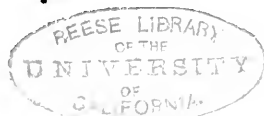
O heauie herse,

Break we our pyres, that shylde as lowde as Larke,

O carefull berse.

¶

Why



November.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woes
The sayest flour e our gyron all emorg,
As faded gulte and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no mee
The songs that Colin made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displye,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most abasle,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde.
Retiuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaille,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
Ne would she scoyne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als Colin cloure she would not ouce disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe like happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such plesaunce now displak by dolours dine:
All Dulick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,

November.

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The gaudie gil londs deck her graue,
The faded flowres her cozle embraue.

O heauie herse,

Mozne nowe my Muse, now mozne with teares bespynt.

O carefull verse,

O thou greate shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy griefe,
Where bene the nosegayes that the dight for thee:
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiete,
The knotted russhings, and gilte Rosemaree?
For thee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.

O heauie herse,

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoze.

O carefull verse,

As me that dzerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dyed is theyr soure,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce.

The mantled meadows mozune,
Theyr sondy colours tozune.

O heaute herse,

The heauens doe melt in teares without remozse.

O carefull verse,

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forrest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chafe the wandying sheepe:
Now he is gon that safely did hem keepe,

The Turtle on the bared bzaunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch.

O heauie herse,

And Philomile her song with teares doth keepe.

O carefull verse,

November.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive bzaunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Elze bzaunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.

O heaue herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heaue cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swinke and swate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I leard (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assurance to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried-body hold.

O heaue herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and syrie furies foyle:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous cōpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.

O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorowes source,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now among the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shevhcards light:
And is enstalled now in heaucns hight.

I see thee blessed soule, I see,
 Waken in *Elisian* fieldes so free,
 O happy herse,
 Night I once come to thee (O that I might)
 O ioyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
 We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
 But knewe we fooles, what it vs brings vntil,
 Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.
 No daunger there the shepheard can assert:
 Faye fieldes and pleasaunt lapes there bene,
 The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
 O happy herse,
 Make hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,
 O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afoze (whose turne shall be the next?)
 There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
 There drinks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
 And iopes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
 The honoz now of highest gods she is,
 That whylome was poore shepheards pryde,
 While here on earth she did abyde.
 O happy herse,
 Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
 O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Ap francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meine
 With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
 Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint?
 Thyne be the coffette, well hast thou it gotte.
 Up *Colin* by, ynough thou moyned hast,
 Now gyynes to mizzle, bye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

November.



- Iouisfaunce)** myrth. **Souenaunce)** remembrance. **Heric)** honour.
VVelked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the vvaine is sayde of Lidgate to vvellk.
- In lovly lay)** according to the season of the moneth Nouember, when the sonne dravveth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.
- In fishes hafke)** the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember. a hafke is a vvicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.
- Virelaies)** a light kind of song.
- Bee vvared)** For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses vvell Castias, vvhereof vvvas before sufficiently sayd.
- Dreeriment)** dreery and heauy cheere.
- The great shepheard)** is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God Pan. The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is vnknoven and closely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, as some imagin: for he speakerh soone after of her also.
- Shenc)** fayre and shining. **May)** for mayde. **Tenc)** sorrow.
- Guerdon)** reward. **Bynempt)** bequethed. **Coffer)** a lambe brought vp without the dam. **Vnkempt)** Incōpeti Not comed, that is rude & vnhanforme.
- Melpomenc)** The sadde and wayletull Muse vsed of Poetes in honor of Tragedies: as saith Virgile Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.
- Vp grieffly goists)** The maner of Tragical Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest. **Herse)** is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.
- VVast of)** decay of so beautifull a peece. **Carke)** care.
- Ah vvhy)** an elegant Epanorthosis. as also soone after. **may time was long ago.**
- Flouret)** a diminutine for a litle floure. This is a notable and sententious comparifon **A minore ad maius.**
- Reliuen not)** lue not againe .f. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enjoy their due reward.
- The braunch)** He meaneth Dido, vvho being, as it vvere the mayne branch now vvithered the budde that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.
- VVith cakes)** fit for shepherds bankets. **Heame)** for home. after the northerne pronouncing. **Tuict)** deyed or stayned.
- The gaudie)** the meaning is, that the things, which vvere the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burials.
- Lobbin)** the name of a shepherd, vvhich seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende of Dido. **Rushrings)** agreeable for such base gyftes
- Faded lockes)** dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.
- Sourefe)** spring. **Mantled medowes)** for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.
- Philomele)** the Nightingale . vvhome the Poetes faine once to haue bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters hus bande, she desired to be turned

