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CONTENTS:—The ROMANCE of PARIS and VIENNE: COMPLETE WORKS of W. BROWNE, of Tavistock, 2 v.: INEDITED TRACTS, 1579-1618, illustrating the Manners, Opinions, and Occupations of Englishmen during the 16th and 17th Cents.: The ENGLISH DRAMA and STAGE under the TUDOR and STUART PRINCES, 1543-1664: GASCOIGNE (George) COMPLETE POEMS, 2 v.: CAREW (Thomas) POEMS.

THE WHOLE WORKS OF

William Browne.

THE
WHOLE WORKS OF WILLIAM BROWNE,
OF TAVISTOCK, AND OF THE INNER TEMPLE;
NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED,
WITH A MEMOIR OF THE POET,
AND NOTES,
BY W. CAREW HAZLITT,
OF THE INNER TEMPLE.
THE FIRST VOLUME.



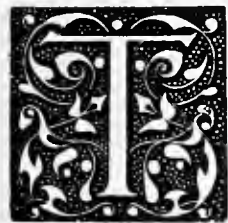
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PREFACE.



THOMAS DAVIES, the enterprising and intelligent bookseller to whom the world was indebted for the only collective edition of the Works of WILLIAM BROWNE hitherto procurable (1772, 12mo., three volumes), was assisted in his laudable undertaking by more than one of the distinguished scholars of that day, and had the advantage of the occasional notes made in a copy of the folio impression of the Pastorals by the Rev. W. Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxford. Davies mentions among his correspondents and coadjutors in this matter the Rev. John Price, Keeper of the Bodleian Library, Dr. Farmer, and the Rev. T. Warton. The works of Browne possess in our eyes and estimation the peculiar interest, that there is good reason for believing the statement to be correct, to a certain extent at least, that MILTON was indebted to them for suggestions in no fewer than three of his own productions, *Lycidas*, *Comus*, and *Paradise Regained*. Critics have detected the germs of some of the best thoughts and finest passages in these immortal efforts in the

Monologue on the Death of Mr. Thomas Manwood, the *Inner Temple Masque*, and *Britannia's Pastorals*, all the compositions of William Browne, and all written before Browne had attained his eight-and-twentieth year!

The first book of *Britannia's Pastorals* appeared in folio, without any note of date on the title-page, but with an address to the reader directed from the Inner Temple, June 18, 1613. The probability is, that the volume was not ready for publication till the beginning of 1614, and it is likely that this and the *Shepherds Pipe* came out very nearly at the same time. Both were dedicated to Lord Zouch. The Pastorals were accompanied by an engraved title-page from the hand of W. Hole, but as a work of art it seemed so worthless, that the idea of its reproduction was relinquished. Book II. followed after a lapse of two years (1616), and was printed for the same stationer as the former. The title-page was a letter-press one in this case, and the poet thought fit to place the sequel of his labours under new patronage—that of the Earl of Pembroke.

In the edition of 1772 the original copies have not been followed in respect to the distribution of the commendatory verses. I have adhered to the old plan, and have left the thirteen panegyrics found in the author's two editions of 1616 and 1625 before the *second* book just as they stand there. The motive for disturbing the arrangement at all is not particularly clear. It could have been wished, also, that in the edition of 1772 the publisher had not thrown the author's marginalia into the foot-notes, and mixed them with the Rev. W. Thompson's observations, in a manner which, at least, was confusing, and in certain cases was not unlikely to mislead readers. Yet,

upon the whole, Davies's edition of Browne is by no means a contemptible performance, and the same may be said of his reproductions of Suckling and Carew.

The first and second books of the Pastorals are here republished from the second edition, which appeared in 1625, 8vo., during the life of the author. This octavo corrects several errors of the folio, and retains the original marginal notes, with which Browne himself elucidated what he looked upon as obscure passages in his poem, or places susceptible of illustration. But as the wood-engravings at the end of the first book are in the folio very superior impressions, I thought it desirable to have them copied exactly as they stand in the latter. There is also a curious woodcut there, omitted in the octavo, and this, too, has been accurately copied for the present republication; as it was my anxious study to present the most perfect edition of Browne's Works possible, partly in too long deferred justice to that pleasing writer's memory, and partly from a desire to give satisfaction to subscribers. I have added to Browne's notes a few of my own, where such appeared to be necessary.

The Third Book of *Britannia's Pastorals* was not published during the life-time of the author, and the original MS. has been long preserved in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury. Its existence was first pointed out by the late Beriah Botfield, Esq., in his work on Cathedral Libraries, and in 1851 it was printed for the Percy Society, from a transcript collated with the original in proof by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. Some doubt was entertained at the time, and has been since, whether this additional book was the composition of Browne, or that of some successful and able imitator of his manner and style. After careful exami-

nation, I feel thoroughly convinced that there was never any real ground for questioning the authenticity of the MS.; and one very valid reason for such an opinion lies in the fact that some of the songs in the third book are likewise to be found in the Lansdowne MS., 777 (to be more particularly described presently), being there inserted as the works of Browne. I believe that this circumstance was not known to the editor of the Percy Society volume in 1851, and certainly Sir Egerton Brydges was not aware of it.

The *Shepherds Pipe* is printed from the edition of 1614, 8vo., and the old text is represented with scrupulous fidelity. The *Elegy on Mr. Thomas Manwood*, which forms the fourth eclogue, has been collated with the copy in the Lansdowne MS. The publisher of Browne's Works in 1772 (the only modern edition of value) resorted to the reprint appended to the *Workes of Master George Wither*, 1620, 8vo., but the differences are few and immaterial.

The Lansdowne MS., 777, contains a variety of poems by Browne and others. It is supposed to have been formerly the property of John Warburton, the herald, from whom it passed into the hands of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who bequeathed his MSS. collections to the British Museum.

I feel unable to speak with entire confidence of the handwriting of this MS.; it is not unlike Browne's autograph in the earlier part, but there seem to have been subsequent additions by a second person. The title-leaf mentions only the poems by Browne, which take precedence of the remainder. Among them is the celebrated monologue on the death of Mr. Thomas Manwood, which is also found in the *Shepherds Pipe*, 1614, and

1620, and to which the author of *Lycidas* is suspected to have been under obligations. In the same hand as the rest, also, and side by side with pieces which may be held to be the undoubted productions of Browne, occurs the epitaph on Mary Sydney, Countess of Pembroke, usually ascribed to Jonson, with an additional stanza, first printed by Osborne in his *Traditional Memoirs of King James I.* But the supplement, which spoils the fine conceit embodied in the first portion of the epigram, is inserted among the compositions of Lord Pembroke in the collective edition of his lordship's poems superintended in 1660 by the younger Donne. The truth may be, therefore, that whoever composed the original sextain as it is to be seen printed in Jonson's works, edit. 1816, the addition was the work of another pen, namely, Lord Pembroke's. But it should be borne in mind that there is no very authoritative reason for assigning the epitaph itself (of six lines) to Jonson, and that it is by no means an improbable supposition, on the other hand, that Browne, who, during many years of his life, was patronized by the countess's family, wrote these lines, his noble friend tacking on what he might consider an appropriate conclusion.

It is only necessary to add, that the poems found in the Lansdowne MS. were first printed by Sir Egerton Brydges at the Lee Priory Press, in 1815, 4to. The orthography was unluckily modernized, and the text is, moreover, thick-sown with blunders of the grossest kind. I may instance the substitution of *universal* for *unusual*, *did* for *ere*, *with* for *worth*, *lying by the brook* for *laying by my book*, *expel* for *excel*, and then leave it to the judgment of the reader whether such mistakes (there are some hundreds) do not deprive a book of any value and interest which it

might otherwise possess. Only eighty copies of the Lee Priory edition were printed, and one may not improperly say, under the circumstances, that the fewer the better.

The *Inner Temple Masque* is preserved in MS. in the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and from that source it was published for the first time (not too accurately) in the edition of 1772. For the present purpose the text has been carefully collated with the original.

My best acknowledgments are due to Henry Huth, Esq., for the use of the valuable copy of *Britannia's Pastorals*, which certainly belonged to MILTON; to John Shelly, Esq., of Plymouth, for his warm and unfolicited exertions in obtaining information respecting William Browne at Tavistock and Ottery St. Mary, and for other help; and to the vicar of Tavistock, Dr. Tancock, for his obliging co-operation; to George A. Greenhill, Esq., of St. John's College, Cambridge, for the careful manner in which he collated the original MS. of the *Inner Temple Masque*, deposited in the library of Emmanuel College, with the printed text of 1772; and to the Rev. Octavius Glover, B.D., fellow and librarian of Emmanuel, for his kind attendance during the time, agreeably to the rules of the foundation; and to George Edwards, Esq., Sub-Treasurer of the Inner Temple, and John Edward Martin, Esq., Librarian to that Society, for their help in examining the registers and other records, and for the opportunity of procuring an exact facsimile of the entry of Browne's name and description in the Book of Admissions, subscribed by the poet's two sureties.

I tender my thanks to John Duke Coleridge, Esq., M.P., Q.C., for instituting inquiries for me at Ottery St. Mary, the

cradle of the Coleridges, respecting the death and burial of the poet there, and to Dr. Cornish, vicar of Ottery, and Samuel Evans, Esq., of Ottery, on the same account; to T. Duffus Hardy, Esq., Keeper of the Public Records, for assisting me in obtaining a copy of a document belonging to the old Court of Wards and Liveries, which I once thought might be of service in elucidating Browne's obscure career; to George Waring, Esq., M.A., of Oxford, for furnishing me, at my request, with a transcript of the *Letter from W. Browne to Sir Benj. Ruddierd*, in Ashmole MS. 830; to the Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A., Keeper of the Bodleian, for a transcript of a MS. copy of verses in the same collection, and other useful assistance; and to Mrs. Bray, widow of the late Mr. Bray, of Tavistock, for her courteous response to my communication on a subject which is not less interesting to her than it is to myself.

Mr. Huth, with his usual kindness, lent me the *Ghost of Richard III.*, by Chr. Brooke, 1614, 4to., which contains a complimentary poem by Browne, and the second edition of *Englands Helicon*, 1614, 8vo., to which the same writer contributed one piece. All these articles, together with the elegy on Henry, Prince of Wales, 1613, are inserted in the edition of 1772; but a strict process of collation was, in every case, obviously indispensable. Browne's epicede on the prince was printed in a quarto volume with a similar tribute from the pen of his friend Brooke in 1613; and it was very shortly afterwards reproduced in the Pastorals; and in the Bodleian Library is a MS. of it, with the author's latest corrections.

W. C. H.

Kensington, May, 1868.





MEMOIR OF WILLIAM BROWNE.



ALL the *then* known facts relative to the personal history of this poet were collected by Brydges in 1815, and his account was based on that furnished by Anthony Wood in the *Athenæ*. Wood's narrative is extremely jejune and unsatisfactory, and it is pleasant to have been enabled, in the present case, to add considerably to the existing state of knowledge on so interesting a subject as the biography of the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*.

WILLIAM BROWNE was the third child, but second son, of Thomas Browne, of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and was born there, according to a hint furnished by himself in one of his later poems, in the year 1588, when the mind of England was engrossed by the imminent prospect of a Spanish invasion. The Brownes of Tavistock, whom Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon* (based upon Fuller), 1701, identifies with the Brownes of Browne's-Illash, in the parish of Langtree, near Great Torrington, appear to have been a branch of the Brownes of Betchworth Castle, in Surrey,¹ and to have been immediately descended

¹ Harl. MS. 6164, first pointed out by Sir E. Brydges, 1815.

from William Browne, second son of Sir Thomas Browne, of Betchworth,¹ whose eldest son, John, first migrated into the South of England, and intermarried with a Devonshire house. Thomas Browne, his son and heir, married one of the Karflakes or Carflakes, by whom he had two children, William and John. The latter, by Mary Amidas, his wife, had an only son, Thomas, the father of the poet.

Anthony Wood stands sponsor to the assertion, which presents, besides, a very probable circumstance, that William Browne received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of his native town. About the beginning of the reign of James I. he removed to Exeter College, Oxford, where, in the words of the Life prefixed to the edition of his works in 1772, "he became a great proficient in classical learning, and in the belles lettres was scarcely equalled." This statement seems to be little more than a paraphrase of that in Wood's *Faſti*. From Oxford he went to London, where he entered himself at Clifford's Inn, but shortly afterwards migrated to the Inner Temple, where he was admitted on the 1st March, 1612-13. Subjoined is the exact form in which the entrance is recorded in the books of the society:—²

¹ "The Brownes of Betchworth were a known branch of the Viscounts Montagu. *Arms* [of W. Browne]: The same as Browne, Viscount Montacute [or Montagu], viz., sable, three lions between two bendlets; Arg. a crescent within a mullet, for difference. *Crest*: A griffin's head, erased, Or."—*Brydges*.

² [1612-13] Will^o. Browne de Tavystocke in Com. Devon. et nuper de Cliffords Inne generosus admissus est in Societatem istius comitib^e in consideratione xx^o p. manibus solut. primo die Marcii an^o superdicto—ix^o Jacobi.

Browne
16
16
 The registers of Clifford's Inn, originally rented by the lawyers of the Clifford family, do not go so far back, or rather the earlier records of the society have disappeared. We cannot, therefore, ascertain the particulars of Browne's connection with the inn, or the precise date at which he joined it.

Thom: Gardiner
 per GEORGE GLOTHORN.

The registers of Clifford's Inn, originally rented by the lawyers of the Clifford family, do not go so far back, or rather the earlier records of the society have disappeared. We cannot, therefore, ascertain the particulars of Browne's connection with the inn, or the precise date at which he joined it.

The poet probably remained in London for some time, and if he is the same person whose name occurs in the following memorandum among the public records, it is to be inferred, that his object in coming up to London was not confined to the publication of his Pastorals. The memorandum in question stands simply thus:—“ Browne—18 April [1615] a graunt
 to William Browne
 of the place of pursuivant of wards
 and liverys during life.”

This is the whole of the entry. The Court of Wards and Liveries was established 32 Hen. VIII. The office of pursuivant would seem, from not being mentioned in the original institution

of the office, or long afterwards, to have been a place created in favour of William Browne. Peck, in the first volume of his *Desiderata Curiosa*, 1779, printed from a MS. in his own possession an account of Queen Elizabeth's expenditure. The Court of Wards and Liveries is mentioned there, and the officers are enumerated, with their salaries and perquisites, but there is no pursuivant in the list.

My hesitation as to the identity of the poet with the pursuivant is strengthened by the sufficiently curious circumstance that there were two William Brownes belonging to the Inner Temple at this period. They were admitted nearly at the same time, and were called to the bar, seemingly, on the same day, Nov. 28, 1630. The poet's namesake was a Staffordshire man.

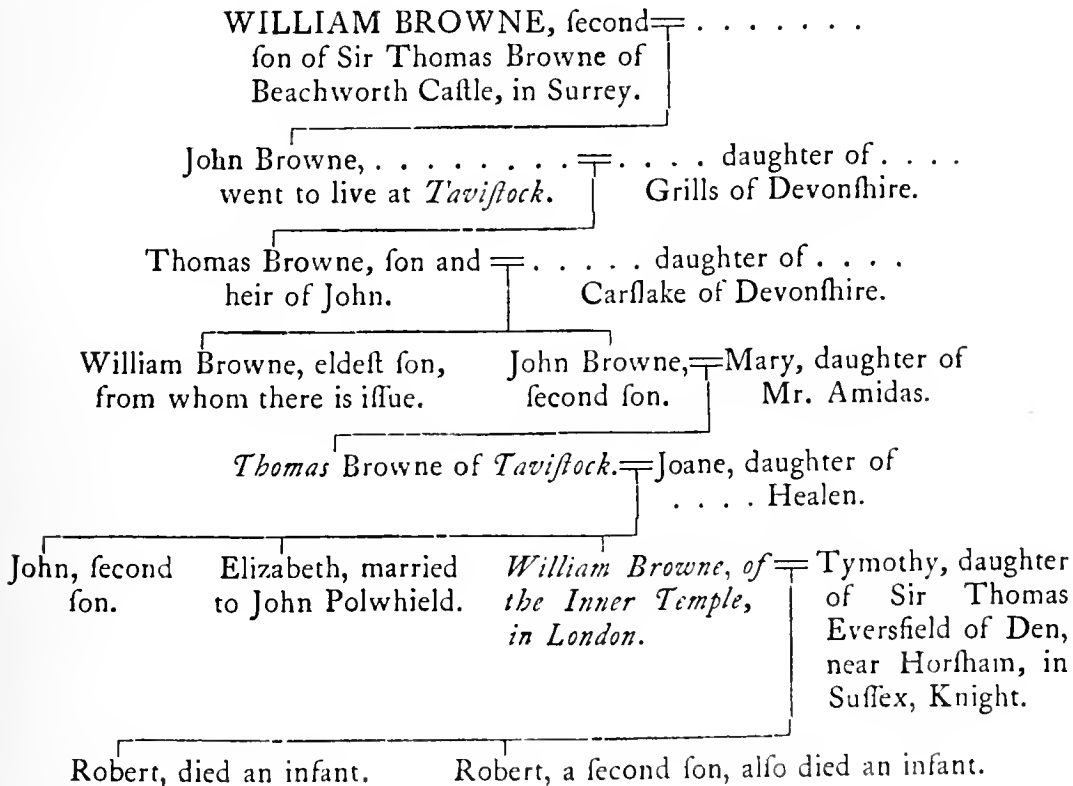
In the verses prefixed by John Morgan, of the Inner Temple, to the second book of the *Pastorals*, in 1616, are these lines:—

“Goe on: I know thou art too good to feare.
And may thy earely straines affect the eare
Of that rare Lord, who iudge and guerdon can
The richer gifts which doe aduantage man.”

The writer can scarcely allude to the poet's attainment of celestial felicity through the publication of his work, and the meaning must be, that his fellow-Templar desired for him, through the medium of his early literary fame, the valuable patronage of the Earl of Pembroke, to whom the second instalment of the *Pastorals* is inscribed. Possibly, if my doubts are unfounded, Browne was indebted to Lord Pembroke for his preferment to the post of pursuivant, and such being the case, he must have ceased, at a very early stage in his career, to be dependent on his literary gains. Indeed, as he published very little, and nothing at all

after 1616, it follows that he had some official emolument or a private fortune, by marriage or inheritance. He was not the eldest son, however, and there is insufficient ground for supposing that his wife brought him an estate. According to the Harl. MS., 6164, already quoted, this lady was the daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield of Den, near Horsham, in Suffex, knight. When the union took place, we have no information; but it rests on the same authority that there were two sons of the marriage, who both died in infancy, and that Browne survived his wife, there is superior evidence in the epitaph which he wrote upon her, and which is preserved among the other poems in the Lansdowne MS.¹

¹ It may not be inexpedient to introduce the pedigree of the Brownes in this place, exactly as it occurs in the edition of some of his poems printed in 1815 by Sir E. Brydges:—



The earliest publication, but decidedly not the earliest *work*, of Browne, was his elegy on Prince Henry, son of James I., who died in the November of 1612. Our poet associated himself with his friend Christopher Brooke, the author of a similar effusion, and their two offerings were printed together in a little quarto volume, 1613.¹ The elegy was afterwards incorporated with *Britannia's Pastorals*, in a slightly altered form; and in the Bodleian Library there is a MS. copy of it, communicated to Davies's edition in 1772 by the Rev. John Price, the Bodleian librarian.

The first book of *Britannia's Pastorals*, if the time assigned to Browne's birth be correct, and if implicit reliance is to be placed in the following passage, was written, or partly so, long before the poet came up to London, and entered at Clifford's Inn; for in the fifth song (p. 127 of present edition) he expressly says—

O how (methinkes) the impes of *Mneme* bring
 Dewes of Inuention from their sacred spring!
 Here could I spend that spring of *Poesie*,
 Which *not twice ten Sunnes* haue bestow'd on me.

By *suns* he evidently signifies revolutions of the sun; and this seems to carry back the composition of the first book of the *Pastorals* to 1607 or 1608.

I suspect that there is an allegorical underplot in the first two Books of *Britannia's Pastorals*. There the Poet paints his

¹ Two Elegies consecrated to the never-dying Memorie of the most worthily admyred: most hartily loued; and generally bewayled Prince, Henry Prince of Wales. London: Printed by T[homas] S[nodham] for Richard Moore, &c. 1613. 4to., 17 leaves.

courtship ; he is his own Remond, and the Marina of the story is beloved by a rival. In his later productions, we seem to get the unsuccessful result of a long love-suit, and the rejected Remond's expressions of grief and despair. But who was the object of the poet's admiration is another question ; for if the genealogical table in Harl. MS. 6164, be reliable, he obtained the hand of the daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield. Perhaps he had an earlier and unreciprocated passion. The allegory, if it be one, was composed, it must be borne in mind, when Browne was a mere youth, and when the heart is peculiarly susceptible to tender impressions.

I think that it may be collected from the tenor of the MSS. poems found by Mr. Beloe in a copy of the edition of 1625, and included in the present volume, that at that time Browne had not composed the *Third Book* of the Pastorals, but had retired from the society of his literary friends, and abandoned poetry, under the pressure of the private sorrow, to which we find so many allusions in his miscellaneous productions extant in the Lansdowne MS. While *Britannia's Pastorals* remained unfinished, and his friends, so late as 1625 (nine years after the publication of the Second Book), were vainly exhorting him to complete what he had so well begun, Browne, I apprehend, wrote many, if not all, of the pieces, which were first printed at the Lee Priory Press, and will form, in due course, part of the present collected edition. They were the fruits of solitude, and breathe a melancholy vein, which supports the conjecture here hazarded as to the period and the circumstances of their composition.

The father of English pastoral poetry (if we except the

writer of the *Complaint of the Shepherd Harpalus*, in Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557), was Spenser. In his footsteps followed several of his contemporaries, such as Drayton, Lodge, and Breton. These were succeeded, in the next generation, by Phineas Fletcher, Browne, Wither, Brooke, and others, who copied their conceits, without always rivalling their beauties, or imitating very happily the easy, graceful, uninvolved style, which is the greatest charm of this school of composition. Constable's *Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, Breton's *Phillida and Corydon*, Lodge's admirable lyrics on various subjects, all inserted in *England's Helicon*, 1600, as well as two or three of Drayton's productions contributed to the same *Miscellany*, were not approached in merit by any of the poets of King James the First's time. X

At the auction rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, in 1851, a copy of the folio edition of *Britannia's Pastorals* was offered for sale, with some MSS. notes, unquestionably in the hand of MILTON. The point was, at the time, considered doubtful, and the volume was bought by a dealer for 7*l.* It is now in the library of Henry Huth, Esq., to whose liberality I owe the opportunity of examining it on the present occasion.

In a note to his most valuable accession to our stores of information on Shakespearian and other early literature, his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, 1845, 2 vols. 8vo., the late Mr. Hunter has afforded what I consider a clue to the pedigree of this annotated copy of the *Pastorals*. The Rev. Mr. Stedman of Shrewsbury, Mr. Hunter states, had a copy of the *Natura Brevium*, edit. 1584, which had belonged to Milton, as attested by the great poet's autograph. This was presented to Mr.

Stedman, it appears, by Mr. Joshua Eddowes, a bookseller at Shrewsbury, "to whose hands it is believed to have come from the effects of Mrs. Elizabeth Milton (originally Elizabeth Minshull), the poet's third wife, who survived him fifty-four years, and died at Nantwich in 1729." It is my strong impression that the copy of *Britannia's Pastorals* came from the same source, after remaining in the possession of the Miltons many years into the last century.

A former possessor says, in a memorandum on the fly-leaf:—"The whole of the MS. notes are entirely in the autograph of the celebrated John Milton, the author of 'Paradise Lost,' &c., and on reference it will be found that he had taken portions of this work as his model for his *Paradise Regained*. On comparison with some of his MSS. still existing, I find such [*sic*] the case, and which has been discovered by some former proprietor, who has written in pencil on the top of page 2 of the work. The volume was formerly sold in London by a distant relation of Milton, by the late Mr. Christie, and afterward went to Liverpool, and ultimately I obtained the same from a friend, who purchased the same there. It has been re-bound since; it was in the old calf binding.—M. T."

There is also a note on the same blank page by Mr. Ford, the well-known bookseller of Manchester, accompanied by his autograph. The note on the top of page 2, referred to by M. T., is simply this:—"All the notes are written by Milton the Poet." The engraved title bears the autograph signature of "Octavius Gilchrist, 1803."¹

¹ Mr. Gilchrist superintended an edition of Bishop Corbet's poems in 1807. He is the author of a letter to Mr. Gifford on Weber's edition of Ford, 1811; and he contributed some notes to the last edition of Doddsley's *Old Plays*, 1825.

I shall now proceed to select those remarks which appear to me to be of chief interest.

BROWNE.

MILTON'S NOTES.

BOOK 1, SONG 1.

High on the plaines, &c.
 As when to seeke her foode, &c.
 But as cleere Phœbus, &c.
 Saide to the Swaine, &c.
 And after much debating did resolute.
 And therefore leauing soone the christall
 flood.
Remond, young *Remond*, that full well
 could sing.
 Know briefly *Remond*, then, &c.
 And neuer love except thou be belou'd.

A title given to y^e ile.
A simile of a Dove beset with 2 hawks,
and a ship with contrary windes.
The sun breaking from a cloud, and y^e
moon encreasing.
They who drinke of Lethe never think
of love or y^e world.
The lover will not manifest his love.
A darke cave from which a pleasant
fountain gushes.
A handsome Shepheard, as well in mind
as body.
On [one] desperately in love.
The contrariety of women.

SONG 2.

In right she cannot me despise, &c.
 How hard it is to leaue and not to do,
 That which by nature we are prone
 vnto.
 My Maiden-Muse flies the lasciuious
 Swaines.
 Reply'd his Mother, doe but cut the
 Of any Tree. (limbe

The power of water.
Naturam expellas furco licet usqu' re-
currit.
He says his muse is modest.
Tis y^e nature of mothers to grieve for
their children, proov'd by a simile.

SONG 4.

Then came suspect, &c.
 Where many a busie Bee came flying
 at her.

The Sylver, Iron Ages creep slowly on,
by a simile of the young wrens.
Are so sweet, y^e bees mistaken gather
honey from her instead of flowers.

The hollow caues resound her moanings neere it.	<i>Are greivously opprest & entreating pitty, from whence pretty fancy is rais'd.</i>
Thus went I on, &c.	<i>Fame and arithmetick similes for greif.</i>
A Hunters frolicke life in Woods he lead.	<i>The story of Cephalus, a good shooter & hunter.</i>
Lastly cold <i>Winters</i> rage, &c.	<i>Post Imbres sol.</i>

SONG 5.

To glut the fences of an epicure.	<i>Men strive to get faire Mrs [esses].</i>
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BOOK 2, SONG 1.

The tyred body of the swarty clown. His Farmers Teame from furrowing his lands.	<i>Great men have not such rest as clowns. Poor labour to feed y^e luxury of y^e rich.</i>
(Whose being great, was being Para- sites).	<i>Parasites are enlightened by y^e beams of kings.</i>
If Monarchs ne would take an Instru- ment.	<i>The issues y^t follow good governement.</i>
So mainely Thetis droue her filuer throne.	<i>The voiage of Thetis on y^e sea.</i>
What wights should haue their temples crown'd with Bayes.	<i>Poetts live for ever.</i>
There will she Anchor cast, to heare the fongs Of English Shepheards.	<i>The excellency of our English poetts.</i>

SONG 2.

Yet to this Lad not wanted Enuies sting.	<i>Good Poetts are envied, yett in spite of envy get immortall prayse.</i>
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At p. 368 (of the folio edit.), he has carefully noted in the margin the names of the poets introduced by Browne:—Sydney, Drayton, Johnson, Daniel, Brooke, Davies, and Wither.

It must be owned that these Notes are curious rather as showing the passages in the *Pastorals* which struck the writer

more especially, than as possessing any intrinsic value or interest. At any rate, I found it difficult to resist the temptation of transcribing those, which were not mere verbal jottings; what remain are of no moment whatever. But, at the same time, Milton had evidently read the poem with great attention, for, at the foot of p. 28, he has written, "Read over y^e other leaf, for it is misplac'd;" and the conclusion is rendered inevitable by the verbal gloss which he has made from beginning to end. But there is no opinion expressed on any passage, not a trace of Milton's estimate of Browne,—there is merely the bare running commentary so frequently found in old books, and amounting to little more than to a marginal index or key.

Whatever judgment may be formed of *Britannia's Pastorals* as a whole, it cannot at least be denied, that through the three Books of which they consist, are interspersed many cabinet drawings or sketches of rare excellence and beauty; and when the age at which the poem was placed before the world is considered, we ought fairly to allow that Browne is remarkable for ease and vigour of style, correctness of rhythm, and chasteness of expression. One of the passages, against which Milton jotted down a note in his copy of the old folio, was where Browne speaks of his *modest Muse*; and Milton placed in the margin:—"He says that his Muse is modest;" which, in fact, was only saying what was literally true. And this feature, with Browne's picturesque descriptions of the country and its pleasures, and his naturalness of manner, was what attracted, I suspect, Milton's notice, and made the Devonshire bard one of his favourite authors.

An ode on the death of a friend, who was lost by drowning,

occurs in the first Song of the second Book: who this friend was does not appear; and the composition itself, though it is far from being destitute of merit, has been eclipsed by that beautiful Monody on the death of Philarete (Mr. Thomas Manwood), which forms the fourth eclogue of the *Shepherds Pipe*, 1614; and is, perhaps, on the whole, the most favourable specimen of Browne's genius. This monody is also found in the Lansdowne MS. Considering the time of life at which the poet produced it, it must be allowed to be among the most remarkable specimens of elegiac verse in the language. It was certainly worthier of the imitation of Milton than anything which is to be found in the PASTORALS.

Browne speaks of his *Pastorals* as "the first Bloomes of his Poefie;" yet they were probably not in print till both the *Elegy on Prince Henry*, and the *Shepherds Pipe* had appeared. The latter is dated 1614; the *Pastorals* bear no note of year. A second edition of the *Eclogues* was inserted among the works of his friend Wither in 1620; Wither having, in fact, an interest in the publication as author of one of the bucolics, of which it consists. Browne's portion of the volume has a separate title:—

THE
SHEPHERDS
PIPE.

Ἑπιόμην φόρμιγγε καὶ ὀρχηστρῶ καὶ ἀοιδῶν

LONDON,
Printed by *John Beale* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to
be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in
Brittanes Burse. 1620.

Warton¹ has observed that Occleve, from the beautiful tale in the [English] *Gesta Romanorum*, of the legacy of King Darius to his three sons, “framed a poem in the octave stanza, which was printed in the year 1614 by William Browne, in his set of Eclogues called the SHEPHERDS PIPE. Occleve has given no sort of embellishment to his original, and by no means deserves the praises which Browne has bestowed on his performance, and which more justly belong to the genuine Gothic, or rather Arabian inventor.” But Browne is very excusable for his ignorance of Gothic or Arabian originals, a species of knowledge which scarcely existed in his day to any appreciable extent. One of the most accomplished scholars of our age, Sir F. Madden, observes (notes to *Gesta Romanorum*, 1838, p. 516):—“This story has been borrowed by Occleve, who has framed a poem on it, MS. Reg. 17. D. vi. f. 135 b. (accompanied by a prose-moralization), which, with some omissions, was published by Will. Browne, in his ‘Shepherds Pipe,’ 8vo. 1614. It is probable the fiction came originally from the East, as traces of resemblance are to be found in the Arabian Nights. It also presents, perhaps, one of the oldest forms of the popular story of Fortunatus.”

↳ The political vein, which pervades many of the eclogues which compose the *Shepherds Pipe*, is discernible also in the fourth Song of the first Book of the *Pastorals*, whence we seem to be warranted in forming a conjecture that Browne was disappointed in the hopes with which he removed to the metropolis from his native county (probably in 1612), and found, at first

¹ Hist. of Engl. Poetry, ed. 1824, i. cxxix-xxx.

at any rate, the road to preferment barred against him by the prevailing system of corruption and court-favouritism.

The biographical and historical interest of the *Pastorals* and *Shepherds Pipe* does not appear to have been suspected hitherto, or at least I have not seen it alluded to anywhere. In such few notes as are appended to these volumes, I shall draw attention to this point, and endeavour to illustrate my meaning. In the Argument to the Fifth Eclogue, the poet represents himself as urged by a friend to attempt—

“ things of a higher fame
Then silly shepherds vse endite,
Vail'd in a Shepherds name.”

Browne, in fact, worked upon a Virgilian model, for the Bucolics are, for the most part, mere political apologues, and such is the case partially with the *Shepherds Pipe*. The pastoral school of poetry, with its shepherds and shepherdesses, not unfrequently, as in the case of Browne's Eclogues, presenting real incidents and sufferings under a bucolic disguise, seems to be satirized in a woodcut to *Witt's Recreations*, where two gallants in hats and feathers are depicted with crooks in their hands. The two figures in the engraved title-page of the folio edition of the *Pastorals* were surely not intended to be satirical, but they are, nevertheless, apt to provoke a smile at the present day. Here, in fact, Browne merely followed the course pursued by the greater part of our own bucolic writers, and those also of foreign countries. Warton observes, in reference to the Latin pastorals of Petrarch, Mantuan, and others, “ that these writers judged that this indirect and disguised mode of dialogue, consisting of simple characters, which speak freely and

plainly, the most safe and convenient vehicle for abusing the corruptions of the church.”¹

THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE was composed on the favourite and familiar classical story of *Ulysses and Circe*, and was presented by the gentlemen of that society on the 13th January, 1614-15.² The subject had been made to a certain extent popular, and was recommended possibly to the young poet's attention by Samuel Daniel's beautiful lyric, entitled *Ulysses and the Sirens*. *Circe and Ulysses*, another episode in the *Odyssy*, might not unnaturally be suggested by the production of the elder bard, and this inference may be thought to derive additional plausibility from the fact that Browne himself, in the fifth Song of his *Pastorals*, touches on the incident treated by Daniel as one with which he had been made familiar through that channel. Daniel's *Certain Small Poems*, in which *Ulysses and the Sirens* first appeared, were printed in 1605, 8vo. ; but certainly Chapman's translation of the *Odyssy* was published in 1614, according to the general opinion ; while the *Inner Temple Masque* was not, probably, composed till towards the close of the same

¹ Our language is rich in political apologues. Two are printed in *Excerpta Historica*, 1833. See, also, *The Parliament of Byrdes*, in Rem. of the early Pop. Poetry of Eng. iii. 167, *et seqq.*, where Drayton's *Owle*, 1604, is pointed out as a kindred composition. The same may be said of *Friar Bacon's Brazen-heads Prophecie*, 1604 (Rem. of the E. P. P. of E. iv. 268, *et seqq.*).

² Search has been made in the Books of the Inn, which are in an excellent state of preservation, under the years 1614-15, for any record of the circumstances under which Browne's masque was performed ; but there seems to be no trace of any actual expenditure under this head ; and it is open to doubt whether some difficulty may not have arisen, and whether the arrangements may not have been at the last moment countermanded.

year. That Browne was personally known to Chapman there can be no question: for in the fifth Song of the *Pastorals*, Book I, written, perhaps, between 1610 and 1612, and revised from time to time prior to publication, he explicitly alludes to Chapman's Homer. The poet feigns that if the ancients had known *Idya* [England], various circumstances would not have arisen:—

“The *Phrygian* foile had not been drunk with blood,
Achilles longer breath'd, and *Troy* yet stood:
The *Prince of Poets* had not sung his story,
My friend had lost his euer-liuing glory.”

That “my friend” can be no other than Chapman, who, as early as 1610, printed twelve Books of the *Iliad*, and in 1611 the entire epic, appears to be almost beyond dispute. But the story of *Ulysses and Circe* is also related in the sixth Book of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, a work with which Browne could scarcely have been unacquainted. Browne certainly, however, possessed a fair tincture of scholarship, and doubtless was a competent Latinist, and he may have owed a hint or two to Gager's *Ulysses Redux*, performed in 1583, and published at Oxford in 1592.

Warton¹ has extracted the little incantation called *The Charme* from this piece, and observes upon it as follows:—
“In praise of this song it will be sufficient to say that it reminds us of some favourite touches in Milton's *Comus*, to which it perhaps gave birth. Indeed, one cannot help observing here in general, although the observation more properly

¹ H. E. P. 1824, 111, 228.

belongs to another place, that a story thus recently exhibited on the story of Circe, which there is reason to think had acquired some popularity, suggested to Milton the idea of a masque on the subject of Comus."

In MS. Ashmole, 36, is a copy of verses by Abraham Holland, in which he speaks of having recently made our poet's acquaintance. The title is: "To my honest father M. Michael Drayton, and my new yet loued friend, Mr. Will. Browne, A. H. wisheth a health." The lines have never been published, and I shall therefore insert them here.

*"To my honest father MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON, and my new yet loved friend
MR. WILL. BROWNE, A. H. wisheth a health.*

"Since I was with you from myself I was,
Not onely 'cause from you: it came to passe
Drowned with too good company: y^r wine
Was not yet of such vigour to confine
My memory and weary corps to sleepe,
But y^t I would my promise duely keepe.
My promise checkt my cups, and bid 'em stay,
If it were possible till it were day.
Wherat y^r smiling Nectar glad to save me,
Turn'd itselfe to a nymph, and water gave me.
Though I drunke Sacke, and high-swolne Bacchus swore,
Though I out-drunke him, I should drinke no more
Of Lethes draughte; and if twere *his December*
I should not quaffe too much but to remember.
Parted from these, unto my freindly light
My onely refuge was and to the night
Foule night, though I meant yet be wth her later
Purl'd on my caz'ment drops of fullen water
(Cold comfort to y^e Muses) yea she sware
She would not lay in all y^e welkin bare.

A lucky starre unto mee but enshrowd
The sparks of heaven in a furly cloud.
The sun, says shee though to y^e Muses lent
In ye your Prefident
The Moone is yet scarce lighted from her waine
The Northern wagon nere carouft y^e maine
So no freind to you.

As for thee, father, I'le no higher praise,
Than say that thou art father of our bayes.
Heroick Ovid, Lucan, Juvenall:
Our still reviving Spencer I'le thee call,
So long as thou still liv'ft, and if I list,
I will turne heere a deepe Pythagorist,
And sweare thou hast y^e foule of all y^e best
That ever yet have slept in Parnasse crest.
As I loue thee so let my Infant muse
Grow up and impe her tender wings and choose
To pen but good and scorning to be mute
Yet shee may scorne to be a prostitute.
So may thy bays still grow upon thy head;
So may y^e place wherein wee both were bred
Bring forth good poets; so may all y^e land
Beholden to thee yet indebted stand;
So may wee both to each ingaged bee,
Thou still my friend and I a friend to thee.
And you, sweet fir, whom I lov'd long before,
I saw and seeing still affected more,
Grow still, till laurels croune thee, follow on
Untill thou drinkst y^e head of Helicon.
I envie thee yet only to this end,
Thereby to make thee worthier for thy friend.
So let Pan oft lend his own Syrinx to thee,
So let y^e nymphs crown'd with fresh ghirlands woo thee
And dauncing prettely about thee straine,
W^{ch} of them first shall kisse so sweet a swaine.
So may the Satyres pipe thee into slumbers,
And learned Shepheards listen to thy numbers.

So prosper thy blith flocks : so let y^e Faunes
 Skipping about the flow'r-embroyder'd launes
 Make Echo found thee ; so let my Muse live,
 Untill it may to thousands honour give
 As I desire this end my wisch may crowne,
 That Browne may Holland love, and Holland Browne.

Your loving sonne and freind

AB. HOLLAND.

After the subscription follows this note :—“ Father, I hope I need not y^e second time excuse this rude elegy, w^h I may truly say was rather written than endited to you ; however, take it as a sodaine triall of mee in freindship, not Poetry. Till I see you, farewell both ”

Between the publication of the first Book of the *Pastorals* in 1614 [?] and the appearance of the second Book in 1616, Browne formed several new friendships, including, seemingly, that with Ben Jonson. The encomiastic verses, which accompany the first book, show that he was then on an intimate footing with several of the most eminent writers of the day, including Selden and Drayton. In 1629, Samuel Austin, of Loftwithiel, dedicated to him, jointly with Drayton and Serjeant Pollexfen, the second Book of his *Urania*.

At the time of Browne's publication of his *Pastorals* in 1614 (as I believe), and not in 1613, as it has been usually stated, Drayton was already one of the foremost poets of the day ; he had given to the world all his best works, including the first twelve songs of the *Polyolbion* ; and he must have been advanced in years. He had first appeared as an author so far back as 1591. At the same time he was by no means an old man, and Holland, in

addressing him as his “ [poetical] father,” pointed rather to his great achievements than to his great age. Holland was probably one of the many admirers whom the appearance of the *Pastorals* drew round Browne, and in Browne’s case, admirers usually ripened into friends.

Although Browne’s name does not appear on the list of the original Society of Antiquaries, instituted in the reign of James I., it is tolerably certain that he was on intimate terms with the illustrious Selden, and that he was among the select and small literary circle which that great scholar attracted round him. At the very opening of *Britannia’s Pastorals* Browne cites, in a marginal note, a MS. copy of William of Malmesbury in the library of his learned friend, superior, as he tells us, to the printed copies; and the works exhibit throughout a conversance with classical story, without being overloaded by erudite allusions or smelling to excess of the *ink-horn*, as Gascoigne has it. Drayton had certainly profited by Selden’s accomplishments and extensive information, and the earlier instalments of the *Polyolbion* were enriched by the notes of one of the most diligent readers and most intellectual men of his time. We must remember, too, that Browne was the means of preserving to us Occleve’s tale, which he has incorporated with the first eclogue of the *Shepherds Pipe*, and which is certainly far superior to anything in the volume printed by Mr. Mason in 1796. He tantalizes us when he adds, in the poem, that he had Occleve’s works by him quite complete, and makes us wish cordially that, instead of affording a specimen, he had given the whole series of stories composed by Occleve from the *Gesta Romanorum* or other sources.