ned into a byrd of her name, vvhose complaintes be very vvell set forth of Ma. George Gaskin a wittie gentleman, and the very chiefe of our late rymers, vvhoo and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is vvell knowven he altogether vvanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of vvit and naturall promptitiffe appeare in hym a boundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and properly the of all sorow and heauiness.

The fatal sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas, ughters of Hèrebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes sayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they dravve out in length, till his fatal hovvre & timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized vwith great vvisedom and passionate wyth great affection. Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Megera, vvhich are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischief.

Eternall night) Is death or darknesse of bell. Betight) happened,

I see) A liuely Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happy soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) The very eptesse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Aster) befall vnyvares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be vvhite like Creme, vvhence of is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour. Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

VVhich is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as vwith a timely haruist, vve must be gathered in time, or els of our selues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespasse of the first man bro ught death in to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is novv made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth vvell vwith that vvas sayd, that Death. byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

December.



Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing his youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasfinge starre; by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable barueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



The gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye hère,
That Colin hight, which wel could pype and linge,
For he of Tityrus his songs did here.
There as he satte in secreatè shade alone,
Thus gan he make of leue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne Pan thou God of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
 And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
 Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwarpy sheepe:
 Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
 Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward:

I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to heare,
 Rude ditties tunc to shepheards Daten reede,
 Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
 Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
 The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowyd my toyfull spring,
 Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
 For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
 That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
 I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
 Withhouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

I went to raunge amydde the mазie thickette,
 And gather nuttes to make me Christmas games:
 And toped oft to chase the trembling Pzicket,
 Or hunt the hardiess hare, till thee were tame.
 What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
 Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
 All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste:
 Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
 The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
 Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
 For plike to me was libertce and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser peares,
 (Whether the Gyle, so wrought me from my birth,
 Or I to much beleued my shepherd peres)
 Somedele ybent to song and mulicks mirth.



December.

A good olde shepheard, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by arte moze cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
Which shepheards swayne, what euer feede in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
For if the flocking *Nymphes* did follow *Pan*,
The wiser *Pules* after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
By hurtlesse pleaunce did me ill bypraide,
By freedome lozne, my life he left to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him *Hace*.

Tho gan my louely *Spring* bid me farewell,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the *Lyons* house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird by that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afoze,
When choise I had to choole my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues unbridled loze
Would leade me forth on *Fancies* bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the *humble* was my bowre,
The *Woodes* can witness many a wofull stowe.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her soymall rowines in *Waxen* frame:
The grieftie *Cobestooke* growne there mought I see
And loathed *Haddocks* lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds lute me a sleepe,
The ghastlie *Dwle* her grieuous pynedoth keepe.

Then

Then as the Springe giues place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:
 Also my age now passed yongthly pryde,
 To thinges of typer reason selfe applyed.
 And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 And Bas-kets of bulrushes was my wout:
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
 Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?
 I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
 How *Phæbe* sayles, where *Venus* lites and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
 The sodain ryling of the raging seas:
 The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
 The powder of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
 And which be wont to tenrage the restless sheepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwisse and wiclesse *Colin cloute*,
 That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy soze hart roote,
 Whale ranekling wound as yet does riselye bleede.
 Why liest thou stil, and yet hast thy deaches wound?
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliae art founde?

Thus is my sommer woyme atway and wasted,
 Thus is my hartest hastened all to rache:
 The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
 Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
 Was-mought but brakes and brambles to be motone.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
 And promised of timely fruite such store,
 Are left both bare and barre in now at erst:
 The flattering fruite is fallen to grownd besoze.

December.