In 1624, Browne resumed his residence at Exeter College, in the capacity of tutor to the Honourable Robert Dormer, eldest son of the Earl of Carnarvon; and it was during this stay at the university that the poet took his Master's degree. Under the date of August 25, 1624, Wood, in his *Fasti* (ed. Bliss), has the following entry:—

“ Will. Browne of Exeter coll. had leave then given to him to be actually created M. of A. but twas not put in execution till 16 Nov. following. He is filed in the public register, ‘vir omni humanâ literaturâ & bonarum artium cognitione instructus.’ ”

He was still presumably directing the studies of Mr. Dormer when, in 1625, a second edition of both parts of the *Pastorals* came from the press in an octavo volume. A copy existed some years ago, in which several fellow-collegians or friends of the poet had inserted additional commendatory verses, each apparently in his own handwriting; its present destination is unknown to me, but Mr. Beloe fortunately printed the whole of the MS. matter in his *Anecdotes of Literature*. The poems thus preserved are, in some cases, superior to any which accompanied the printed volume. In this edition they occur (enclosed between brackets) immediately after the other panegyrics prefixed to the first book of the *Pastorals*.

Browne appears to have been of a melancholy and desponding turn of mind in later life, when some private misfortune, known only to us so far as the sufferer has chosen to disclose to our view and sympathy glimpses of it in allusions scattered through his works; but he was, at the same time, evidently a man who formed many life friendships, and who endeared himself to his intimates by his amiability of character, scarcely less

than by his poetical genius and his accomplishments. He was a scholar also, and the companion of scholars; and the esteem in which he was held by such men as Jonson, Drayton, and Selden is alone almost sufficient to show that those in the midst of whom he lived and moved, something more than a name, looked upon him not as a mere flimsy and smooth verse-writer, but as a man of sterling virtues and solid intellectual endowments.

In some of those elegiac compositions which appear to have been the work of his maturer years, while they are assuredly not the most favourable specimens of his genius, Browne takes occasion to lament the ravages which Death had made in the ranks of his early friends, the forlornness of his destiny, and his disappointment in love. But whether this alleged unhappiness was real, or is to be regarded partly as poetical licence, we shall perhaps never discover. That he was married, and was warmly attached to his wife, seems conclusively shown by an epitaph on that lady in the Lansdowne MS., and by the pedigree preserved in Harl. MS., 6164. His friend Christopher Brooke was certainly living in 1625; Jonson did not die till 1637; and Selden and Wither, and probably Davies of Hereford, survived him many years. But, at the same time, the poet's allusions may be to some early blight of the affections,¹ and to bereavements among his kindred or connections, of which we are admitted to no further knowledge.

At what time his relations with Mr. Dormer ceased does not appear, but Wood states that, after the severance of that tie,

¹ Mr. Beloe supposed that an allusion might have been intended to Browne's disappointment in love in the lines prefixed by Samuel Harding (stanzas 10-11, p. 18 of new edition); but I confess that this does not seem very probable.

Browne domesticated himself at Wilton with the Herberts, with whom he had certainly enjoyed an acquaintance of some kind since 1613. But Wood's story about the "purchase of an estate" through this medium at a stage comparatively so late in the poet's career I take to be an anachronism.

From a letter now first printed from one of the Ashmolean MSS. several new facts are to be collected; namely, that in 1640 Browne was resident, either permanently or temporarily, at Dorking, in Surrey, in what he terms "his poore cell and sequestration from all businesse," and that among his acquaintance he counted the distinguished Sir Benjamin Ruddyerd. It is also interesting to find, as we do here, that the poet, besides his love of rural objects and scenery, had a taste for higher matters, and a patriotic appreciation of the great political movements which were soon to shake England to its centre. This document, which is undoubtedly in the poet's handwriting, also acquaints us that, in the decline of life, he still preserved the friendship of Mr. Dormer.

To SIR BENJAMIN RUDYARD.

SIR,—I beseech you to pardon my interposing your most serious affaires with the remembrance of my Service. The cause requires it, and every man whoe knows I haue y^e honour to be knowne by you, would thinck me stupid in not congratulating what every one thincks he hath a share in. I meane your late speech in Parliament,¹ wherein they beleeve the spirit w^{ch} inspired the Reformation & the Genius w^{ch} dictated the Magna

¹ This speech is printed in extenso from the original 4to. tract of four leaves in Manning's *Memoirs of Sir B. Ruddyerd*, 1841, 8vo.

Charta posses'd you. In my poore Cell and sequestration from all bufineffe I bleffe God & praye for more fuch members in the Comonwealth ; and coulde you but heare (as it is pittie but you should) what I doe, it would add some yeares to your honor'd hayres. Beleive it (Sir) you haue given fuch a maintenance to that Repute w^{ch} your former Deportment had begotten that it will need noe other livelyhood then a Chronicle w^{ch} I hope our enfuing age will not see it want for. I haue nowe done, (Tis fundaye night) when I haue prayde for my honor'd Lord the Lord Chamberlayne, my good Lord and Master the Earle of Caernarvon, and for you and your good proceedings, I hope I shall wake with the fame thoughts againe, and be ever

Y^r most obliged fervant¹

Dorking No^{br} 29
1640.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading 'Wm Browne'. The script is cursive and elegant, with a large initial 'W' and a long, sweeping tail on the 'e'.

After his wife's death, preceded or followed (we cannot be sure which) by the death of a second child, christened, like the first, Robert, Browne may have spent some time at Wilton, the honoured guest of the Herberts ; and it also appears from the foregoing letter to Sir B. Ruddyerd, that at that date, he was still on good terms with his old pupil, who had since become Earl of Carnarvon.² Under such circumstances,

¹ I find no mention in Brayley and Britton's Surrey of Browne's residence at Dorking in 1640. It is surely an incident in the early local history of that place which was worth recording. I therefore presume that the writers were unaware of it. Most probably the poet's stay there was temporary.

² He perished on the field of Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643.

whether his own private estate was so flourishing as Wood wishes us to understand, or not, he could be in no want of a home or a friend. But as poverty, or dependence on the bounty of others, is a point to which there is nowhere in his works the most remote allusion, it is tolerably safe to conclude that his relations with the Herberts and Dormers did not arise from pecuniary necessities on his side. From one of his miscellaneous poems, it is evident that he made a tour abroad at one period of his life, perhaps as the companion of Mr. Dormer. Others testify to his acquaintance with the vicinity of Croydon, and the delightful scenery of the Mole.

In the register of Tavistock, under March 27, 1643, is this laconic entry: "William Browne was buried." Whether this was the poet, or another person of the same Christian name and surname, it is at present difficult, if not impossible, to determine; and it is the sole clue to the date of Browne's decease which we seem to possess. Wood conjectured that he died in 1645,¹ but he felt, and we can feel, no sort of certainty on the subject. It is a very usual dilemma, for authors' entrances and exits do not seem formerly to have been regarded as an important section of the chronology of history; and it is wholly due to the exertions of Anthony Wood that even the bare outline of facts touching

¹ But it appears from researches lately undertaken for me at Ottery St. Mary that the William Browne, who perished in the great local distemper, occasioned, it is supposed, by the crowded state of the town during the presence of Cromwell's troops, who was interred there in December, 1645, and who is probably the person meant by Wood, had a wife named *Ann*, who died two years before. This does not correspond with Harl. MS., 6164, where the poet's wife is said to have been named *Tymothy*.

many men whose works are a glory to the literature of England, has been transmitted to us. It is the most natural supposition that Browne, fuller of fame than years, would return to the place of his nativity to draw his last breath, and to lie among his ancestors. But it seems to be suspicious that the entry at Tavistock is unaccompanied by any indication that the person interred there on the 27th March, 1643, was of gentle birth.

Wood says that Browne had a great mind in a little body; but no portrait of the poet, by which we might gain a more vivid idea of his appearance, is known to survive.

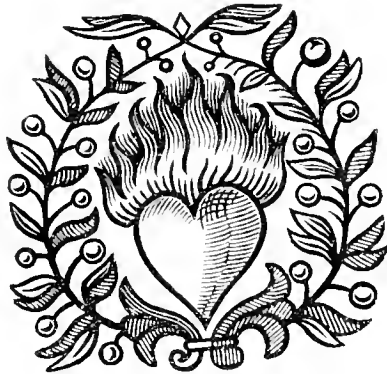


BRITANNIA'S
PASTORALS.

The first Booke.

HORAT.

*Carminē Dīj superi placantur, carminē
Manes.*



LONDON,
Printed by JOHN HAVILAND.

1625.



TO
THE NO LESSE ENOBLED
BY VERTVE, THEN ANCIENT
IN NOBILITIE, the Right Honorable EDVVARD
Lord Zouch, Saint-Maure, and Cantelupe, and
one of his MAIESTIES most Honourable
Privie COUNCELL.



HONORS bright Ray,
More highly crown'd with *Vertue* thē with
yeares,
Pardon a Rusticke *Muse* that thus appears
In *Shepherds gray*,
Intreating your attention to a Lay
Fitting a *Siluan Bowre*, not *Courtly Traines*;
Such choiser eares,
Should haue *Apollo's* Priests, not *Pans* rude Swaines:
But if the *Musick* of contented *Plaines*
A thought vpreares
For your approuement of that part she beares,
When time (that *Embrions* to perfection brings)
Hath taught her straines,
May better boast their being from the *Spring*
Where braue *Heroës* worths the *Sisters* sing:
(In Lines whose raignes
In spight of *Envy* and her restlesse paines:

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Be vnconfin'd as blest eternitie :)
 The Vales shall ring
 Thy Honor'd Name; and euey Song shall be
 A *Pyramis* built to thy *Memorie*.

Your Honors :

W. BROVNE.

To the Reader.

T*HE times are swolne so big with nicer wits,
 That nought sounds good but what Opinion strikes.
 Censure with Iudgement seld together fits ;
 And now the Man more then the Matter likes.*

*The great Rewardresse of a Poets Pen,
 Fame, is by those so clogg'd shee seldome flies,
 The Muses sitting on the graues of men,
 Singing that Vertue liues and neuer dyes,*

*Are chas'd away by the malignant Tongues
 Of such, by whom Detraction is ador'd :
 Hence growes the want of euer-liuing Songs,
 With which our Ile was whilome brauely stor'd.*

*If such a Bafiliske dart downe his Eye,
 (Impoyson'd with the dregs of vtmost hate)
 To kill the first Bloomes of my Poesie,
 It is his worst, and makes me fortunate.
 Kinde wits I vaile to, but to fooles precise
 I am as confident as they are nice.*

W. B.

From the Inner Temple, Iune the 18. 1613.



In Bucolica G. BROVN.

Quod, per fecessus Rustici otia, Licuit ad
Amic. & Bon. Lit. amantiss.

ANACREONTICVM.

Κάλλ' σὸν Κυθέρεια,
 Σὸν, Κέραι Διὸς, ἦθος
 Εμνήστεισαν, Γλερμέ.
 Τῇ συμπράξαν Ερῶτες·
 Ταῖς Κυὸ Παλλάδι Φοῖβ'·
 Τῆς Μῆσαι προκατῆρχε·
 Ταῖς σὺ Δῆλ' ὑπάρχεις·
 Τῆς ἐμὴν ἀεκάσης·

Ὡς γὰρ ἐς' ἀν' ἔρατος
 Ψυχῇ, Εἴνεα τὴν ου
 Φεύγσ' αὐτῶ ἔπονται
 Ὅς προσόσσειτ' Εἰρῶτας.
 Μῆσαις κ' Αἰφρογενεῖη
 Προδῶπον τῆτο πέλεσκε.
 Νόσσαξ ἀμφοτερῆσιν
 Οὕτως ἐσσι φίλιςις.

Ad Amoris Numina.

QUIN *vostrum* Paphie, Anteros, Erósq;
Vt Regnum capiat mali quid, absit!
Venus, per Syrium nimis venustum!
Amplexus teneros, pares, suaues
Psyches, per, tibi, Bastationum
Eros quantum erat! & per Anterotis
Fælices Animas! periclitanti
Obtestor, dubiæq; consulatis
Rei vostræ! Miserûm magis fauete
Languori, Miserûm fauete Amantum,
Dixi, cordolio! Quod est amatum
Ictu propitij ferite pectus!

* *Amica, Domina* (nostro idiomate amatorio, *Mistresse*) & *Neæra* sunt vti *Synonyma Prudentio*, ante alios, Peri Steph. hymn 12. & alicubi. v. si placet & *Jos. Scalig.* ad 3. *Tibulli*.

* *Horat.* Carm. 1. od. 13.

* Ne scilicet quis pernummetet *Finitus n.* & notus numerus *fascino*, apud *Veres*, *obnoxius*. Idq; in *Bassij* observatum habes ap. *Catul.* carm. 5. & 7.

* *Amor à Pastore* omne genus *Mufices* olim edoctus. *Bion* Idyll. 3.

*Ictus quin sit ab aurea sagitta !
 Ortas Spe placitâ fouete flammæ !
 Ortis quin Similes parate flammæ !
 Suas gnauitèr ambient * Neæras !
 Et cautim laciunt suos Neærae !
 Dextras sternuite adprobationes !
 Adsuētis detur Osculum labellis !
 Et iunētis detur Osculum saliuīs !
 Tui Neētariis adde, Diua,* quinētam.
 Conturbet tremulæ libido linguæ,
 Ne quis Basia * fascinare possit !
 Morsus mutua temperet voluptas !
 Dormitis, nimiumq; defuistis
 Procis, atq; Adamantinis Puellis.
 Isthæc prospiciens tibi, Cupido,
 Audax admonui. Tuas Apollo,
 Deusq; Arcadiæ, Minerua, & Hermes
 Supplantant Veneres. Murinus arcum
 Tendit, quin iaculis tuâ pharetrâ
 Surreptis petimur. Camena texit
 Cantu dædala, blandulum Aphrodites
 Cestum, & insidias plicat. Mineruæ
 Buxus, Mercurij Chelys, Cicuta
 Fauni, dulce melos canunt. Erotæ
 En, olim * docuit, plagas Eroti
 Iam tendit, Iuuenis, Poëta, Pastor,
 Isthæc prospiciens tibi Cupido,
 Audax admonui. Faue Cupido.*

By the SAME.

SO much a Stranger my *Seuerer Muse*
 Is not to Loue-straines, or a Shepwards Reed,
 But that She knowes some Rites of *Phæbus* dues,
 Of *Pan*, of *Pallas*, and hir Sisters meed.
 Reade and Commend She durst these tun'd effaies

Of *Him that loues her* (She hath euer found
Hir studies as one circle.) Next She prayes
His Readers be with *Rose* and *Myrtle* crown'd!
No *Willow* touch them! As His * *Baies* are free
From wrong of Bolts, so may their Chaplets bee.

I. SELDEN *Iuris C.*

To his Friend the AVTHOR.

DRIVE forth thy Flock, young Pastor, to that Plaine,
Where our old Shepherds wont their flocks to feed;
To those cleare walkes, where many a skilfull Swaine
To'ards the calme eu'ning, tun'd his pleasant Reed.
Those, to the Muses once so sacred, Downes,
As no rude foot might there presume to stand:
(Now made the way of the vnworthiest Clownes,
Dig'd and plow'd vp with each unhallowed hand)
If possible thou canst, redeeme those places,
Where, by the brim of many a Siluer Spring,
The learned Maidens, and delightfull Graces
Often haue sate to heare our Shepherds sing:
Where on those Pines the neighb'ring Groues among,
(Now vtterly neglected in these daies)
Our Garlands, Pipes, and Cornamutes were hung
The monuments of our deserued praise.
So may thy Sheepe like, so thy Lambs increase,
And from the Wolfe feed euer safe and free!
So maist thou thriue, among the learned prease,
As thou young Shepherd art belou'd of mee!

MICHAEL DRAITON.

To his Ingenious and worthy Friend the AVTHOR.

HE that will tune his Oaten-pipe aright,
To great *Apollo's* Harp: he that will write
A liuing Poem; must haue many yeeres,

* *Baies* (*faire Readers*) being the materials of Poets Girlands, (as *Myrtle* and *Roses* are for enioying *Louers*, and the fruitlesse *Willow* for them which your *vnconstancy*, too oft, makes most *vnhappy*) are supposed not subiect to any hurt of *Jupiters thunderbolts*, as other *Trees* are.

Commendatory Verses.

And fetled iudgement 'mongst his equall peeres,
 In well-rig'd Barke to steere his doubtfull course;
 Left secrete, rocky Enuy, or the source
 Of froathy, but sky-towring Arrogance;
 Or fleeting, sandy vulgar-censure chance
 To leaue him ship-wrackt, on the desert Maine
 Imploring aged *Neptunes* help in vaine.
 The younger Cygnet, euen at best doth teare,
 With his harsh squealings, the melodious eare:
 It is the old, and dying Swan that sings
 Notes worthy life, worthy the *Thespian* Springs.
 But thou art young; and yet thy voice as sweet,
 Thy Verse as smooth, Composure as discreet
 As any Swans, whose tunefull Notes are spent
 On *Thames* his bancks; which makes me confident,
 He knowes no Musick, hath nor eares, nor tongue,
 That not commends a voice so sweet, so young.

*On him; a Pastorall ODE to his fairest
 Shepherdesse.*

SYREN more then earthly faire,
 Sweetly breake the yeelding Ayre:
 Sing on *Albions* whitest Rocks:
 Sing; whilst *Willy* to his Flocks,
 Deftly tunes his various Reed.
 Sing; and hee, whilst younglings feed,
 Answer shall thy best of singing,
 With his *Rurall Musicke*, bringing
 Equall pleasure; and requite
 Musickes sweets with like delight.
 What though *Willyes* Songs be plaine?
 Sweet they be: for hee's a Swaine
 Made of purer mould then earth,
 Him did *Nature* from his birth,

And the *Muses* single out,
 For a second *Colin Clout*.
Tityrus made him a Singer :
Pan him taught his Pipe to finger :
 Numbers, curious eares to please,
 Learn'd he of *Philifides*.
Kala loues him : and the Lasses
 Point at him, as by he passes,
 Wishing neuer tongue that's bad
 Censure may so blithe a Lad.
 Therefore well can he requite
 Musicks sweets with like delight :
 Sing then ; breake the yeelding ayre,
Syren more then earthly faire.

EDVVARD HEYWARD,

è So. Int. Templ.

To his Friend the AVTHOR vpon his Poem.

THIS *Plant* is knotlesse that puts forth these leaues,
 Vpon whose Branches I his praise doe sing :
 Fruitfull the Ground, whose verdure it receiues
 From fertile Nature, and the learned *Spring*.
 In zeale to Good ; knowne, but vnpractiz'd Ill,
 Chast in his thoughts, though in his youthfull *Prime*,
 He writes of Past'rall Loue, with Nectar'd Quill,
 And offers vp his first Fruits vnto Time.
 Receiue them (*Time*) and in thy Border place them
 Among thy various Flowers of Poefie ;
 No *Enuy* blast, nor *Ignorance* deface them,
 But keepe them fresh in fairest Memorie !
 And, when from *Daphne's tree* he plucks more *Baies*,
 His Shepherds Pipe may chant more heau'nly laies.

See Eclogue 5

Shepherds Pipe c

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

ANAGRAMMA.

GVILIELMVS BROVVNE. Ne vulgo Librum eius.

S*I vulgus gustare tuo velis apta palato ;
I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes.
Nil vulgare sapit Liber hic ; hinc vulgus abesto :
Non nisi delicias hæc tibi mensa dabit.*

FR : DYNNE,

è So. Int. Templ.

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

ON (Iolly Lad) and hye thee to the Field
Among the best Swains that the Vallies yeeld ;
Goe boldly, and in presence of them all,
Proceed a Shepheard with this Pastorall.
Let *Pan*, and all his rurall Traine attending,
From stately *Mountaines* to the *Plaines* descending,
Salute this Pastor with their kinde embraces ;
And entertaine him to their holy places.
Let all the *Nymphes* of Hills and Dales together
Kisse him for earnest of his welcome thither :
Crowne him with Garlands of the choicest flowres,
And make him euer dwell within their Bowres :
For well I wote in all the *Plaines* around,
There are but few such Shepheards to be found,
That can such learned Layes and Ditties frame,
Or aptly fit their tunes vnto the fame.
And let them all (if this young Swaine should die)
Tune all their *Reeds* to sing his *Memorie*.

THO. GARDINER,

è So. Int. Templ.

To the AVTHOR.

HAD I beheld thy Muse upon the Stage,
A Poesie in fashion with this age;
Or had I seene, when first I view'd thy taske,
An ætiue wit dance in a Satyres Maske,
I should in those haue prais'd thy Wit and Art,
But not thy ground, A Poems better part:
Which being the perfect'st Image of the Braine,
Not fram'd to any base end, but to gaine
True approbation of the Artists worth,
When to an open view he sets it forth,
Iudiciously, he striues; no lesse t'adorne
By a choise Subiect, then a curious Forme:
Well hast thou then past o'er all other rhime,
And in a Pastorall spent thy leasures time:
Where fruit so faire, and field so fruitfull is,
That hard it is to iudge whether in This
The Substance or the fashion more excell,
So precious is the Iem, and wrought so well.
Thus rest thou prais'd of me, Fruit, Field, Iem, Art,
Doe claime much praise to equall such Desart.

W. FERRAR,

è So. Med. Templ.

To the AVTHOR.

FRRIEND, Ile not erre in blazing of thy Worth;
This Worke in truest termes will set it forth:
In these few lines the all I doe intend,
Is but to shew that I haue such a Friend.

FR. OVIDE.

è S. In. Templ.

Commendatory Verses.

[EUTERPE to her deereſt Darling W. B.

THY lines, thy worth, thy wit to prayſe,
 Were mine owne honor to upraiſe,
 And thoſe ſame gifts commend in thee
 Which thou received haſt of me ;
 Yet may I boaſt that by mine aide
 All eares to thee are captive made,
 And thy (amazed) country-men
 Admire, extoll thy golden pen :
 Hearing ſuch madrigalls as theſe
 Aſtoniſht is Philifides,
 And vanquiſht by thy ſweeter layes
Forſweares
Reſigns his pipe ; yeilds thee the bayes :
 And Colyn Clout his oaten reede,
 Which did to us ſuch pleaſure breede,
 Reſignes to thee ; grieved becauſe his
 Mulla by Tavy, vanquiſht is.
 Marina fayns though in her neede
 The ſtorme did helpe ; yet ſhee indeede
 Was raviſht, but (tis her excuſe)
 Twas only with thy ſweete-tongu'd muſe ;
 That though the Robin Red-breast fed
 Her body, yet ſh' ad ſuffered
 Death, hadſt not thou with lines reſind
 As with ambroſia fed her minde,
 Doridon weepes (although for who
 He trows not) if t' be not for you ;
 Since thee to write he could not move
 One Canto more on his true love :
 See how each ſwaine y^t ſhould this day
 Before Dame Thetis ſing his lay,
 Sighing gives backe, for he doth feare
 WILLY their Captaine won't be there.

All say thou art the elme (they know)
Wheerby the muses vine doth grow,
And that if Cœlia merit death,
All they must with her loose their breath,
That fairer boughs have pul'd from thee
Than ere grew on Pans golden tree.
Lastly thy Alatheia sayes,
That future times shall sing thy praise,
And th'-after ages strive in vaine,
As thou hast done, to do againe.—

PHIL. PAPILLON, E. Coll. Exon.

CARMINA amo, mihi WILLE placet tua fistula: *felix!*
En re sonant laudes illa, vel illa tuas.

BUT stop my muse, listen to Willys lays,
Harke whiles the Eccho doth resound his praise,
Let others speak, forbid not, but let mee
Thou charminge sweetly, listen unto thee.

P. S. Coll. Ex.

On the AUTHOR of Britannias Peerlesse Pastoralls.

I'LL take thy judgment golden Mydas now,
Nor will of Phœbus harmony allow,
Since Pan hath such a shepheard, whose sweet layes
May claim deservedly the Delphique bayes.
Thrice happy Syrinx, onely great in this,
Thou kissest him in metamorphosis.
Flocke hither fatires, learne a roundelay
Of him to grace Sylvanus holyday.
Come hither shepheardes, let your bleating flockes
Of bearded goates browze on the mossy rockes.
Come from Arcadia, banisht shepheardes, come,
Let flourishing Britannia bee your home.

Crown'd with your anadems and chaplets trim,
 And invoke no other Pan but him :
 'Tis he can keepe you safe from all your flockes,
 From greedy wolfe, or oft beguiling fox :
 Let him but tune his notes, and you shall see
 The wolfe abandon his rapacity,
 And innocently trip and frisk among
 Your wanton lambkins at his swanlike song ;
 Yea had the Thracian sung but half so well,
 Hee had not left Euridice in hell,
 Then rally swaine, astonish humane eyes,
 And let thy Tavy high as Tyber rise.

On the SAME.

AN ODE.

FEARE not Willy, but goe on
 With thy song of Dorydon,
 Which will neer surpasse bee
 By the best pipe in Arcady.
 What though Roger of the plaines,
 Hobinoll and other swaynes,
 Joynd with Colin of the glen,
 Perigot and other men,
 Warble sweetly, thou when they
 Sung on Pan's last holyday,
 Wonst the chaplet which was made,
 Hard by Tavy in a glade,
 Walla, Marina, Fida too,
 Doe thy lasting favour woee :
 The fountains god will rising bee,
 From his waters to heare thee ;
 Hungring for thee makes us rave,
 All shut up in Limos cave ;

O bee thou the Redbreast, cherish
Those who but for thee would perish,
Or bee Triton who alone
Mayst remove the mighty stone,
Then in thine honour every shepheard shall
Keepe the day stricter than Pans festivall.

EDW. HALL, e Coll. Exon.

On the AUTHOR of Britannias Peerlesse Pastoralls.

CEASE skilfull Orpheus, whose mellifluous straynes
Have earst made stoncs and trees skip ore the
playnes,

A sweeter harmonye invites our eares
Than ere was sent from the celestiall spheeres :
Cleare Tavy now his silver head may rayse,
A shepheard of his owne can singe his prayse.
Sweet tounge'd Arion strive not with such odds,
Thy song moved but the dolphins: his the godds.
O hadst thou daignd to move thy sweeter tounge,
The wolfe had stayd to hearken to thy songe ;
Had Pans eares suckt the nectar of thy breath,
For thy sake Cælia had beene free from death,
But that the Fates denyde, as who should say
By Willys pen her fame shall live for aye :
Walla a garland will compose noe more,
To crowne her Tavyes temples as before ;
But as to them that best deserve the prayse,
She'll give to thee the garland and the bayes,
And if a verse thy glorye may confine,
Thou sing'st Brittannias prayse, Brittannia thine.

JO. DYNHAM, e Coll. Exon.

Upon the occasion of Readinge this compleet Poem.

TO THE AUTHOR W. BROWNE.

ΑΥΤΟΧΕΔΙΑΣΤΙΚΟΝ :

I.

CEASE, cease Pierian dames,
 Be henceforth mute,
 Leave of your wanton games,
 Apollos lute
 Hath crackt a stringe : it grates my eares,
 'Tis harsh, as are the heavenly spheares :
 Lift Willie fings and tunes his oaten reed,
 To whom all hearts, all eares doe yield themfefs* : as meed.

2.

Hearke, hearke, the joylly lad
 So sweetly fings,
 The vales as proude, as glad
 The murmuring springes :
 Both joyne to tell the neighbour hills
 That theres no musicke like to Willes.
 Eccho enamoured one the pipinge swaine
 Recovers (fyllly wretch!) her voice, repeats each straine.

3.

The bucksome sheepheardesse
 Hearke! ha! no more?
 Ah! what unhappinesse
 Wast left us poore,
 Bereft by thy neglected songs
 Of life, of joy! tell tell w^t wrongs
 What sad disafter (Willie) is betide,
 That we thy laies (not yet half done) should be denyed?

4.

What has some fatyre rude,
Wode to those groves
His wily snares bestrewd
To catch your loves?
To tempt a credlous sheeheardefse,
Who crying out in her distresse,
Have made you breake or flinge your pipe away,
Oh no! your charmes would erst have made the monfter
stay.

5.

Or is your pipe ybroke,
And 'twill not founde?
Goe, goe unto the oake
By yonder mounde:
Take Colins pipe (there't hangs) in hand,
Or if not that you may command
The whillome jolly fwaine's PHILICIDES,
But ah your broken pipe will found as well as these.

6.

Has subtell Reynard caught
A friskinge lambe,
Or the fearce wolfe diftraught
The bleatinge dam?
And you by riffing of their folds,
Which to regaine your sport witholds,
Or has your lagginge ewe a lambkin yean'd,
Which makes you ceafe your notes, and midwifrie attend.

7.

Or did some sheehearads boy
(Thy layes are good,)
Nod's head or pause and coy,
He understood,

D

Not that it which he did foe taunt
 (If there were such) dull ignorant,
 Or else despairinge ere to rise so high,
 Would worke thee swaine from thy deserved supremacy.

8.

Did the round yester day,
 Which thou beganst
 Soe merriely to play,
 Thou them entraunct'st?
 O did they raise thy worth soe high,
 And made thee blush for modestie:
 Did they with garlands girt thy curled locks,
 Cald thee fine piper while thou lookest all grieffe for
 mocks.

9.

And w^d th' had wood thee too,
 A second part,
 Cause from their promised vow
 They gan to start:
 In which th' hadst bound their feely swaine,
 Nor to commend nor praise thy veine,
 Yet when they did begin, and who could spare?
 Thou cruell tor'st thy chaplets, and wouldst willow weare.

10.

See cruell faire, fee, fee
 Each sheapheards brow,
 That wont to smile with glee,
 Is tearswolne now;
 And prisinge up their pearly wealth,
 The straglinge drops get out by stealth,
 Yet could they hope to win thee for their prize,
 To finish up thy song theyde bankrupt all their eyes.

11.

The pretty birds were mute
To heare thee singe,
And see the shepheard youth
All wantonninge ;
When having ceast thy noates all fitty,
They all reservd there mournful dittye :
Philomel fearinge tis her fate denyes,
Thy sweeter accents falls into thy breast and dyes.

12.

The winds that erst were whift
Beginne to roare,
Each tree y^r songes beinge mist,
Skreeks as before :
Each sproutinge pauncie in the meade
For greife begins to hang a head,
The weepinge brooke in grumblinge tones glide[s] doune,
Dimples its once flecke cheeks, and thanks you with a
frowne.

13.

Come, come lets heare your skill,
Here say you can't,
W^t are you angrie still,
By Pan you sha'nt.
Nere let your modestie deprive
Y' of what will keepe your name alive,
Whilst ore the curld-haird-Tavies flowery side
There does on[e] shepheard lodge or feely sheepe abide.

14.

Oh let not nice conceit,
You are too younge,
That there are lads more feete
Ith shepheards thronge,

Who better able are to distill
 There soule in sonnets at their will,
 If still to me you be obdurate then,
 Let sheepe, birds, trees, winds, flowers, brooks, teach
 thee melt again.

SAM. HARDINGE, E. Coll. Exon.

*To the now unparelled SYDNEY of his time, W. B., the
 ingenuous Author of Britannia's Pastorals.*

PLAY on thy pipe new lessons, Willy strike
 More such as these which may each shepherd like,
 And if it chauce Thetys doe once againe
 Visit our coasts, bee thou the elected fwayne,
 To greet her with thy layes, let her admire
 The varying accents of thy matchlesse lyre,
 And so affect thee for thy poems sake,
 Adopt thee hers, and thee her usher make,
 But leave us not, blithe fwayne, let Tavys streame
 Leave of to murmure listning to thy theame,
 Left thy sweet layes so great effect obtayne,
 As here on land, so there upon the mayne,
 As lasses here admired thy matchlesse verse,
 So there the sea-nymphs still thy praise rehearse,
 Twixt both a great contention it will breed,
 Who hath most interest in thyne oaten reed,
 Which harder will appeased bee than theirs
 Who strove to bee esteemed the blind bards heires:
 Those claime thee theirs in that thou dost forsake
 Thy native cotes, and there thy mansion make:
 The lambkins heere did friske to heare thee play,
 Lesse nourished by their grasse than with thy lay;
 So would the dolphins then attend thy song,
 And none left Triton whom to ride upon,

Which might incense him seeing one the frye,
And vaster sholes pressing to come most nye,
To heare thy melody, and to refuse
His trumpets sounds, to which they still did use
Before to thronge, to pry thee do not come,
But sweetly pipen at thy native home,
Continue still with us, and let our vales
Reverberate in eccho thy sweet tales.

CHR. GEWEN, e Coll. EXON.

*An ODE entreating him to proceed in the continuation of his
Brittannias Pastorals.*

WILLY see but how the swaines
Mourne thy silence on the plaines,
And do sadly pace along,
Cause they cannot heare thy song ;
Roget grieves : these notes would heare,
Faine which ravishd earst his eare,
And to hear thy song alway
In his prison would he stay,
With most willingness then bee
Deprived thereof, though set free.
He and Cuddy, that blith swayne,
Whose flockes feed on yonder playne,
Would bee glad their skill to trye
At your opportunitye,
And though sent to bee one tome,
They would undergoe thy doome,
And bee glad to yeeld to thee,
To whom is due all victorye,
Tis their wish each place could tell,
Thy conquests like Saint Dunstanes well,
And that thy pipe would sound so well,
As't whilome did in thicke fame dell ;

Commendatory Verses.

Dorydon mourns 'cause his sweet
 Guided is not by thy feet,
 To her haven of wisht joy,
 But is left to all annoy
 By thy crueltye, he feares
 Least by this shee's drownd in teares :
 Old swaines would dye, could they have
 Thee but write upon their grave
 Sith affoorded thou wilt not all
 Once to heare thy pastorall.
 Each shepherdesse doth lament,
 Cause thou art their discontent,
 And had it been another lad
 Which their wakes thus hindred had,
 Theyd reveng it, and with speed
 Discard his silent oaten reed,
 But thy former layes have got
 Their praises neer to bee forgot,
 Therefore they forbear to spoyle
 Thy pipe which hath given the foyle
 To opposers : nor would bee
 Cruell to thy pipe or thee.
 All the swaines are yonder fate
 On the hillocke, and are mete,
 To celebrate Pans festivall
 With some pleasing madrigall,
 But theyre dumb, and so will bee,
 Lesse that thou augment their glee,
 For their custome 's at this feast,
 Here mongst shepherds that the best
 Must begin, and then each one
 Follows till they all have done.
 Why dost then thy musique linger,
 And suppress their pipes? they would finger
 Willingly their pipes, they stay
 But till thou thy lesson play.

Hye thee, Willye, hye apace,
With all speed to the place
Where the shepherds are set round,
Wayting there till thy pipe found,
At thy tuning, when thy lay
Thou hast ended, they will play,
For which art brave Thetys shall
Crowne with praise thy madrigall,
And Pan himfelfe shall always bee
A patron to thy muse and thee,
When that he knowes in this her matchlesse lay,
Thy muse keepes his, not her own holyday.

B. N.

To the AUTHOR, W. B.

RIVERS be filent, peace you muses nine,
Orpheus be dumbe, for now no praise is thine;
Bend all your eares unto Britannia's peere,
Ever be praising, nere to praise him feare;
Right as the painters garnish with their fable
Their brighter colours in a curious table.
Time so will place thee in the shield of fame,
As chiefe of men t'immortalize thy name;
Yet why should I with rude rimes seeke to raise thee,
Let every sonnet in thy pastorals praise thee;
O dasht Apollo, hide thy face for shame,
Rend to shepherds henceforth all the fame.

E. Coll. Exon.

On the AUTHOR, W. B.

SHALL I implore the muses nine,
To grace with sweetes my ruder line,
When all the art the muses can
Are sweetely sung within this spann?

Or shal I invoke great Pann
 To tune the song thy pipe best cann?
 Pann swore to me the other day
 He broke his pipe, and ran to heare thy lay.
 Apollo lend thy sacred quill,
 That I may chant a note more shrill.
 Alas! Apollos drownd in teares,
 To see a god oer rule his spheares;
 Lets see what golden Spenser cann,
 Hees dead, and thou the living mann:
 The godde I see can weare no bayes
 But what is pluckt from thy bright layes;
 If Pann a song more smoother sings,
 Tis cause twas dipt in Tavies springs.

RO. TAYLER, EXON. Coll.

To the unparalleled AUTHOR of the sequent Poems, W. B.

HAILE Albions swaine, whose worthy brow those
 bayes
 G'en to the victor in Pans pastoral playes,
 Ere since thy pipes first birth have bound, whose toungue
 Our loves on once lov'd Syrinx freely sounge,
 When mountains heads and storm wrongd shrubs did cast
 Theyre long shades westward, and when shepheards hast,
 To 'nbed their pended flocks, how ofte amonge
 The various sonnets of a neighbouring thronge
 Hast thou enchanted with a strong desire,
 To learne thy accents great Sylvanus quire,
 Who like younge infants willing to obtaine
 Their nurfes dialect and perfect straine,
 Labored a repetition; heare the thrush
 Stroove with his whistell; in next bordring bush,
 Shrouded about, was the small redbreast set,
 With listning cares, and unwilling to lett

Nought passe turned eccho to thy tunes, above
The foring larke did meditating move
Her gutling tounge, but each in vaine, at last
Though out of tune, proud Philomels distast,
To heare a rivall did dispose the choice
Of natrall notes into an artlike voice,
Thy heavenly harmonie founding below
Among the vales, the river gods did draw
Above theyre streames shaking their silver haire,
Then lifted up the anthumes seemed more rare,
Rap'd with such musicke their cold monarchie
Abandoned straight, they mounted up on hie,
There stood attentive all, as if uppon
Parnassus topp, Apollos station,
Hee harping lay, and with smooth Mercurie
Had shared the spheares by better melodie ;
Thus long in admiration of both layes,
They gave the sentence, thou obtainest the praise,
And with insinuation did entreat
That Tavyes banckes myght be thy frequent feat :
They had their will, thou yealdst a loth consent,
Thy windes must calme their swelling element,
And heare the water nymphes eer since that time,
Wee hindes remembering thy mellifluous rime,
Covett to drive our cheretie flockes alonge
That cryfall lake to heare thy wanted songe,
That song which metamorphosed raping bares,
And trained the crafty fox into her snares,
The happier fates had favoured faire Marine,
Had thy lipps wood for her her Celadine,
If Rennard could persuade as thou canst move,
Had changd to hate that beauties disdained love,
Nor had the labor of a deity
Needed to quicken her mortality,
Thy charming voice had don't, for thy songs sake
Caron had wherried from the Stygian lake

Againe her ghost, nor hath thy peerlesse verse
 Don lesse, thou must immortalize thy herse,
 Thoust quite forfok Pans sports, the more the grieffe,
 His joy the more, thou absent, he's the chiefe;
 Weeve lost thy fellowship, not lost thy fame,
 We'll teach our children to adore thy name.
 When as our Cornish or Devonian swaines
 Still sport among their lamkins on the plaines,
 Or celebrate their festivalls, wee'll raise
 Our old reed once to Pans, twice to thy praise;
 And when great Jove thy foul angelicall
 Shall summon us to singe thy madrigall,
 Our * shall want their tallow, but we'll burn
 Continual candels on thy lasting urne.

NICH. DOWNEY, Coll. Exon.

Idem ad Eundem.

AN ODE.

I HEARDE the mountaine gods complaine,
 Sweet Willy thou neglects thy straine,
 And that thou wouldst not blesse againe
 Thy fellow swaine.

The sisters did bewaile,
 That hee whose notes did oft assaile
 Apollos skill, yea did prevaile,
 Their art disdaines.

What if some forward stub-chind boy
 Takes upp a reed, and dos employ
 His artlesse lipps, can this annoy
 Thy sweeter song?

* Left blank by Belve, who could not read the MS. here.

Could thy exactnesse brooke a foile,
Without disparagement; their foile
Commends thy tounge more smoothe than oile,
Our sports amonge.

Great Pan eer since thou wentst away,
Has mist the glories of his day,
No shepheard dares begin a lay
To honor him.

Behold how all our joyes do turne
To sadnesse, see hot fighs which burne
Our brefts, look how our swolne eyes mourne
And weepe till drie.

Our crooks are trailed along the ground,
Our pipes grow dumb, or sadly found,
No flowrie chaplets eer hath crownd,
Since thine a browe.

Each shepheardesse as in despaire,
Mean more to be proclaimed faire,
T' fitt time to trim her fluent haire
Doth scarce allow.

Our lambs doe leave to skipp about,
And ape their dames sad pace throughout,
The hills with woes, as if they doubt
Securitie.

Now thou art absent, whose smoothe reed
Did in the woulfs and tigers breed
A nature tame, and thus them freed
From crueltie.

3.

So fate our noble Willy, happy fwayne,
With peereleffe fongs in croaching forrow drowning,
And Tavyes curled locks (who danc't amaine
Unto his pipe) with bayes immortall crowning,
The whilst the woods their leafy heads inclined,
In listning wife, and mixt their envious winde
With those more heavenly aires which in his voyce they
finde.

4.

Once when the jolly lad began a lay,
Of his Marina's fate, the wondring route
Of neighbouring fwaynes, leaving their wonted play,
Ran to incircle their new Pan about,
Where growne forgetful of their former care,
Although they fed on nought but his sweet ayre,
Vowd that the quintessence of nectar was their fare.

5.

And as their captive fowles were chained unto
The charming pipe; when they it least suspected,
The smiles and winks which forth did steale, would show
How much that loved found they all respected,
And all amazed in a deep extasy
Would sweare he was some chorister of the sky,
Or (though their eyes sayd no) Phœbus owne deity.

6.

Each peereleffe nymph that baths her dewy curls
In too too happy Tavyes chrystall waves,
Into the singing echoing champion hurles,
And there our Willyes head with flowers embraves,
Robs her own bankes, and decks a coronet
With blushing roses and the violet,
Which on the head of her admired fwayne is set.

7.

The merry emulous songsters of the wood
 In silence listened to his better song,
 And the soft murmurs of the bubbling flood
 (Which seemed to laugh as he did ride along)
 Presumed to beare the burthen of his lay,
 The whilst the jocund satyres all would say
 They were not half so blest even on Pan's holyday.

8.

But midst these thankful shouts and signes of joy,
 Whilst all expect to see a happy close,
 Upon the sudden starts the peevish boy,
 And runs away in haste as from his foes :
 Nor can our speaking sighs, and begging teares,
 Nor all our prayers and plaints he daily heares,
 Or melt his stubborn heart, or banish his vain feares.

9.

So, when as Philomel her haplesse fate
 Unto the tell-tale eccho doth bemoane,
 The whilst some envious bough presents in hate
 A dagger to her breast, and there is none
 That praises not her musicks heavenly grace,
 The bashful bird with leaves doth vaile her face,
 Or to her shrowd and tombe some thicket, flies apace.

10.

And now he hauntes the woodes and silent groves,
 (Poore lad) and teaches silence to the windes,
 H' as now forgot our sports and harmlesse loves,
 Ah can such deeds agree with heavenly mindes ;
 Great flakes of mofs, bred in some silent cave,
 Stop his pipes mouth, and now his spirit leave,
 Now a dead soule entombed within a living grave.

11.

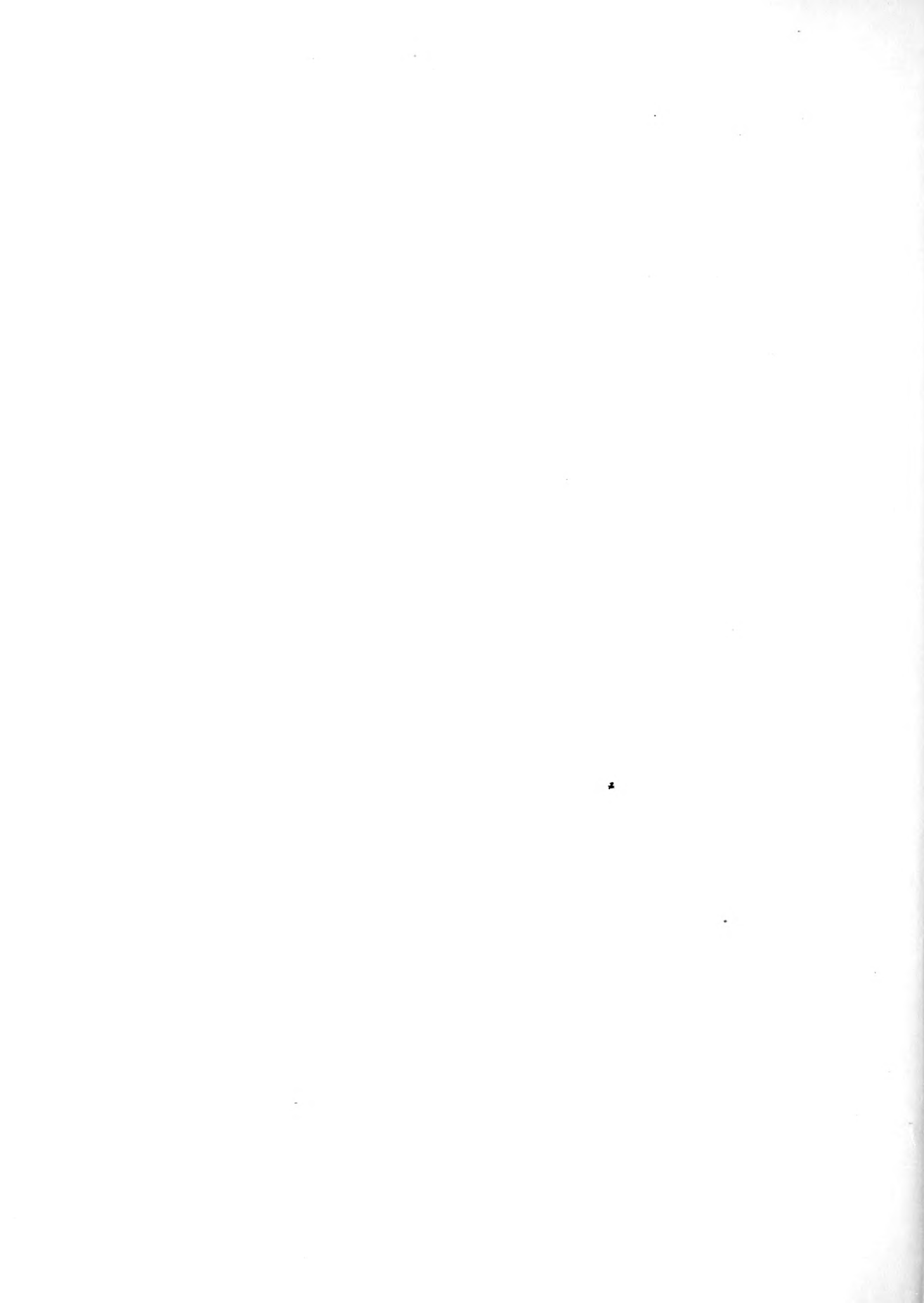
But Willy boy, let not eternall sleepe
Captive thy sprightly muse ; so shall we all
Rejoice at her new life, and henceforth keepe
Unto thy name a yearly festivall ;
May shee but impe her wings with thy blest pen,
And take her wonted flight, heaven says Amen,
The musicke of the spheares shall nere be heard agen.

12.

So may a sun shine day smile on our sports,
So may the pretty lambs live free from harme,
So may the tender lasse that here resorts,
Nere feele the clownish winds cold boisterous arm.
As we do love thee Willy, as we all
Do wistly for thy peereless musick call,
And as we plat for thee a matchlesse coronall.

PERIGOT.]

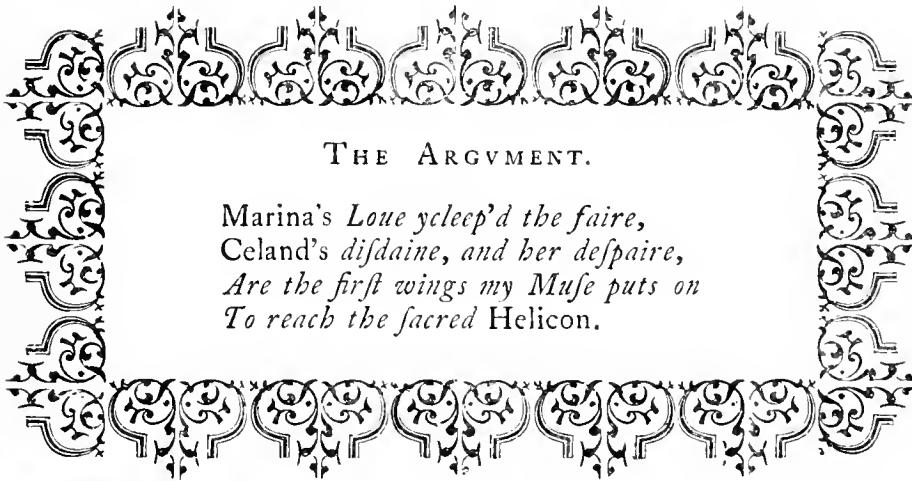




B R I T A N N I A ' S

P A S T O R A L S .

THE FIRST SONG.



THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's *Loue* ycleep'd the faire,
Celand's *disdaine*, and her *despaire*,
Are the first wings my Muse puts on
To reach the sacred Helicon.



That whileare neere *Tauies** stragling spring,
Vnto my feely Sheepe did vse to sing,
And plaid to please my selfe, on rusticke
Reed,

Nor sought for *Bay*, (the learned Shep-
heards meed,)

But as a Swaine vnkent fed on the plaines,
And made the *Eccho* vmpire of my straines :

Moore riseth, running Northward, another called *Tau* : which by the way the rather I speake of, because in the printed *Malmesburie de gest. Pontific. lib. 2, fol. 146.* you reade, *Est in Domnonia cænobium Monachorum iuxta Tau fluuium, quod Tauistock vocatur* : whereas vpon *Tau* stands (neere the North-side of the Shire) *Taufstoke*, being no remnants of a Monasterie : so thet you must there reade, *Juxta Tauri Fluuium*, as in a manuscript Copie of *Malmesbury* (the forme of the hand assuring *Malmesburies* time) belonging to the Abbey of *S. Augustine* in *Canterburie* I haue seene, in the hands of my very learned Friend Mr. *Selden*.

* *Tauie* is a
riuer, hauing
his head in
Dertmore in
Deuon, some
few miles
from *Marie*
Tauie, and
falls South-
ward into
Tamar : out
of the same

Am drawne by time (although the weak'ft of many)
To fing thofe Laies as yet vnfung of any.

What need I tune the Swaines of *Theffaly* ?

Or, bootleffe, adde to them of *Arcadie* ?

[No : faire *Arcadia* cannot be compleater,
My praife may leffen, but not make thee greater.
My *Mufe* for lofty pitches fhall not rome,
But homely pipen of her natiue home :
And to the Swaines, Loue rurall Minftralfie,
Thus deare *Britannia* will I fing of thee.]

High on the plaines of that renowned Ile,
Which all men *Beauties* Garden-plot enftile ;
A Shepherd dwelt, whom Fortune had made rich
With all the gifts that filly men bewitch.

Neere him a Shepherdeffe for beauties ftore
Vnparalell'd of any Age before.

Within thofe Brefts her face a flame did moue,
Which neuer knew before what twas to loue,
Dazeling each Shepherds fight that viewd her eies.
And as the *Persians* did Idolatrife

Vnto the *Sunne* : they thought that *Cinthia's* light
Might well be spar'd, where ſhe appear'd in night.

And as when many to the goale doe runne,

The prize is giuen neuer but to one ;

So firft, and onely *Celandine* was led,

Of *Definies* and *Heauen* much fauoured,

To gaine this Beauty, which I here doe offer

To memory : his paines (who would not proffer

Paines for ſuch pleasures?) were not great nor much,

But that his labours recompence was ſuch

As counteruailed all : for ſhe whoſe paſſion,

(And paſſion oft is loue) whoſe inclination

Bent all her courſe to him-wards, let him know

He was the *Elme* whereby her *Vine* did grow :

Yea, told him, when his tongue began this taſke,

She knew not to deny when he would aſke.

Finding his fuit as quickly got as mou'd,
Celandine, in his thoughts not well approu'd
 What none could difallow, his loue grew fained,
 And what he once affected now difdained.
 But faire *Marina* (for fo was ſhe call'd)
 Hauing in *Celandine* her loue inſtall'd,
 Affected ſo this faithleſſe Shepherds Boy,
 That ſhe was rapt beyond degree of ioy.
 Briefly, ſhee could not liue one houre without him,
 And thought no ioy like theirs that liu'd about him.

This variable Shepherd for a while
 Did Natures Iewell by his craft beguile :
 And ſtill the perfecter her loue did grow,
 His did appeare more counterfeit in ſhow.
 Which ſhe perceiuing that his flame did flake,
 And lou'd her onely for his *Trophies* ſake :
 “ For hee that's ſtuffed with a faithleſſe rumour,
 “ Loues only for his luſt and for his humour :
 And that he often in his merry fit
 Would ſay, his good came, ere he hop'd for it :
 His thoughts for other ſubieſts being preſt,
 Eſteeming that as nought which he poſſeſt :
 “ For what is gotten but with little paine,
 “ As little grieſe we take to loſe againe :
 Well-minded *Marine* grieuing, thought it ſtrange
 That her ingratefull Swaine did ſeeke for change.
 Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
 Ioyes to the wane, heart-rending grieſe did pull
 Her from her ſelfe, and ſhe abandon'd all
 To cries and teares, fruits of a funerall :
 Running, the mountaines, fields, by watry ſprings,
 Filling each caue with wofull ecchoings ;
 Making in thouſand places her complaint,
 And vttering to the trees what her teares meant.
 “ For grieſes conceal'd (proceeding from deſire)
 “ Conſume the more, as doth a cloſe pent fire.

Whilst that the daies sole *Eye* doth guild the Seas,
 In his daies iourney to th' *Antipodes* :
 And all the time the *Jetty-Chariotere*
 Hurles her blacke mantle through our *Hemisphere*,
 Vnder the couert of a sprouting Pine
 She sits and grieues for faithlesse *Celandine*.
 Beginning thus: Alas! and must it be
 That Loue which thus torments and troubles me
 In fetling it, so small aduice hath lent
 To make me captiue, where enfranchisement
 Cannot be gotten? nor where, like a slaue,
 The office due to faithfull Prisoners, haue?
 Oh cruell *Celandine*, why shouldst thou hate
 Her, who to loue thee, was ordain'd by Fate!
 Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice
 My wretched life to thy betraying eies?
 Aye me! of all my most vnhappy lot;
 What others would, thou maist, and yet wilt not.
 Haue I reiected those that me ador'd,
 To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd?
 And pass'd by others teares, to make election
 Of one, that should so passe-by my affection?
 I haue: and see the heau'nly powers intend,
 " To punish sinners in what they offend.
 May be he takes delight to see in me
 The burning rage of hellish Iealousie;
 Tries if in fury any loue appears;
 And bathes his ioy within my floud of teares.
 But if he lou'd to soile my spotlesse soule,
 And me amongst deceiued Maids enroule,
 To publish to the world my open shame:
 Then, heart, take freedome; hence, accursed flame;
 And, as Queene regent, in my heart shall moue
 " *Disdaine*, that only ouer-ruleth *Loue* :
 By this infranchiz'd sure my thoughts shall be,
 And in the same fort loue, as thou lou'ft me.

But what? or can I cancell or vnbinde
That which my heart hath feal'd & loue hath fig'n'd?
No, no, grieffe doth deceiue me more each houre;
"For, who so truly loues, hath not that power.
I wrong to say so, since of all 'tis knowne,
"Who yeelds to loue doth leaue to be her owne.
But what auailles my liuing thus apart?
Can I forget him? or out of my heart
Can teares expulfe his Image? surely no.
"We well may flie the place, but not the woe:
"Loues fire is of a nature which by turnes
"Consumes in prefence, and in absence burnes.
And knowing this: aye me! vnhappy wight!
What meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?
And from that peeuish shooting, hood-winckt elfe,
To repoffesse my Loue, my heart, my felfe?
Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect:
Since what my life nor can nor will effect,
My ruine shall: and by it, I shall finde,
"Death cures (when all helps faile) the griued mind.
And welcome here, (then Loue, a better gwest)
That of all labours are the onely rest:
Whilst thus I liue, all things difcomfort giue,
The life is fure a death wherein I liue:
Saue life and death doe differ in this one,
That life hath euer cares, and death hath none.
But if that he (difdainfull Swaine) should know
That for his loue I wrought my ouerthrow;
Will he not glory in't? and from my death
Draw more delights, & giue new ioyes their breath?
Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I
Render my felfe to *Death* then *Mifery*.
I cannot liue, thus barred from his fight,
Nor yet endure, in prefence, any wight
Should loue him but my felfe. O reasons eye,
How art thou blinded with vilde Iealoufie!

And is it thus? Then which shall haue my blood,
 Or certaine ruine, or vncertaine good?
 Why do I doubt? Are we not still aduiz'd
 " That certaintie in all things best is priz'd?
 Then, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,
 " Know *Death* hath certaintie, but *Life* hath none.

Here is a Mount, whose top seemes to despise
 The farre inferiour Vale that vnder lies:
 Who like a great man raifd aloft by Fate,
 Measures his height by others meane estate:
 Neere to whose foot there glides a siluer-flood,
 Falling from hence, Ile climb vnto my good:
 And by it finish Loue and Reasons strife,
 And end my misery as well as life.
 But as a Cowards hartener in warre,
 The stirring Drum, keepes lesser noyse from farre:
 So seeme the murmuring waues, tell in mine eare,
 That guiltlesse blood was neuer spilled there.
 Then stay a while; the Beasts that haunt those springs,
 Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,
 May doe that deed, (as moued by my cry)
 Whereby my foule, as spotlesse Iuory,
 May turn from whence it came, and, freed from hence,
 Be vnpolluted of that foule offence.
 But why protract I time? Death is no stranger:
 " And generous spirits neuer feare for danger:
 " Death is a thing most naturall to vs,
 " And Feare doth onely make it odious.
 As when to seeke her food abroad doth roue
 The *Nuncius of peace*, the seely Doue,
 Two sharpe-set hawkes doe her on each side hem,
 And she knowes not which way to flie from them:
 Or like a ship that tossed to and fro
 With wind and tide; the wind doth sternly blow,
 And driues her to the Maine, the tide comes fore
 And hurles her backe again towards the shore.

And since her balast, and her failes doe lacke,
 One brings her out, the other beats her backe :
 Till one of them increasing more his shockes,
 Hurles her to shore, and rends her on the Rockes :
 So flood she long, twixt Loue and Reason tost,
 Vntill Despaire (who where it comes rules most)
 Wonne her to throw her selfe, to meet with Death,
 From off the Rocke into the floud beneath.
 The waues that were about when as she fell,
 For feare flew backe againe into their Well ;
 Doubting ensuing times on them would frowne,
 That they so rare a beauty helpt to drowne.
 Her fall, in grieve, did make the streame so rore,
 That fullen murmurings fill'd all the shore.

A Shepheard (neere this floud that fed his sheepe,
 Who at this chance left grazing and did weepe)
 Hauing so sad an obiect for his eyes,
 Left Pipe and Flocke, and in the water flies,
 To faue a Iewell, which was neuer sent
 To be possesst by one sole Element :
 But such a worke Nature disposde and gaue,
 Where all the *Elements* concordance haue.
 He tooke her in his armes, for pittie cride,
 And brought her to the Riuers further side :
 Yea, and he fought by all his Art and paine,
 To bring her likewise to her selfe againe :
 While she that by her fall was senselesse left,
 And almost in the waues had life bereft,
 Lay long, as if her sweet immortall spirit
 Was fled some other Palace to inherit.

But as cleere *Phæbus*, when some foggy cloud
 His brightnesse from the world a while doth shrowd,
 Doth by degrees begin to shew his light
 Vnto the view : Or, as the Queene of night,
 In her increasing hornes, doth rounder grow,
 Till full and perfect she appeare in shew :

Such order in this Maid the Shepherd spies,
 When she began to shew the world her eyes.
 Who (thinking now that she had past Deaths dreame,
 Occasion'd by her fall into the streame,
 And that Hells Ferriman did then deliuer
 Her to the other side th'infernall Riuer)
 Said to the Swaine : O *Charon*, I am bound
 More to thy kindnesse, then all else, that round
 Come thronging to thy Boat : thou hast past ouer
 The wofulst Maid that ere these shades did couer :
 But prithee Ferriman direct my Spright
 Where that blacke Riuer runs that *Lethe* hight,
 That I of it (as other Ghosts) may drinke,
 And neuer of the world, or Loue, more thinke,
 The Swaine perceiuing by her words ill sorted,
 That she was wholly from her selfe transported :
 And fearing lest those often idle fits
 Might cleane expell her vncollected wits :
 Faire Nymph, (said he) the powers aboue deny
 So faire a Beauty should so quickly die.
 The Heauens vnto the World haue made a loane,
 And must for you haue interest, Three for One :
 Call backe your thoughts ore-cast with dolours night ;
 Do you not see the day, the heauens, the light ?
 Doe you not know in *Plutoes* darksome place
 The light of heauen did neuer shew his face ?
 Do not your pulses beat, y'are warme, haue breath,
 Your sense is rapt with feare, but not with death ?
 I am not *Charon*, nor of *Plutoes* host ;
 Nor is there flesh and bloud found in a Ghost :
 But as you see, a feely Shepherds swaine,
 Who though my meere reuenues be the traine
 Of milk-white sheepe, yet am I ioyd as much,
 In sauing you, (O, who would not faue such ?)
 As euer was the wandring youth of *Greece*,
 That brought, from *Colchos*, home, the golden *Fleece*.

The neuer-too-much-praised faire *Marine*,
 Hearing those words, beleeu'd her eares and eyne :
 And knew how she escaped had the flood
 By meanes of this young Swaine that neere her stood.
 Whereat for griefe she gan againe to faint,
 Redoubling thus her cryes and sad complaint :
 Alas ! and is that likewise barr'd from me,
 Which for all persons else lies euer free ?
 Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my paine ?
 But liue still dying, dye to liue againe ?
 Then most vnhappy I ! which finde most sure,
 The wound of *Loue neglected* is past cure.
 Most cruell *God of Loue* (if such there be),
 That still to my desires art contrarie !
 Why should I not in reason this obtaine,
 That as I loue, I may be lou'd againe ?
 Alas ! with thee too, *Nature* playes her parts,
 That fram'd so great a discord tweene two harts :
 One flies, and alwayes doth in hate perseuer ;
 The other followes, and in loue growes euer.
 Why dost thou not extinguish cleane this flame,
 And plac't on him that best deserues the fame ?
 Why had not I affected some kinde youth,
 Whose euery word had beene the word of Truth ?
 Who might haue had to loue, and lou'd to haue,
 So true a Heart as I to *Celand* gaue.
 For *Psyche's* loue ! if beautie gaue thee birth,
 Or if thou hast attractiue power on earth,
 Dame *Venus* sweetest Childe, requite this loue.
 Or Fate yeeld meanes my soule may hence remoue !
 Once seeing in a spring her drowned eyes,
 O cruell beautie, cause of this, (she cryes,)
 Mother of *Loue*, (my ioyes most fatall knife)
 That workst her death, by whom thy selfe hast life !
 The youthfull Swaine that heard this louing Saint
 So oftentimes to poure forth such complaint,

Within his heart such true affection prais'd,
 And did perceiue kinde loue and pittie rais'd
 His minde to sighs ; yea, beautie forced this,
 That all her grieffe he thought was likewise his.
 And hauing brought her what his lodge affords,
 Sometime he wept with her, sometime with words
 Would seeke to comfort ; when alas poore elfe
 He needed then a comforter himselfe.
 Daily whole troopes of grieffe vnto him came,
 For her who languish'd of another flame.
 If that she sigh'd, he thought him lou'd of her,
 When 'twas another faile her wind did stirre :
 But had her sighs and teares beene for this Boy,
 Her sorrow had beene lesse, and more her ioy.
 Long time in grieffe he hid his loue-made paines,
 And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines :
 Bearing a fuell, which her Sun-like eies
 Enflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.
 Yet he, sad Swaine, to shew it did not dare ;
 And she, lest he should loue, nie dy'd for feare.
 She, euer-wailing, blam'd the powers aboue,
 That night nor day giue any rest to Loue.
 He prais'd the Heauens in silence, oft was mute,
 And thought with teares and sighs to winne his fute.
 Once in the shade, when she by sleepe repos'd,
 And her cleere eies twixt her faire lids enclos'd ;
 The Shepheard Swaine began to hate and curse
 That day vnfortunate, which was the nurse
 Of all his sorrowes. He had giuen breath
 And life to her which was his cause of death.
 O *Æsops* Snake, that thirstest for his bloud,
 From whom thy selfe receiu'dst a certaine good.
 Thus oftentimes vnto himselfe alone
 Would he recount his grieffe, vtter his mone ;
 And after much debating, did resolue
 Rather his Grandame earth should cleane inuolue

His pining bodie, ere he would make knowne
To her, what Tares Loue in his breast had sowne.
Yea, he would say when grieve for speech hath cride ;
“ Tis better neuer aske than be denide.

But as the Queene of Riwers, fairest *Thames*,
That for her buildings other flouds enflames
With greatest enuie: Or the *Nymph* of *Kent*,
That stateliest *Ships* to Sea hath euer sent ;
Some baser groome, for luces hellish course,
Her channell hauing stopt, kept backe her sourse,
(Fill'd with disdaine) doth swell aboue her mounds,
And ouerfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
Angry she teares vp all that stops her way,
And with more violence runnes to the *Sea* :
So the kinde Shepheards grieve (which long vppent
Grew more in power, and longer in extent)
Forth of his heart more violently thrust,
And all his vow'd intentions quickly burst.

Marina hearing sighs, to him drew neere,
And did intreat his cause of grieve to heare :
But had she knowne her beautie was the sting
That caused all that instant forrowing ;
Silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,
And sh'ad not ask'd for what the *Shepherd* wept.

The Swaine first, of all times, this best did thinke,
To shew his loue, whilst on the Riwers brinke
They sate alone, then thought, hee next would moue her
With sighs and teares, (true tokens of a Louer :)
And since she knew what helpe from him she found
When in the Riuer she had else beene drown'd,
He thinketh sure she cannot but grant this,
To giue reliefe to him, by whom she is :
By this incited, said ; Whom I adore,
Sole Mistresse of my heart, I thee implore,
Doe not in bondage hold my freedome long.
And since I life or death hold from your tongue,

Suffer my heart to loue ; yea, dare to hope
 To get that good of loues intended scope.
 Grant I may praise that light in you I see,
 And dying to my selfe, may liue in thee.
 Faire Nymph, surcease this death-alluring languish,
 So rare a beautie was not borne for anguish.
 Why shouldst thou care for him that cares not for thee ?
 Yea, most vnworthy wight, seemes to abhorre thee.
 And if he be as you doe here paint forth him,
 He thinkes you, best of beauties, are not worth him ;
 That all the ioies of Loue will not quite cost
 For all lou'd-freedome which by it is lost.
 Within his heart such selfe-opinion dwels,
 That his conceit in this he thinkes excels ;
 Accounting womens beauties sugred baits,
 That neuer catch, but fooles, with their deceits :
 “ Who of himselfe harbours so vaine a thought,
 “ Truly to loue could neuer yet be brought.
 Then loue that heart where lies no faithlesse feed,
 That neuer wore dissimulations weed :
 Who doth account all beauties of the Spring,
 That iocund Summer-daies are vsfhering,
 As foiles to yours. But if this cannot moue
 Your minde to pittie, nor your heart to loue ;
 Yet sweetest grant me loue to quench that flame,
 Which burnes you now. Expell his worthlesse name,
 Cleane root him out by me, and in his place
 Let him inhabit, that will runne a race
 More true in loue. It may be for your rest.
 And when he sees her, who did loue him best,
 Possessed by another, he will rate
 The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late :
 “ For what is in our powers, we little deeme,
 “ And things possesst by others, best esteeme.
 If all this gaine you not a *Shepherds* wife,
 Yet giue not death to him which gaue you life.

Marine the faire, hearing his wooing tale,
 Perceiued well what wall his thoughts did scale.
 And answer'd thus: I pray fir Swaine, what boot
 Is it to me to plucke vp by the root
 My former loue, and in his place to sow
 As ill a feed, for any thing I know?
 Rather gainst thee I mortall hate retaine,
 That seek'ft to plant in me new cares, new paine:
 Alas! th'haft kept my soule from deaths sweet bands,
 To giue me ouer to a Tyrants hands;
 Who on his racks will torture by his power,
 This weakned, harmeleffe body, euery howre.
 Be you the Iudge, and see if reasons lawes
 Giue recompence of fauour for this cause:
 You from the streames of death, brought life on shore;
 Releas'd one paine, to giue me ten times more.
 For loues fake, let my thoughts in this be free;
 Obiect no more your haplesse sauing mee:
 That Obligation which you thinke should binde;
 Doth still increase more hatred in my minde;
 Yea, I doe thinke more thanks to him were due
 That would bereaue my life, than vnto you.

The Thunder-stroken Swaine lean'd to a tree,
 As void of sense as weeping *Niobe*:
 Making his teares the instruments to wooe her,
 The Sea wherein his loue should swimme vnto her:
 And, could there flow from his two-headed font,
 As great a floud as is the *Hellespont*;
 Within that deepe he would as willing wander,
 To meet his *Hero*, as did ere *Leander*.
 Meane while the *Nymph* with-drew her selfe aside,
 And to a Groue at hand her steps applide.

With that sad sigh (O! had he neuer seene,
 His heart in better case had euer beene)
 Against his heart, against the streame he went,
 With this resolute, and with a full intent,

When of that streame he had discouered
 The fount, the well-spring, or the bubling head,
 He there would sit, and with the Well drop vie,
 That it before his eies would first runne drie :
 But then he thought the * god that haunts that Lake,
 The spoiling of his Spring would not well take.
 And therefore leauing soone the Crystill flood,
 Did take his way vnto the neereft Wood :
 Seating himselfe within a darksome Caue,
 (Such places heauie *Saturnists* doe craue,)
 Where yet the gladfome day was neuer feene,
 Nor *Phæbus* peircing beames had euer beene.
 Fit for the *Synode* house of those fell Legions,
 That walke the Mountaines, and *Siluanus* regions.
 Where *Tragedie* might haue her full scope giuen,
 From men aspects, and from the view of heauen.
 Within the same some crannies did deliuer
 Into the midst thereof a pretty Riuer ;
 The *Nymph* whereof came by out of the veines
 Of our first mother, hauing late tane paines
 In scouring of her channell all the way,
 From where it first began to leaue the Sea.
 And in her labour thus farre now had gone,
 When cõming through the Caue, she heard that one
 Spake thus : *If I doe in my death perseuer,*
Pittie may that effect, which Loue could neuer.
 By this she can coniecture 'twas some Swaine,
 Who ouerladen by a Maids disdaine,
 Had here (as fittest) chosen out a place,
 Where he might giue a period to the race
 Of his loath'd life : which she (for pitties sake)
 Minding to hinder, diu'd into her Lake,
 And hastned where the euer-teeming Earth
 Vnto her Current giues a wished birth ;
 And by her new-delivered Riuers side,
 Vpon a Banke of flow'rs, had soone espide

Deæ sanè,
i. Nymphæ,
plerumque
fontibus &
fluuijs præ-
sunt apud
poetas, quæ,
Ephydriades,
& Naiades
dictæ : ve-
rum & nobis
tamen deum
præficere (sic
Alpheum Ty-
berinum, &
Rhenum, &
id genus alios
diuos legimus)
haud illicitum.

Remond, young *Remond*, that full well could sing,
 And tune his Pipe at *Pans*-birth carolling :
 Who for his nimble leaping, sweetest layes,
 A Lawrell garland wore on Holy-dayes ;
 In framing of whose hand Dame *Nature* swore
 There neuer was his like, nor should be more :
 Whose locks (infnaring nets) were like the rayes,
 Wherewith the Sunne doth diaper the Seas :
 Which if they had been cut, and hung vpon
 The snow-white Cliffes of fertile *Albion*,
 Would haue allured more, to be, their winner,
 Then all the * *Diamonds* that are hidden in her.
 Him she accosted thus : Swaine of the *Wreathe*,
 Thou art not placed, onely here to breathe ;
 But *Nature* in thy framing shewes to mee,
 Thou shouldst to others, as she did to thee,
 Doe good ; and surely I my selfe perfwade,
 Thou neuer wert for euill action made.
 In heauens Consistory 'twas decreed,
 That choycest fruit should come from choycest feed ;
 In baser vessels we doe euer put
 Safest materials, doe neuer shut
 Those Jewels most in estimation set,
 But in some curious costly *Cabinet*.
 If I may iudge by th'outward shape alone,
 Within, all vertues haue conuention :
 “ For't giues most lustre vnto Vertues feature,
 “ When she appeares cloth'd in a goodly creature.
 Halfe way the hill, neere to those aged trees,
 Whose insides are as Hiues for labring Bees,
 (As who should say (before their roots were dead)
 For good workes sake and almes, they harboured
 Those whom nought else did couer but the Skies :)
 A path (vntroden but of Beasts) there lies,
 Directing to a Caue in yonder glade,
 Where all this Forrests Citizens, for shade

* Iulium
 Cæsarem,
 spe *Margari-*
tarū Britan-
niam petissē,
scribit Sue-
ton. in Iu^l.
cap. 47. &
ex ijs Thora-
cem factum
Veneri gene-
trici dicissē.
Plin. Hist.
Nat. 9, ca.
35. De Mar-
gartiis verò
nostris con-
sulas Cam-
den. in Cor-
nub. &
Somerjet.

At noone-time come, and are the first, I thinke,
 That (running through that Caue) my waters drinke:
 Within this Rocke there fits a wofull wight,
 As void of comfort as that Caue of light;
 And as I wot, occasioned by the frownes
 Of some coy *Shepherdesse* that haunts these Downes.
 This I doe know (whos'euer wrought his care)
 He is a man nye treading to despaire.
 Then hie thee thither, since 'tis charitie
 To saue a man; leaue here thy flocke with me:
 For whilst thou sau'st him from the *Stygian Bay*,
 Ile keepe thy Lambkins from all beasts of prey.
 The neer nesse of the danger (in his thought)
 As it doth euer, more compassion wrought:
 So that with reuerence to the Nymph, he went
 With winged speed, and hast'ned to preuent
 Th'vntimely seisure of the greedy graue: ✕
 Breathlesse, at last, he came into the Caue;
 Where, by a sigh directed to the man,
 To comfort him he in this sort began:
 Sheheard all haile, what meane these plaints? this Caue
 (Th'image of death, true portrait of the graue)
 Why dost frequent? and waile thee vnder ground,
 From whence there neuer yet was pittie found?
 Come forth, and shew thy selfe vnto the light,
 Thy grieue to me. If there be ought that might
 Giue any ease vnto thy troubled minde,
 We ioy as much to giue, as thou to finde.
 The Loue-ficke Swaine replide: *Remond*, thou art
 The man alone to whom I would impart
 My woes, more willing then to any Swaine,
 That liues and feeds his sheepe vpon the plaine.
 But vaine it is, and 'twould increase my woes
 By their relation, or to thee or those
 That cannot remedy. Let it suffise,
 No fond distrust of thee makes me precise

To shew my griefe. Leauē me then, and forgo
 This Caue more sad, since I haue made it so.
 Here teares broke forth, and *Remond* gan anew
 With such intreaties, earnest to pursue
 His former suit, that he (though hardly) wan
 The Shepherd to disclose; and thus began:
 Know briefly *Remond* then, heauenly face,
Natures Idea, and perfections grace,
 Within my breast hath kindled such a fire,
 That doth consume all things, except desire;
 Which daily doth increase, though alwaies burning,
 And I want teares, but lacke no cause of mourning:
 " For he whome Loue vnder his colours draws,
 " May often want th'effect, but ne're the cause.
 Quoth th'other, haue thy starres maligne been such,
 That their predominations sway so much
 Ouer the rest, that with a milde aspect
 The Liues and loues of Shepherds doe affect?
 Then doe I thinke there is some greater hand,
 Which thy endeuours still doth countermand:
 \ Wherefore I wish thee quench the flame, thus mou'd, |
 " And neuer loue except thou be belou'd:
 " For such an humour euery woman seifeth,
 " She loues not him that plaineth, but that pleaseth.
 " Whē much thou louest, most disdain coms on thee;
 " And whē thou thinkest to hold her, she flies frō thee:
 " She follow'd, flies; she fled from followes post,
 " And loueth best where she is hated most.
 " 'Tis euer noted both in Maids and Wiues,
 " Their hearts and tongues are neuer Relatiues.
 " Hearts full of holes, (so elder Shepherds faine)
 " As apter to receiue then [to] retaine.
 Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,
 This day would not permit me time I know:
 The dayes swift horses would their course haue run,
 And diu'd themselues within the *Ocean*,

Ere I should haue performed halfe my taske,
 Striuing their craftie subtilties t'vnmaske.
 And gentle Swaine some counsell take of me ;
 Loue not still where thou maist ; loue, who loues thee ;
 Draw to the courteous, flie thy loues abhorror,
 " And if she be not for thee, be not for her.
 If that she still be wauering, will away,
 Why shouldst thou striue to hold that will not stay ?
 This Maxime, Reason neuer can confute,
 " Better to liue by losse then die by sute.
 If to some other Loue she is inclinde,
 Time will at length cleane root that from her minde.
 Time will extinct Loues flames, his hell-like flasnes,
 And like a burning brand consum'd to ashes.
 Yet maist thou still attend, but not importune :
 " Who seekes oft misseeth, sleepers light on fortune,
 Yea and on women too. " Thus doltish sots
 " Haue Fate and fairest women for their lots.
 " Fauour and pittie wait on Patience :
 And hatred oft attendeth violence.
 If thou wilt get desire, whence Loue hath pawn'd it,
 Beleeue me, take thy time, but ne'r demand it.
 Women, as well as men, retaine desire ;
 But can dissemble, more then men, their fire.
 Be neuer caught with looks, nor selfe-wrought rumor ;
 Nor by a quaint disguise, nor singing humor.
 Those out-side shewes are toies, which outwards snare :
 But vertue lodg'd within, is onely faire.
 If thou hast seene the beautie of our Nation,
 And find'st her haue no loue, haue thou no passion :
 But seeke thou further ; other places sure
 May yeeld a face as faire, a Loue more pure :
 Leaue (ô then leaue) fond Swaine this idle course,
 For Loue's a God no mortall wight can force.

Thus *Remond* said, and saw the faire *Marine*
 Plac'd neere a Spring, whose waters CrySTALLINE

Did in their murmurings beare a part, and plained
That one so true, so faire, should be disdained :
Whilst in her cries, that filld the vale along,
Still *Celand* was the burthen of her song.
The stranger Shepherd left the other Swaine,
To giue attendance to his fleecy traine ;
Who in departing from him, let him know,
That yonder was his freedomes ouerthrow,
Who fate bewailing (as he late had done)
That loue by true affection was not wonne.
This fully knowne: *Remond* came to the Maid
And after some few words (her teares allaid)
Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruell,
To follow hate, and flie loues chiefeft Iewell.

Faire, doe not blame him that he thus is moued ;
For women sure were made to be beloued.
If beautie wanting louers long should stay,
It like an house vndwelt in would decay :
When in the heart if it haue taken place
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
The Adamant and Beauty we discover
To be alike ; for Beauty drawes a Louer,
The Adamant his Iron. Doe not blame
His louing then, but that which caus'd the same.
Who so is lou'd, doth glory so to be :
The more your Louers, more your victorie.
Know, if you stand on faith, most womens lothing,
Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance,
Within a heart hath long time residence,
And in a woman, she becomes alone
Faire to her selfe, but foule to euery one.
If in a man it once haue taken place,
He is a foole, or dotes, or wants a face
To win a woman, and I thinke it be
No vertue, but a meere necessitie.

Heavens powers deny it Swain (quoth she) haue done,
 Striue not to bring that in derision,
 Which whosoe'er detracts in setting forth,
 Doth truly derogate from his owne worth.
 It is a thing which heauen to all hath lent
 To be their vertues chiefest ornament :
 Which who so wants, is well compar'd to these
 Falsse tables, wrought by *Alcibiades* ;
 Which noted well of all, were found t'haue bin
 Most faire without, but most deform'd within.
 Then Shepherd know, that I intend to be
 As true to one, as he is falsse to me.

To one ? (quoth he) why so ? Maids pleasure take
 To see a thousand languish for their sake :
 Women desire for Louers of each sort,
 And why not you ? Th' amorous Swaine for sport ;
 The Lad that driues the greatest focke to field,
 Will Buskins, Gloues, and other fancies yeeld ;
 The gallant Swaine will saue you from the iawes
 Of rauinous Beares, and from the Lions pawes.
 Beleeue what I propound ; doe many chuse,
 " The least Herbe in the field serues for some vse.

Nothing perswaded, nor aswag'd by this,
 Was fairest *Marine*, or her heauinesse :
 But prai'd the Shepherd as he ere did hope
 His silly sheepe should fearlesse haue the scope
 Of all the shadowes that the trees doe lend,
 From *Raynards* stealth, when *Titan* doth ascend,
 And runne his mid-way course : to leaue her there,
 And to his bleating charge againe repaire.
 He condescended ; left her by the brooke,
 And to the Swaine and 's sheepe himselfe betooke.

He gone : she with her selfe thus gan to faine ;
 Alas poore *Marine*, think'st thou to attaine
 His loue by sitting here ? or can the fire
 Be quencht with wood ? can we allay desire

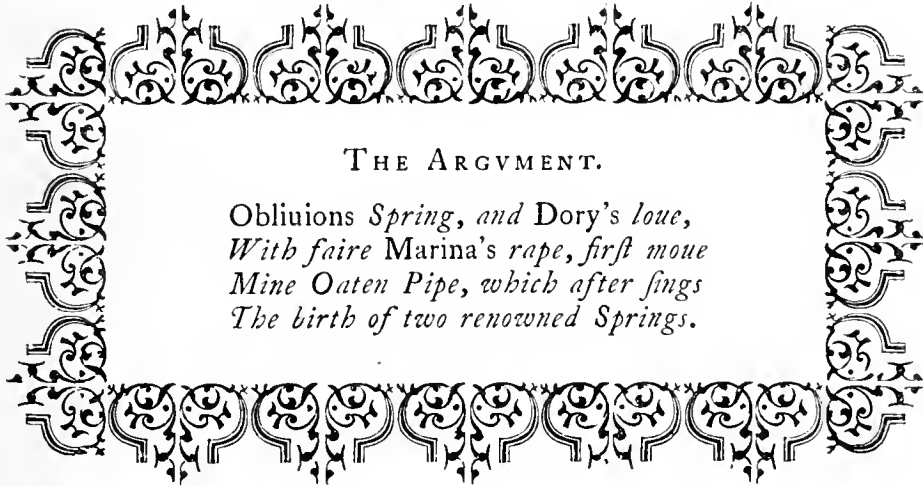
By wanting what's desired? O that breath,
The cause of life, should be the cause of death!
That who is shipwrackt on loues hidden shelve,
Doth liue to others, dies vnto her selfe.
Why might not I attempt by Death as yet
To gaine that freedome, which I could not get,
Being hind' red heretofore, a time as free:
A place as fit offers it selfe to me,
Whose seed of ill is growne to such a height,
That makes the earth groane to support his weight.
Who so is lull'd asleepe with *Midas'* treasures,
And onely feares by death to lose lifes pleasures;
Let them feare death: but since my fault is such,
And onely fault, that I haue lou'd too much,
On ioyes of life, why should I stand! for those
Which I neere had, I surely cannot lose.
Admit a while I to these thoughts consented,
"Death can be but deferred, not preuented.
Then raging with delay, her teares that fell
Vsher'd her way, and she into a Well
Straight-waies leapt after: "O! how desperation
"Attends vpon the minde enthral'd to passion!
The fall of her did make the God below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noise should grow:
Whether some ruder Clowne in spight did fling
A Lambe, vntimely false, into his Spring:
And if it were, he solemnly then swore
His Spring should flow some other way: no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be seene
To writhe in knots, or giue a gowne of greene
Vnto their Meadowes, nor be seene to play,
Nor driue the Rushy-mills, that in his way
The Shepherds made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their sheepe should rot.
And with such Moorish Springs embrace their field,
That it should nought but Mofse and Rushes yeeld.

Vpon each hillocke, where the merry Boy
 Sits piping in the shades his Notes of ioy,
 Hee'd shew his anger, by some floud at hand,
 And turne the same into a running fand.
 Vpon the *Oake*, the *Plumbe-tree*, and the *Holme*,
 The *Stock-doue* and the *Blackbird* should not come,
 Whose muting on those trees doe make to grow
 Rots curing * *Hyphear*, and the *Misseltoe*.
 Nor shall this helpe their sheep, whose stomacks failes,
 By tying knots of wooll neere to their tailes:
 But as the place next to the knot doth die,
 So shall it all the body mortifie.
 Thus spake the God: but when as in the water
 The corps came sinking downe, he spide the matter,
 And catching softly in his armes the Maid,
 He brought her vp, and hauing gently laid
 Her on his banke, did presently command
 Those waters in her to come forth: at hand
 They straight came gushing out, and did contest
 Which chiefly should obey their Gods behest.
 This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,
 And from his siluer haire let fall a drop
 Into her mouth, of such an excellence,
 That call'd backe life, which grieu'd to part from thence,
 Being for troth assur'd, that, then this one,
 She ne'er possessest a fairer mansion.
 Then did the God her body forwards steepe,
 And cast her for a while into a sleepe;
 Sitting still by her did his full view take
 Of Natures Master-peece. Here for her sake,
 My Pipe in silence as of right shall mourne,
 Till from the watring we againe returne.