And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harvest wast, my hope away byd wipe

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
They? rootes bene dyped by for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rosalind* this spight
To spil the flowres, that should her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome went to frame my pyper,
Unto the listning of the shepheards foote:
Sike follicks nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnfoote.
The loser Lasse I cast to please nomore,
One if I please, enough is me theretore.

And thus of all my harvest hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue thyght in swelling sheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare by alwes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt by quite:
My harveste halts to stirre by winter sterne,
And bids him clayme wih rigorous rage hys right.
So noine he stormes wih many a sturdy stoure,
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furtowes elo hath pight:
My head besprent wih hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright:
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No forme now shiues, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry gles,
My Dulle is boarde and weary of thys stoumbe:

Were

Here will I hang my pyper vpon this tree,
 Was neuer pyper of reede bid better sounde.
 Winter is come, that blowes the winter blaste,
 And after Winter dreerie death woes hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
 My little flock, that was to me so lief:
 Let me, ah lette me in pour folds ye lock,
 Ere the vntime Winter byeede you greater grieffe.
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delights, that lulled me asleepe,
 Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
 Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
 Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witness were:
 Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
 Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.



GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd. Lambkins) young lambes.
 Als of then) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse Pan curat oues ouiuinque magistras.
 Deigne) vouchsafe. Eabinet) Colinet) dimi nutines.
 Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get our agayne.
 Peres) felowes and companions.
 Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth *O ui artem tractant musicam*, speaking of Poetes.
 Derring doe) asorclayd.
 Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, vvhich is loue, had his abode in the whote
 signe Leo, vvhich is in middest of somer; a pretie allegory, vvhich of the meaning
 is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinary heate of lult.
 His ray) vvhich is Cupides beame or flames of Lone.
 A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which vvas the cause of his vvhite loue.
 Venus) the goddesse of beaury or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So
 he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, vvas the cause of
 all his vnquiemes in loue.
 Where I was) a fine description of the change of hys lyfe and likings; for all things nowe
 seemed

December.

- seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.
- Lording)** Spoken after the maner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vntill they be sturred.
- Then as)** The second part. That is his manhoode.
- Cotes)** the peccotes. for such be the exercises of shepheards.
- Sal)** or Salovv a kind of ywoodde like VVyllovv, fit to vvreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish vvithall.
- Phæbe sayles)** The Eclipse of the Moone, vvhich is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.
- Venus)** .i. Venus starre, othervvise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All vvhich stull in starres being conuenient for shepherdes to knowve as Theocritus and the rest vse.
- Raging seas)** The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.
- Sooth of byrdes)** A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, vvhich they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) niuented by the Thulcanes, and fro them deriued to the Romanes, vvho (as is sayd in Liuius) vvere so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thulcanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.
- Of herbes)** That vvonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, as vvell appeareth by the common vvorking of them in our bodies, as also by the vvonderful enchantments and forcees that haue bene vvrought by them; in somuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned mē into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes; as the Poete sayth *Dea sœua parentibus herbis &c.*
- Kidst)** knewest. **Eare)** of corne. **Scathe)** losse hinderaunce.
- Euer among)** Euer and anone.
- Thus is my)** The thyrd parte vvherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.
- The flagraunt flovvres)** sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, vvherein how our Poete is seene, be they vvitnesse vvhich are priuie to his study.
- So now my yeere)** The last part, vvherein is described his age by comparison of vvyntrye stormes.
- Carefull cold)** for care is sayd to coole the blood. **Glee mirth)**
- Hoary frost)** A metaphore of hoary heares scattered lyke to a gray frost.
- Breeme)** sharpe and bitter.
- Adieu delights)** is a conclusion of all. vvhere in fixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that vvvas toucht in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally, in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of sheepe, vvhich is the argument of all *Æglogues*. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendship and good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.
- Embleme.
- The meaning wherof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned vvits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And the refore Horace of his Odes a work though full indeede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight**

weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuid, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath mad
a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. following the ensample of He
racles and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

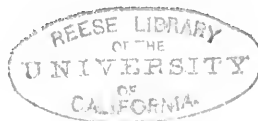


Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
It shall continue till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded stocke to keepe.
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate amongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus hys style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde a while:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