* *Hypbear ad
 saginanda
 Pecora vti-
 limus: nino
 autem satum
 nullo modo
 nascitur, nec
 nisi per aluum
 [aluum]
 auium reddi-
 tum maxime
 Palumbis &
 Turdis. Plin.
 Hist. Nat.
 16. cap. 44.
 Hinc illud
 vetus ver-
 bum Tur-
 dus sibi ma-
 lum cacat.*



THE SECOND SONG.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Oblivions Spring, and Dory's loue,
With faire Marina's rape, first moue
Mine Oaten Pipe, which after sings
The birth of two renowned Springs.*



NOW till the Sunne shall leave vs to our rest,
And *Cynthia* haue her Brothers place possesse,
I shall goe on: and first in differing stripe,
The foud-Gods speech thus tune on Oaten
Pipe.

Or mortall, or a power aboue,
Inrag'd by Fury, or by Loue,
Or both, I know not; such a deed
Thou would'st effected, that I bleed
To thinke thereon: alas poore elfe,
What growne a traitour to thy selfe?
This face, this haire, this hand so pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing fure.
Nor was it meant so sweet a breath
Should be expos'd by such a death;

But rather in some louers brest
Be giuen vp, the place that best
Befits a louer yeeld his foule.
Nor should those mortals ere controule
The Gods, that in their wifdome sage
Appointed haue what Pilgrimage
Each one should runne: and why should men
Abridge the iourney fet for them?
But much I wonder any wight
If he did turne his outward fight
Into his inward, dar'd to act
Her death, whose body is compact
Of all the beauties euer Nature
Laid vp in store for earthly creature.
No sauage beast can be so cruell
To rob the earth of such a Iewell.
Rather the stately Vnicorne
Would in his brest enraged scorne,
That Maids committed to his charge
By any beast in Forrest large
Should so be wronged. *Satyres* rude
Durst not attempt, or ere intrude
With such a minde the flowry balke
Where harmlesse Virgins haue their walkes.
Would she be won with me to stay,
My waters should bring from the Sea
The Corral red, as tribute due,
And roundest pearles of Orient hue:
Or in the richer veines of ground
Should seeke for her the Diamond.
And whereas now vnto my Spring
They nothing else but grauell bring,
They should within a Mine of Gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And hauing it to dust well wrought,
By them it hither should be brought;

With which Ile paue and ouer-spread
 My bottome, where her foot shall tread.
 The best of Fishes in my flood
 Shall giue themselues to be her food.
 The *Trout*, the *Dace*, the *Pike*, the *Bream*,
 The *Eele*, that loues the troubled streame,
 The *Millers thombe*, the hiding *Loach*,
 The *Perch*, the euer-nibbling *Roach*,
 The *Shoats* with whom is *Tauie* fraught,
 The foolish *Gudgeon*, quickly caught,
 And last the little *Minnow*-fish,
 Whose chiefe delight in grauell is.

In right she cannot me despise
 Because so low mine Empire lies.
 For I could tell how Natures store
 Of Maiesty appeareth more
 In waters, then in all the rest
 Of Elements. It seem'd her best
 To giue the waues most strength and power :
 For they doe swallow and deuoure
 The earth; the waters quench and kill
 The flames of fire: and mounting still
 Vp in the aire, are seene to be,
 As challenging a Seignorie
 Within the heauens, and to be one
 That should haue like dominion.
 They be a feeling and a floore
 Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours store
 Arising from them, vitall spirit
 By which all things their life inherit
 From them is stopped, kept afunder.
 And what's the reason else of Thunder,
 Of lightnings flashes all about,
 That with such violence breake out,
 Causing such troubles and such iarres,
 As with it selfe the world had warres?

And can there any thing appeare
More wonderfull, then in the aire
Congealed waters oft to spie
Continuing pendant in the Skie?
Till falling downe in haile or snow,
They make those mortall wights below
To runne, and euer helpe desire
From his foe Element the fire,
Which fearing then to come abroad,
Within doores maketh his abroad.
Or falling downe oft time in raine,
Doth giue greene Liueries to the plaine,
Make[s] Shepherds Lambs fit for the dish,
And giueth nutriment to fish.
Which nourisheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth;
And therefore well confidering
The nature of it in each thing:
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor sow,
Her breast it doth so mollifie,
That it not onely comes to be
More easie for the share and Oxe,
But that in Haruest times the shocks
Of *Ceres* hanging eared corne
Doth fill the Houell and the Barne.
To Trees and Plants I comfort giue,
By me they fructifie and liue:
For first ascending from beneath
Into the Skie, with liuely breath,
I thence am furnish'd, and bestow
The same on Herbs that are below.
So that by this each one may see
I cause them spring and multiply.
Who seeth this, can doe no lesse,
Then of his owne accord confesse,

That notwithstanding all the strength
The earth enjoys in breadth and length,
She is beholding to each streame,
And hath received all from them.

Her love to him she then must give
By whom her selfe doth chiefly live.

This being spoken by this waters God,
He straight-way in his hand did take his rod,
And strooke it on his banke, wherewith the flood
Did such a roaring make within the wood,
That straight the *Nymph who then fate on her shore,
Knew there was somewhat to be done in store :
And therefore hastning to her Brothers Spring
She spide what caused the waters echoing.
Saw where faire *Marine* fast asleepe did lie,
Whilst that the God still viewing her fate by :
Who when he saw his Sister Nymph draw neare,
He thus gave tune his voice unto her eare.

* The wa-
try Nymph
that spoke
to *Remond*.

My fairest Sister (for we come
Both from the swelling *Thetis* wombe)
The reason why of late I strooke
My ruling wand vpon my Brooke
Was for this purpose ; Late this Maid
Which on my banke asleepe is laid,
Was by her selfe or other wight,
Cast in my spring, and did affright
With her late fall, the fish that take
Their chiefest pleasure in my Lake :
Of all the Fry within my deepe,
None durst out of their dwellings peepe.
The *Trout* within the weeds did scud,
The *Eele* him hid within the mud.
Yea, from this feare I was not free :
For as I musing fate to see
How that the prettie Pibbles round
Came with my Spring from vnder ground,

And how the waters iffuing
 Did make them dance about my Spring ;
 The noife thereof did me appall :
 That starting vpward therewithall,
 I in my armes her bodie caught,
 And both to light and life her brought :
 Then caft her in a fleepe you fee.
 But Brother, to the caufe (quoth ſhe)
 Why by your raging waters wilde
 Am I here called? *Thetis* childe,
 Replide the God, for thee I fent,
 That when her time of fleepe is ſpent,
 I may commit her to thy gage,
 Since women beft know womens rage.
 Meanwhile, faire Nymph, accompanie
 My Spring with thy ſweet harmonie ;
 And we will make her ſoule to take
 Some pleaſure, which is ſaid to wake,
 Although the body hath his reſt.

She gaue conſent, and each of them addreſt
 Vnto their part. The watrie *Nymph* did ſing
 In manner of a prettie queſtioning :
 The God made anſwer to what ſhe propounded,
 Whilſt from the Spring a pleaſant muſicke ſounded,
 (Making each ſhrub in ſilence to adore them)
 Taking their ſubiect from what lay before them.

Nymph.

W *Hats that, compact of earth, infuſ'd with aire ;
 A certaine, made full with vncertainties ;
 Sway'd by the motion of each ſeuerall Spheare ;
 Who's fed with nought but infelicities ;
 Endures nor heat nor cold ; is like a Swan,
 That this houre ſings, next dies ?*

God. *It is a Man.*

Nymph. *Whats he, borne to be sicke, so alwaies dying,
That's guided by ineuitable Fate ;
That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying ;
Whose Kalender of woes is still in date ;
Whose life's a bubble, and in length a span ;
A consort still in discords ?*

God. *Tis a man.*

Nymph. *What's hee, whose thoughts are still quell'd in
tb'euent,
Though ne'r so lawfull, by an opposite,
Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent :
And at his eares weares still a Parasite :
Hath friends in wealth, or wealthie friends, who can
In want proue meere illusions ?*

God. *Tis a Man.*

Nymph. *What's he, that what he is not, striues to seeme,
That doth support an Atlas-weight of care :
That of an outward good doth best esteeme :
And looketh not within how solid they are :
That doth not vertuous, but the richest scan ;
Learning and worth by wealth ?*

God. *It is a Man.*

Nymph. *What's that possessor, which of good makes bad ;
And what is worst, makes choice still for the best ;
That griueth most to thinke of what he had ;
And of his chiefeft losse accounteth least ;
That doth not what he ought, but what he can ;
Whose fancie's euer boundlesse ?*

God. *Tis a man.*

Nymph. *But what is it wherein Dame Nature wrought
The best of works, the onely frame of Heauen ;
And hauing long to finde a present fought,
Wherein the worlds whole beautie might be giuen ;*

The first
woman is
fained to
be named
Pandora, i.
a creature

framed of
the concur-
rence of the
gifts and
ornaments
of all the
Gods. As
Hesiod, ὅτι
πάντης
ἀλμπία
ἔωματ'
ἔχουτες
Δῶρον
ἰδόρησαν.

*She did resolve in it all arts to summon,
To ioine with Natures framing?
God. Tis this Woman.*

Nymph. *If beautie be a thing to be admired;
And if admiring draw to it affection;
And what we doe affect is most desired;
What wight is he to loue denies subiection?
And can his thoughts within himselfe confine?*

Marine that waking lay, said: *Celandine*.

He is the man that hates which some admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire:
'Tis onely he to loue denies subiecting,
And but himselfe, thinkes none is worth affecting.
Vnhappy me the while, accurst my Fate,
That Nature giues no loue where she gaue hate.
The watrie Rulers then perceiued plaine,
Nipt with the Winter of loues frost, Disdaine;
This *Non-par-el* of beautie had beene led
To doe an act which Enuie pitied:
Therefore in pitie did conferre together,
What Physicke best might cure this burning Feuer.

[At last found out that in a Groue below,
Where shadowing *Sicamours* past number grow,
A Fountaine takes his iourney to the Maine,
Whose liquors nature was so foueraigne,
(Like to the wondrous Well and famous Spring,
Which in * *Boe[otia]* hath his issuing)
That whofo of it doth but onely taste,
All former memorie from him doth waste.]
Not changing any other worke of Nature,
But doth endow the drinker with a feature
More louely, faire *Medea* tooke from hence
Some of this water, by whose quintessence,
Æson from age came backe to youth. This knowne,

* *Plinie*
writes of
two Springs
rising in
Boe[otia],
the first
helping me-
mory, called
μνήμη:
The latter
causing
obliuion,
called
ληθή.

The God thus spake :

Nymph, be thine owne,
And after mine. This Goddesse here
(For shees no leffe) will bring thee where
Thou shalt acknowledge Springs haue do[n]e
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and liue with me,
No Shepherds daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boast them of a better life.
Meane while I leaue thy thoughts at large,
Thy body to my sisters charge ;
Whilst I into my Spring doe diue,
To see that they doe not depriue
The Meadows neere, which much doe thirst,
Thus heated by the *Sunne*. May first
(Quoth *Marine*) Swaines giue Lambs to thee ;
And may thy Floud haue feignorie
Of all Flouds else, and to thy fame
Meet greater Springs, yet keepe thy name.
May neuer *Euet* nor the *Tode*,
Within thy bankes make their abode !
Taking thy iourney from the Sea,
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way
On Niter or on Brimstone Mine,
To spoile thy taste ! this Spring of thine
Let it of nothing taste but earth,
And salt conceiued, in their birth
Be euer fresh ! Let no man dare
To spoile thy Fish, make locke or ware,
But on thy Margent still let dwell
Those flowers which haue the sweetest smell.
And let the dust vpon thy strand
Become like *Tagus* golden sand.
Let as much good betide to thee,
As thou hast fauour shew'd to mee.

Thus said, in gentle paces they remoue,
 And haftned onward to the shadie Groue :
 Where both arriu'd ; and hauing found the Rocke,
 Saw how this precious water it did locke.
 As he whom Auarice possesseth most,
 Drawne by necessitie vnto his cost,
 Doth drop by peece-meale downe his prison'd gold,
 And seemes vnwilling to let goe his hold :
 So the strong rocke the water long time stops,
 And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops.
 Like hoording hufwiues that doe mold their food,
 And keepe from others, what doth them no good.

The drops within a Cesterne, fell of stone,
 Which fram'd by *Nature*, *Art* had neuer one
 Halfe part so curious. Many spells then vsing,
 The waters Nymph twixt *Marines* lips infusing
 Part of this water, she might straight perceiue
 How soone her troubled thoughts began to leaue
 Her Loue-swolne-breast ; and that her inward flame
 Was cleane aswaged, and the very name
 Of *Celandine* forgotten ; did scarce know
 If there were such a thing as Loue or no.
 And sighing, therewithall threw in the aire
 All former loue, all sorrow, all despaire ;
 And all the former causes of her mone
 Did therewith burie in obliuion.

Then mustring vp her thoughts, growne vagabonds
 Prest to relecue her inward bleeding wounds,
 She had as quickly all things past forgotten,
 As men doe Monarchs that in earth lie rotten.
 As one new borne she seem'd, so al discerning,
 " Though things long learned are the longest vnlearning.
 Then walk'd they to a Groue but neere at hand,
 Where fierie *Titan* had but small command,
 Because the leaues conspiring kept his beames,
 For feare of hurting (when hee's in extreames)

The vnder-flowers, which did enrich the ground
 With sweeter fents than in *Arabia* found.
 The earth doth yeeld (which they through pores exhale)
 Earths best of odours, th'Aromaticall:
 Like to that smell which oft our sense descrites
 Within a field which long vnplowed lies,
 Somewhat before the setting of the Sunne;
 And where the Raine-bow in the *Horizon*
 Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
 The earth being troubled with a drought long time,
 The hand of Heauen his spungie Clouds doth straine,
 And throwes into her lap a showre of raine;
 She fendeth vp (conceiued from the Sunne)
 A sweet perfume and exhalation.
 Not all the Ointments brought from *Delos* Ile;
 Nor from the confines of feuen-headed *Nile*;
 Nor that brought whence *Phœnicians* haue abodes;
 Nor *Cyprus* wilde Vine-flowers, nor that of *Rhodes*,
 Nor Roses-oile from *Naples*, *Capua*,
 Saffron confected in *Cilicia*;
 Nor that of *Quinces*, nor of *Marioram*,
 That euer from the Ile of *Coos* came.
 Nor these, nor any else, though ne'er so rare,
 Could with this place for sweetest smels compare.
 There stood the *Elme*, whose shade so mildly dim
 Doth nourish all that groweth vnder him.
Cypresse that like *Piramides* runne topping,
 And hurt the least of any by their dropping.
 The *Alder*, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
 Each Plant set neere to him long flourisheth.
 The heaueie-headed *Plane*-tree, by whose shade
 The grasse growes thickest, men are fresher made.
 The *Oake*, that best endures the Thunder-shocks
 The euerlasting *Ebene*, *Cedar*, *Box*.
 The *Oliue* that in Wainscot neuer cleaues.
 The amorous *Vine* which in the *Elme* still weaues.

The *Lotus*, *Iuniper*, where wormes ne'er enter :
 The *Pyne*, with whom men through the *Ocean* venter.
 The warlike *Yewgh*, by which (more then the Lance)
 The strong-arm'd *English* spirits conquer'd *France*.
 Amongst the rest the *Tamariske* there stood,
 For Huswiues bosomes onely knowne most good.
 The cold-place-louing *Birch*, and *Seruis* tree :
 The *Walnut* louing vales, and *Mulbury*.
 The *Maple*, *Ashe* ; that doe delight in Fountaines,
 Which haue their currents by the sides of Mountains.
 The *Laurell*, *Mirtle*, *Iuy*, *Date*, which hold
 Their leaues all Winter, be it ne'er so cold.
 The *Firre*, that oftentimes doth Rosin drop :
 The *Beech* that scales the Welkin with his top :
 All these, and thousand more within this Groue,
 By all the industry of Nature stroue
 To frame an Harbour that might keepe within it
 The best of beauties that the world hath in it.

Here entring, at the entrance of which shroud,
 The *Sunne* halfe angry hid him in a cloud,
 As raging that a Groue should from his sight
 Locke vp a beauty whence himselfe had light.
 The flowers pull'd in their heads as being sham'd
 Their beauties by the others were defam'd.

Neere to this Wood there lay a pleasant Mead,
 Where Fairies often did their Measures tread,
 Which in the Meadow made such circles g[r]eene,
 As if with Garlands it had crowned beene,
 Or like the Circle where the Signes we tracke,
 And learned Shepherds call't the *Zodiacke* :
 Within one of these rounds was to be seene
 A Hillocke rise, where oft the *Fairy-Queene*
 At twy-light sate, and did command her Elues,
 To pinch those Maids that had not swept their shelues :
 And further if by Maidens ouer-sight,
 Within doores water were not brought at night :

Or if they spread no Table, set no Bread,
They should haue nips from toe vnto the head :
And for the Maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the Water-paile bade leaue a Ring.

Vpon this Hill there sat a louely *Swaine*,
As if that Nature thought it great disdaine
That he should (so through her his *Genius* told him)
Take equall place with *Swaines*, since she did hold him
Her chiefeft worke, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiours he should neuer fit.

Narciffus change, sure *Ouid* cleane mistooke,
He dy'd not looking in a Cryftall brooke,
But (as those which in emulation gaze)
He pinde to death by looking on this face.

When he stood fishing by some Riuers brim,
The fish would leape, more for a sight of him
Then for the flie. The Eagle highest bred,
Was taking him once vp for *Ganimed*.

The shag-haired *Satyres*, and the tripping *Fawnes*,
With all the troope that frolicke on the Lawnes,
Would come and gaze on him, as who should say
They had not seene his like this many a day.

Yea *Venus* knew no difference twixt these twaine,
Saue *Adon* was a Hunter, this a Swaine.

The woods sweet Queristers from spray to spray
Would hop them neerer him, and then there stay :
Each ioying greatly from his little hart,
That they with his sweet Reed might beare a part :

This was the Boy, (the Poets did mistake)
To whom bright *Cynthia* so much loue did make ;
And promis'd for his loue no scornfull eyes
Should euer see her more in horned guise :
But she at his command would as of dutie
Become as full of light as he of beautie.

Lucina at his birth for Mid-wife stucke :
And *Citherea* nurc'd and gaue him sucke,

Who to that end, once Doue-drawnē from the Sea,
 Her full Paps dropt, whence came the *Milkie-way*.
 And as when *Plato* did i'th' Cradle thriue,
 Bees to his lips brought honey from their Hiue:
 So to this Boy they came, I know not whether
 They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
 The Wood-Nymphs oftentimes would bufied be,
 And plucke for him the blushing Strawberie:
 Making of them a Bracelet on a Bent,
 Which for a fauour to this Swaine they fent.
 Sitting in shades, the *Sunne* would oft by skips
 Steale through the boughes, and feize vpon his lips.
 The chiefeft cause the *Sunne* did condescend
 To *Phaetons* request, was to this end,
 That whilst the other did his Horses reyne,
 He might flide from his *Spheare*, & court this Swaine;
 Whose sparkling eyes vi'd lustre with the Starres,
 The trueft Center of all Circulars.
 In brieft, if any man in skill were able
 To finish vp *Apelles* halfe-done Table,
 This Boy (the man left out) were fitteft fure
 To be the patterne of that portraiture.

Piping he fate, as merry as his looke,
 And by him lay his Bottle and his Hooke.
 His buskins (edg'd with filuer) were of filke,
 Which held a legge more white then mornings milk.
 Those Buskins he had got and brought away
 For dancing best vpon the Reuell day:
 His Oaten Reede did yeeld forth such sweet Notes,
 Ioyned in confort with the Birds shrill throtes,
 That equaliz'd the Harmony of *Spheares*,
 A Musicke that would rauish choicest eares.
 Long look'd they on (who would not long looke on,
 That such an obieft had to looke vpon?)
 Till at the last the Nymph did *Marine* fend,
 To aske the neereft way, whereby to wend

To those faire walkes where sprung *Marina's* ill
 Whilst she would stay : *Marine* obey'd her will,
 And hastned towards him (who would not doe so,
 That such a pretty iourney had to goe?)
 Sweetly she came, and with a modest blush,
 Gaue him the day, and then accosted thus :
 Fairest of men, that (whilst thy flocke doth feed)
 Sitt'st sweetly piping on thine Oaten Reed
 Vpon this *Little berry* (some ycleep
 A Hillocke) void of care, as are thy sheepe
 Deuoid of spots, and sure on all this greene
 A fairer flocke as yet was neuer seene :
 Doe me this fauour (men should fauour Maids)
 That whatsoever path directly leads,
 And void of danger, thou to me doe show,
 That by it to the Marish I might goe.
 Mariage! (quoth he) mistaking what she said,
Natures perfection : thou most fairest Maid,
 (If any fairer then the fairest may be)
 Come sit thee downe by me; know louely Ladie,
Loue is the readiest way : if tane aright
 You may attaine thereto full long ere night.
 The Maiden thinking he of Marish spoke,
 And not of Mariage, straight-way did inuoke,
 And praid the Shepherds God might alwaies keepe
 Him from all danger, and from Wolues his sheepe.
 Wishing withall that in the prime of Spring
 Each sheepe he had, two Lambs might yeerely bring.
 But yet (quoth she) arede good gentle Swaine,
 If in the Dale below, or on yond Plaine;
 Or is the Village situate in a Groue,
 Through which my way lies, and ycleeped loue?
 Nor on yond Plaine, nor in this neighbouring wood;
 Nor in the Dale where glides the siluer flood;
 But like a Beacon on a hill so hie,
 That euery one may see't which passeth by,

Is Loue yplac'd : ther's nothing can it hide,
 Although of you as yet 'tis vnespide.
 But on which hill (quoth she) pray tell me true?
 Why here (quoth he) it fits and talkes to you.
 And are you Loue (quoth she?) fond Swaine adue,
 You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you.
 Though not your way, yet you may lye by me :
 Nymph, with a Shepherd thou as merrily
 Maist loue and liue, as with the greatest Lord.
 " Greatnesse doth neuer most content afford.
 I loue thee onely, not affect worlds pelfe,
 " She is not lou'd, that's lou'd not for her selfe.
 How many Shepherds daughters, who in dutie
 To griping fathers haue inthral'd their beautie,
 To wait vpon the *Gout*, to walke when pleases
 Old *January* halt. O that diseases
 Should linke with youth : She that hath such a mate
 Is like two twins borne both incorporate :
 Th'one liuing, th'other dead : the liuing twin
 Must needs be flaine through noysfomnesse of him
 He carrieth with him : such are their estates,
 Who meerely marry wealth and not their mates.
 As ebbing waters freely slide away,
 To pay their tribute to the raging Sea ;
 When meeting with the floud they iustle stout,
 Whether the one shall in, or th'other out :
 Till the strong floud new power of waues doth bring,
 And driues the Riuer backe into his Spring :
 So *Marine's* words offring to take their course,
 By Loue then entring, were kept backe, and force
 To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd,
 And threw them backe againe into her minde.
 " How hard it is to leaue and not to do
 " That which by nature we are prone vnto?
 " We hardly can (alas why not?) discusse,
 " When Nature hath decreed it must be thus.
 " It is a Maxime held of all, knowne plaine,

“ Thrust Nature off with forkes, she'll turne againe.

Blithe *Doridon* (so men this Shepherd hight)
Seeing his Goddesse in a silent plight,
(“ Loue often makes the speeches organs mute,)
Began againe thus to renue his fute :

If by my words your silence hath bene such,
Faith I am sorry I haue spoke so much.
Barre I those lips? fit to be th'vtters, when
The heauens would parly with the chiefe of men.
Fit to direct (a tongue all hearts conuinces)
When best of Scribes writes to the best of Princes,
Were mine like yours, of choicest words compleatest,
“ Ide shew how grief's a thing weighs down the greatest
“ The best of formes (who knows not) grief doth taint it,
“ The skilfull'st Pencil neuer yet could paint it.
And reason good, since no man yet could finde
What figure represents a griued minde.
Me thinkes a troubled thought is thus exprest,
To be a *Chaos* rude and indigest :
Where all doe rule, and yet none beares chiefe sway :
Checkt onely by a power that's more then they.
This doe I speake, since to this euery louer
That thus doth loue, is thus still giuen ouer.
If that you say you will not, cannot loue :
Oh Heauens! for what cause then do you here moue?
Are you not fram'd of that expertest mold,
For whom all in this Round concordance hold?
Or are you framed of some other fashon,
And haue a forme and heart, but yet no¹ passion?
It cannot be: for then vnto what end
Did the best worke-man this great worke intend?
Not that by minds commerce, and ioynt estate,
The worlds continuers still should propagate?
Yea, if that Reason (Regent of the Senses)
Haue but a part amongst your excellences,

¹ Old eds. have *a*.

Shee'll tell you what you call *Virginitie*,
 Is fitly lik'ned to a barren tree;
 Which when the Gardner on it paines bestowes,
 To graffe an Impe thereon, in time it growes
 To such perfection, that it yeerely brings
 As goodly fruit, as any tree that springs.
 Beleue me Maiden, vow no chafitie:
 For maidens but imperfect creatures be.

Alas poore Boy (quoth *Marine*) haue the Fates
 Exempted no degrees? are no estates
 Free from Loues rage? Be rul'd: vnhappy Swaine,
 Call backe thy spirits, and recollect againe
 Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth
 "Loue is a *Syren* that doth shipwracke youth.
 Be well aduis'd, thou entertainst a guest
 That is the Harbinger of all vnrest:
 VVhich like the Vipers young, that licke the earth,
 Eat out the breeders wombe to get a birth.

Faith (quoth the Boy) I know there cannot be,
 Danger in louing or inioying thee.
 For what cause were things made and called good,
 But to be loued? If you vnderstood
 The Birds that prattle here, you would know then,
 As birds wooe birds, maids should be woo'd of men.
 But I want power to wooe, since what was mine
 Is fled, and lye as vassals at your shrine:
 And since what's mine is yours, let that same moue,
 Although in me you see nought worthy Loue.
Marine about to speake, forth of a sling
 (Fortune to all misfortunes pleyes her wing
 More quicke and speedy) came a sharpned flint,
 VVhich in the faire boyes necke made such a dint,
 That crimson blood came streaming from the wound,
 And he fell downe into a deadly fwound.
 The blood ran all along where it did fall,
 And could not finde a place of buriall:

But where it came, it there congealed stood,
As if the Earth loath'd to drinke guiltlesse blood.

Gold-haird *Apollo*, Muses sacred King,
Whose praise in *Delphos* He doth euer ring :
Physickes first founder, whose Arts excellence
Extracted Natures chiefeft quintessence,
Unwilling that a thing of such a worth
Should so be lost ; straight sent a Dragon forth
To fetch his blood, and he perform'd the same :
And now Apothecaries giue it name,
From him that fetcht it : (Doctors know it good
In Physicks vse) and call it *Dragons blood*.
Some of the blood by chance did down-ward fall,
And by a veine got to a Minerall,
Whence came a Red, decayed Dames infuse it
With *Venice Ceruse*, and for painting vse it.
Marine astonisht (most vnhappy Maid)
O'er-come with feare, and at the view afraid,
Fell downe into a trance, eyes lost their sight,
Which being open, made all darknesse light.
Her blood ran to her heart, of life to feed,
Or lothing to behold so vile a deed.

And as when Winter doth the Earth array
In filuer sute, and when the night and day
Are in dissention, Night locks vp the ground,
Which by the helpe of day is oft vnbound :
A shepherds boy with bow and shafts addrest,
Ranging the fields, hauing once pierc'd the brest
Of some poore fowle, doth with the blow straight rush
To catch the Bird lyes panting in the Bush :
So rusht this striker in, vp *Marine* tooke,
And hastned with her to a neare-hand Brooke.
Old Shepherds faine (old shepherds sooth haue faine)
Two Riuers tooke their issue from the Maine,
Both neere together, and each bent his race,
Which of them both should first behold the face

An expref-
sion of the
natures of
two Riuers
rising neere
together,
and differ-
ing in their
tastes and
manner of
running.

Of Radiant *Phæbus* : One of them in gliding
 Chanc'd on a Veine where *Niter* had abiding :
 The other loathing that her purer Waue
 Should be defil'd with that the *Niter* gaue,
 Fled fast away, the other follow'd fast,
 Till both beene in a Rocke ymet at last.
 As seemed best, the Rocke did first deliuer
 Out of his hollow sides the purer Riuer :
 (As if it taught those men in honour clad,
 To helpe the vertuous and suppressè the bad.)
 Which gotten loose, did softly glide away.
 As men from earth, to earth ; from sea to sea ;
 So Riuers run : and that from whence both came
 Takes what she gaue : *Waues*, *Earth* : but leaues a name.
 As waters haue their course, & in their place
 Succeeding streames will out, so is mans race :
 The *Name* doth still suruiue, and cannot die,
 Vntill the Channels stop, or Spring grow dry.

As I haue seene vpon a Bridall day
 Full many Maids clad in their best array,
 In honour of the Bride come with their Flaskets
 Fill'd full with flowers : others in wicker-baskets
 Bring from the Marish Rushes, to o'er-spread
 The ground, whereon to Church the Louers tread ;
 Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the Plaine
 Vshers their way with many a piping straine :
 So, as in ioy, at this faire Riuers birth,
Triton came vp a Channell with his mirth,
 And call'd the neighb'ring Nymphs each in her turne
 To poure their pretty Riulets from their Vrne ;
 To wait vpon this new-delivered Spring.
 Some running through the Meadowes, with them bring
Cowslip and *Mint* : and 'tis anothers lot
 To light vpon some Gardeners curious knot,
 Whence she vpon her breast (loues sweet repose)
 Doth bring the *Queene* of flowers, the *English Rose*.

Some from the Fenne bring *Reeds*, *Wilde-tyme* from
Some frō a Groue the *Bay* that *Poets* crowns ; (Downs ;
Some from an aged *Rocke* the *Mosse* hath torne,
And leaues him naked vnto winters storme :
Another from her bankes (in meere good will)
Brings nutriment for fish, the *Camomill*.
Thus all bring somewhat, and doe ouer-spread
The way the Spring vnto the Sea doth tread.

This while the *Flood* which yet the *Rocke* vp pent,
And suffered not with iocund merriment
To tread rounds in his Spring, came rushing forth,
As angry that his waues (he thought) of worth
Should not haue libertie, nor helpe the pryne.
And as some ruder Swaine composing ryme,
Spends many a gray Goose quill vnto the handle,
Buries within his socket many a Candle ;
Blots Paper by the quire, and dries vp Inke,
As *Xerxes* Armie did whole *Riuers* drinke,
Hoping thereby his name his worke should raise
That it should liue vntill the last of dayes :
Which finished, he boldly doth addressē
Him and his workes to vnder-goe the *Presse* ;
When loe (O Fate !) his worke not seeming fit
To walke in equipage with better wit,
Is kept from light, there gnawne by Moathes and wormes,
At which he frets : Right so this *Riuer* stormes :
But broken forth ; As *Tauy* creepes vpon
The *Westerne* vales of fertile *Albion*,
Here dashes roughly on an aged *Rocke*,
That his entended passage doth vp locke ;
There intricately mongst the Woods doth wander,
Losing himselfe in many a wry Meander :
Here amorously bent, clips some faire Mead ;
And then disperst in rils, doth measures tread
Vpon her bosome 'mongst her flowry ranks :
There in another place beares downe the banks,

Of some day-labouring wretch : here meets a rill,
 And with their forces ioyn'd cuts out a Mill
 Into an Iland, then in iocund guise
 Suruayes his conquest, lauds his enterprise :
 Here digs a Caue at some high Mountaines foot :
 There vndermines an Oake, teares vp his root :
 Thence rushing to some Ccountry-farme at hand,
 Breaks o'er the Yeomans mounds, sweepes from his land
 His Haruest hope of Wheat, of Rye, or Pease :
 And makes that channell which was Shepherds lease :
 Here, as our wicked age doth sacriledge,
 Helpes downe an Abbey, then a naturall bridge
 By creeping vnder ground he frameth out,
 As who should say he either went about
 To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
 For hauing done a deed so vile and base :
 So ran this Riuer on, and did bestirre
 Himselfe, to finde his fellow-Traueller.

But th'other fearing lest her noyse might shew
 What path she took, which way her streams did flow :
 As some way-faring man strayes th'row a wood,
 Where beasts of prey thirsting for humane blood
 Lurke in their dens, he softly listning goes,
 Not trusting to his heeles, treads on his toes :
 Dreads euery noyse he heares, thinks each small bush
 To be a beast that would vpon him rush :
 Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth smother ;
 Now leaues this path, takes that, then to another :
 Such was her course. This feared to be found,
 The other not to finde, swels o'er each mound,
 Roares, rages, foames, against a mountaine dashes,
 And in recoile, makes Meadowes standing plashe :
 Yet findes not what he seekes in all his way,
 But in despaire runs headlong to the Sea.
 This was the cause them by tradition taught,
 Why one floud ran so fast, th'other so soft,

Both from one head. Vnto the rougher streame,
 (Crown'd by that Meadows flowry Diadem,
 Where *Doridon* lay hurt) the cruell Swaine
 Hurries the Shepherdesse, where hauing laine
 Her in a Boat like the *Cannowes* of *Inde*,
 Some filly trough of wood, or some trees rinde ;
 Puts from the shoare, and leaues the weeping strand,
 Intends an act by water, which the land
 Abhorr'd to boulder ; yea, the guiltlesse earth
 Loath'd to be Mid-wife to so vile a birth.
 Which to relate I am inforc'd to wrong
 The modest blushes of my Maiden-song.
 Then each faire *Nymph* whom Nature doth endow
 With beauties cheeke, crown'd with a shamefast brow ;
 Whose well-tun'd eares, chaste-obiect-louing eyne
 Ne'er heard nor saw the workes of **Aretine* ;
 Who ne'er came on the *Citherean* shelve,
 But is as true as Chastitie it selfe ;
 Where hated Impudence ne'er set her feed ;
 Where lust lies not vail'd in a virgins weed :
 Let her with-draw. Let each young Shepherdling
 Walke by, or stop his eare, the whilst I sing.

But yee, whose blood, like Kids vpon a plaine,
 Doth skip, and dance *Lauoltoes* in each veine ;
 Whose breasts are swolne with the *Venerean* game,
 And warme your felues at lusts alluring flame ;
 Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
 And wallowing lye within a sensuall sinke ;
 Whose fained gestures doe entrap our youth
 With an apparancie of simple truth ;
 Infatiate gulphs, in your defectiue part
 By Art helpe Nature, and by Nature, Art :
 Lend me your eares, and I will touch a string
 Shall lull your sense asleepe the while I sing.

But stay : me thinkes I heare something in me
 That bids me keepe the bounds of modestie ;

* An ob-
 scene *Italian*
 Poet.

Sayes, " Each mans voice to that is quickly moued
 " Which of himfelfe is best of all beloued ;
 " By vttring what thou knowst lesse glory's got,
 " Then by concealing what thou knowest not.
 If so, I yeeld to it, and fet my rest
 Rather to lose the bad, then wrong the best.
 My Maiden-Muse flies the lasciuious Swaines,
 And scornes to soyle her lines with lustfull straines :
 Will not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare
 Immodesties abhorred Character)
 His shamelesse prying, his vndecent doings ;
 His curious searchies, his respectlesse wooings :
 How that he saw. But what? I dare not breake it,
 You safer may conceiue then I dare speake it.
 Yet verily had he not thought her dead,
 Sh'ad lost, ne'er to be found, her Maiden-head.

The rougher streame loathing a thing compacted
 Of so great shame, should on his Floud be acted ;
 (According to our times not well allow'd
 In others, what he in himfelfe auow'd)
 Bent hard his fore-head, furrow'd vp his face,
 And danger led the way the boat did trace.
 And as within a *Landskip* that doth stand
 Wrought by the Pencill of some curious hand,
 We may discry, here meadow, there a wood :
 Here standing ponds, and there a running floud :
 Here on some mount a house of pleasure wanted,
 Where once the roaring Cannon had beene planted :
 There on a hill a Swaine pipes out the day,
 Out-brauing all the Quiristers of *May*.
 A Hunts-man here followes his cry of hounds,
 Driuing the Hare along the fallow grounds :
 Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t'allow,
 Followes the hounds, and carelesse leaues the Plow.
 There in another place some high-rais'd land,
 In pride beares out her breasts vnto the strand.

Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit head :
 Here round a May-pole some the meafures tread :
 There boyes the truant play and leaue their booke :
 Here stands an Angler with a baited hooke.
 There for a Stagge one lurkes within a bough :
 Here fits a Maiden milking of her Cow.
 There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne downe)
 Lies buried in his dust some ancient Towne ;
 Who now inuillaged, there's onely feene
 In his vaste ruines what his ftate had beene :
 And all of thefe in fhadowes fo exprest
 Make the beholders eyes to take no reft.
 So for the Swaine the *Floud* did meane to him
 To fhew in Nature (not by Art to limbe)
 A Tempefts rage, his furious waters threat,
 Some on this shoare, some on the other beat.
 Here stands a Mountaine, where was once a Dale ;
 There where a Mountaine ftood is now a Vale.
 Here flowes a billow, there another meets :
 Each, on each fide the skiffe, vnkindly greets.
 The waters vnderneath gan vpward moue,
 Wondring what stratagemes were wrought about :
 Billowes that mift the boat, ftill onward thruft,
 And on the Cliffes, as fwolne with anger, burft.
 All thefe, and more, in fubftance fo exprest,
 Made the beholders thoughts to take no reft.
Horror in triumph rid vpon the waues ;
 And all the *Furies* from their gloomy caues
 Came houering o're the Boat, fummond each fence
 Before the fearefull barre of *Confcience* ;
 Were guilty all, and all condemned were
 To vnder-goe their horrors with defpaire.

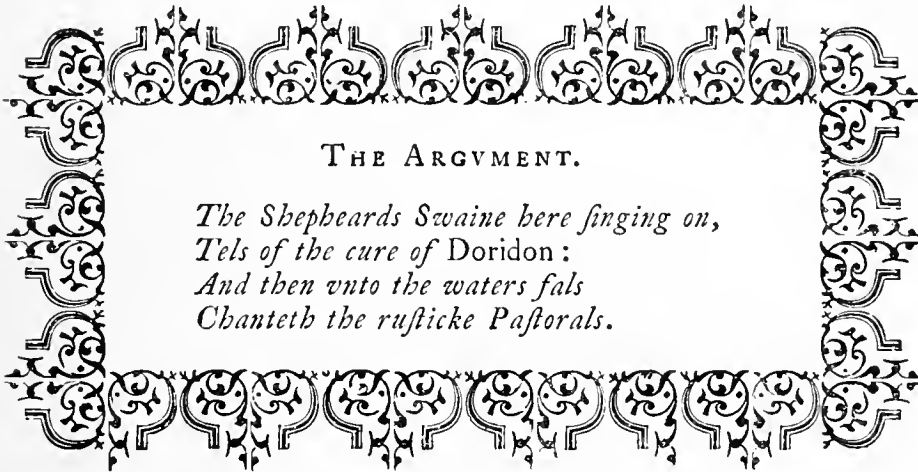
What Mufe ? what Powre ? or what thrice facred Herfe,
 That liues immortall in a well-tun'd Verfe,
 Can lend me fuch a fight that I might fee
 A guilty confcience true *Anatomie* ;

That well-kept Register wherein is writ
 All ils men doe, all goodnesse they omit ?
 His pallid feares, his sorrowes, his affrightings ;
 His late wisht *had-I-wists*, remorsefull bitings :
 His many tortures, his heart-renting paine :
 How were his griefes compos'd in one chaine,
 And he by it let downe into the Seas,
 Or th'row the Center to th' *Antipodes* ?
 He might change Climates, or be barr'd Heauens face ;
 Yet finde no falue, nor euer change his case.
 Feares, sorrowes, tortures, sad affrights, nor any,
 Like to the Conscience sting, though thrice as many ;
 Yet all these torments by the Swaine were borne.
 Whilst Deaths grim visage lay vpon the storme.

But as when some kinde Nurse doth long time keep
 Her pretty babe at sucke, whom falne asleepe
 She layes downe in his Cradle, stints his cry
 With many a sweet and pleasing *Lullaby* ;
 Whilst the sweet childe, not troubled with the shock,
 As sweetly slumbers, as his Nurse doth rocke :
 So lay the Maid, th'amazed Swaine fate weeping,
 And death in her was dispossess'd by sleeping.
 The roaring voyce of winds, the billowes raues ;
 Nor all the muttring of the fullen waues
 Could once disquiet, or her slumber stirre :
 But lull'd her more asleepe then wakened her.
 Such are their states, whose soules from foule offence
 Enthroned sit in spotlesse *Innocence*.
 Where rest my Muse ; till (iolly Shepherds Swaines)
 Next morne with Pearles of dew bedecks our plaines
 Wee'll fold our flockes, then in fit time goe on
 To tune mine Oaten pipe for *Doridon*.



THE THIRD SONG.



THE ARGUMENT.

*The Shepheards Swaine here singing on,
Tels of the cure of Doridon:
And then vnto the waters fals
Chanteth the rusticke Pastorals.*



How had the *Sunne*, in golden chariot hurl'd,
Twice bid *good-morrow* to the nether world:
And *Cynthia*, in her orbe and perfect round,
Twice view'd the shadowes of the vpper
ground.

Twice had the *Day-starre* vs her'd forth the light;
And twice the *Euening-starre* proclaim'd the night;
Ere once the sweet-fac'd Boy (now all forlorne)
Came with his Pipe to resalute the Morne.

When grac'd by time (vnhappy time the while)
The cruell Swaine (who ere knew Swaine so vile?)
Had stroke the Lad, in came the watry Nymph,
To raise from found poore *Doridon* (the Impe,
Whom Nature seem'd to haue selected forth
To be ingrafted on some stocke of worth;)

And the Maids helpe, but since "to doomes of Fate
 "Succour, though ne'er so soone, comes still too late."
 She rais'd the youth, then with her armes inrings him,
 And so with words of hope she home-wards brings him.

At doore expecting him his Mother fate,
 Wondring her Boy should stay from her so late ;
 Framing for him vnto her selfe excuses,
 And with such thoughts gladly her selfe abuses :
 As that her sonne, since day grew old and weake,
 Staid with the Maids to runne at *Barlibreake* :
 Or that he cours'd a *Parke* with females fraught,
 Which would not run except they might be caught.
 Or in the thickets layd some wily snare
 To take the Rabbet, or the pourblinde Hare.
 Or taught his Dogge to catch the climbing Kid :
 Thus Shepherds doe ; and thus she thought he did.

" *In things expected meeting with delay,*
 " *Though there be none, we frame some cause of stay.*
 And so did she, (as she who doth not so ?)

Coniecture Time vnwing'd he came so slow.
 But *Doridon* drew neere, so did her grieve :
 " Ill lucke, for speed, of all things else is chiefe.

Homer.

For as the *Blinde-man* sung, *Time so prouides,*
That Ioy goes still on foot, and sorrow rides.
 Now when she saw (a wofull sight) her sonne,
 Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cries begun
 To vtter such a plaint, that scarce another,
 Like this, ere came from any loue-sicke mother.

If man hath done this, heauen why mad'st thou men ?
 Not to deface thee in thy children ;
 But by the worke the Worke-man to adore ;
 Framing that something, which was nought before.
 Aye me vnhappy wretch ! if that in things
 Which are as we (saue title) men feare Kings,
 That be their Postures to the life limb'd on
 Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,

“ Tis death to stab : why then should earthly things
 Dare to deface his forme who formed Kings ?
 When the world was but in his infancy,
 Reuenge, Desires vniust, vile Iealoufie,
 Hate, Enuy, Murther, all these six then raigned,
 When but their halfe of men the world contained :
 Yet but in part of these, those ruled then,
 When now as many vices liue as men.

Liue they ? yes liue I feare to kill my Sonne,
 With whom my ioyes, my loue, my hopes are done.

Cease, quoth the *Waters Nymph*, that led the Swain ;
 Though 'tis each mothers cause thus to complaine :
 Yet “ abstinence in things we must professe

“ Which *Nature* fram'd for need, not for excesse.

Since the least bloud, drawne from the lesser part

Of any childe, comes from the Mothers hart,
 We cannot chuse but grieue, except that wee
 Should be more senslesse than the senslesse tree,
 Reply'd his Mother. Doe but cut the limbe

Of any Tree, the trunke will weepe for him :

Rend the cold * *Sicamor's* thin barke in two,

His Name and Teares, would say, So *Loue should do.*

“ That Mother is all flint (then beasts lesse good)

“ Which drops no water when her childe streames blood.

At this the wounded Boy fell on his knee,

Mother, kinde Mother (said) weepe not for mee,

Why, I am well ? Indeed I am : If you

Cease not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew.

When I was promist first the lights fruition,

You oft haue told me, 'twas on this condition,

That I should hold it with like rent and paine

As others doe, and one time leaue't againe.

Then deereft mother leaue, oh leaue to waile,

“ Time will effect, where teares can nought auaille.

Herewith *Marinda* taking vp her sonne,

Her hope, her loue, her ioy, her *Doridon* ;

* Alluding
 to our Eng-
 lish pronun-
 ciation and
 indifferent
 Orthogra-
 phie.

She thank'd the *Nymph*, for her kinde succour lent,
Who strait tript to her watry Regiment.

* Iuly tooke
his name
from Iulius
Cæsar.

Downe in a dell (where in that * Month whose fame
Growes greater by the man who gaue it name,
Stands many a well-pil'd cocke of short sweet hay
That feeds the husbands Neat each Winters day)
A mountaine had his foot, and gan to rise
In stately height to parlee with the Skies.
And yet as blaming his owne lofty gate,
Waighing the fickle props in things of state,
His head began to droope, and down-wards bending,
Knockt on that brest which gaue it birth and ending :
And lyes so with an hollow hanging vault,
As when some boy trying the *Somersaunt*,
Stands on his head, and feet, as hee did lie
To kicke against earths spangled Canopie ;
When seeing that his heeles are of such weight,
That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,
Leaves any more to striue ; and thus doth say,
What now I cannot doe, another day
May well effect : it cannot be denide
I shew'd a will to act, because I tride :
The *Scornefull-hill* men call'd him, who did scorne
So to be call'd, by reason he had borne
No hate to greatnesse, but a minde to be
The slaue of greatnesse, through Humilitie :
For had his Mother Nature thought it meet
He meekly bowing would haue kist her feet.

Vnder the hollow hanging of this hill
There was a Caue cut out by Natures skill :
Or else it seem'd the Mount did open's brest,
That all might see what thoughts he there possesst.
Whose gloomy entrance was enuiron'd round
With shrubs that cloy ill husbands Meadow-ground :
The thick-growne *Haw-thorne* & the binding *Bryer*,
The *Holly* that out-dares cold Winters ire :

Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale,
That scarce a glympse of light could inward steale.
An vncouth place, fit for an vncouth minde,
That is as heauy as that caue is blinde ;
Here liu'd a man his hoary haire call'd old,
Vpon whose front time many yeares had told.
Who, since Dame Nature in him feeble grew,
And he vnapt to giue the world ought new,
The secret power of Hearbes that grow on mold,
Sought ought, to cherish and relieue the old.

Hither *Marinda* all in haste came running,
And with her teares desir'd the old mans cunning.
When this good man (as goodnesse still is prest
At all assaies to helpe a wight distrest)
As glad and willing was to ease her sonne,
As she would euer ioy to see it done.
And giuing her a salue in leaues vp bound ;
And she directed how to cure the wound,
With thanks, made home-wards, (longing still to see
Th'effect of this good *Hermits* Surgerie)
There carefully, her sonne laid on a bed,
(Enriched with the bloud he on it shed)
She washes, dresses, bindes his wound (yet fore)
That grieu'd, it could weepe bloud for him no more.

Now had the glorious *Sunne* tane vp his *Inne*,
And all the lamps of heau'n inlightned bin,
Within the gloomy shades of some thicke Spring,
Sad *Philomel* gan on the Haw-thorne sing,
(Whilst euery beast at rest was lowly laid)
The outrage done vpon a filly Maid.
All things were hush't, each bird slept on his bough ;
And night gaue rest to him, day tyr'd at plough ;
Each beast, each bird, and each day-toyling wight,
Receiu'd the comfort of the silent night :
Free from the gripes of sorrow euery one,
Except poore *Philomel* and *Doridon* ;

She on a Thorne sings sweet though sighing strains ;
 He on a couch more soft, more sad complains :
 Whose in-pent thoughts him long time having pained,
 He sighing wept, & weeping thus complained.

Sweet *Philomela* (then he heard her sing)
 I doe not enuy thy sweet carolling,
 But doe admire thee, that each euen and morrow,
 Canst carelesly thus sing away thy sorrow.
 Would I could doe so too ! and euer be
 In all my woes still imitating thee :
 But I may not attaine to that ; for then
 Such most vnhappy, miserable men
 Would striue with Heauen, and imitate the Sunne,
 Whose golden beames in exhalation,
 Though drawn from Fens, or other grounds impure,
 Turne all to fructifying nouriture.
 When we draw nothing by our Sun-like eyes,
 That euer turnes to mirth, but miseries :
 Would I had neuer seene, except that she
 Who made me wish so, loue to looke on me.
 Had *Colin Clout* yet liu'd, (but he is gone)
 That best on earth could tune a louers mone,
 Whose sadder Tones inforc'd the Rocks to weepe,
 And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe :
 Who when he sung (as I would doe to mine)
 His truest loues to his faire *Rosaline*,
 Entic'd each Shepherds eare to heare him play,
 And rapt with wonder, thus admiring say :
 Thrice happy plaines (if plaines thrice happy may be)
 Where such a Shepherd pipes to such a Lady.
 Who made the Lasses long to sit downe neere him ;
 And woo'd the Riuers frō their Springs to heare him.
 Heauen rest thy Soule (if so a Swaine may pray)
 And as thy workes liue here, liue there for aye.
 Meane while (vnhappy) I shall still complaine
 Loues cruell wounding of a feely Swaine.

Two nights thus past : the Lilly-handed Morne
 Saw *Phæbus* stealing dewe from *Ceres* Corne.
 The mounting *Larke* (daies herauld) got on wing
 Bidding each bird chuse out his bough and sing.
 *The lofty Treble sung the little *Wren* ;
Robin the Meane, that best of all loues men ;
 The *Nightingale* the Tenor ; and the *Thrush*
 The Counter-tenor sweetly in a bush :
 And that the Musicke might be full in parts,
 Birds from the groues flew with right willing hearts :
 But (as it seem'd) they thought (as doe the Swaines,
 Which tune their Pipes on sack'd *Hibernia's* plaines)
 There should some droaning part be, therefore will'd
 Some bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,
 In Embassie vnto the King of *Bees*,
 To aid his partners on the flowres and trees :
 Who condiscending gladly flew along
 To beare the Base to his well-tuned song.
 The *Crow* was willing they should be beholding
 For his deepe voyce, but being hoarse with skolding,
 He thus lends aide ; vpon an Oake doth climbe,
 And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

O true delight, enharboring the breasts
 Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.
 Had Nature vnto man such simpl'esse giuen,
 He would like Birds be farre more neere to heauen.
 But *Doridon* well knew (who knowes no lesse ?)
 " Mans compounds haue o'er thrown his simplenessse.

Noone-tide the *Morne* had woo'd, and she gan yeeld,
 When *Doridon* (made ready for the field)
 Goes sadly forth (a wofull Shepherds Lad)
 Drowned in teares, his minde with grieffe yclad,
 To ope his fold and let his Lamkins out,
 (Full iolly flocke they seem'd, a well fleec'd rout)
 Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,
 Both guides and followes them towards their grazing.

* A description
 of a
 Musically
 Confort of
 Birds.

When from a Groue the Wood-Nymphs held full deare,
 Two heauenly voyces did intreat his eare,
 And did compell his longing eyes to see
 What happy wight enioy'd fuch harmonie.
 Which ioyned with fiae more, and fo made feauen,
 Would parallel in mirth the *Spheares* of heauen.
 To haue a fight at firft he would not preffe,
 For feare to interrupt fuch happineffe :
 But kept aloofe the thicke growne shrubs among,
 Yet fo as he might heare this wooing Song.

F. **F**ie Shepherds Swaine, why fitft thou all alone,
 Whil'ft other Lads are sporting on the leyes?

R. *Ioy* may haue company, but *Griefe* hath none :
 Where pleasure neuer came, sports cannot please.

F. Yet may you please to grace our this daies sport,
 Though not an actor, yet a looker on.

R. A looker on indeede, fo Swaines of fort,
 Caft low, take ioy to looke whence they are thrown?

F. Seeke ioy and finde it.

R. *Griefe* doth not minde it.

BOTH.

Then both agree in one,

Sorrow doth hate

To haue a mate ;

“ True griefe is still alone.

F. Sad Swaine areade, (if that a Maid may afke)
 What caufe fo great effects of griefe hath wrought?)

R. Alas, Loue is not hid, it weares no mafke ;
 To view 'tis by the face conceiu'd and brought.

F. The caufe I grant : the caufer is not learned :
 Your fpeech I doe entreat about this tafke.

R. If that my heart were feene, 'twould be discerned ;
 And *Fida's* name found grauen on the cafke.

F. Hath Loue young *Remond* moued ?

R. 'Tis *Fida* that is loued.

BOTH.

*Although 'tis said that no men
Will with their hearts,
Or goods chiefe parts
Trust either Seas or Women.*

F. How may a Maiden be affur'd of loue,
Since falshood late in euerie Swaine excelleth ?

R. When protestations faile, time may approue
Where true affection liues, where falshood dwelleth.

F. The truest cause elects a Iudge as true :
Fie, how my sighing, my much louing telleth.

R. Your loue is fixt in one whose heart to you
Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth.

F. None other shall haue grace.

R. None else in my heart place.

BOTH.

*Goe Shepherds Swaines and wiue all,
For Loue and Kings
Are two like things
Admitting no Corriuall.*

As when some Malefactor iudg'd to die
For his offence, his Execution nye,
Casteth his sight on states vnlike to his,
And weighs his ill by others happinesse :
So *Doridon* thought euery state to be
Further from him, more neere felicitie.

O blessed sight, where such concordance meets,
Where truth with truth, and loue with liking greets.
Had (quoth the Swain) the Fates giuen me some measure
Of true delights inestimable treasure,
I had beene fortunate : but now so weake
My bankrupt heart will be inforc'd to breake.

Sweet Loue that drawes on earth a yoake so euen ;
 Sweet life that imitates the blisse of heauen ;
 Sweet death they needs must haue, who so vnite
 That two distinct make one *Hermaphrodite* :
 Sweet loue, sweet life, sweet death, that so doe meet
 On earth ; in death, in heauen be euer sweet !
 Let all good wishes euer wait vpon you,
 And happineffe as hand-maid tending on you.
 Your loues within one centre meeting haue !
 One houre your deaths, your corps possesse one graue !
 Your names still greene, (thus doth a Swaine implore)
 Till time and memory shall be no more !

Herewith the couple hand in hand arose,
 And tooke the way which to the sheep-walke goes.
 And whil't that *Doridon* their gate look'd on,
 His dogge disclos'd him, rushing forth vpon
 A well-fed Deere, that trips it o'er the Meade,
 As nimbly as the wench did whilome tread
 On *Ceres* dangling eares, or Shaft let goe
 By some faire Nymph that beares *Diana's* Bowe.
 When turning head, he not a foot would sturre,
 Scorning the barking of a Shepherds curre :
 So should all Swaines as little weigh their spite,
 Who at their songs doe bawle, but dare not bite.

Remond, that by the dogge the Master knew,
 Came backe, and angry bade him to pursue ;
Dory (quoth he) if your ill-tuter'd dogge
 Haue nought of awe, then let him haue a clogge.
 Doe you not know this feely timorous Deere,
 (As vsuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,
 The Sunne not ten degrees got in the Signes,
 Since to our Maides, here gathering Columbines,
 She weeping came, and with her head low laid
 In *Fida's* lap, did humbly begge for aide.
 Whereat vnto the hounds they gaue a checke,
 And fauing her, might spie about her necke

A Coller hanging, and (as yet is feene)
These words in gold wrought on a ground of greene :
Maidens : since 'tis decreed a Maid shall haue me,
Keepe me till he shall kill me that must saue me.

But whence she came, or who the words concerne,
VVe neither know nor can of any learne.

Vpon a pallat she doth lie at night,
Neere *Fida's* bed, nor will she from her fight :
Vpon her walkes she all the day attends,
And by her side she trips where ere she wends.

Remond (replide the Swaine) if I haue wrong'd
Fida in ought which vnto her belong'd :
I sorrow for't, and truelie doe protest,
As yet I neuer heard speech of this Beast :
Nor was it with my will ; or if it were,
Is it not lawfull we should chafe the Deere,
That breaking our inclosures euery morne
Are found at feed vpon our crop of corne ?
Yet had I knowne this Deere, I had not wrong'd
Fida in ought which vnto her belong'd.

I thinke no lesse, quoth *Remond* ; but I pray,
Whither walkes *Doridon* this Holy-day ?
Come driue your sheepe to their appointed feeding,
And make you one at this our merry meeting.
Full many a Shepherd with his louely Lasse,
Sit telling tales vpon the clouer grasse :
There is the merry Shepherd of the hole ;
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,
Alexis, Siluan, Teddy of the Glen,
Rowly and *Perigot* here by the Fen,
With many more, I cannot reckon all
That meet to solemnize this festiuall.

I grieue not at their mirth, said *Doridon* :
Yet had there beene of Feasts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will fay,
“ Where there's Content 'tis euer Holy-day.

Leaue further talke (quoth *Remond*) let's be gone,
 Ile helpe you with your sheepe, the time drawes on.
Fida will call the *Hinde*, and come with vs.

Thus went they on, and *Remond* did discusse
 Their cause of meeting, till they won with pacing
 The circuit chofen for the Maidens tracing.
 It was a *Roundell* feated on a plaine,
 That stood as *Sentinell* vnto the *Maine*,
 Enuiron'd round with Trees and many an Arbour,
 Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour :
 And on a bough within the quickning Spring,
 Would be a teaching of their young to sing ;
 Whose pleasing Noates the tyred Swaine haue made
 To steale a nap at noone-tide in the shade.

Nature her selfe did there in triumph ride,
 And made that place the ground of all her pride.

Whose various flowres deceiu'd the rasher eye
 In taking them for curious Tapistrie.

A siluer Spring forth of a rocke did fall,
 That in a drought did serue to water all.

Vpon the edges of a grassie banke,
 A tuft of Trees grew circling in a ranke,
 As if they seem'd their sports to gaze vpon,
 Or stood as guard against the winde and Sunne :
 So faire, so fresh, so greene, so sweet a ground
 The piercing eyes of heauen yet neuer found.]

Here *Doridon* all ready met doth see,
 (Oh who would not at such a meeting be?)

Where he might doubt, who gaue to other grace,
 Whether the place the Maids, or Maids the place.

Here gan the Reede, and merry Bag-pipe play,
 Shrill as a *Thrush* vpon a Morne of May,

(A rurall Muficke for an heavenly traine)
 And euery Shepherdesse danc'd with her Swaine.

As when some gale of winde doth nimbly take
 A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make

Some prettie driuing ; here it fweepes the plaine :
 There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turns again :
 Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say
 That now it stops, or leapes, or turnes away :
 So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
 But thought their feuerall motions to be one.

A crooked measure was their first election,
 Because all crooked tends to best perfection.
 And as I weene this often bowing measure,
 Was chiefly framed for the women's pleasure.
 Though like the rib, they crooked are and bending,
 Yet to the best of formes they aime their ending :
 Next in an (*I*) their measure made a rest,
 Shewing when Loue is plainest it is best.
 Then in a (*Y*) which thus doth Loue commend,
 Making of two at first, one in the end.
 And lastly closing in a round do enter,
 Placing the lusty Shepherds in the center :
 About the Swaines they dancing seem'd to roule,
 As other *Planets* round the Heauenly *Pole*.
 Who by their sweet aspect or chiding frowne,
 Could raise a Shepherd vp, or cast him downe.
 Thus were they circled till a Swaine came neere,
 And sent this song vnto each Shepherds eare :
 The Note and voyce so sweet, that for such mirth
 The Gods would leaue the heauens, & dwell on earth.

Happy are you so enclosed,
 May the Maids be still disposed
 In their gestures and their dances,
 So to grace you with intwining,
 That Enuy wish in such combining,
 Fortunes smile with happy chances.

Here it seemes as if the Graces
 Measur'd out the Plaine in traces,

*In a Shepherdesse disguising.
 Are the Spheares so nimbly turning?
 Wandring Lamps in heauen burning,
 To the eye so much intifing?*

*Yes, Heauen meanes to take these thither,
 And adde one ioy to see both dance together.*

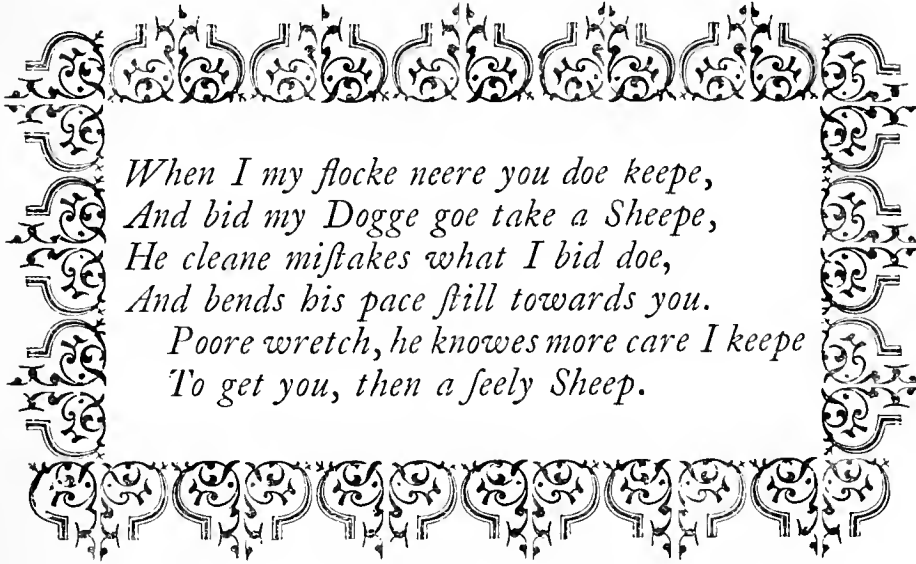
*Gentle Nymphes be not refusing,
 Loues negleēt is times abusing,
 They and beauty are but lent you,
 Take the one and keepe the other:
 Loue keepes fresh, what age doth smother.
 Beauty gone you will repent you.*

*'Twill be said when yee haue proued,
 Neuer Swaines more truly loued:
 O then flye all nice behaiour.
 Pitty faine would (as her dutie)
 Be attending still on beautie,
 Let her not be out of fauour.*

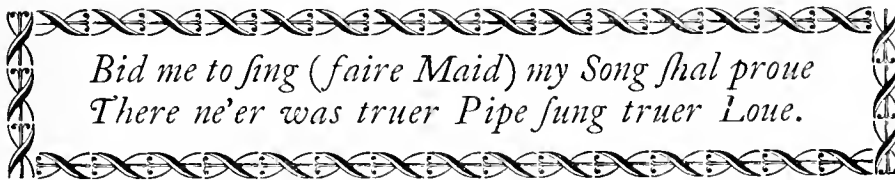
*Disdaine is now so much rewarded,
 That Pitty weepes since she is vnregarded.*

The measure and the Song here being ended:
 Each Swain his thoughts thus to his Loue cōmended.

The first presents his Dogge, with these :



The second, his Pipe, with these :

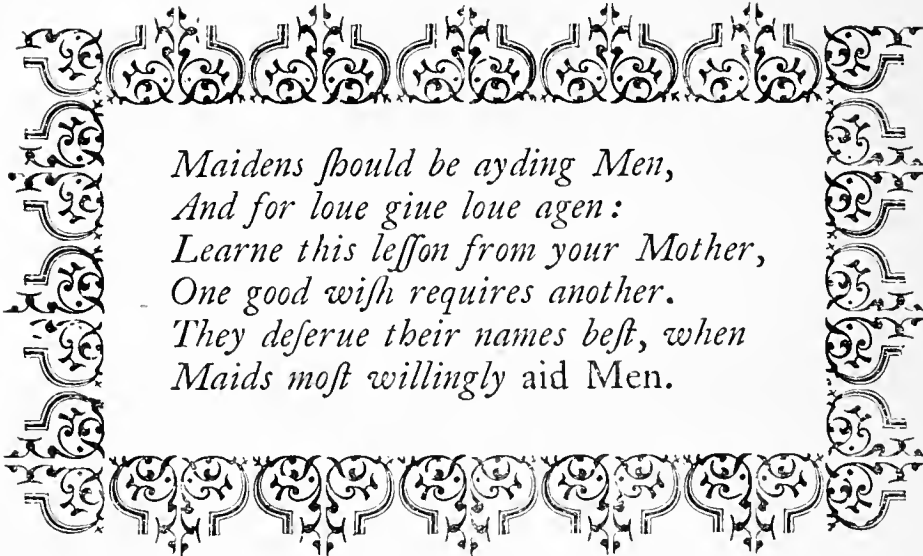


The third, a paire of Gloues, thus :



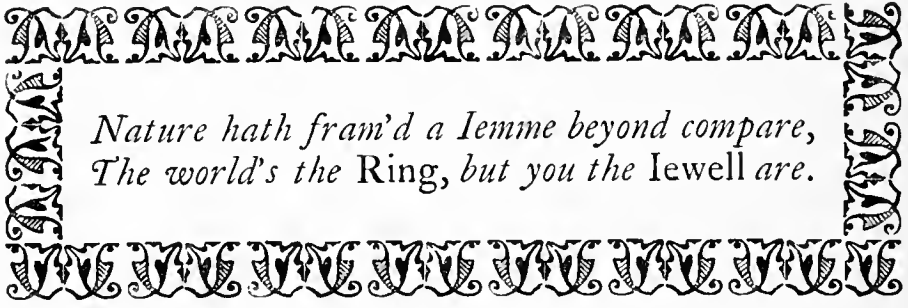
The fourth, an *Anagram*.

MAIDEN AID MEN.



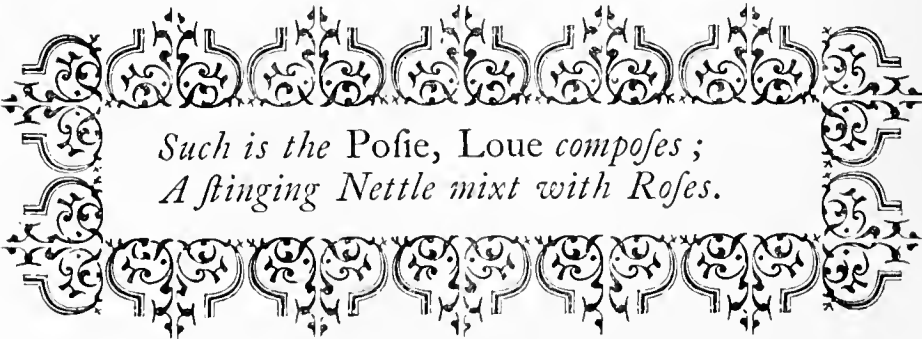
*Maidens should be ayding Men,
And for loue giue loue agen:
Learne this lesson from your Mother,
One good wish requires another.
They deserue their names best, when
Maids most willingly aid Men.*

The fift, a *Ring*, with a *Picture*
in a *Iewell* on it.

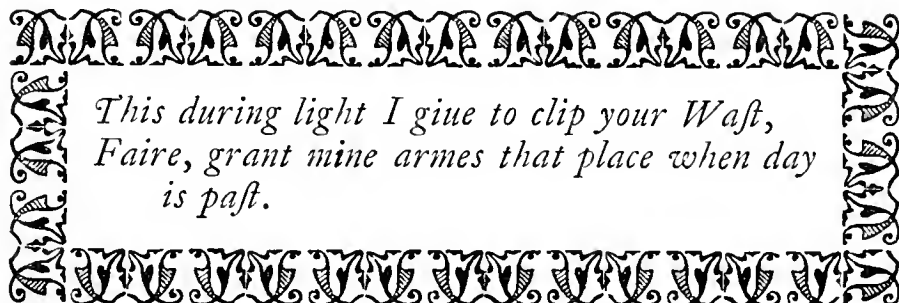


*Nature hath fram'd a Iemme beyond compare,
The world's the Ring, but you the Iewell are.*

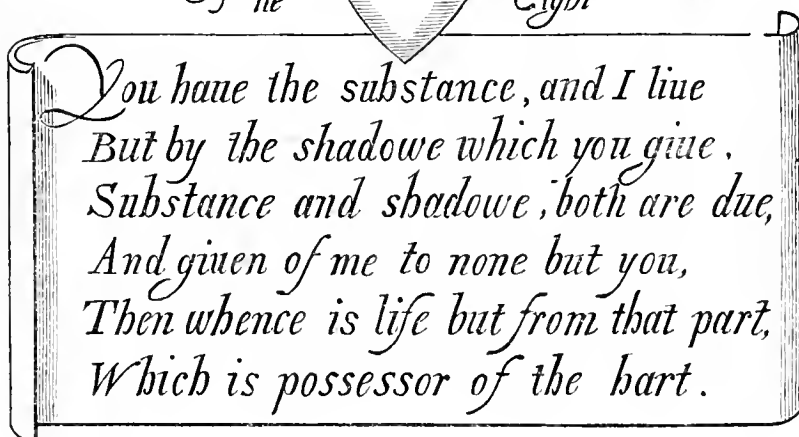
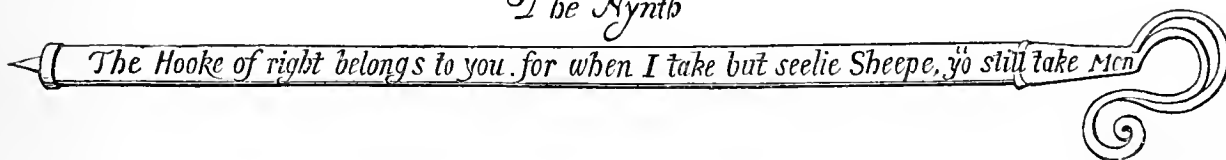
The sixt, a *Nofegay* of *Rofes*, with a
Nettle in it.



*Such is the Posie, Loue composes;
A stinging Nettle mixt with Rofes.*

The feuenth, a *Girdle*.

The  Eight

*The Nynth*

The Tenth

Let each hart it will be burninge.	Louelie maiden best of any
Doe see, and to loue be turninge.	O f our plaines though thrice as many:
In yo locks to shade your beaurie	Vaile to loue and leaue denyeing.
This way yt may doe his dutie	E ndles knotts lett fates be lying.
Needs no combe to smoothe yo tresses	S uch a face, so fyne a feature
Into you whome Nature dresses	(K indlest, fairest, sweetest creature)
Ever y hope eacsth playnige	Neuer yet was found, but louing:
Beauty should haue beautions meanig	O then lett my plaintes be mouing:
E ach one with his like is theyng	T rust a shepheard though I meanest.
Youth with youth is best combyng.	T ruth is best when shee is plainest:
And once flinty still repentinge.	I loue, not, with vowes contesting,
Maidens still should be relentinge.	F ayth is fayth without protesting.
	T ime y all thinges doth inherit
	R enders each desert his merritt.
	I f y, faile in me, as noe man.
	D oubtles tyme nere worne a woeman

The Twelfth

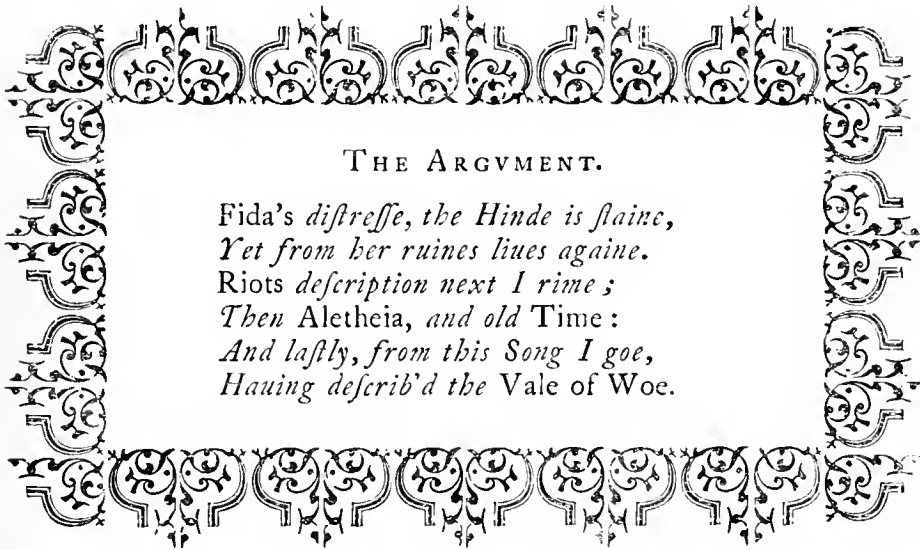


*Loe Cupid leaues his bowe, his reason is,
Because your eyes wounde when his shafts doe misse*

Whilst euery one was offering at the shrine
Of such rare beauties might be stil'd diuine:
This lamentable voyce towards them flies:
O Heauen send aid, or else a Maiden dies!
Herewith some ran the way the voyce them led;
Some with the Maiden staid which shooke for dread;
What was the cause time serues not now to tell.
Harke; for my iolly Wether rings his bell,
And almost all our flocks haue left to graze,
Shepherds 'tis almost night, hie home apace,
When next we meet (as we shall meet ere long)
Ile tell the rest in some ensuing Song.



THE FOURTH SONG.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Fida's distresse, the Hinde is slaine,
Yet from her ruines liues againe.
Riots description next I rime ;
Then Aletheia, and old Time :
And lastly, from this Song I goe,
Hauing describ'd the Vale of Woe.*



WAppy yee dayes of old, when euery waste
Was like a SANCTVARIE to the chaste :
When Incests, Rapes, Adulteries, were not
knowne ;
All pure as blossomes, which are newly blowne.
Maids were as free from spots, and soiles within,
As most vnblemisht in the outward skin.
Men euery Plaine and Cottage did afford,
As smooth in deeds, as they were faire of word.
Maidens with Men as sisters with their brothers ;
And Men with Maids conuers'd as with their Mothers ;
Free from suspition, or the rage of blood.
Strife onely raig'n'd, for all striu'd to be good.

But then as little Wrens but newly fledge,
 First, by their nests hop vp and downe the hedge;
 Then one from bough to bough gets vp a tree:
 His fellow noting his agilitie,
 Thinkes he as well may venter as the other,
 So flushing from one spray vnto another,
 Gets to the top, and then enbold'ned flies,
 Vnto an height past ken of humane eyes:
 So time brought worse, men first desir'd to talke;
 Then came suspect; and then a priuate walke;
 Then by consent appointed times of meeting,
 Where most securely each might kisse his sweeting;
 Lastly, with lusts their panting breasts so swell,
 They came to. But to what I blush to tell,
 And entred thus, Rapes vsed were of all,
 Incest, Adultery, held as Veniall:
 The certainty in doubtfull ballance rests,
 If beasts did learne of men, or men of beasts.
 Had they not learn'd of man who was their King,
 So to insult vpon an vnderling,
 They ciuilly had spent their liues gradation,
 As meeke and milde as in their first creation;
 Nor had th' infections of infected minds
 So alter'd nature, and disorder'd kinds,
Fida had beene lesse wretched, I more glad,
 That so true loue so true a progresse had.

When *Remond* left her (*Remond* then vnkinde)
Fida went downe the dale to seeke the Hinde;
 And found her taking foyle within a flood:
 Whom when she call'd straight follow'd to the wood.
Fida then wearied, sought the cooling shade,
 And found an arbour by the Shepherds made
 To frolike in (when *Sol* did hottest shine)
 With cates which were farre cleanlier then fine.
 For in those dayes men neuer vs'd to feed
 So much for pleasure as they did for need.

Enriching then the arbour downe she fate her ;
 Where many a busie Bee came flying at her :
 Thinking when she for ayre her breasts discloses,
 That there had growne some tuft of Damaske-Roses,
 And that her azure veines which then did swell,
 Were Conduit-pipes brought from a liuing Well.
 Whose liquor might the world enioy for money,
 Bees would be bank-rupt, none would care for honey.
 The Hinde lay still without (poore filly creature,
 How like a woman art thou fram'd by nature ?
 Timerous, apt to teares, wilie in running,
 Caught best when force is intermixt with cunning)
 Lying thus distant, different chances meet them,
 And with a fearfull obieſt Fate doth greet them.

Something appear'd, which seem'd farre off, a man,
 In stature, habit, gate, proportion :
 But when their eyes their obieſts Masters were,
 And it for ſtricter cenſure came more neere,
 By all his properties one well might gheſſe,
 Than of a man, he ſure had nothing leſſe.
 For verily ſince old *Deucalions* flood
 Earths ſlime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
 Vpon the various earths embrodered gowne
 There is a weed vpon whoſe head growes Downe ;
Sow-thiſtle 'tis ycleep'd, whoſe downy wreath,
 If any one can blow off at a breath,
 We deeme her for a Maid : ſuch was his haire,
 Ready to ſhed at any ſtirring ayre.
 His eares were ſtrucken deafe when he came nie,
 To heare the Widowes or the Orphans crie.
 His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
 With poaring in the blood of bodies flaine.
 His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
 Vollies of execrable blaſphemie ;
 Banning the Heauens, and he that rideth on them,
 Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall vpon him :

Description
 of Riot.

• Men of
Scirus shoot
against the
Starres.

Like *Scythian* Wolves, or *men of wit bereauen,
Which howle and shoot against the lights of Heauen.
His hands (if hands they were) like some dead corse,
With digging vp his buried ancestors ;
Making his Fathers tombe and sacred shrine
The trough wherein the Hog-heard fed his Swine.
And as that Beast hath legs (which Shepherds feare,
Ycleep'd a *Badger*, which our Lambs doth teare)
One long, the other short, that when he runs
Vpon the plaines, he halts ; but when he wons
On craggy Rocks, or steepy stils, we see
None runs more swift, nor easier then he :
Such legs the Monster had, one finew shrunke,
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunke ;
And halted in the paths to *Vertue* tending :
And therefore neuer durst be that way bending :
But when he came on carued *Monuments*,
Spiring *Coloffes*, and high raised rents,
He past them o're, quicke, as the Easterne winde
Sweepes through a Meadow ; or a nimble *Hinde*,
Or *Satyre* on a Lawne ; or skipping *Roe* ;
Or well-wing'd Shaft forth of a *Parthian* bow.
His body made (still in consumptions rife)
A miserable prison for a life.

Riot he hight ; whom some curs'd Fiend did raise,
When like a *Chaos* were the nights and daies :
Got and brought vp in the *Cymerian* Clime,
Where Sun nor Moon, nor daies, nor nights do time :
As who should say, they scorn'd to shew their faces
To such a Fiend should seeke to spoile the *Graces*.

At sight whereof, *Fida* nigh drown'd in feare,
Was cleane dismaid when he approched neare ;
Nor durst she call the Deere, nor whistling winde her,
Fearing her noise might make the Monster finde her ;
Who slyly came, for he had cunning learn'd him,
And seiz'd vpon the *Hinde*, ere she discern'd him.

Oh how she stru'd and strugled; euey nerue
Is prest at all affaies a life to ferue:
Yet soone we lose, what we might longer keepe
Were not Preuention commonly a sleepe.
Maids, of this Monsters brood be fearefull all,
What to the *Hinde* may hap to you befall.
Who with her feet held vp in stead of hands,
And teares which pittie from the *Rocke* commands,
She sighes, and shrikes, & weeps, and looks vpon him:
Alas she sobs, and many a groane throwes on him;
With plaints which might abate a Tyrants knife;
She begs for pardon, and entreats for life.
The hollow caues resound her moanings neere it,
That heart was flint which did not grieue to heare it:
The high topt *Firres* which on that mountaine keep,
Haue euer since that time beene seene to weepe.
The *Owle* till then, 'tis thought full well could sing,
And tune her voyce to euey bubling Spring:
But when she heard those plaints, then forth she yode
Out of the couert of an *Iuy* rod,
And hollowing for aide, so strain'd her throat,
That since she cleane forgot her former noat.
A little *Robin* sitting on a tree,
In dolefull noats bewail'd her Tragedie.
An *Aspe*, who thought him stout, could not dissemble,
But shew'd his feare, and yet is seene to tremble.
Yet Cruelty was deafe, and had no sight
In ought which might gain-say the appetite:
But with his teeth rending her throat asunder,
Besprinkl'd with her blood the greene grasse vnder
And gurmundizing on her flesh and blood,
He vomiting returned to the Wood.
Ryot but newly gone, as strange a vision
Though farre more heauenly, came in apparition.
As that *Arabian* bird (whom all admire)
Her exequies prepar'd and funerall fire,

Description
of Truth.

Burnt in a flame conceiued from the Sun,
 And nourished with flips of *Cynamon*,
 Out of her ashes hath a second birth,
 And flies abroad, a wonderment on earth :
 So from the ruines of this mangled Creature
 Arose so faire and so diuine a feature,
 That *Enuy* for her heart would doat vpon her ;
 Heauen could not chuse but be enamour'd on her :
 Were I a *Starre*, and she a second *Spheare*,
 Ide leaue the other, and be fixed there.
 Had faire *Arachne* wrought this Maidens haire,
 When she with *Pallas* did for skill compare,
Minerua's worke had neuer beene esteem'd,
 But this had beene more rare and highly deem'd.
 Yet gladly now she would reuerse her doome,
 Weauing this haire within a Spiders Loome.
 Vpon her fore-head, as in glory fate
 Mercy and Maiefty, for wondring at,
 As pure and simple as *Albania's* snow,
 Or milke-white Swans which stem the streams of *Poe* :
 Like to some goodly fore-land, bearing out
 Her haire, the tufts which fring'd the shoare about.
 And lest the man which sought those coasts might slip,
 Her eyes like Stars, did serue to guide the ship.
 Vpon her front (heauens fairest *Promontory*)
 Delineated was, th'Authentique Story
 Of those Elect, whose sheepe at first began
 To nibble by the springs of *Canaan* :
 Out of whose sacred loynes (brought by the stem
 Of that sweet Singer of *Ierusalem*)
 Came the best Shepherd euer flocks did keepe,
 Who yeilded vp his life to saue his sheepe.
 O thou Eterne ! by whom all beings moue,
 Giuing the Springs beneath, and Springs aboue :
 Whose Finger doth this *Vniuerse* sustaine,
 Bringing the former and the latter raine :

Who doſt with plenty Meads and Paſtures fill,
By drops diſtill'd like dew on *Hermon Hill* :
Pardon a filly Swaine, who (farre vnable
In that which is ſo rare, ſo admirable)
Dares on an Oaten-pipe, thus meanly ſing
Her praiſe immense, worthy a ſiluer ſtring.
And thou which through the Defart and the Deepe,
Didſt lead thy Chofen like a flocke of ſheepe :
As ſometime by a Starre thou guidedſt them,
Which fed vpon the plaines of *Bethalem* ;
So by thy ſacred Spirit direct my quill,
When I ſhall ſing ought of thy *Holy hill*,
That times to come, when they my rymes rehearſe,
May wonder at me, and admire my Verſe :
For who but one rapt in Cœleſtiall fire,
Can by his Muſe to ſuch a pitch aſpire ;
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron Pen might dwell.

When ſhe was borne, *Nature* in ſport began,
To learne the cunning of an *Artizan*,
And did Vermilion with a white compoſe,
To mocke her ſelfe, and paint a *Damaſke Roſe*.
But ſcorning *Nature* vnto *Art* ſhould ſeeke,
She piſt her colours on this Maidens cheeke.
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodneſſe came,
Of power to giue the dead a liuing name.
Her words embalmed in ſo ſweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on Time and Death,
Whoſe fragrant ſweets, ſince the *Camelion* knew,
And taſted of, he to this humor grew :
Left other Elements, held this ſo rare,
That ſince he neuer feeds on ought but Ayre.

O had I *Virgils* verſe, or *Tullies* Tongue !
Or raping numbers like the *Thracian's* Song,
I haue a Theame would make the Rocks to dance,
And furly Beaſts that through the Defart prance,

Hie from their Caues, and euery gloomy den,
 To wonder at the excellence of men.
 Nay, they would thinke their states for euer raised,
 But once to looke on one, so highly praised.