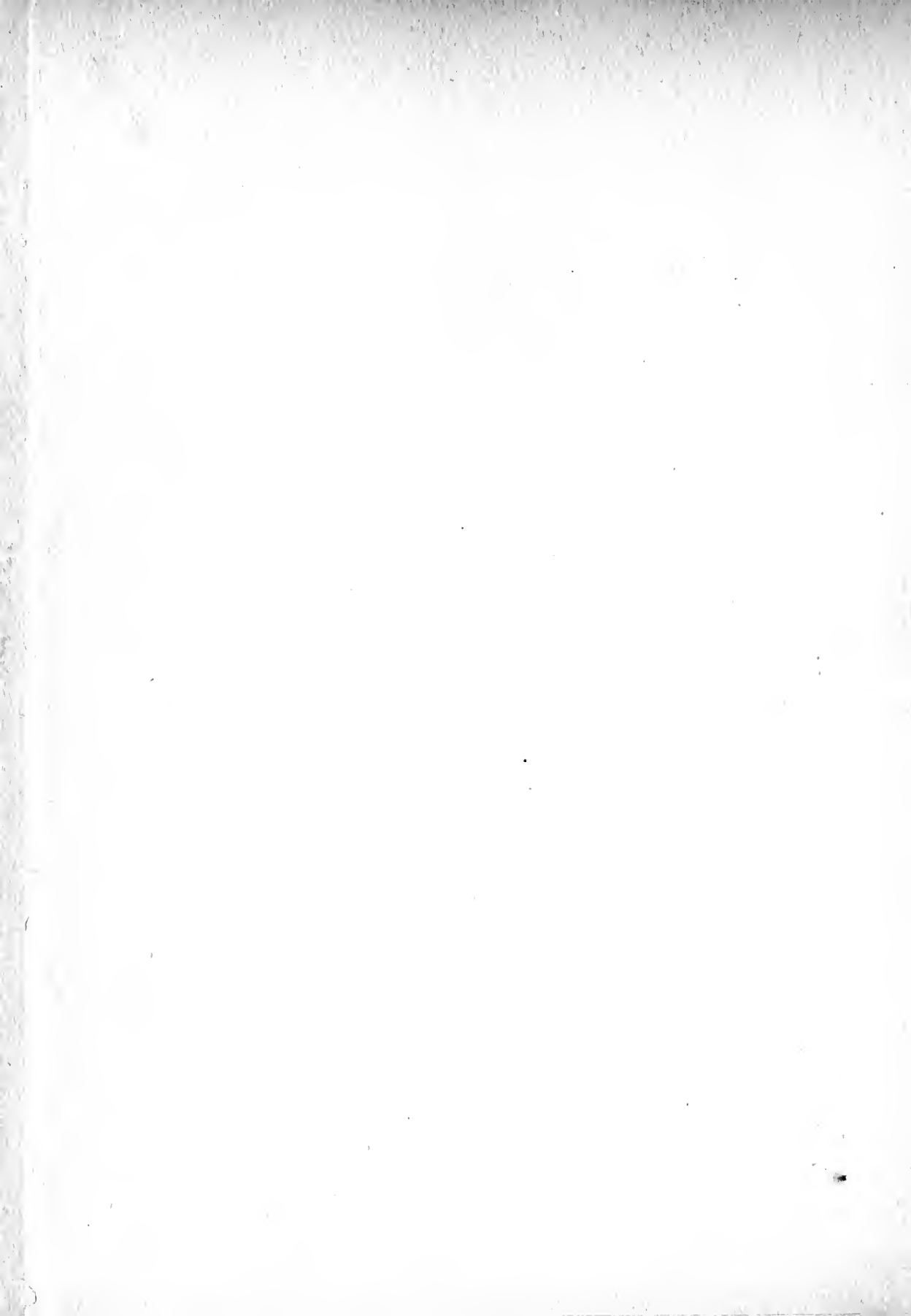
Merce non mercede.



*Imprinted at London by Hugh
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at the signe of the gylden
Tunn neere vato
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