Out of whose Maiden breasts (which sweetly rise)
 The *Seers* suckt their hidden *Prophecies* :
 And told that for her loue in times to come,
 Many should seeke the Crowne of *Martyrdome*,
 By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chaines,
 By stripes, by famine, and a world of paines ;
 Yet constant still remaine (to her they loued)
 Like *Syon* Mount, that cannot be remoued.
Proportion on her armes and hands recorded,
 The world for her no fitter place afforded.
 Praise her who list, he still shall be her debter :
 For *Art* ne'er fain'd, nor *Nature* fram'd a better.

As when a *holy Father* hath began
 To offer sacrifice to mighty *Pan*,
 Doth the request of euery Swaine assume,
 To scale the Welkin in a sacred fume,
 Made by a widow'd *Turtles* louing mate,
 Or *Lamkin*, or some *Kid* immaculate,
 The offering heaues aloft, with both his hands ;
 Which all adore, that neere the Altar stands :
 So was her heauenly body comely rais'd
 On two faire columnes ; those that *Ouid* prais'd
 In *Iulia's* borrowed name, compar'd with these,
 Were Crabs to Apples of th'*Hesperides* ;
 Or stumpe-foot *Vulcan* in comparison,
 With all the height of true perfection.

Nature was here so lauish of her store,
 That she bestow'd vntill she had no more.
 Whose Treasure being weakned (by this Dame)
 She thrusts into the world so many lame.

The highest *Synode* of the glorious Skie,
 (I heard a *Wood-Nymph* sing) sent *Mercurie*

To take a furuay of the fairest faces,
And to describe to them all womens graces ;
VVho long time wandring in a serious quest,
Noting what parts by *Beauty* were possest :
At last he saw this *Maid*, then thinking fit
To end his iourney, here, *Nil-ultra*, writ.

Fida in adoration kifs'd her knee,
And thus bespake ; Haile glorious Deitie !
(If such thou art, and who can deeme you lesse ?)
VVhether thou raign'ft *Queene* of the *Wildernesse*,
Or art that *Goddesse* ('tis vnknowne to me)
Which from the *Ocean* drawes her pettigree :
Or one of those, who by the mossie bankes
Of drifling *Hellicon*, in airie rankes
Tread Roundelayes vpon the siluer sands,
Whilst shaggy *Satyres* tripping o're the strands,
Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their senses thrals
To the sweet cadence of your Madrigals :
Or of the *Faiery* troope which nimbly play,
And by the Springs dance out the Summers day ;
Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
And in their finging how to keepen rests :
Or one of those, who watching where a Spring
Out of our Grandame Earth hath issuing,
With your attractiue Musicke wooe the streame
(As men by *Faeries* led, false in a dreame)
To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
In many Mazes, intricate Meanders ;
Till at the last, to mocke th'enamour'd rill,
Ye bend your traces vp some shady hill ;
And laugh to see the waue no further tread ;
But in a chafe run foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
Leauing the other destitute of name.
If thou be one of these, or all, or more,
Succour a feely Maid, that doth implore

Aid, on a bended heart, vnfain'd and meeke,
As true as blufhes of a Maiden cheeke.

Maiden, arife, repli'd the new-borne Maid :

“ Pure Innocence the fenfleffe ftones will aide.

Nor of the *Fairie* troope, nor *Mufes* nine ;

Nor am I *Venus*, nor of *Proferpine* :

But daughter to a lufly aged Swaine,

That cuts the greene tufts off th' enamel'd plaine ;

And with his Sythe hath many a Summer fhorne

The plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne ;

Who from the cloud-clipt mountaine by his ftroake

Fels downe the lofty Pine, the Cedar, Oake :

He opes the flood-gates as occafion is

Sometimes on that mans land, fometimes on this.

When *Verolame*, a ftately Nymph of yore

Did vfe to decke her felfe on *Ifis* fhore,

One morne (among the reft) as there ſhe ſtood,

Saw the pure Channell all befmeared with blood ;

Inquiring for the caufe, one did impart,

Thofe drops came from her holy *Albans* hart ;

Herewith in grieffe ſhe gan intreat my Syre,

That *Ifis* ftream, which yeerely did attire

Thofe gallant fields in changeable array,

Might turne her courfe and run ſome other way.

Left that her waues might wafh away the guilt

From off their hands which *Albans* blood had fpilt :

He condefcended, and the nimble waue

Her Fiſh no more within that channell draue :

But as a witneffe left the crimfon gore

To ftaine the earth, as they their hands before.

He had a being ere there was a birth,

And ſhall not ceafe vntill the Sea and Earth,

And what they both containe, ſhall ceafe to be,

Nothing confines him but *Eternitie*.

By him the names of good men euer liue,

Which ſhort liu'd men vnto *Obliuion* giue :

* Descrip-
tion of
Time.

And in forgetfulneſſe he lets him fall,
 That is no other man then naturall :
 'Tis he alone that rightly can diſcouer,
 Who is the true, and who the fained Louer.
 In Summers heat when any Swaine to ſleepe
 Doth more addiſt himſelfe then to his ſheepe ;
 And whilſt the *Leaden God* fits on his eyes,
 If any of his Fold or ſtrayes or dyes,
 And to the waking Swaine it be vnknowne,
 Whether his ſheepe be dead, or ſtraid, or ſtolne ;
 To meet my Syre he bends his courſe in paine,
 Either where ſome high hill furuaies the plaine ;
 Or takes his ſtep toward the flowrie vallies,
 Where *Zephyre* with the *Cowſlip* hourelly dallies ;
 Or to the groues, where birds from heat or weather,
 Sit ſweetly tuning of their noates together :
 Or to a Mead a wanton Riuier dreſſes
 With richeſt *Collers* of her turning *Eſſes* ;
 Or where the Shepherds fit old ſtories telling,
Chronos my Syre hath no ſet place of dwelling ;
 But if the Shepherd meet the aged Swaine,
 He tels him of his ſheepe, or ſhewes them flaine.
 So great a gift the ſacred Powers of heauen
 (Aboue all others) to my Syre haue giuen,
 That the abhorred Stratagemes of night,
 Lurking in cauernes from the glorious light,
 By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
 And ſhew'd as monſters to the wondring World.

What Mariner is he failing vpon
 The watry Defart clipping *Albion*,
 Hears not the billowes in their dances roare
 Answer'd by *Eccoës* from the neighbour ſhoare ?
 To whoſe accord the Maids trip from the Downes,
 And Riuers dancing come, ycrown'd with Townes,
 All ſinging forth the victories of *Time*,
 Vpon the Monſters of the Weſterne Clime,

VVhose horrid, damned, bloody, plots would bring
 Confusion on the Laureate Poets King,
 VVhose Hell-fed hearts deuis'd how neuer more
 A *Swan* might finging fit on *Ifis* shore :
 But croaking *Rauens*, and the *Scrich-owles* crie,
 The fit Mufitians for a *Tragedie*,
 Should euermore be heard about her ftrand,
 To fright all Passengers from that sad Land.

Long Summers dayes I on his worth might spend,
 And yet begin againe when I would end.
 All Ages since the first age first begun,
 Ere they could know his worth their age was done :
 VVhose abfence all the Treafury of earth
 Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd *Tagus* birth,
 Not all the golden grauell he treads ouer,
 One minute past, that minute can recouer.
 I am his onely Childe (he hath no other)
 Cleep'd *Aletheia*, borne without a Mother.
 Poore *Aletheia* long despis'd of all,
 Scarce *Charitie* would lend an Hospitall
 To giue my Months cold watching one nights rest,
 But in my roome tooke in the Mifers Chest.

[In winters time when hardly fed the flocks,
 And Ificles hung dangling on the Rocks ;
 When *Hyems* bound the floods in filuer chaines,
 And hoary Frosts had candy'd all the Plaines ;
 When euery Barne rung with the threshing Flailes,
 And Shepherds Boyes for cold gan blow their nailes :
 (Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one
 That had a sparke of true deuotion ;)
 It was my chance (chance onely helpeth need)
 To finde an house ybuilt for holy deed,
 With goodly Architect, and Cloisters wide,
 With groues and walkes along a Riuers side ;
 The place it selfe afforded admiration,
 And euery spray a Theame of contemplation.

But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
 I gan intreat an enterance thereat :
 The Porter askt my name : I told ; He swell'd,
 And bade me thence : wherewith in grieffe repell'd,
 I fought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
 Harb'ring the Weafell, and the dust-bred Moufe ;
 And others none, except the two-kinde Bat,
 Which all the day there melancholy fate :
 Here fate I downe with winde and raine ybeat ;
 Grieffe fed my minde, and did my body eat.
 Yet *Idleneffe* I saw (lam'd with the Gout)
 Had entrance when poore *Truth* was kept without.
 There saw I *Drunkenneffe* with Dropsies fwolne ;
 And pamper'd *Lust* that many a night had stolne
 Ouer the *Abby*-wall when Gates were lock'd,
 To be in *Venus* wanton bosome rock'd :
 And *Gluttony* that surfetting had bin,
 Knocke at the gate and straight-way taken in :
 Sadly I fate, and fighting grieu'd to see,
 Their happineffe, my infelicitie.
 At last came *Enuy* by, who hauing spide
 Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,
 And to the *Conuent* eagerly she cries,
 Why sit you here, when with these eares and eyes
 I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,
 She is the true faire *Aletheia*,
 Which you haue boasted long to liue among you,
 Yet suffer not a peeuish Girle to wrong you ?
 With this prouok'd, all rose, and in a rout
 Ran to the gate, stroue who should first get out,
 Bade me be gone, and then (in tearmes vnciuill)
 Did call me counterfait, witch, hag, whore, deuill ;
 Then like a strumpet droue me from their cels,
 With tinkling pans, and with the noise of bells.
 And he that lou'd me, or but moan'd my case,
 Had heapes of fire-brands banded at his face.

Aletheia
 seeks reliefe
 at an Abbey,
 and is
 denide.

Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
 Inforc'd in fields to sleepe, or wake all night ;
 A filly sheepe seeing me straying by,
 Forfooke the shrub where once she meant to lye ;
 As if she in her kinde (vnhurting elfe)
 Did bid me take such lodging as her selfe :
 Gladly I tooke the place the sheepe had giuen,
 Vncanopy'd of any thing but heauen.
 Where nigh benumb'd with cold, with grief frequented,
 Vnto the silent night I thus lamented :

Faire *Cynthia*, if from thy siluer Throne,
 Thou euer lentst an eare to Virgins mone !
 Or in thy Monthly course, one minute staid
 Thy Palfrayes trot, to heare a wretched Maid !
 Pull in their reynes, and lend thine eare to me,
 Forlorne, forsaken, cloath'd in miserie :
 But if a woe hath neuer woo'd thine eare,
 To stop those Courfers in their full Cariere ;
 But as stone-hearted men, vncharitable,
 Passe carelesse by the poore, when men lesse able
 Hold not the needed¹ helpe in long suspence,
 But in their hands poure their beneuolence.
 O ! if thou be so hard to stop thine eares !
 When stars in pittie drop downe from their Spheares,
 Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,
 Inshrowd the pale beames of thy borrowed light :
 O ! neuer once discourage goodnesse (lending
 One glimpse of light) to see misfortune spending
 Her vtmost rage on *Truth*, despis'd, distressed,
 Vnhappy, vnrelieued, yet vndressed.
 Where is the heart at vertues suffring griueth ?
 Where is the eye that pittying relieueth ?
 Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth ?
 Where is the eare that the decrepit steedeth ?
 That heart, that hand, that eare, or else that eye,
 Giueth, relieueth, feeds, steeds misery ?

¹ Ed. 1625 has *needies*.

O earth produce me one (of all thy store)
Enioyes ; and be vaine-glorious no more.

By this had *Chanticleere*, the village-clocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her Maids to knocke :
And the swart plow man for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid :
The hils and vallies here and there resound
With the re-ecchoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound.
Each Shepherds daughter with her cleanly Peale,
Was come a field to milke the Mornings meale,
And ere the *Sunne* had clymb'd the Easterne hils,
To guild the muttring bournes, and pritty rils,
Before the lab'ring *Bee* had left the Hiue,
And nimble *Fishes* which in Riuers diue,
Began to leape, and catch the drowned Flie,
I rose from rest, not in felicitie.

Seeking the place of *Charities* resort,
Vnware I hapned on a Princes Court ;
Where meeting *Greatnesse*, I requir'd reliefe,
(O happy vndelay'd) she said in briefe,
To small effect thine oratorie tends,
How can I keepe thee and so many friends ?
If of my household I should make thee one,
Farewell my seruant *Adulation* :
I know she will not stay when thou art there :
But seeke some Great mans seruice other-where.
Darknesse and light, summer and winters weather
May be at once, ere you two liue together.
Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.

Thence to the Citie once I thought to goe,
But somewhat in my mind this thought had thrown,
It was a place wherein I was not knowne.
And therefore went vnto these homely townes,
Sweetly enuiron'd with the Dazied Downes.

Vpon a streame washing a village end
A Mill is plac'd, that neuer difference kend

Truth en-
treats succor
from a Mil-
ler, a Tayler
& a Weauer.

Twixt dayes for worke, and holy-tides for rest,
But alwaies wrought & ground the neighbors greft.
Before the doore I saw the *Miller* walking,
And other two (his neighbours) with him talking :
One of them was a *Weauer*, and the other
The Village *Tayler*, and his trusty brother ;
To them I came, and thus my suit began :
Content, the riches of a Country-man,
Attend your Actions, be more happy still,
Then I am haplesse ! and as yonder Mill,
Though in his turning it obey the streame,
Yet by the head-strong torrent from his beame
Is vnremou'd, and till the wheele be tore,
It daily toyles ; then rests, and workes no more :
So in lifes motion may you neuer be
(Though swayd with griefes) o'er-borne with misery.
With that the *Miller* laughing, brush'd his cloathes,
Then swore by Cocke and other dung-hill oathes,
I greatly was to blame, that durst so wade
Into the knowledge of the Wheel-wrights trade.
I, neighbour, quoth the *Tayler* (then he bent
His pace to me, spruce like a *Iacke of Lent*)
Your iudgement is not seame-rent when you spend it,
Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it.
And Maiden, let me tell you in displeasure,
You must not presse the cloth you cannot measure :
But let your steps be sticht to wisdomes chalking,
And cast presumptuous shreds out of your walking.
The *Weauer* said, Fie wench, your selfe you wrong,
Thus to let slip the shuttle of your rong :
For marke me well, yea, marke me well, I say,
I see you worke your speeches Web astray.
Sad to the Soule, o'er laid with idle words,
O heauen, quoth I, where is the place affords
A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth
The most deiected hopes of wronged *Truth* ?

Truth! quoth the *Miller*, plainly for our parts,
 I and the *Weauer* hate thee with our hearts :
 The strifes you raise I will not now discusse,
 Betweene our honest Customers and vs :
 But get you gone, for sure you may despaire
 Of comfort here, seeke it some other-where.
 Maid (quoth the *Taylor*) we no succour owe you,
 For as I guesse her's none of vs doth know you :
 Nor my remembrance any thought can feize
 That I haue euer seene you in my dayes.
 Seene you? nay, therein confident I am ;
 Nay, till this time I neuer heard your name,
 Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,
 My neighbour at that instant cald me thiefe,
 By this you see you are vnknowne among vs,
 We cannot help you, though your stay may wrong vs.

Thus went I on, and further went in woe :
 For as shrill sounding *Fame*, that's neuer flow,
 Growes in her going, and increaseth more,
 Where she is now, then where she was before :
 So *Griefe* (that neuer healthy, euer sicke,
 That froward Scholler to *Arithmeticke*,
 Who doth Diuision and Substraction flie,
 And chiefly learnes to adde and multiply)
 In longest iourneys hath the strongest strength,
 And is at hand, supprest, vnquaild at length.

Betweene two hils, the highest *Phæbus* sees
 Gallantly crownd with large Skie-kissing trees,
 Vnder whose shade the humble vallies lay ;
 And *Wilde-Bores* from their dens their gambols play :
 There lay a graueld walke ore-growne with greene,
 Where neither tract of man nor beast was seene.
 And as the Plow-man when the land he tils,
 Throwes vp the fruitfull earth in ridged hils,
 Betweene whose *Cheuron* forme he leaues a balke ;
 So twixt those hils had Nature fram'd this walke,

Description
 of a solitarie
 Vale.

Not ouer-darke, nor light, in angles bending,
 And like the gliding of a Snake descending :
 All hufht and filent as the mid of night ;
 No chattring *Pie*, nor *Crow* appear'd in fight ;
 But further in I heard the *Turtle-Doue*,
 Singing fad Dirges on her lifeleffe Loue.
 Birds that compaffion from the rocks could bring,
 Had onely licenfe in that place to fing :
 Whofe dolefull noates the melancholly *Cat*
 Clofe in a hollow tree fate wondring at.
 And Trees that on the hill-side comely grew,
 When any little blaft of *Æol* blew,
 Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
 The Iudges to approue their melody.

Iuft halfe the way this folitary Groue,
 A Cryftall Spring from either hill-side ftroue,
 Which of them firft fhould wooe the meeker ground,
 And make the Pibbles dance vnto their found.
 But as when children hauing leaue to play,
 And neare their Masters eye fport out the day,
 (Beyond condition) in their childish toyes
 Oft vex their Tutor with too great a noyfe,
 And make him fend fome feruant out of doore,
 To ceafe their clamour, left they play no more :
 So when the prettie *Rill* a place espies,
 Where with the Pibbles ſhe would wantonize ;
 And that her vpper ftream fo much doth wrong her
 To driue her thence, and let her play no longer ;
 If ſhe with too loud mutt'ring ran away,
 As being [too] much incens'd to leaue her play ;
 A wefterne milde, and pretty whifpering gale,
 Came dallying with the leaues along the dale,
 And ſeem'd as with the water it did chide,
 Becauſe it ran fo long vnpacifide :
 Yea, and me thought it bade her leaue that coyle,
 Or he would choake her vp with leaues and foyle :

Whereat the rieulet in my minde did weepe,
And hurl'd her head into a filent deepe.

Now he that guides the Chariot of the *Sunne*,
Vpon th' *Eclipticke Circle* had so runne,
That his brasse-hoof'd fire-breathing horses wan
The stately height of the *Meridian* :
And the day-lab'ring man (who all the morne
Had from the quarry with his Pick-axe torne
A large well squared stone, which he would cut
To serue his stile, or for some water-shut)
Seeing the *Sunne* preparing to decline,
Tooke out his Bag, and fate him downe to dine.
When by a sliding, yet not steepe descent,
I gain'd a place, ne'er Poet did inuent
The like for sorrow : not in all this Round
A fitter feat for passion can be found.

As when a dainty Fount, and Cryfall Spring,
Got newly from the earths imprisoning,
And ready prest some channell cleere to win,
Is round his rise by Rockes immured in,
And from the thirsty earth would be with-held,
Till to the Cesterne top the waues haue swell'd :
But that a carefull *Hinde* the Well hath found,
As he walkes sadly through his parched ground ;
Whose patience suffring not his land to stay
Vntill the water o'er the Cesterne play,
He gets a Picke-axe and with blowes so stout,
Digs on the Rocke, that all the groues about
Refound his stroke, and still the rocke doth charge,
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,
Whereby the waters from their prison run,
To close earths gaping wounds made by the *Sun* :
So through these high rais'd hils, embracing round
This shady, sad, and solitary ground,
Some power (respecting one whose heauy mone
Requir'd a place to sit and weepe alone)

Had cut a path, whereby the griued wight
 Might freely take the comfort of this Scyte.
 About the edges of whose roundly forme,
 In order grew such Trees as doe adorne
 The fable hearfe, and sad forsaken mate ;
 And Trees whose teares their losse commiserate,
 Such are the *Cypresse*, and the weeping *Myrrhe*,
 The dropping *Amber*, and the refin'd *Fyrrhe*,
 The bleeding *Vine*, the watry *Sicamour*,
 And *Willough* for the forlorne Paramour ;
 In comely distance : vnderneath whose shade
 Most neat in rudenesse *Nature* arbors made :
 Some had a light ; some so obscure a feat,
 Would entertaine a sufferance ne'er so great :
 Where griued wights fate (as I after found,
 Whose heauy hearts the height of sorrow crown'd)
 Wailing in saddest tunes the doomes of Fate
 On men by vertue cleeped fortunate.

The first note that I heard I soone was won,
 To thinke the fighes of faire *Endymion* ;
 The subiect of whose mournfull heauy lay
 Was his declining with faire *Cynthia*.

Next him a great man fate, in woe no lesse ;
 Teares were but barren shadowes to expresse
 The substance of his griefe, and therefore stood
 Distilling from his heart red streames of blood :
 He was a Swaine whom all the *Graces* kist,
 A braue, heroicke, worthy *Martialist* :
 Yet on the Downes he oftentimes was seene
 To draw the merry Maidens of the Greene
 With his sweet voyce : Once, as he fate alone,
 He fung the outrage of the lazy *Drone*,
 Vpon the lab'ring *Bee*, in straines so rare,
 That all the flitting Pinnionists of ayre
 Attentiuely fate, and in their kindes did long
 To learne some Noat from his well-timed Song.

Exiled *Naso* (from whose golden pen
The *Muses* did distill delights for men)
Thus fang of *Cepalus* (whose name was worne
Within the bosome of the blushing *Morn* :)
He had a dart was neuer fet on wing,
But death flew with it: he could neuer fling,
But life fled from the place where stucke the head.
A Hunters frolicke life in Woods he lead
In separation from his yoaked Mate,
Whose beauty, once, he valued at a rate
Beyond *Aurora's* cheeke, when she (in pride)
Promis'd their off-spring should be Deicide:
Procris she hight; who (seeking to restore
Her selfe that happinesse she had before)
Vnto the greene wood wends, omits no paine
Might bring her to her Lords embrace againe:
But *Fate* thus crost her, comming where he lay
Wearied with hunting all a Summers day,
He somewhat heard within the thicket rush,
And deeming it some Beast, hid in a bush,
Raised himselfe, then set on wing a dart,
Which tooke a sad rest in the restless heart
Of his chaste wife; who with a bleeding brest
Left loue and life, and slept in endlesse rest.
With *Procris* heauie Fate this Shepherds wrong
Might be compar'd, and aske as sad a song.

In th' *Autumne* of his youth, and manhoods *Spring*,
Desert (growne now a most deiected thing)
Won him the fauour of a *Royall Maid*,
Who with *Diana's* Nymphs in forests stray'd,
And liu'd a Huntresse life exempt from feare.
She once encountred with a surly *Beare*,
Neare to a Crystall Fountaines flowery brink
Heat brought them thither both, and both would drinke,
When from her golden quiuer she tooke forth
A *Dart*, aboue the rest esteem'd for worth,

And fent it to his fide : the gaping wound
 Gaue purple freames to coole the parched ground.
 Whereat he gnafht his teeth, fform'd his hurt lym,
 Yeelded the earth what it denied him :
 Yet funke not there, but (wrapt in horror) hy'd
 Vnto his hellifh caue, defpair'd and dy'd.

After the *Beares* juft death, the quickning Sunne
 Had twice fix times about the *Zodiacke* run,
 And (as refpectleffe) neuer caft an eye,
 Vpon the night-inuail'd *Cymmerij*,
 When this braue Swaine (approued valorous)
 In oppofition, of a tyrannous
 And bloody *Sauage* being long time gone
 Quelling his rage with faithleffe *Gerion*
 Returned from the fratagem of warres,
 (Inriched with his quail'd foes bootleffe fcarres)
 To fee the cleare eyes of his deareft Loue,
 And that her fkill in hearbs might helpe remoue
 The freshing of a wound which he had got
 In her defence, by *Enuies* poyfon'd fhott,
 And coming through a Groue wherein his faire
 Lay with her brefts displai'd to take the aire,
 His rufhing through the boughes made her arife,
 And dreading fome wilde beafts rude enterprize,
 Directs towards the noyfe a fharpned dart,
 That reach'd the life of his vndaunted heart,
 Which when fhee knew, twice twenty Moones nie fpent
 In teares for him, and dy'd in languifhment.

Within an arbour fhadow'd with a Vine,
 Mixed with *Rofemary* and *Eglantine*,
 A Shepherdeffe was fet, as faire as young,
 Whofe praife full many a Shepherd whilome fung,
 Who on an *Altar faire* had to her Name,
 In confecration many an *Anagram* :
 And when with fugged ftraines they froue to raife
Worth, to a garland of immortall *Bayes* ;

She as the learnedst Maid was chose by them,
(Her flaxen haire crown'd with an *Anadem*)
To iudge who best deseru'd, for she could fit
The height of praise vnto the height of wit.
But well-a-day those happy times were gone,
(Millions admit a small subtraction.)

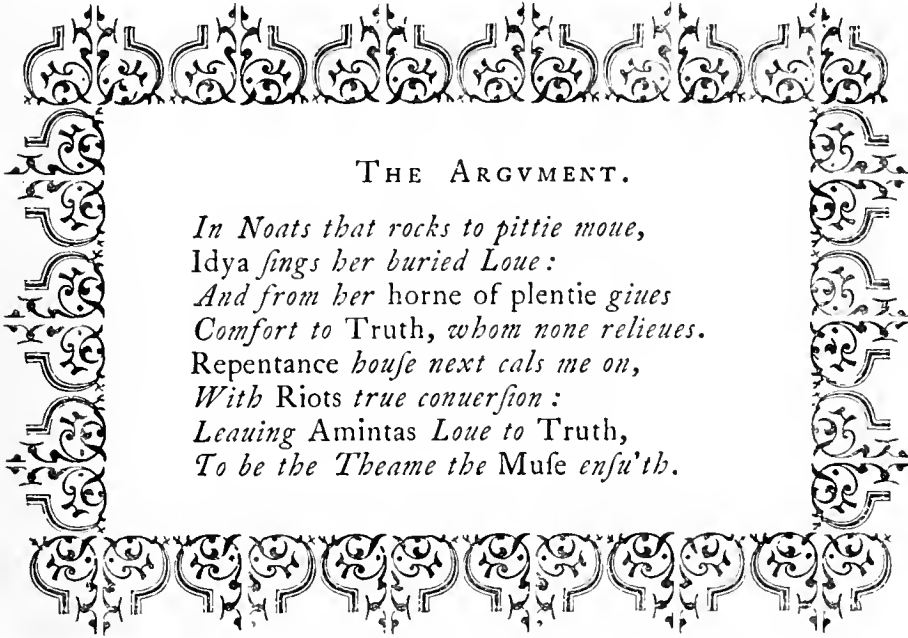
And as the *Yeere* hath first his iocund *Spring*,
Wherein the *Leaues*, to *Birds* sweet carrolling,
Dance with the winde: then sees, the *Summers* day
Perfect the Embrion Blossome of each spray:
Next commeth *Autumne*, when the threshed sheafe
Lofeth his graine, and every tree his leafe:
Lastly, cold *Winters* rage, with many a storme,
Threats the proud *Pines* which *Ida's* top adorne,
And makes the sap leaue succourlesse the shoot,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying root.

Or as a quaint *Musitian* being won,
To run a point of sweet Diuision,
Gets by degrees vnto the highest *Key*;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper Tone; and lastly, throwes
His Period in a *Diapazon* Close:
So euery humane thing terrestriall,
His vtmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in fairest age,
Enamour'd on a Maid (whose parentage
Had *Fate* adorn'd, as *Nature* deckt her eye,
Might at a becke command a Monarchie)
But poore and faire could neuer yet bewitch
A misers minde, preferring foule and rich,
And therefore (as a Kings heart left behinde,
When as his corps are borne to be enshrin'd)
(His Parents will, a Law) like that dead corse,
Leauing his heart, is brought vnto his Horse,
Carried vnto a place that can impart
No secret Embassie vnto his heart,

Climbes some proud hill, whose stately eminence
Vassals the fruitfull vales circumference :
From whence, no sooner can his lights descry
The place enriched by his *Mistresse* eye :
But some thicke cloud his happy prospect blends,
And he in sorrow rais'd, in teares descends :
So this sad Nymph (whom all commiserate)
Once pac'd the hill of *Greatnesse* and of *State*,
And got the top ; but when she gan addresse
Her sight, from thence to see true happinesse,
Fate interpos'd an enuious cloud of feares,
And she with-drew into this vale of teares,
Where *Sorrow* so enthal'd best *Vertues* Iewell,
Stones check'd griefs hardnes, call'd her too-too cruel,
A streame of teares vpon her faire cheekes flowes,
As morning dew vpon the Damaske-Rose,
Or Cryfall-glasse vailing Vermilion ;
Or drops of Milke on the Carnation :
She sang and wept (ô yee Sea-binding Cleues,
Yeeld Tributary drops, for *Vertue* grieues !)
And to the Period of her sad sweet Key
Intwinn'd her case with chaste *Penelope* :
But see the drifling *South*, my mournfull straine
Answers, in weeping drops of quickning raine,
And since this day we can no further goe,
Restlesse I rest within this *Vale of Woe*,
Vntill the modest morne on earths vast *Zone*,
The euer gladsome day shall re-inthron.



THE FIFTH SONG.



THE ARGUMENT.

*In Noats that rocks to pittie moue,
Idya sings her buried Loue :
And from her horne of plentie giues
Comfort to Truth, whom none relieues.
Repentance house next cals me on,
With Riots true conuerſion :
Leauing Amintas Loue to Truth,
To be the Theame the Muſe enſu'th.*



Ere full of *Aprill*, vail'd with ſorrowes wing,
For louely Laves, I dreary Dirges ſing.
Who ſo hath ſeene yong Lads (to ſport
themſelues)

Run in a low ebbe to the ſandy ſhelues :
Where ſeriously they worke in digging wels,
Or building childiſh forts of Cockle-ſhels :
Or liquid water each to other bandy ;
Or with the Pibbles play at handy-dandy,
Till vnawares the Tyde hath clos'd them round,
And they muſt wade it through or elſe be drown'd,
May (if vnto my Pipe he liſten well)
My *Muſe* diſtreſſe with theirs ſoone paralell.

For where I whilome fung the loues of Swaines,
 And woo'd the Cryfall Currants of the Plaines,
 Teaching the Birds to loue, whilst euery Tree
 Gaue his attention to my Melodie :

Fate now (as enuying my too-happy Theame)
 Hath round begirt my Song with Sorrowes streame,
 Which till my Muse wade through and get on shore,
 My grieffe-fwolne Soule can sing of Loue no more.

But turne we now (yet not without remorse)
 To heauenly *Aletheias* sad discourse,
 That did from *Fida's* eyes salt teares exhale,
 When thus she shew'd the *Solitarie Vale*.

Iust in the midst this ioy-forfaken ground
 A hillocke stood, with Springs embraced round :
 (And with a Cryfall Ring did seeme to marry
 Themselues, to this small Ile sad-solitarie :)
 Vpon whose brest (which trembled as it ran)
 Rode the faire downie-siluer-coated *Swan* :
 And on the bankes each *Cypresse* bow'd his head,
 To heare the *Swan* sing her owne * *Epiced*.

* A Funerall song before the corps be interred.

As when the gallant youth which liue vpon
 The Westerne Downes of louely *Albion* ;
 Meeting, some festiuall to solemnize,
 Choofe out two, skil'd in wraffling exercise,
 Who strongly, at the wrist or coller cling,
 Whilst arme in arme the people make a Ring.
 So did the water round this Ile inlinke,
 And so the Trees grew on the waters brinke :
 Waters their streames about the Iland scatter ;
 And Trees perform'd as much vnto the water :
 Vnder whose shade the *Nightingale* would bring
 Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing.
 [The woods most sad, Musitians thither hie,
 As it had beene the *Siluians Castalie*,
 And warbled forth such *Elegyacke* straines,
 That strucke the windes dumbe ; & the motly plaines

Were fill'd with enuy, that such shady places
Held all the worlds delights in their embraces,]

O how (me thinkes) the impes of *Mneme* bring
Dewes of Inuention from their sacred Spring!
Here could I spend that spring of *Poesie*,
Which not *twice ten Sunnes* haue bestow'd on me;
And tell the world, the *Muses* loue appeares
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeares.
But ere my *Muse* erected haue the frame,
Wherein t'enshrine an vnknowne Shepherds name,
She many a Groue, and other woods must tread,
More Hills, more Dales, more Founts must be displaid,
More Meadowes, Rockes, and from them all elect
Matter besfitting such an Architect.

As Children on a play-day leaue the Schooles,
And gladly runne vnto the swimning Pooles,
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to dispoile some sweet *Thrush* of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a Brooke
Withouten paine: but when the *Morne* doth looke
Out of the *Easterne gates*, a Snayle would faster
Glide to the Schooles, then they vnto their Master:
So when before I sung the Songs of Birds,
(Whilst euery moment sweetned lines affords)
I pip'd deuoid of paine, but now I come
Vnto my taske, my *Muse* is stricken dumbe.
My blubbring pen her fable teares lets fall,
In Characters right *Hyrogliphicall*,
And mixing with my teares are ready turning,
My late white paper to a weed of mourning;
Or Inke and Paper striue how to impart,
My words, the weeds they wore, within my hart:
Or else the blots vnwilling are my rimes
And their sad cause should liue till after-times;
Fearing if men their subiect should descry,
They forth-with would dissolue in teares and die.

Vpon the *Ilands* craggy rising hill,
 A *Quadrant* ranne, wherein by Artlesse skill,
 At euery corner *Nature* did erect
 A Columne rude, yet void of all defect :
 Whereon a Marble lay. The thick-growne *Bryer*,
 And prickled *Hawthorne* (wouen all entyre)
 Together clung, and barr'd the gladfome light
 From any entrance, fitting onely night.
 No way to it but one, steepe and obscure,
 The staires of rugged stone, seldome in vre,
 All ouer-growne with Mosse, as *Nature* fate
 To entertaine *Griefe* with a *cloth of State*.

Hardly vnto the top I had ascended,
 But that the Trees (siding the steps) befriended
 My weary limbes, who bowing downe their armes,
 Gaue hold vnto my hands to scape from harmes :
 Which euermore are ready, still present
 Our feet, in climbing places eminent.
 Before the doore (to hinder *Phæbus* view)
 A shady *Box-tree* grasped with an *Eugh*,
 As in the place behalfe they menac'd warre
 Against the radiance of each sparkling Star.
 And on their barkes (which *Time* had nigh deprau'd)
 These lines (it seem'd) had been of old engrau'd :
This place was fram'd of yore, to be possess'd
By one which sometime Hath Beene Happiest.

Louely *Idya* the most beautious
 Of all the darlings of *Oceanus*,
Hesperia's enuy and the Westerne pride,
 Whose party-coloured garment *Nature* dy'd
 In more eye-pleasing hewes with richer graine,
 Then *Iris* bow attending *Aprils* raine.
 Whose Lilly white inshaded with the Rose
 Had that man seene, who fung th'*Eneidos*,
Dido had in obliuion slept, and she
 Had giu'n his *Muse* her best eternitie.

Had braue *Atrides* (who did erst imploy
His force to mix his dead with those of *Troy*)
Beene proffered for a truce her fained peece
Helen had staid, and that had gone to *Greece* :
The *Phrygian* foile had not been drunk with blood,
Achilles longer breath'd, and *Troy* yet stood :
The *Prince of Poets* had not sung his story,
My friend had lost his euer-liuing glory.

But as a snowy *Swan*, who many a day
On *Thamar's* swelling breasts hath had his play,
For further pleasure doth assay to swim
My natiue *Tauy*, or the fandy *Plim* :
And on the panting billowes brauely rides,
Whilst Country-lasses walking on the sides,
Admire her beauty, and with clapping hands,
Would force her leaue the streame, and tread the sands,
When she regardlesse swims to th'other edge,
Vntill an enuious Bryer, or tangling Sedge
Dispoyles her Plumes; or else a sharpned Beame
Pierceth her breast, and on the bloody streame
She pants for life: So whilome rode this Maid
On streames of worldly blisse, more rich arrayd,
With Earths delight, then thought could put in vre,
To glut the senses of an *Epicure*.
Whilst neighbring Kings vpon their frontires stood,
And offer'd for her dowre huge Seas of blood :
And periur'd *Gerion* to winne her, rent
The *Indian* Rockes for gold, and bootlesse spent
Almost his patrimony for her sake,
Yet nothing like respected as the *Drake*
That skowr'd her Channels, and destroyd the weede,
VWhich spoyle her sisters nets, and fishes breede.
At last her truest loue she threw vpon
A royall Youth, whose like, whose *Paragon*
Heauen neuer lent the Earth: so great a spirit
The VWorld could not containe, nor kingdomes merit :

And therefore *Ioue* did with the Saints inthroned him,
And left his *Lady* nought but teares to mone him.

Within this place (as wofull as my Verse)
She with her Crystall founts bedew'd his Herse,
Inuailed with a fable weed she fate,
Singing this song which stoness dissolued at.

W*hat time the world clad in a mourning robe,
A Stage made for a wofull Tragedie :
When showers of teares from the Cælestiall Globe
Bewaild the fate of Sea-lou'd Britanie ;
When sighs as frequent were as various sights,
When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,
When Enuy wept,
And Comfort slept :
When Cruelty it selfe sate almost crying,
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights,
When Autumne had disrob'd the Summers pride,
Then Englands honour, Europes wonder dy'd.*

*O saddest straine that e'er the Muses sung !
A text of Woe for Griefe to comment on ;
Teares, sighes, and sobs, giue passage to my tongue,
Or I shall spend you till the last is gone.
Which done, my heart in flames of burning loue
(Wanting his moisture) shall to cinders turne :
But first, by me
Bequeathed be
To strew the place wherein his sacred Urne
Shall be inclos'd, this might in many moue
The like effect : (who would not doe it ?) when
No graue befits him but the hearts of men.*

*That man whose masse of sorrowes hath been such,
That by their weight laid on each seuerall part,*

*His fountaines are so drie, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left to ease his heart ;
Why should he keepe it ? since the time doth call,
That he ne'er better can bestow it in :*

*If so he feares
That others teares*

*In greater number, greatest prizes winne ;
Know none giues more then he which giueth all.
Then he which hath but one poore teare in store,
O let him spend that drop, and weepe no more.*

*Why flowes not Helicon beyond her strands ?
Is Henry dead, and doe the Muses sleepe ?
Alas ! I see each one amazed stands,
"Shallow foords mutter, silent are the deepe :
Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not where :
All are so full, nought can augment their store :*

*Then how should they
Their griefes display*

*To men, so cloid, they faine would heare no more ?
Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot heare :
And with this wish their passions I allow,
May that Muse neuer speake that's silent now !*

*Is Henry dead ? alas ! and doe I liue
To sing a Scrich-owles Note that he is dead ?
If any one a fitter Theame can giue,
Come giue it now, or neuer to be read.
But let him see it doe of horror tast,
Anguish, destruction : could it rend in sunder*

*With fearefull grones
The senselesse stones,*

*Yet should we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefes would so exceed their last :
Time cannot make our sorrowes ought compleater ;
Nor adde one griefe to make our mourning greater.*

England was ne'er ingirt with waues till now ;
 Till now it held part with the Continent :
 Aye me ! some one in pittie shew me, how
 I might in dolefull numbers so lament ;
 That any one which lou'd him, hated me,
 Might dearely loue me, for lamenting him.

Alas ! my plaint

In such constraint

*Breaks forth in rage, that though my passions swimme,
 Yet are they drowned ere they landed be :*

Imperfeēt lines ! O happy ! were I hurld

And cut from life as England from the world.

*O happier had we beene ! if we had beene
 Neuer made happie by enioying thee !
 Where hath the glorious eye of heauen seene
 A spectacle of greater miserie ?
 Time turne thy course ; and bring againe the Spring ;
 Breake Natures lawes ; search the records of old,
 If ought befell
 Might paralell*

*Sad Britain's case : weepe Rocks, and Heauen behold,
 What Seas of sorrow she is plunged in.*

Where stormes of woe so mainly haue beset her ;

She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

*Britaine was whilome knowne (by more then fame)
 To be one of the Ilands fortunate ;
 What franticke man would giue her now that name,
 Lying so rufull and disconsolate ?
 Hath not her watry Zone in murmuring,
 Fill'd euery shoare with Ecchoes of her crie ?*

Yes, Thetis raues,

And bids her waues

*Bring all the Nymphes within her Emperie
 To be assistant in her sorrowing :*

*See where they sadly sit on Isis shore,
And rend their haire as they would ioy no more.*

*Isis the glory of the Westerne world,
When our Heroë (honour'd Essex) dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurld,
And fill'd her banckes with an unwoonted Tyde :
As if she stood in doubt, if it were so,
And for the certaintie had turn'd her way.*

*Why doe not now
Her waues reflow ?*

*Poore Nymph, her sorrowes will not let her stay ;
Or flies to tell the world her Countries woe :
Or cares not to come backe, perhaps, as showing
Our teares should make the flood, not her reflowing.*

*Sometimes a Tyrant held the reynes of Rome,
Wishing to all the City but one head,
That all at once might vndergoe his doome,
And by one blow from life be seuered.
Fate wisht the like on England, and 'twas giuen :
(O miserable men, enthral'd to Fate !)*

*Whose heauy hand
That neuer scand*

*The misery of Kingdomes ruinate,
Minding to leaue her of all ioyes bereauen,
With one sad blow (Alas ! can worser fall !)
Hath giuen this little Ile her Funerall.*

*O come yee blessed Impes of Memory,
Erect a new Parnassus on his graue !
There tune your voices to an Elegy,
The saddest Note that ere Apollo gaue.
Let eury Accent make the stander by
Keepe time vnto your Song with dropping teares,
Till drops that fell
Haue made a well*

*To swallow him which still unmoued heares ?
And though my selfe proue senselesse of your cry,
Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim,
To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.*

*When last he sickned, then we first began
To tread the Labyrinth of Woe about :
And by degrees we further inward ran,
Hauing his thread of life to guide vs out.
But Destinie no sooner saw vs enter
Sad Sorrowes Maze, immured vp in night,
(Where nothing dwels
But cryes and yels
Throwne from the hearts of men depriu'd of light,
When we were almost come into the Center,
Fate (cruelly) to barre our ioyes returning,
Cut off our Thread, and left vs all in mourning.*

[If you haue feene at foot of some braue hill,
Two Springs arife, and delicately trill,
In gentle chidings through an humble dale,
(Where tufty Daizies nod at euey gale)
And on the bankes a Swaine (with *Lawrell* crown'd)
Marrying his sweet Notes with their filuer found :
When as the spongy clouds swolne big with water,
Throw their conception on the worlds *Theater* :
Downe from the hils the rained waters roare,
Whilst euey leafe drops to augment their store :
Grumbling the stones fall o'er each others backe,
Rending the greene turfes with their * *Cataract*,
And through the Meadows run with such a noife,
That taking from the Swaine the fountaines voice,
Inforce him leaue their margent, and alone
Couple his base Pipe with their baser *Tone*.
Know (Shepherdesse) that so I lent an eare
To those sad wights whose plaints I told whileare :

* A fall of
waters from
a very high
place.

Alethcia to
Fida.

But when this goodly Lady gan addresse
 Her heauenly voyce to sweeten heauinesse,
 It drown'd the rest, as torrents little Springs;
 And stricken mute at her great sorrowings,
 Lay still and wondred at her pitious mone,
 Wept at her griefes, and did forget their owne,
 Whilst I attentive fate, and did impart,
 Teares when they wanted drops, and from a hart,
 As hie in sorrow as e'er creature wore,
 Lent thrilling grones to such as had no more.]

Had wife *Vlyffes* (who regardlesse flung
 Along the *Ocean* when the *Syrens* fung)
 Pass'd by and seene her on the sea-torne cleeuues,
 Waile her lost Loue (while *Neptunes* watry Theeues
 Durst not approach for Rockes :) to see her face
 He would haue hazarded his *Grecian* race,
 Thrust head-long to the shore, and to her eyes
 Offer'd his Vessell as a Sacrifice.
 Or had the *Syrens* on a neighbour shore
 Heard in what raping Notes she did deplore
 Her buried *Glory*, they had left their shelues,
 And to come neere her would haue drown'd themselues.

Now silence lock'd the organs of that voyce;
 Whereat each merry *Sylvan* wont reioyce,
 When with a bended knee to her I came,
 And did impart my griefe and hated name:
 But first a pardon begg'd, if that my cause
 So much constrain'd me as to breake the Lawes
 Of her wish'd sequestration, or ask'd Bread
 (To saue a life) from her, whose life was dead:
 But lawlesse famine, selfe-consuming hunger,
 Alas! compel'd me: had I stay'd longer,
 My weakned limmes had beene my wants forc'd meed,
 And I had fed, on that I could not feed.
 When she (compassionate) to my sad mone
 Did lend a sigh, and stole it from her owne;

Aletheia
 commeth to
Idya.

And (wofull Lady wrackt on haplesse shelve)
 Yeelded me comfort, yet had none her selfe :
 Told how she knew me well since I had beene,
 As chiefeft confort of the *Fairy Queene* ;
 O happy *Queene* ! for euer, euer praise
 Dwell on thy Tombe ; the period of all dayes
 Onely seale vp thy fame ; and as thy *Birth*
 Inrich'd thy *Temples* on the fading earth,
 So haue thy *Vertues* crown'd thy blessed soule,
 Where the *first Mouer* with his words controule ;
 As with a girdle the huge *Ocean* bindes ;
 Gathers into his fist the nimble Windes ;
 Stops the bright Courser in his hot careere ;
 Commands the *Moone* twelue courses in a yeere :
 Liue thou with him in endlesse blisse, while we
 Admire all vertues in admiring thee.

Thou, thou, the fautresse of the learned *Well* ;
 Thou nursing Mother of *Gods Israel* ;
 Thou, for whose louing *Truth*, the heauens raines
 Sweet *Mel* and *Manna* on our flowry plaines :
 Thou, by whose hand the sacred *Trine* did bring
 Vs out of bonds, from bloody *Bonnering*.
 Ye suckling Babes, for euer bleffe that Name
 Releas'd your burning in your Mothers flame !
 Thrice blessed Maiden, by whose hand was giuen
 Free liberty to taste the food of Heauen.
 Neuer forget her (*Albions* louely Daughters)
 Which led you to the Springs of liuing Waters !
 And if my *Muse* her glory faile to sing,
 May to my mouth my tongue for euer cling !

Herewith (at hand) taking her *Horne of Plentie*
 Fil'd with the choyse of euery Orchards daintie,
 As *Peares*, *Plums*, *Apples*, the sweet *Raspis-berry*,
 The *Quince*, the *Apricocke*, the blushing *Cherry* ;
 The *Mulberry* (his blacke from *Thisbie* taking)
 The cluster'd *Filberd*, *Grapes* oft merry-making.

(This fruitfull Horne th'immortall Ladies fill'd
 With all the pleasures that rough Forrests yeeld,
 And gaue *Idya*, with a further blessing,
 That thence (as from a Garden) without dressing,
 She these should euer haue; and neuer want
 Store, from an Orchard without tree or plant.)
 With a right willing hand she gaue me, hence,
 The Stomackes comforter, the pleasing *Quince*;
 And for the chiefest cherisher she lent
 The *Royall Thistles* milkie nourishment.

Here staid I long: but when to see *Aurora*
 Kisse the perfumed cheekes of dainty *Flora*,
 Without the vale I trod one louely Morne,
 With true intention of a quicke returne,
 An vnexpected chance stroue to deferre
 My going backe, and all the loue of her.
 But Maiden see the day is waxen old,
 And gins to shut in with the *Marigold*:
 The *Neat-herds* Kine doe bellow in the yard;
 And *Dairy Maidens* for the milke prepar'd,
 Are drawing at the *Vdder*, long ere now
 The Plow-man hath vnyoak't his Teame from plow:
 My transformation to a fearefull *Hinde*
 Shall to vnfold a fitter season finde;
 Meane while yond *Pallace*, whose braue Turrets tops,
 Ouer the stately Wood suruay the cops,
 Promis'th (if fought) a wished place of rest,
 Till *Sol* our *Hemisphere* haue repossess't.

Now must my *Muse* afford a straine to *Riot*,
 Who almost kild with his luxurious diet,
 Lay eating grasse (as dogges) within a wood,
 So to disgorge the vndisgested food:
 By whom faire *Aletheia* pass along
 With *Fida* Queene of euery shepherds song,
 By them vnseene (for he securely lay
 Vnder the thicke of many a leauied spray)

And through the leueld Meadowes gently threw
 Their neatest feet, washt with refreshing dew,
 Where he durst not approach, but on the edge
 Of th'hilly wood, in couert of a hedge,
 VVent onward with them, trode with them in paces,
 And farre off much admir'd their formes and graces.
 Into the Plaines at last he headlong venter'd :
 But they the hill had got and pallace enter'd.

VVhen, like a valiant well resolued man
 Seeking new paths i' th' pathlesse *Ocean*,
 Vnto the shores of monster-breeding *Nyle*,
 Or through the North to the vnpeopled *Thyle*,
 VVhere from the *Equinoctiall* of the *Spring*,
 To that of *Autumne*, *Titans golden Ring*
 Is neuer off; and till the *Spring* againe
 In gloomy darknesse all the shoares remaine.
 Or if he furrow vp the brynie Sea,
 To cast his Ancors in the frozen bay
 Of woody *Norway*; (who hath euer fed
 Her people more with scaly fish then bread)
 Though ratling mounts of Ice thrust at his Helme,
 And by their fall still threaten to o'rewhelme
 His little Vessell: and though *Winter* throw
 (What *age* should on their heads) white caps of Snow;
 Striues to congeale his bloud; he cares not for't,
 But arm'd in minde, gets his intended port:

So *Ryot*, though full many doubts arise,
 VVhose vnknowne ends might graspe his enterprife,
 Climbes towards the Palace, and with gate demüre,
 VVith hanging head, a voice as faining pure,
 With torne and ragged coat, his hairy legs
 Bloody, as scratch'd with Bryers, he entrance begs.

Remembrance fate as Portresie of this gate:
 A Lady alwayes musing as she fate,
 Except when sometime suddainly she rose,
 And with a back-bent eye, at length, she throwes

Her hands to heauen : and in a wondring guize,
Star'd on each obieſt with her fixed eyes :
As ſome way-faring man paſſing a wood,
(Whoſe wauiug top hath long a Sea-marke ſtood)
Goes iogging on, and in his minde nought hath,
But how the *Primroſe* finely ſtrew the path,
Or ſweeteſt *Violets* lay downe their heads
At ſome trees root on moſſie feather-beds,
Vntill his heele receiues an Adders ſting,
Whereat he ſtarts, and backe his head doth fling.

She neuer mark'd the ſute he did preferre,
But (careleſſe) let him paſſe along by her.

So on he went into a ſpacious court,
All trodden bare with multitudes reſort :
At th'end whereof a ſecond gate appeares,
The Fabricke ſhew'd full many thouſand yeares :
Whoſe Poſterne-key that time a Lady kept,
Her eyes all ſwolne as if ſhe ſeldome ſlept ;
And would by fits her golden treſſes teare,
And ſtriue to ſtop her breath with her owne haire :
Her lilly hand (not to be lik'd by Art)
A paire of Pincers held ; wherewith her heart
Was hardly graſped, while the piled ſtones
Re-eccoed her lamentable grones.

Here at this gate the cuſtome long had bin
When any ſought to be admitted in,
Remorce thus vs'd them, ere they had the key,
And all theſe torments felt, paſ'd on their way.

When *Riot* came, the Ladies paines nigh done,
She paſt the gate ; and then *Remorce* begun
To fetter *Riot* in ſtrong iron chaines ;
And doubting much his patience in the paines.
As when a *Smith* and's Man (lame *Vulcans* fellowes)
Call'd from the *Anuile* or the puffing *Bellowes*,
To clap a well-wrought ſhooe (for more then pay)
Vpon a ſtubborne Nagge of *Galloway* ;

Or vnback'd *Iennet*, or a *Flaunders* Mare,
 That at the Forge stand snuffing of the ayre;
 The swarty *Smith* spits in his Buckhorne fist,
 And bids his Man bring out the fue-fold twist,
 His shackles, shacklocks, hampers, gyues and chaines,
 His linked bolts; and with no little paines
 These make him fast: and least all these should faulter,
 Vnto a poste with some six doubled halter
 He bindes his head; yet all are of the least
 To curbe the fury of the head-strong beast:
 When if a Carriers Iade be brought vnto him,
 His Man can hold his foot whilst he can shoe him:
Remorce was so inforc'd to binde him stronger,
 Because his faults requir'd infliction longer
 Then any sin-prest wight which many a day
 Since *Judas* hung himselfe had past that way.

When all the cruell torments he had borne,
 Galled with chaines, and on the racke nigh torne,
 Pinching with glowing pincers his owne heart;
 All lame and restlesse, full of wounds and smart,
 He to the Posterne creepes, so inward hies,
 And from the gate a two-fold path descries,
 One leading vp a hill, *Repentance* way;
 And (as more worthy) on the right hand lay:
 The other head-long, steepe, and lik'ned well
 Vnto the path which tendeth downe to hell:
 All steps that thither went shew'd no returning,
 The port to paines, and to eternall mourning;
 Where certaine *Death* liu'd, in an Ebon chaire,
 The foules blacke homicide meager *Despaire*
 Had his abode: there gainst the craggie rocks
 Some dasht their braines out, with relentlesse knocks,
 Others on trees (ô most accursed elues)
 Are fastening knots, so to vndoe themselues.
 Here one in sinne not daring to appeare
 At Mercies feat with one repentant teare,

Within his brest was launcing of an eye,
That vnto God it might for vengeance cry :
There from a Rocke a wretch but newly fell,
All torne in pieces, to goe whole to Hell.
Here with a sleepe Potion one thinkes fit
To graspe with death, but would not know of it :
There in a poole two men their liues expire,
And die in water to reuiue in fire.

Here hangs the bloud vpon the guiltlesse stones :
There wormes consume the flesh of humane bones.
Here lyes an arme : a legge there : here a head,
Without other lims of men vnburied,
Scattring the ground, and as regardlesse hurl'd,
As they at vertue spurned in the world.

Fye haplesse wretch, ô thou ! whose graces steruing,
Measur'ft Gods mercy by thine owne deseruing ;
Which cry'ft (distrustfull of the power of Heauen)
My finnes are greater then can be forgiuen :
Which still are ready to *curse God and die,*
At euery stripe of worldly miserie ;
O learne (thou in whose brests the Dragon lurkes)
Gods mercy (euer) is o'er all his workes.
Know he is pitifull, apt to forgiue ;
Would not a finners death, but that he liue.
O euer, euer rest vpon that word
Which doth assure thee, though his two edg'd Sword
Be drawne in Iustice gainst thy sinfull soule,
To separate the rotten from the whole ;
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,
He will not strike ; or if he strike repent him.
Let none despaire : for cursed *Iudas* sinne
Was not so much in yeelding vp the King
Of life, to death, as when he thereupon
Wholy dispair'd of Gods remission.

Riot, long doubting stood which way were best
To leade his steps : at last preferring rest

(As foolishly he thought) before the paine
 Was to be past ere he could well attaine
 The high-built Palace; gan aduerture on
 That path, which led to all confusion,
 When sodainly a voice as sweet as cleere,
 With words diuine began entice his eare:
 Whereat as in a rapture, on the ground
 He prostrate lay, and all his senses found
 A time of rest; onely that facultie
 Which neuer can be seene, nor euer dye,
 That in the essence of an endlesse Nature
 Doth sympathize with the *All-good Creator*,
 That onely wak'd which cannot be interr'd
 And from a heauenly Quire this ditty heard.

*Vaine man, doe not mistrust
 Of heauen winning;
 Nor (though the most vniust)
 Despaire for sinning
 God will be seene his sentence changing.
 If he behold thee wicked wayes estranging.*

*Climbe vp where pleasures dwell
 In flowry Allies:
 And taste the liuing Well
 That decks the Vallies.
 Faire Metanoia is attending
 To crowne thee with those ioyes which know no ending.*

Herewith on leaden wings *Sleepe* from him flew,
 When on his arme he rose, and sadly threw
 Shrill acclamations; while an hollow caue,
 Or hanging hill, or heauen an answer gaue.
 O sacred Essence lightning me this houre!
 How may I lightly stile thy great Power? *Ecch. Power.*

Power? but of whence? vnder the green-wood spray.
Or liu'ft in heau'n? say. *Ecch. In Heauens aye.*
In heauens aye I tell, may I it obtaine
By almes; by fasting, prayer, by paine. *Ecch. By paine.*
Shew me the paine, 't shall be vndergone:
I to mine end will still goe on. *Ecch. Goe on.*
But whither? On! Shew me the place, the time:
What if the Mountain I do climbe? *Ecch. Doe; climbe.*
Is that the way to ioyes which still endure?
O bid my soule of it be sure! *Ecch. Be sure.*
Then thus assured, doe I climbe the hill,
Heauen be my guide in this thy will. *Ecch. I will.*

As when a maid taught from her mother wing,
To tune her voyce vnto a siluer string,
When she should run, she rests; rests when should run,
And ends her lesson hauing now begun:
Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
And doing of her best she still is wrong,
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
Then in a chafe forsakes her *Virginals*,
And yet within an houre she tries anew,
That with her daily paines (*Arts* chiefest due)
She gaires that charming skill: and can no lesse
Tame the fierce walkers of the wildernesse,
Then that *Oeagrin Harpist*, for whose lay,
Tigers with hunger pinde and left their pray.
So *Riot*, when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haste and there long standeth still,
Now getteth vp a step, then fals againe,
Yet not despairing all his nerues doth straine,
To clamber vp a new, then slide his feet,
And downe he comes: but giues not ouer yet,
For (with the maid) he hopes, a time will be
When merit shall be linkt with industry.

Now as an *Angler* melancholy standing
Vpon a greene banke yeelding roome for landing,

A wrigling yellow worme thrust on his hooke,
 Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke :
 Here puls his line, there throwes it in againe,
 Mendeth his Corke and Bait, but all in vaine,
 He long stands viewing of the curled streame ;
 At last a hungry *Pike*, or well-growne *Bream*
 Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away,
 He knowing it, a Fish of stubborne sway,
 Puls vp his rod, but soft : (as hauing skill)
 Wherewith the hooke fast holds the Fishes gill,
 Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
 Whilst furiously all vp and downe doth swim
 Th'insnared Fish, here on the top doth scud,
 There vnderneath the banks, then in the mud ;
 And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
 That each one takes his *hyde*, or starting hole :
 By this the *Pike* cleane wearied vnderneath
 A *Willow* lyes, and pants (if Fishes breath)
 Wherewith the *Angler* gently puls him to him,
 And leaft his haste might happen to vndoe him,
 Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
 And by degrees getting the Fish to land,
 Walkes to another Poole : at length is winner
 Of such a dish as serues him for his dinner :
 So when the *Climber* halfe the way had got,
 Musing he stood, and busily gan plot,
 How (since the mount did alwaies steeper tend)
 He might with steps secure his iourney end.
 At last (as wandring Boyes to gather Nuts)
 A hooked Pole he from a *Hafell* cuts ;
 Now throwes it here, then there to take some hold,
 But bootlesse and in vaine, the rockie mold,
 Admits no cranny, where his *Hafell*-hooke
 Might promise him a step, till in a nooke
 Somewhat about his reach he hath espide
 A little *Oake*, and hauing often tride

To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
Or leaping vp, yet not preuailing so ;
He rols a stone towards the little tree,
Then gets vpon it, fastens warily
His Pole vnto a bough, and at his drawing
The early rising *Crow* with clam'rous kawing,
Leauing the greene bough, flies about the *Rocke*,
Whilst twenty twenty couples to him flocke :
And now within his reach the thin leaues waue,
With one hand onely then he holds his staue,
And with the other grasping first the leaues,
A pretty bough he in his fist receiues ;
Then to his girdle making fast the hooke,
His other hand another bough hath tooke ;
His first, a third, and that, another giues,
To bring him to the place where his root liues.
Then, as a nimble *Squirrill* from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his *Filberd*-food,
Sits peartly on a bough his browne Nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a fort of Boyes,
(To share with him) come with so great a noyse,
That he is forc'd to leaue a Nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour *Oake*,
Thence to a *Beech*, thence to a row of *Ashes* ;
Whilst th'row the *Quagmires*, and red water plashes,
The Boyes run dabling thorow thicke and thin,
One teares his hose, another breakes his shin,
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the *Bryers* ; and that hath lost his shooe :
This drops his band ; that head-long fals for haste ;
Another cries behinde for being last :
With sticks and stones, and many a sounding hollow,
The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his *Dray* :

Such shift made *Ryot*, ere he could get vp,
 And so from bough to bough he won the top,
 Though hindrances, for euer comming there,
 Were often thrust vpon him by *Dispaire*.

Now at his feet the stately mountaine lay,
 And with a glad some eye he gan furuay
 What perils he had trod on since the time
 His weary feet and armes affaid to climbe.
 When with a humble voyce (withouten feare,
 Though he look'd wilde and ouer-grown with haire)
 A gentle Nymph in ruffet course array,
 Comes and directs him onward in his way.
 First, brings she him into a goodly Hall,
 Faire, yet not beautified with Minerall:
 But in a carelesse Art, and artlesse care,
 Made, loose neglect, more louely farre then rare.
 Vpon the floore (ypau'd with Marble slate)
 (With Sack-cloth cloth'd) many in ashes fate:
 And round about the wals for many yeares,
 Hung Cryfall Vials of repentant teares:
 And Books of vowes, and many a heauenly deed,
 Lay ready open for each one to read,
 Some were immured vp in little sheads,
 There to contemplate Heauen, and bid their Beads.
 Others with garments thin of Cammels-haire,
 With head, and armes, and legs, and feet all bare,
 Were singing Hymnes to the *Eternall Sage*,
 For safe returning from their Pilgrimage,
 Some with a whip their pamper'd bodies beat;
 Others in fasting liue, and seldome eat:
 But as those Trees which doe in *India* grow
 And call'd of elder Swaines full long agoe
 The *Sun* and *Moones* faire Trees (full goodly deight)
 And ten times ten feet challenging their height:
 Hauing no helpe (to ouer-looke braue Towers)
 From coole refreshing dew, or drifling showers;

Description
 of the house
 of Repent-
 ance.

When as the Earth (as oftentimes is feene)
Is interpos'd twixt *Sol* and *Nights pale Queene* ;
Or when the *Moone* ecclipseth *Titans* light,
The Trees (all comfortlesse) rob'd of their fight
Weepe liquid drops, which plentifully shoot
Along the outward barke downe to the root :
And by their owne shed teares they euer flourish ;
So their own sorrowes, their owne ioyes doe nourish :
And so within this place full many a wight,
Did make his teares his food both day and night.
And had it g[r]anted (from th'Almighty great)
To swim th'row them vnto his *Mercy-feat*.
Faire Metanoia in a chaire of earth,
With count'nance sad, yet sadnesse promis'd mirth,
Sate vail'd in courset weeds of Cammels hayre,
Inriching pouertie ; yet neuer faire
Was like to her, nor since the world begun
A louelier Lady kist the glorious *Sun*.
For her the *God of Thunder*, mighty, great,
Whose Foot-stoole is the Earth, and Heauen his Seat,
Vnto a man who from his crying birth
Went on still, shunning what he carried, earth :
VVhen he could walke no further for his graue,
Nor could step ouer, but he there must haue
A feat to rest, when he would faine goe on ;
But age in euery nerue, in euery bone
Forbad his passage : for her sake hath heauen
Fill'd v̄p the graue, and made his path so euen,
That fifteene courses had the bright Steeds run,
(And he was weary) ere his course was done.
For scorning her, the Courts of Kings which throw
A proud rais'd pinnacle to rest the Crow ;
And on a Plaine out-braue a neighbour Rocke,
In stout resistance of a Tempests shocke,
For her contempt heauen (reining his disasters)
Haue made those Towers but piles to burne their masters.

To her the lowly Nymph (*Humbleſſa* hight)
 Brought (as her office) this deformed wight ;
 To whom the Lady courteous ſemblance ſhewes,
 And pittying his eſtate in ſacred thewes,
 And Letters (worthily ycleep'd diuine)
 Refolu'd t'inſtruct him : but her diſcipline
 She knew of true effect, would ſurely miſſe,
 Except the firſt his *Metamorphoſis*
 Should cleane exile : and knowing that his birth
 Was to inherit reaſon, though on earth
 Some VVitch had thus transform'd him, by her ſkill,
 Expert in changing, euen the very will,
 In few dayes labours with continuall prayer,
 (A ſacrifice tranſcends the buxome ayre)
 His griſly ſhape, his foule deformed feature,
 His horrid lookes, worſe then a ſauage creature,
 By *Metanoia's* hand from heauen, began
 Receiue their ſentence of diuorce from man.

And as a louely Maiden, pure and chaſte,
 VVith naked Iu'rie necke, and gowne vnlac'd,
 VVithin her chamher, when the day is fled,
 Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed :
 Firſt, puts ſhe off her lilly-filken gowne,
 That ſhrikes for ſorrow as ſhe layes it downe ;
 And with her armes graceth a VVaſt-coat fine,
 Imbracing her as it would ne'er vntwine.
 Her flexen haire inſnaring [the] beholders,
 She next permits to waue about her ſhoulders,
 And though ſhe caſt it backe, the filken ſlips
 Still forward ſteale, and hang vpon her lips :
 VVhereat ſhe ſweetly angry, with her laces
 Bindes vp the wanton locks in curious traces,
 VVhilt (twiſting with her ioynts) each haire long lingers,
 As loth to be inchain'd, but with her fingers.
 Then on her head a dreſſing like a Crowne ;
 Her breaſts all bare, her Kirtle flipping downe,

And all things off (which rightly euer be
Call'd the foule-faire markes of our miserie)
Except her last, which enuioufly doth feize her,
Least any eye partake with it in pleasure,
Prepares for sweetest rest, while *Silvans* greet her,
And (longingly) the down-bed fwels to meet her :
So by degrees his shape all brutish vilde,
Fell from him (as loose skin from some yong childe)
In lieu whereof a man-like shape appeares,
And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty yeares,
So faire, so fresh, so young, so admirable
In euery part, that since I am not able
In words to shew his picture, gentle Swaines,
Recall the praises in my former straines ;
And know if they haue graced any lim,
I onely lent it those, but stole't from him.

Had that chaste *Roman Dame* beheld his face,
Ere the proud King possesst her Husbands place,
Her thoughts had beene adulterate, and this staine
Had won her greater fame, had she beene flaine.
The Larke that many mornes her selfe makes merry
With the shrill chanting of her *teery-lerry*,
(Before he was transform'd) would leaue the skyes,
And houer o'er him to behold his eyes.
Vpon an Oten-pipe well could he play,
For when he fed his flocke vpon the lay
Maidens to heare him from the Plaines came tripping
And Birds frō bough to bough full nimbly skipping ;
His flocke (then happy flocke) would leaue to feed,
And stand amaz'd to listen to his Reed :
Lyons and Tygers, with each beast of game ;
With hearing him were many times made tame :
Braue trees & flowers would towards him be bending
And none that heard him wisht his Song an ending :
Maids, Lyons, birds, flocks, trees, each flowre, each
Were wrapt with wōder, whē he vs'd to sing (spring,

So faire a person to describe to men
Requires a curious Pencill, not a Pen.

Him *Metanoia* clad in seemly wife
(Not after our corrupted ages guise,
Where gaudy weeds lend splendor to the lim,
While that his cloaths receiu'd their grace from him,)
Then to a garden set with rarest flowres,
With pleafant fountains stor'd, and shady bowres :
She leads him by the hand, and in the groues,
Where thousand pretty Birds fung to their Loues,
And thousand thousand blossomes (from their stalks)
Milde *Zephyrus* threw downe to paint the walkes :
Where yet the wilde Boare neuer durst appeare :
Here *Fida* (euer to kinde *Raymond* deare)
Met them, and shew'd where *Aletheia* lay,
(The fairest Maid that euer blest the day.)
Sweetly she lay, and cool'd her lilly-hands
Within a Spring that threw vp golden sands :
As if it would intice her to persequer
In liuing there, and grace the banks for euer.

To her *Amintas* (*Riot* now no more)
Came, and saluted : neuer man before
More blest, nor like this kisse hath beene another
But when two dangling *Cherries* kist each other :
Nor euer beauties, like, met at such closes ;
But in the kisses of two *Damaske-Roses*.
O, how the flowres (prest with their treadings on thē)
Stroue to cast vp their heads to looke vpon them !
How iealously the buds that so had seene them,
Sent forth the sweetest smels to step betweene them,
As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers
Once known of them, they might neglect the flowres,
How often wisht *Amintas* with his heart, *
His ruddy lips from hers might neuer part ;
And that the heauens this gift were thē bequeathing,
To feed on nothing but each others breathing !

A truer loue the *Muses* neuer fung,
Nor happyer names ere grac'd a golden tongue :
O! they are better fitting his sweet stripe,
Who on the bankes of *Ancor*¹ tun'd his Pipe :
Or rather for that learned *Swaine* whose layes
Diuineſt *Homer* crown'd with deathleſſe Bayes :²
Or any one ſent from the ſacred Well
Inheriting the ſoule of *Aſtrophell* :³
Theſe, theſe in golden lines might write this Story,
And make theſe loues their owne eternall glory :
Whilſt I a Swaine as weake in yeeres as ſkill,
Should in the valley heare them on the hill,
Yet (when my Sheepe haue at their Ceſterne beene,
And I haue brought them backe to ſheare the greene)
To miſſe an idle houre, and not for meed,
VVith choiceſt reliſh ſhall mine Oaten Reed
Record their worths : and though in accents rare
I miſſe the glory of a charming ayre,
My *Muſe* may one day make the Courtly Swaines
Enamour'd on the *Muſicke* of the Plaines,
And as vpon a hill ſhe brauely ſings,
Teach humble Dales to weepe in Cryſtall Springs.

¹ Drayton.² Chapman.³ Sydney.

The end of the firſt Booke.

BRITANNIA'S
PASTORALS.

The second Booke.

HORAT.

Carmines Dij superi placantur, carmine Manes.

LONDON,
Printed by JOHN HAVILAND,
1625.



TO
THE TRVLY NOBLE
AND LEARNED WILLIAM
EARLE OF PEMBROKE, LORD
CHAMBERLAINE TO HIS
MAIESTIE, &c.



NOT that the gift (*Great Lord*) deferues your
hand,
(Held euer worth the rarest workes of men)
Offer I this; but since in all our Land
None can more rightly claime a *Poet's* Pen:
That Noble Bloud and Vertue truly knowne,
Which circular in you vnited run,
Makes you each good, & euery good your owne,
If it can hold in what my *Muse* hath done.
But weake and lowly are these tuned Layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire Memorie,
You may improue them, and your gracing raise;
For things are priz'd as their possessours be.
If for such fauour they haue worthlesse striuen,
Since *Loue* the cause was, be that *Loue* forgiuen!

Your Honours,

W. BROWNE.



To the most ingenious Author M^r. W. BROWNE.

Ingenious Swaine! that highly dost adorne
Clear Tauy! on whose brinck we both were borne!
Iust Praise in me would ne're be thought to moue
From thy sole Worth, but from my partiall Loue.
Wherefore I will not doe thee so much wrong,
As by such mixture to allay thy Song.
But while kinde strangers rightly praise each Grace
Of thy chaste Muse; I (from the happy Place
That brought thee forth, and thinkes it not vnfit
To boast now that it earst bred such a Wit;)
Would onely haue it knowne I much reioyce;
To heare such Matters, sung by such a Voyce.

IOHN GLANVILL.

To his Friend M^r. BROWNE.

ALL that doe reade thy Workes, and see thy face,
(Where scarce a haire growes vp, thy chin to grace)
Doe greatly wonder how so youthfull yeares
Could frame a Work, where so much worth appears.
To heare how thou describ'st a Tree, a Dale,
A Groue, a Greene, a solitary Vale,

The Euening Showers, and the Morning Gleames,
 The golden Mountaines, and the filuer Streames,
 How smooth thy Verse is, and how sweet thy Rimes,
 How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy Lines ;
 What more or lesse can there be said by men,
 But, *Muses* rule thy Hand, and guide thy Pen.

THO. WENMAN,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To his worthily-affected Friend

M^r. VV. BROWNE.

A Wake sad Muse, and thou my sadder spright,
 Made so by Time, but more by Fortunes spight,
 Awake, and hie vs to the Greene,
 There shall be seene
 The quaintest Lad of all the time
 For neater Rime :
 Whose free and vnaffected straines
 Take all the Swaines
 That are not rude and ignorant,
 Or Enuy want.

And Enuy lest it's hate discovered be
 A Courtly Loue and Friendship offers thee :
 The Shepherdesse blithe and faire
 For thee despaire.
 And whosoe're depends on Pan
 Holds him a man
 Beyond themselues, (if not compare,)
 He is so rare,
 So innocent in all his wayes
 As in his Lays.
 He masters no low soule who hopes to please
 The Nephew of the braue Philifides.

Another to the same.

W*Ere all mens enuies fixt in one mans lookes,
That monster that would prey on safest Fame,
Darst not once checke at thine, nor at thy Name :
Se he who men can reade as well as Bookes
Attest thy Lines ; thus tride, they show to vs
As Scæua's Shield, thy Selfe Emeritus.*

W. HERBERT.

*To my BROWNE, yet brightest Swaine
That woons, or haunts or Hill or Plaine.*

Poeta nascitur.

P*Ipe on, sweet Swaine, till Ioy, in Blisse, sleepe waking ;
Hermes, it seemes, to thee, of all the Swaines,
Hath lent his Pipe and Art : For thou art making
With sweet Notes (noted) Heau'n of Hills and Plaines !
Nay, if as thou beginst, thou dost hold on,
The totall Earth thine Arcadie will bee ;
And Neptunes Monarchy thy Helicon :
So, all in both will make a God of thee.
To whom they will exhibit Sacrifice
Of richest Loue and Praise ; and enuious Swaines
(Charm'd with thine Accents) shall thy Notes agnize
To reach aboue great Pans in all thy Straines.
Then, ply this Veyne : for, it may well containe
The richest Morals vnder poorest Shroud ;
And sith in thee the Past'rall spirit doth raigne,
On such Wits-Treasures let it fit abroad :
Till it hath hatch'd such Numbers as may buy
The rarest Fame that e're enriched Ayre ;
Or fann'd the Way faire, to ÆTERNITY,
To which vnfoil'd, thy Glory shall repaire !*

Where (with the *Gods* that in faire *Starres* doe dwell,
When thou shalt, blazing, in a *Starre* abide)
Thou shalt be stil'd the *Shepherds-Starre*, to tell
Them many *Mysteries*; and be their *Guide*.

Thus, doe I spurre thee on with sharpest *praise*,
To vse thy *Gifts* of *Nature*, and of *Skill*,
To double-gilde *Apollos Browes*, and *Bayes*,
Yet make great *NATURE Arts* true *Sou'raigne* still.
So, *Fame* shall euer say, to thy renowne,
The *Shepherds-Star*, or bright'ft in *Skie*, is *Browne*!

*The true Louer of thine
Art and Nature,*

JOHN DAVIES of Heref.

Ad Illvstrissimum Iuvenem GVLIELMVM BROWNE
Generosum, in Operis sui Tomum secundum
Carmen gratulatorium.

Scripta prius vidi, legi, digitoq̄, notavi
Carminis istius singula verba meo.
Ex scriptis sparsim quærebam carpere dicta,
Omnia sed par est, aut ego nulla notem.
Filia si fuerit facies hæc nata sororis,
Laudator prolis solus & Author eris:
Hæc nondum visi qui flagrat amore libelli
Prænarrat scriptis omnia certa tuis.

CAROLVS CROKE.

To my noble Friend the Author.

A Perfect Pen, it selfe will euer praise.
So pipes our *Shepherd* in his *Roundelayes*,
That who could iudge, of *Musickes* sweetest straine,
Would sweare thy *Muse* were in a heauenly vaine.

A Worke of worth, shoves what the Worke-man is :
 When as the fault, that may be found amisse,
 (To such at least, as haue iudicious eyes)
 Nor in the Worke, nor yet the Worke-man lyes.

Well worthy thou, to weare the *Lawrell* wreath :
 When frō thy brest, these blessed thoughts do breath ;
 That in thy gracious Lines such grace doe giue,
 It makes thee, euerlastingly to liue.

Thy words well coucht, thy sweet inuention show,
 A perfect Poet, that could place them so.

VNTON CROKE,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To the Author.

T*hat priuiledge which others claime,
 To flatter with their Friends
 With thee (Friend) shall not be mine ayme,
 My Verse so much pretends.*

*The generall Vmpire of best wit
 In this will speake thy fame.
 The Muses Minions as they sit,
 Will still confirme the same.*

*Let me sing him that merits best,
 Let others scrape for fashion ;
 Their buzzing prate thy worth will iest,
 And sleight such commendation.*

ANTH. VINCENT.

*To his worthy Friend M^r. W. BROWNE,
on his BOOKE.*

THat Poets are not bred so, but so borne,
Thy *Muse* it proues ; for in her ages morne
She hath stroke enuy dumbe, and charm'd the loue
Of eu'ry *Muse* whose birth the Skies approue.
Goe on ; I know thou art too good to feare.
And may thy earely straines affect the eare
Of that rare *Lord*, who iudge and guerdon can
The richer gifts which doe aduantage man !

JOHN MORGAN,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To his Friend the Authour.

Sometimes (*deare friend*) I make thy Booke my meat,
And then I iudge 'tis Hony that I eat.
Sometimes my drinke it is, and then I thinke
It is Apollo's Nectar, and no drinke.
And being hurt in minde, I keepe in store
Thy Booke, a precious Balsame for the sore.
'Tis Hony, Nectar, Balsame most diuine :
Or one word for them all ; my Friend, 'tis thine.

THO. HEYGATE,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To his Friend the Author.

IF antique Swaines wanne such immortall praise,
Though they alone with their melodious Laves,
Did onely charme the Woods and flowry Lawnes :
Satyres, and Floods, and Stones, and hairy *Fawnes* :

How much braue Youth to thy due worth belongs,
That charm'ft not thē but men with thy sweet Songs?

AVGVSTVS CÆSAR,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To the Authour.

TIs knowne I scorne to flatter (or commend)
What merits not applause though in my Friend:
Which by my censure should now more appeare,
Were this not full as good as thou art deare:
But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,
That I might my impartiall humour show
By finding fault; Nor one of these friends tell
How to shew loue so ill, that I as well
Might paint out mine: I feele an enuious touch,
And tell thee Swaine: that at thy fame I grutch,
Wishing the Art that makes this Poeme shine,
And this thy Worke (wert not thou wronged) mine.
For when Detraction shal forgotten be,
This will continue to eternize thee;
And if hereafter any busie wit
Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,
Though seeming learn'd or wise: here he shall see,
Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd then hee.

G. WITHER.

To M^r. BROWNE.

WERE there a thought so strange as to deny
That happy Bayes doe some mens *Births* adorne,
Thy worke alone might serue to iustifie,
That *Poets* are not made so, but so borne.

How could thy plumes thus soone haue soar'd thus hie
Hadst thou not *Lawrell* in thy Cradle worne?

Thy Birth o'er-tooke thy Youth : And it doth make
Thy youth (herein) thine elders ouer-take.

W. B.

To my truly-belou'd Friend M. BROWNE, on
his Pastorals.

Some men, of Bookes or Friends not speaking right,
May hurt them more with praise, then Foes with spight.
But I haue seene thy Worke, and I know thee:
And, if thou list thy selfe, what thou canst bee.
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,
I finde thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine owne iudgement, yet that sends
This thy worke forth : that iudgement mine commends.
And, where the most reade bookes, on Authors fames,
Or, like our Money-brokers, take vp names
On credit, and are couzen'd ; see, that thou
By offring not more sureties, then enow,
Hold thine owne worth vnbroke : which is so good
Vpon th' Exchange of Letters, as I wou'd
More of our Writers would like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but th' how well.

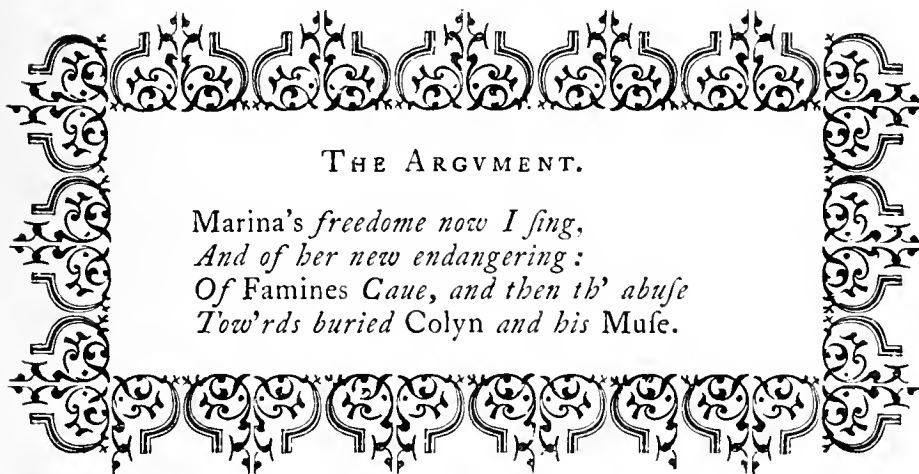
BEN. IONSON.



B R I T A N N I A ' S
P A S T O R A L S .

T H E S E C O N D B O O K E .

T H E F I R S T S O N G .



T H E A R G V M E N T .

*Marina's freedome now I sing,
And of her new endangering :
Of Famines Caue, and then th' abuse
Tow'rds buried Colyn and his Muse.*



S when a Mariner (accounted lost,)
Vpon the watry *Desert* long time toft,
In Summers parching heat, in Winters cold,
In tempests great, in dangers manifold :
Is by a fau'ring winde drawne vp the Mast,
Whence he descries his natiue foile at last :
For whose glad fight he gets the hatches vnder,
And to the *Ocean* tels his ioy in thunder,
(Shaking those *Barnacles* into the Sea,
At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)

When sodainly the still inconstant winde
 Masters before, that did attend behinde ;
 And growes so violent, that he is faine
 Command the *Pilot* stand to Sea againe ;
 Lest want of Sea-roume in a Channell streight,
 Or casting Anchor might cast o're his freight :

[Thus gentle *Muse* it happens in my Song,
A journey, tedious, for a strength so young
I vnder-tooke: by siluer-seeming Floods,
 Past gloomy Bottomes, and high-wauing Woods,
 Climb'd Mountaines where the wanton Kidling dallies,
 Thē with soft steps enfeal'd the meekned Vallies,
 In quest of memory : and had possesst
 A pleasant Garden, for a welcome rest
 No sooner, then a hundred Theames come on
 And hale my Barke a-new for *Helicon*.

Thrice sacred *Powers* ! (if sacred Powers there be
 Whose milde aspect engyrland *Poesie*)
 Yee happy Sisters of the learned Spring,
 Whose heauenly notes the Woods are rauishing !
 Braue *Thespian* Maidens, at whose charming layes
 Each Mosse-thrumb'd Mountaine bends, each Current
Piërian Singers ! O yee blessed *Muses* ! (playes !
 Who as a Iem too deare the world refuses !
 Whose truest louers neuer clip with age,
 O be propitious in my *Pilgrimage* !
 Dwell on my lines ! and till the last sand fall,
 Run hand in hand with my weake *Pastorall* !
 Cause euery coupling cadence flow in blisses,
 And fill the world with enuy of such kisses.
 Make all the rarest Beauties of our *Clyme*,
 That deigne a sweet looke on my younger ryme,
 To linger on each lines inticing graces,
 As on their *Louers* lips and chaste imbraces !]

Through rouling trenches of self-drowning waues,
 Where stormy gusts throw vp vntimely graues,

By billowes whose white fume shew'd angry mindes,
For not out-roaring all the high-rais'd windes,
Into the euer-drinking thirsty Sea
By Rockes that vnder water hidden lay,
To shipwracke passengers, (so in some den
Theeues bent to robbry watch way-faring men.)
Fairest *Marina*, whom I whilome sung,
In all this tempest (violent though long)
Without all sence of danger lay asleepe :
Till tossed where the still inconstant deepe
With wide spred armes, stood ready for the tender
Of daily tribute, that the swolne floods render
Into her Chequer : (whence as worthy Kings
She helps the wants of thousands lesser Springs :)
Here waxt the windes dumbe (shut vp in their caues)
As still as mid-night were the fullen waues,
And *Neptunes* siluer-euer-shaking brest
As smooth as when the *Halcyon* builds her nest.
None other wrinckles on his face were seene
Then on a fertile Mead, or sportiue Greene,
Where neuer Plow-share ript his mothers wombe
To giue an aged seed a liuing tombe,
Nor blinded *Mole* the batning earth ere stir'd,
Nor Boyes made Pit-fals for the hungry Bird.
The whistling Reeds vpon the waters side
Shot vp their sharpe heads in a stately pride,
And not a binding Ozyer bow'd his head,
But on his root him brauely carryed.
No dandling leafe plaid with the subtill aire,
So smooth the Sea was, and the Skie so faire.

Now with his hands in stead of broad-palm'd Oares,
The Swaine attempts to get the shell-strewd shores,
And with continuall lading making way,
Thrust the small Boat into as faire a Bay
As euer Merchant wisht might be the rode
Wherein to ease his sea-torne Vessels lode.

It was an Iland (hugg'd in *Neptunes* armes,
 As tendring it against all forraigne harmes,)
 And *Mona* height: so amiably faire,
 So rich in foyle, so healthfull in her aire,
 So quicke in her increase, (each dewy night
 Yeelding that ground as greene, as fresh of plight
 As't was the day before, whereon then fed
 Of gallant Steeres, full many a thousand head.)
 So deckt with Floods, so pleasant in her Groues,
 So full of well-fleec'd Flockes and fatned Droues;
 That the braue issue of the *Troian* line,
 (Whose worths, like Diamonds, yet in darknesse shine,)
 Whose deeds were sung by learned *Bards* as hye,
 In raptures of immortall Poesie,
 As any Nations, since the Grecian Lads
 Were famous made by *Homers Iliads*.)
 Those braue heroicke spirits, twixt one another
 Prouerbially call * *Mona Cambria's Mother*.
 Yet *Cambria* is a land from whence haue come
Worthies well worth the race of *Ilium*.
 Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch,
 I should be proud that I had done so much.
 And though of mighty *Brute* I cannot boast,
 Yet doth our warlike strong *Deuonian* coast
 Resound his worth, since on her waue-worne strand
 He and his *Troians* first set foot on land,
 Strooke Saile, and Anchor cast on * *Totnes* shore.
 Though now no Ship can ride there any more.
 In th'Ilands Rode the Swain now moares his Boat
 Vnto a Willow (left it outwards float)
 And with a rude embracement taking vp
 The Maid (more faire then * She that fill'd the cup
 Of the great Thunderer, wounding with her eyes
 More hearts then all the troopes of Deities.)
 He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
 That gently yeelded when her foot should land.

* *Mon*
Ham
Rumbry.

* *Petunt*
Classẽm omni-
bus bonis
onustam, prof-
peris ventis
mare sul-
cantes in
Totenesio
littore felici-
ter applica-
runt. Galf.
Monum.

* *Hebe*.

Where bubling waters through the pibbles fleet,
As if they stroue to kisse her slender feet.

Whlist like a wretch, whose curfed hand hath tane
The sacred reliques from a holy *Phane*,
Feeling the hand of heauen (inforcing wonder)
In his returne, in dreadfull cracks of thunder,
Within a bush his Sacriledge hath left,
And thinkes his punishment freed with the theft:
So fled the Swaine, from one; had *Neptune* spide
At halfe an ebbe; he would haue forc'd the Tyde
To swell anew; whereon his Carre should sweepe,
Deckt with the riches of th'vnfounded deepe,
And he from thence, would with all state, on shore,
To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.

Diuine *Eleetra* (of the Sisters seuen
That beautifie the glorious *Orbe* of heauen)
When *Iliums* stately towres, seru'd as one light
To guide the Rauisher in vgly night
Vnto her virgin beds, with-drew her face,
And neuer would looke downe on humane race
Til this Maids birth; since whē some power hath won her
By often fits to shine, as gazing on her.
Grim *Saturnes* son, the dread *Olimpicke Ioue*
That dark't three dayes to frolicke with his Loue,
Had he in *Alcmen's* stead clipt this faire wight,
The world had slept in euerlasting night.
For whose sake onely (had she liued then)
Deucalions flood had neuer rag'd on men:
Nor *Phaëton* perform'd his fathers duty,
For feare to rob the world of such a beauty:
In whose due praise, a learned quill might spend
Houres, daies, months, yeeres, and neuer make an end.

What wretch inhumane? or what wilder blood
(Suckt in a desert from a *Tygers* brood)
Could leaue her so disconsolate? but one
Bred in the wafts of frost-bit *Calydon*;

For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,
He had not wrong'd so foule, a Maid so faire.

Sing on sweet *Muse*, and whilst I feed mine eyes
Vpon a Jewell and vnvalued prize,
As bright a Starre, a Dame, as faire, as chaste,
As eye beheld, or shall, till Natures last :
Charme her quicke senses ! and with raptures sweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet !
And if her gracefull tongue admire one straine,
It is the best reward my *Pipe* would gaine.
In lieu whereof, in Laurell-worthy rimes
Her *Loue* shall liue vntill the end of times,
And spight of age, the last of dayes shall see
Her *Name* embalm'd in sacred Poesie.

Sadly alone vpon the aged rocks,
Whom *Thetis* grac'd in washing oft their locks
Of branching *Sampire*, fate the Maid o'rtaken
With sighes and teares, vnfortunate, forsaken,
And with a voice that floods frõ rocks would borrow,
She thus both wept and sung her noates of sorrow.

If *Heauen* be deafe and will not heare my cries,
But addes new daies to adde new miseries ;
Heare then ye troubled *Waues* and flitting *Gales*,
That coole the bosomes of the fruitfull Vales !
Lend, one, a flood of *teares*, the other, *winde*,
To *weepe* and *sigh* that *Heauen* is so vnkinde !
But if ye will not spare, of all your store
One teare, or sigh, vnto a wretch so poore ;
Yet as ye trauell on this spacious *Round*,
Through Forrests, Mountains, or the Lawny ground,
If't happ' you see a Maid weepe forth her woe,
As I haue done ; Oh bid her as ye goe
Not lauish teares ! for when her owne are gone,
The world is flinty and will lend her none.
If this be eke deni'd ; O hearken then
Each hollow vaulted *Rocke*, and crooked *Den* !

And if within your fides one *Eccho* be
 Let her begin to rue my destinie !
 And in your clefts her plainings doe not smother,
 But let that *Eccho* teach it to another !
 Till round the world in founding coombe and plaine,
 The last of them tell it the first againe :
 Of my sad Fate, so shall they neuer lin,
 But where one ends, another still begin.
 Wretch that I am, my words I vainly wafte,
Eccho, of all woes onely speake the last ;
 And that's enough : for should she vtter all,
 As at *Medusa's* head, each heart would fall
 Into a flinty substance, and repine
 At no one griefe, except as great as mine.
 No carefull Nurse would wet her watchfull eye,
 When any pang should gripe her infantry,
 Nor though to *Nature* it obedience gaue,
 And kneeld, to doe her *Homage*, in the graue,
 Would she lament, her suckling from her torne :
 Scaping by death those torments I haue borne.

This sigh'd, she wept (low leaning on her hand)
 Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,
 Which seene by (them, that sport it in the Seas
 On *Dolphins* backes) the faire *Nereides*,
 They came on shore, and slyly as they fell
 Conuaid each teare into an Oyster-shell,
 And by some power that did affect the *Girles*,
 Transform'd those liquid drops to orient Pearles,
 And strew'd them on the shore : for whose rich prize
 In winged *Pines*, the *Roman Colonies*
 Flung through the deepe *Abyffe* to our white rocks
 For Iems to decke their *Ladyes* golden lockes :
 Who valew'd them as highly in their kinds
 As those the Sun-burnt *Æthiopian* finds.

Long on the shore, distrest *Marina* lay :
 For he that opes the pleasant sweets of *May*

Beyond the *Noon-stead* so farre droue his teame,
 That Haruest-folkes (with curds and clouted creame,
 With cheefe and butter, cakes, and cates enow,
 That are the *Yeomans* from the yoake or Cowe)
 On sheafes of corne were at their noonshuns close,
 Whilst them merrily the *Bag-pipe* goes :
 Ere from her hand she lifted vp her head,
 Where all the *Graces* then inhabited.
 When casting round her ouer-drowned eyes,
 (So haue I seene a Iem of mickle price
 Roule in a *Scallop-shell* with water fild)
 She, on a marble rocke at hand behild
 In Characters deepe cut with Iron stroke,
 A Shepherds moane, which read by her, thus spoke :

*Glide soft ye siluer Floods,
 And euery Spring :
 Within the shady Woods,
 Let no Bird sing !
 Nor from the Groue a Turtle Doue,
 Be seene to couple with her loue,
 But silence on each Dale and Mountaine dwell
 Whilst WILLY bids his friend and ioy Farewell.*

*But (of great Thetis traine)
 Yee Mermaids faire,
 That on the shores doe plaine
 Your Sea-greene haire,
 As ye in tramels knit your locks
 Weepe yee ; and so inforce the rocks
 In beaue murmures through the broad shores tell,
 How WILLY bade his friend and ioy Farewell.*

*Cease, cease, yee murdring winds
 To moue a waue ;
 But if with troubled minds
 You seeke his graue ;*

*Know 'tis as various as your selues,
Now in the deepe, then on the shelues,
His coffin tofs'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst WILLY weepes and bids all ioy Farewell.*

*Had he Arion like
Beene iudg'd to drowne,
Hee on his Lute could strike
So rare a sowne ;
A thousand Dolphins would haue come
And ioyntly striue to bring him home.
But he on Ship-boord dide, by sicknesse fell,
Since when his WILLY bade all ioy Farewell.*

*Great Neptune heare a Swaine !
His Coffin take,
And with a golden chaine
(For pittie) make
It fast vnto a rocke neere land !
Where eu'ry calmy morne Ile stand
And ere one sheepe out of my fold I tell,
Sad WILLY'S Pipe shall bid his friend Farewell.*

Ah heauy Shepherd (who so ere thou be)
Quoth faire *Marina*, I doe pittie thee :
For who by death is in a true friend croft,
Till he be earth, he halfe himselfe hath loft.
More happy deeme I thee, lamented Swaine,
Whose body lies among the scaly traine,
Since I shall neuer thinke, that thou canst dye,
Whilst WILLY liues, or any Poetry :
For well it seemes in versing he hath skill,
And though he (ayded from the sacred *Hill*)
To thee with him no equall life can giue,
Yet by this Pen thou maist for euer liue.
With this a beame of sudder brightnesse flies
Vpon her face, so dazeling her cleere eyes,

That neither flowre nor graffe which by her grew
 She could discern cloath'd in their perfect hue.
 For as a *Wag* (to sport with such as passe)
 Taking the *Sun-beames* in a *Looking-glasse*,
 Conuayes the Ray into the eyes of one,
 Who (blinded) either stumbles at a stone,
 Or as he dazeled walkes the peopled streets,
 Is ready iustling euery man he meets:
 So then *Apollo* did in glory cast
 His bright beames on a rocke with gold enchaft,
 And thence the swift reflection of their light
 Blinded those eyes: The chiefeft Stars of night.
 When streight a thick-swolne Cloud (as if it fought
 In beauties minde to haue a thankfull thought)
 Inuail'd the lustre of great *Titans Carre*,
 And she beheld, from whence she fate not farre,
 Cut on a high-brow'd Rocke (inlaid with gold)
 This *Epitaph*, and read it, thus enrold.

*In depth of waues long hath ALEXIS slept,
 So choicest Iewels are the closest kept;
 Whose death the land had seene, but it appears
 To counteruaile his losse, men wanted teares.
 So here he lyes, whose Dirge each Mermaid sings,
 For whom the Clouds weepe raine, the Earth her springs.*

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her minde
 Had scarcely made; when o're the hill behinde .
 She heard a woman cry; *Ah well-a-day,*
What shall I doe? goe home, or flye, or stay.
 Admir'd *Marina* rose, and with a pace
 As gracefull as the *Goddes* did trace
 O're stately *Ida* (when fond *Paris* doome
 Kindled the fire, should mighty *Troy* entombe.)
 She went to aid the woman in distresse,
 (True beauty neuer was found mercilesse)

Yet durst she not goe nye, lest (being spide)
 Some villaines outrage, that might then betide
 (For ought she knew) vnto the crying Maid,
 Might graspe with her : by thickets which arai'd
 The high Sea-bounding hill, so neere she went,
 She saw what wight made such lowd dreriment.
 Lowd? yes: fung right: for since the Azure skie
 Imprison'd first the world, a mortals cry
 With greater clangor neuer pierc'd the ayre.

A wight she was so farre from being faire;
 None could be foule esteem'd, compar'd with her.

Describing *Foulness*, pardon if I erre,
 Ye Shepherds Daughters, and ye gentle Swaines!
 My *Muse* would gladly chaunt more louely strains:
 Yet since on miry grounds she trode, for doubt
 Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out.
 As when great *Neptune* in his height of pride
 The inland creeks fills with a high Spring-tyde,
 Great shoales of fish, among the *Oysters* hie,
 Which by a quicke ebbe, on the shores, left dry,
 The fishes yawne, the *Oysters* gapen wide:
 So broad her mouth was: As she stood and cride,
 She tore her eluish knots of haire, as blacke
 And full of dust as any *Collyers* sacke.
 Her eyes vnlike, were like her body right,
 Squint and misse-shapen, one dun, t'other white.

As in a picture limb'd vnto the life,
 Or carued by a curious workmans knife,
 If twenty men at once should come to see
 The great effects of vntirde industry,
 Each feu'rally would thinke the pictures eye
 Was fixt on him, and on no stander by:
 So as she (bawling) was vpon the banke,
 If twice fiew hundred men stood on a ranke,
 Her ill face towards them; euery one would say,
 She lookes on me; when she another way

Had cast her eyes, as on some rocke or tree,
 And on no one of all that company.
 Her *Nose* (ô crooked nose) her mouth o're-hung,
 As it would be directed by her tongue :
 Her *Fore-head* such, as one might neere auow
 Some Plow-man, there, had lately beene at plow.
 Her *Face* so scorcht was, and so vilde it showes,
 As on a Peare-tree she had scar'd the *Crowes*.
 Within a *Tanners fat* I oft haue eyde
 (That three moones there had laine) a large *Oxe-hyde*
 In liquor mixt with strongest barke (for gaine)
 Yet had not tane one halfe so deepe a staine
 As had her skin : and that, as hard well-nye
 As any Brawnes, long hardned in the stye.
 Her *Shoulders* such, as I haue often seene
 A filly Cottage on a Village greene
 Might change his corner posts, in good behoofe,
 For foure such vnder-proppers to his roofe.
 Huswiues, goe hire her, if you yeerely gaue
 A Lamkin more then vse, you that might saue
 In washing-Beetles, for her hands would passe
 To serue that purpose, though you daily wash.
 For other hidden parts, thus much I say ;
 As *Ballad-mongers* on a *Market-day*
 Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noyse
 As euer Cart-wheeles made) squeakes the sad choice
 Of *Tom* the *Miller* with a golden thumbe,
 Who crost in loue, ran mad, and deafe, and dumbe,
 Halfe part he chants, and will not sing it out,
 But thus he speakes to his attentiu rout :
 Thus much for loue I warbled from my brest,
 And gentle friends, for money take the rest :
 So speake I to the ouer-longing eare,
 That would the rest of her description heare,
 Much haue I sung for loue, the rest (not common)
Martial will shew for coine, in's crabbed woman.

If e're you saw a *Pedant* gin prepare
To speake some gracefull speech to *Master Maior*,
And being bashfull, with a quaking doubt
That in his eloquence he may be out ;
He oft steps forth, as oft turnes backe againe ;
And long 'tis e're he ope his learned veine :
Thinke so *Marina* stood : for now she thought
To venture forth, then some coniecture wrought
Her to be iealous, lest this vgly wight
(Since like a *Witch* she lookt) through spels of night,
Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)
To all the foule intents of *Witcherie* :
This drew her backe againe. At last she broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespoke
In gentle manner thus : Good day, good Maid ;
With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.
But as a *Miller* hauing ground his grist,
Lets downe his flood-gates with a speedy fall,
And quarring vp the passage therewithall,
The waters swell in spleene, and neuer stay
Till by some cleft they finde another way :
So when her teares were stopt from either eye
Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make them flye
Out at her Oyster-mouth and Nose-thrills wide.
Can there (quoth faire *Marina*) e're betide
(In these sweet Groues) a wench, so great a wrong,
That should inforce a cry so loud, so long ?
On these delightfull Plaines how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany ?
Except when Shepherds in their gladfome fit
Sing *Hymnes* to *Pan* that they are free from it.
But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grieuous yell ?
As late (quoth she) I went to yonder Well,
(You cannot see it here ; that Groue doth couer
With his thicke boughes his little channell ouer.)

To fetch some water (as I vse) to dresse
 My Masters supper (you may thinke of flesh ;
 But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)
 Of Rotchets, Whittings, or such common fish,
 That with his net he drags into his Boat :
 Among the Flags below, there stands his Coat
 (A simple one) thatch'd o're with Reede and Broome ;
 It hath a Kitchen, and a feuerall roome
 For each of vs. But this is nought : you flee,
 Replide *Marine*, I prithee answer me
 To what I question'd. Doe but heare me first,
 Answer'd the Hag. He is a man so curst,
 Although I toyle at home, and serue his Swine,
 Yet scarce allowes he me whereon to dine :
 In Summer time on Black-berries I liue,
 On Crabs and Hawes, and what wilde Forrests giue :
 In Winters cold, bare-foot, I run to seeke
 For Oysters, and small Winkles in each creeke,
 Whereon I feed, and on the Meager Slone.
 But if he home returne and finde me gone,
 I still am sure to feele his heauy hand.
 Alas and weale away, since now I stand
 In such a plight : for if I seeke his dore
 Hee'l beat me ten times worse then e're before.
 What hast thou done ? (yet askt *Marina*) say ?
 I with my pitcher lately tooke my way
 (As late I said) to thilke same shaded Spring,
 Fill'd it, and homewards, rais'd my voyce to sing ;
 But in my backe returne, I (happleffe) spide
 A tree of Cherries wilde, and them I eyde
 With such a longing, that vnwares my foot
 Got vnderneath a hollow-growing root,
 Carrying my pot as Maids vse on their heads,
 I fell with it, and broke it all to shreds.
 This is my griefe, this is my cause of mone.
 And if some kinde wight goe not to attone

My furly Master with me wretched Maid,
I shall be beaten dead. Be not afraid,
Said sweet *Marina*, hasten thee before ;
He come to make thy peace: for since I fore
Doe hunger, and at home thou hast small cheere,
(Need and supply grow farre off, seldome neere.)
To yonder Groue He goe, to taste the spring,
And see what it affords for nourishing.
Thus parted they. And sad *Marina* blest
The houre she met the Maid, who did invest
Her in assured hope, she once should see
Her Flocke againe (and driue them merrily
To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the shores
Of pleasant *Albion*) through the well poys'd Oares
Of the poore Fisher-man that dwelt thereby.

But as a man who in a *Lottery*
Hath ventur'd of his coyne, ere he haue ought,
Thinke this or that shall with his Prize be bought,
And so enrich, march with the better ranke,
When sodainly he's call'd, and all is Blanke :
To chaste *Marina*, so doth *Fortune* proue,
Statesmen and she are neuer firme in loue.

No sooner had *Marina* got the wood,
But as the trees she neerly search'd for food,
A Villaine, leane, as any rake appeares,
That look't, as pinch'd with famine, *Ægypt's* yeeres,
Worne out and wasted to the pithlesse bone,
As one that had a long Consumption.
His rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips
As they had seru'd with *want* two Prentiships)
Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankest skin
Bewray what number were enranckt within.
His greedy eyes deepe funke into his head,
Which with a rough haire was o're couered.
How many bones made vp this starued wight
Was soone perceiu'd ; a man of dimmest sight

Apparantly might see them knit, and tell
 How all his veines and euery finew fell.
 His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,
 His vnfill'd skin hung dangling on his brest,
 His feeble knees with paine enough vphold
 That pined carkasse, casten in a mold
 Cut out by Deaths grim forme. If small legs wan
 Euer the title of a Gentleman ;
 His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe
 As he had liu'd in a beleaguerd towne,
 Where *Plenty* had so long estranged beene
 That men most worthy note, in grieffe were seene
 (Though they reioyc'd to haue attain'd such meat)
 Of Rats, and halfe-tann'd Hydes, and stomacks great,
 Gladly to feed : and where a Nurse, most vilde,
 Drunke her owne milke, and staru'd her crying childe.
 Yet he through want of food not thus became :
 But *Nature* first decreed, That as the flame
 Is neuer seene to flye his nourishment,
 But all consumes : and still the more is lent
 The more it couets. And as all the Floods
 (Down trēching from small groues, & greater woods)
 The vast insatiate Sea doth still deuoure,
 And yet his thirst not quenched by their power :
 So euer should befall this starued wight ;
 The more his vyands, more his appetite.
 What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,
 He rauine should, and want in greatest fare.
 And what a Citie twice seuen yeeres would serue,
 He should deuoure, and yet be like to starue.
 A wretch so empty, that if e're there be
 In *Nature* found the least *vacuitie*,
 'Twill be in him. The graue to *Ceres* store ;
 A *Caniball* to lab'ers old and poore ;
 A *Sponge-like-Dropsie*, drinking till it burst ;
 The *Sicknesse* tearm'd the *Wolfe*, vilde and accurst ;

In some respects like th'art of *Alchumy*
That thriues least, when it long'ft doth multiply :
Limos he cleeped was : whose long-nayl'd paw
Seizing *Marina*, and his sharpe-fang'd iaw
(The strongest part he had) fixt in her weeds,
He forc'd her thence, through thickets & high Reeds,
Towards his Caue. Her fate the swift windes rue,
And round the Groue in heauy murmures flew.
The limbs of trees, that (as in loue with either)
In close embrasements long had liu'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in shreeks did show
The windes had mou'd more partners of their woe.
Old and decaied stocks, that long time spent
Vpon their armes, their roots chiefe nourishment ;
And that drawne dry, as freely did impart
Their boughes a feeding on their fathers heart,
Yet by respectlesse impes when all was gone,
Pithlesse and saplesse, naked left alone,
Their hollow trunks, fill'd with their neighbours moanes,
Sent from a thousand vents, ten thousand groanes.
All Birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a strong Bolt ratling 'mong the treen.

Limos with his sweet theft full sily rushes (bushes,
Through sharp-hook'd brambles, thornes, & tangling
Whose tenters sticking in her garments, fought
(Poore shrubs) to helpe her, but auailing nought,
As angry (best intents mis'd best proceeding)
They scratch'd his face & legs, cleere water bleeding.
Not greater haste a fearefull schoole-boy makes
Out of an Orchard whence by stealth he takes
A churlish Farmers Plums, sweet Peares or Grapes,
Then *Limos* did, as from the *thicke* he scapes
Downe to the shore. Where resting him a space,
Restlesse *Marina* gan intreat for grace
Of one whose knowing it as desp'rate stood,
As where each day to get supply of food.

O! had she (thirsty) such intreaty made
 At some high Rocke, proud of his euening shade,
 He would haue burst in two, and from his veines
 (For her auaille) vpon the vnder Plaines
 A hundred Springs a hundred wayes should swim,
 To shew her teares inforced floods from him.
 Had such an Oratresse beene heard to plead
 For faire *Polixena*, the *Murthrers* head
 Had beene her pardon, and so scap'd that shocke,
 Which made her louers tombe her dying blocke.
 Not an intraged *Lion*, furly, wood,
 No *Tyger* reft her young, nor sauge brood ;
 No, not the foaming *Boare*, that durst approue
 Louesse to leaue the mighty *Queene* of *Loue*,
 But her sad plaints, their vncouth walkes among
 Spent, in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
 So much their great hearts would in softnes steepe,
 They at her foot would groueling lye, and weepe.
 Yet now (alas!) nor words, nor floods of teares
 Did ought auaille. *The belly hath no eares.*

As I haue knowne a man loath meet with gaine
 That carrieth in his front least shew of paine,
 Who for his vittales all his raiment pledges,
 Whose stackes for firing are his neighbours hedges,
 From whence returning with a burden great,
 Wearied, on some greene banke he takes his feat,
 But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)
 Gets quickly vp, and hasteth fast away :
 So *Limos* sooner eased then yrested
 Was vp, and through the Reeds (as much molested
 As in the Brakes) who louingly combine,
 And for her aide together twist and twine,
 Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
 Like fetters hang the vnder-growing Segs :
 And had his teeth not beene of strongest hold,
 He there had left his prey. Fates vncontrold,

Denide fo great a bliffe to Plants or men,
 And lent him ftrength to bring her to his den.
 Weft, in *Apollo's* courfe to *Tagus* ftream,
 Crown'd with a filuer circling Diadem
 Of wet exhaled mifts, there flood a pile
 Of aged Rocks (torne from the neighbour *Ile*
 And girt with waues) againft whose naked brest
 The farges tilted, on his fnowie creft
 The trowing *Falcon* whilome built, and Kings
 Stroue for that *Eirie*, on whose fcaling wings,
 Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay
 As might a month their Army Royall pay.
 Braue Birds they were, whose quick-felf-lefs-'ning kin
 Still won the girlonds from the **Peregrin*.
 Not *Cerna Ile* in *Affricks* filuer maine,
 Nor luftfull-bloody-*Tereus Thracian* ftaine,
 Nor any other Lording of the ayre
 Durft with this *Eirie* for their wing compare.
 About his fides a thoufand *Seaguls* bred,
 The *Meuy* and the *Halcyon* famofed
 For colours rare, and for the peacefull Seas
 Round the *Sicilian* coaft, her brooding dayes.
Puffins (as thicke as *Starlings* in a Fen)
 Were fetcht from thence : there fate the *Pewet* hen,
 And in the clefts the *Martin* built his nest.
 But thofe by this curft caitife difpoffest
 Of rooft and nest, the leaft ; of life, the moft :
 All left that place, and fought a fafer coaft.
 In ftead of them the *Caterpillar* hants,
 And *Cancre-worme* among the tender plants,
 That here and there in nooks and corners grew ;
 Of *Cormorants* and *Locuft*s not a few ;
 The cramming *Rauen*, and a hundred more
 Deuouring creatures ; yet when from the fhore
Limos came wading (as he eafly might
 Except at high tydes) all would take their flight,

* A Falcon
 differing
 from the
 Falcon-
 gentle.

Or hide themfelues in fome deepe hole or other,
Left one deuourer fhould deuoure another.

Neere to the fhore that bord'ed on the Rocke
No merry Swaine was feene to feed his Flocke,
No lufly Neat-heard thither droue his Kine,
Nor boorifh Hog-heard fed his rooting Swine :
A ftony ground it was, fweet Herbage fail'd :
Nought there but weeds, which *Limos*, ftrongly nail'd,
Tore from their mothers brest, to ftuffe his maw.
No Crab-tree bore his load, nor Thorne his paw.
As in a Forest well compleat with Deere
We fee the Hollies, Affes, euery where
Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing Game :
So neere the Rocke, all trees where e're you came,
To cold *Decembers* wrath flood void of barke.
Here danc'd no *Nymph*, no early-rifing *Larke*
Sung vp the Plow-man and his drowfie mate :
All round the Rocke[']s] barren and defolate.

The def-
cription of
the Caue of
Famine.

In midft of that huge pile was *Limos* Caue
Full large and round, wherein a Millers knaue
Might for his Horfe and Querne haue roome at will :
Where was out-drawne by fome inforced skill,
What mighty conquests were atchieu'd by him.
Firft flood the fiege of great *Ierufalem*,
Within whose triple wall and facred Citie
(Weepe ye ftony-hearted men ! oh read and pittie !
'Tis *Sions* caufe inuokes your briny teares :
Can any dry eye be when ſhe appeares
As I muſt ſing her ? oh, if ſuch there be ;
Flie, flie th'abode of men ! and haſten thee
Into the Defart, ſome high Mountaine vnder,
Or at thee boyes will hiſſe, and old men wonder.)
Here fits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whose hopeleſſe thoughts ſeem'd ran
How (ſince for many daies no food ſhe taſted,
Her Méale, her Oyle conſum'd, all ſpent, all waſted)

For one poore day she might attaine supply,
And desp'rate of ought else, fit, pine, and dye.
At last her minde meets with her tender childe
That in the cradle lay (of Oziers wilde)
Which taken in her armes, she giues the teat,
From whence the little wretch with labour great
Not one poore drop can sucke: whereat she wood,
Cries out, ô heauen! are all the founts of food
Exhausted quite? and must my Infant yong
Be fed with shooes? yet wanting those ere long,
Feed on it selfe? No: first the roome that gaue
Him soule and life, shall be his timelesse graue:
My dugs, thy best reliefe, through griping hunger
Flow now no more, my babe; Then since no longer
By me thou canst be fed, nor any other,
Be thou the Nurse, and feed thy dying Mother.
Then in another place she straight appeares,
Seething her suckling in her scalding teares.
From whence not farre the *Painter* made her stand
Tearing his sod flesh with her cruell hand,
In gobbets which she ate. O cursed wombe,
That to thy selfe art both the graue and tombe.

A little sweet lad (there) seemes to intreat
(With held vp hands) his famisht Sire for meat,
Who wanting ought to giue his hoped ioy
But throbs and fighes; the ouer-hungry boy,
For some poore bit, in darke nooks making quest,
His Sachell finds, which growes a glad some feast
To him and both his Parents. Then, next day
He chews the points wherewith he vs'd to play:
Deuouring last his Books of euery kinde,
They fed his body which should feede his minde:
But when his Sachell, Points, Books all were gone,
Before his Sire he droopes, and dies anon.

In height of Art then had the Work-man done,
A pious, zealous, most religious sonne,

Who on the enemy excursion made,
 And spight of danger strongly did inuade
 Their victuals conuoy, bringing from them home
 Dri'd figs, Dates, Almonds, and such fruits as come
 To the beleagring foe, and fate's the want
 Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant
 Bred him a man for armes : thus oft he went,
 And Storke-like fought his Parents nourishment,
 Till Fates decreed, he on the *Roman* Speares
 Should giue his bloud for them, who gaue him theirs.
 A Million of such throes did *Famine* bring
 Vpon the Citie of the mighty King,
 Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
 Consum'd themselues and dim'd the lightsome ayre.

Neere this the curious Pencil did expresse
 A large and solitary wilderneffe,
 Whose high well limmed Oakes in growing show'd
 As they would ease strong *Atlas* of his load :
 Here vnderneath a tree in heauy plight
 (Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)
Ægyptian Hagar (nipt with hunger fell)
 Sate rob'd of hope : her Infant *Ishmael*.
 (Farre from her being laid) full sadly seem'd
 To cry for meat, his cry she nought esteem'd,
 But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,
 Knowing all meanes were bootlesse to assay
 In such a Desert : and since now they must
 Sleepe their eternall sleepe, and cleaue to dust,
 She chose (apart) to graspe one death alone,
 Rather then by her babe a million.

Then *Erefichthons* case in *Ouids* Song
 Was portraied out ; and many moe along
 The insides of the Caue ; which were descride
 By many loope-holes round on euery side.

These faire *Marina* view'd, left all alone,
 The Caue fast shut, *Limos* for pillage gone ;

Neere the wash'd shore mong roots and breers, and thorns,
A Bullocke findes, who deluing with his hornes
The hurtlesse earth (the while his tough hoofe tore
The yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellows all the shores resound :
Him *Limos* kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine
Vnto the *Rocke* ; fed well ; then goes againe :
Which feru'd *Marina* fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veines had fail'd their deereft blood.

Now great *Hyperion* left his golden throne
That on the dancing waues in glory shone,
For whose declining on the *Westerne* shore
The orientall hills blacke mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle *Twilight* fled,
That had from hideous cauernes vshered
All-drowfie *Night* ; who in a Carre of Iet,
By Steeds of Iron-gray (which mainly fwet
Moist drops on all the world) drawne through the skie,
The helps of darknesse waited orderly.
Firft, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines :
Then mists from Marishes, and grounds whose veines
Were Conduit-pipes to many a cryftall spring :
From standing Pooles and Fens were following
Vnhealthy fogs : each Riuer, euery Rill
Sent vp their vapours to attend her will.
These, pitchie curtains drew, 'twixt earth & heauen.
And as *Nights* Chariot through the ayre was driuen,
Clamour grew dumb, vnheard was Shepherds fong,
And filence girt the Woods ; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the *Eccho* ; *Satyres* broke their dance,
And all the vpper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept ;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept
Dry Summers duft, in fearefull whisp'rings stir'd,
As loth to waken any finging Bird.

Darknesse no leffe then blinde *Cimmerian*
 Of *Famines* Caue the full possession wan,
 Where lay the Shepherdesse inwrapt with night,
 (The wished garment of a mournfull wight)
 Here filken slumbers and refreshing sleepe
 Were seldome found; with quiet mindes those keepe,
 Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of Kings
 Are neuer prest by them, sweet rest inrings
 The tyred body of the swarty Clowne,
 And oftner lies on *flocks* then softest *downe*.

Twice had the Cocke crowne, and in Cities strong
 The *Bel-mans* dolefull noyse and carefull song,
 Told men, whose watchfull eyes no slumber hent,
 What store of houres theft-guilty night had spent.
 Yet had not *Morpheus* with this Maiden been,
 As fearing *Limos*; (whose impetuous teen
 Kept gentle rest from all to whom his Caue
 Yeilded inclosure (deadly as the graue.)
 But to all sad laments left her (forlorne)
 In which three watches she had nie outworne.

Faire siluer-footed *Thetis* that time threw
 Along the *Ocean* with a beautious crew
 Of her attending Sea-nymphs (*Ioues* bright Lamps
 Guiding from Rocks her Chariots * *Hippocamps*.)
 A iourney, onely made, vnwares to spye
 If any *Mighties* of her Empery
 Opprest the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
 To their designs, by being great in Court.
 O! should all Potentates whose higher birth
 Enroles their titles, other *Gods on earth*,
 Should they make priuate searck, in vaile of night,
 For cruell wrongs done by each Fauorite;
 Here should they finde a great one paling in
 A meane mans land, which many yeeres had bin
 His charges life, and by the others heast,
 The poore must starue to feed a scuruy beast.

* Sea-horfes.

If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he list.
There should they see another that commands
His Farmers Teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stoncs to raise his building vast,
The while his Tenants sowing time is past.
Another (spending) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by tricks the poores inheritance.
But as a man whose age hath dim'd his eyes,
Vseth his Spectacles, and as he pryces
Through them all Characters seeme wondrous faire,
Yet when his glasses quite remoued are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looke)
Cannot perceiue one tittle in the Booke ;
So if a King behold such fauourites
(Whose being great, was being *Parasites*)
With th'eyes of fauour, all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular :
But let him lay his sight of grace aside,
And see what men he hath so dignified,
They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,
Who *Atom-like*, when their *Sun* shined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame ; but now his rayes are gone,
Of many hundred we perceiue not one.
Or as a man who standing to descry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,
Taketh a *glasse prospectiue* good and true,
By which things most remote are full in view :
If Monarchs, so, would take an Instrument
Of truth compos'd to spie their Subiects drent
In foule oppression by those high in feat
(Who care not to be good but to be great)
In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lye before them ; and they then would see,
The diuellish *Politician* all conuinces,
In murdring Statesmen and in poifning Princes ;

The *Prelate* in *pluralities* asleepe,
 Whilst that the *Wolfe* lies preying on his sheepe;
 The drowfie *Lawyer*, and the false *Attornies*
 Tire poore mens purses with their life-long-iournies;
 The *Country Gentleman*, from's neighbours hand
 Forceth th'inheritance, ioynes land to land,
 And (most infatiate) seekes vnder his rent
 To bring the worlds most spacious continent;
 The fawning *Citizen* (whose loue's bought dearest)
 Deceiues his brother when the Sun shines clearest,
 Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and stops out light,
 And liues a Knaue to leaue his sonne a Knight;
 The griping *Farmer* hoords the seed of bread,
 Whilst in the streets the poore lye famished:
 And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
 Except the Shepherds heauen-blest happy life.

But stay sweet *Muse!* forbear this harsher straine,
 Keepe with the Shepherds; leaue the *Satyres* veine,
 Coupe not with Beares: let *Icarus* alone
 To scorch himselfe within the *torrid Zone*:
 Let *Phaëton* run on, *Ixion* fall,
 And with an humble stiled *Pastorall*
 Tread through the vallies, dance about the streames,
 The lowly Dales will yeeld vs *Anadems*
 To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
 No better girlond seekes mine Oaten Reed;
 Let others climbe the hils, and to their praise
 (Whilst I sit girt with *Flowers*) be crown'd with *Bayes*.

Shew now faire *Muse* what afterward became
 Of great *Achilles Mother*; She whose name
 The *Mermaids* sing, and tell the weeping strand
 A brauer Lady neuer tript on land,
 Except the euer-liuing *Fayerie Queene*,
 Whose vertues by her *Swaine* so written beene,
 That time shall call her high enhanced story
 In his rare song, *The Muses chieftest glory*.

So mainly *Thetis* droue her filuer throne,
 Inlaid with pearles of price, and precious stone,
 (For whose gay purchase, she did often make
 The scorched *Negro* diue the briny Lake)
 That by the swiftnesse of her Chariot wheels
 (Scouring the *Maine* as well-built English Keels)
 She, of the *new-found World* all coasts had seene,
 The shores of *Theffaly*, where she was Queene,
 Her brother *Pontus* waues, imbrac'd, with those
Mæotian fields and vales of *Tenedos*,
 Streit *Hellepont*, whose high-brow'd cliffes yet found
 The mournfull name of young *Leander* drown'd,
 Then with full speed her Horses doth she guide
 Through the *Ægean* Sea, that takes a pride
 In making difference twixt the fruitfull lands
Europe and *Asia* almost ioyning hands,
 But that she thrufts her billowes all afront
 To stop their meeting through the *Hellepont*.
 The *Midland Sea* so swiftly was she scouring,
 The *Adriaticke gulfe* braue Ships deuouring.
 To *Padus* filuer streame then glides she on
 (Enfamoused by rekelesse *Phaëton*)
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,
 When the hot *Dog-starre* raines his maladies,
 And robs the high and ayre-inuading *Alpes*
 Of all their Winter-suits and snowie scalpes,
 To drowne the leuel'd lands along his shore,
 And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore
 The sacred *Heliconian* Damsels fate
 (To whom was mighty *Pindus* consecrate)
 And did decree (neglecting other men)
 Their height of Art should flow from *Maro's* pen.
 And pratling *Eccho's* euermore should long
 For repetition of sweet *Naso's* song.
 It was inacted here, in after dayes
 What wights should haue their temples crown'd with *Bayes*.

Plin. lib.
cap. 16.

Learn'd *Ariosto*, holy *Petrarchs* quill,
 And *Tasso* should ascend the *Muses* hill.
 Diuineſt *Bartas*, whoſe enriched foule
 Proclaim'd his *Makers* worth, ſhould ſo enroule
 His happy name in braſſe, that Time nor Fate
 That ſwallows all, ſhould euer ruinate.
 Delightfull *Saluſt*, whoſe all bleſſed layes
 The *Shepherds* make their *Hymnes* on *Holy-daies* ;
 And truly ſay thou in one *weeke* haſt pend
 What time may euer ſtudy, ne're amend.
Marot and *Ronſard*, *Garnier's* buſkind *Muſe*
 Should ſpirit of life in very ſtones infuſe.
 And many another Swan whoſe powerfull ſtraine
 Should raiſe the *Golden World* to life againe.

But let vs leaue (faire *Muſe*) the bankes of *Po*,
Thetis forooke his braue ſtreame long agoe,
 And we muſt after. See in haſte ſhe ſweepes
 Along the *Celticke* ſhores, th' *Armorick* deepes
 She now is entring: beare vp then a head,
 And by that time ſhe hath diſcouered
 Our *Alablaſter* rocks, we may deſcry
 And ken with her, the coaſts of *Britany*.
 There will ſhe Anchor caſt, to heare the Songs
 Of English *Shepherds*, whoſe all-tunefull tongues
 So pleas'd the *Nayades*, they did report
 Their ſongs perfection in great *Nereus* Court :
 Which *Thetis* hearing, did appoint a day
 When ſhe would meet them in the *Brittiſh* Sea,
 And thither for each Swaine a *Dolphin* bring
 To ride with her, whilſt ſhe would heare him ſing.
 The time prefixt was come ; and now the Starre
 Of bliffefull light appear'd, when ſhe her Carre
 Staid in the narrow Seas. At *Thames* faire port
 The *Nymphes* and *Shepherds* of the *Iſle* reſort.
 And thence did put to Sea with mirthfull rounds,
 Whereat the billowes dance aboue their bounds,

And bearded Goats, that on the clouded head
 Of any sea-furuaying Mountaine fed,
 Leauing to crop the Iuy, listning flood
 At those sweet ayres which did intrance the flood
 In iocund fort the *Goddesse* thus they met.
 And after reu'rence done, all being fet
 Vpon their finny Coursers, round her throne,
 And she prepar'd to cut the watry Zone
 Ingirting *Albion*; all their pipes were still,
 And *Colin Clout* began to tune his quill
 With such deepe Art, that euey one was giuen
 To thinke *Apollo* (newly flid from heau'n)
 Had tane a humane shape to win his loue,
 Or with the *Westerne Swaines* for glory stroue.
 He sung th'heroicke Knights of *Faiery* land
 In lines so elegant, of such command,
 That had the **Thracian* plaid but halfe so well,
 He had not left *Eurydice* in hell.

* *Orpheus.*

But e're he ended his melodious song
 An host of *Angels* flew the clouds among,
 And rapt this Swan from his attentiu mates,
 To make him one of their associates
 In heauens faire Quire: where now he sings the praise
 Of him that is the *first and last of dayes.*
Diuineſt *Spencer* heau'n-bred, happy *Muse*!
 Would any power into my braine infuse
 Thy worth, or all that *Poets* had before,
 I could not praise till thou deseru'ſt no more.

A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke
Thetis attendants, many a heauy looke
 Follow'd sweet *Spencer*, till the thickning ayre
Sights further passage stop'd. A passionate teare
 Fell from each *Nymph*, no Shepherds cheeke was dry,
 A dolefull *Dirge*, and mournfull *Elegie*
 Flew to the shore. When mighty *Nereus* Queene
 (In memory of what was heard and seene)
 Imploy'd a *Factor* (fitted well with store

Of richest Iemmes, refined *Indian Ore*)
 To raise, in honour of his worthy name,
 A *Piramis*, whose head (like winged *Fame*)
 Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to kisse,
 And *Mausolus* great tombe might throwd in *his*.
 Her will had beene performance, had not *Fate*
 (That neuer knew how to commiserate)
 Suborn'd curs'd *Auarice* to lye in waight
 For that rich prey : (*Gold is a taking bait*)
 Who closely lurking like a subtile Snake
 Vnder the couert of a thorny brake,
 Seiz'd on the *Factor* by faire *Thetis* sent,
 And rob'd our *Colin* of his Monument.

Yee *English Shepherds*, sonnes of *Memory*,
 For *Satyres* change your pleasing melody,
 Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand,
 That more then Fiend of hell, that *Stygian* brand,
 All-guilty *Auarice* : that worst of euill,
 That gulfe-deuouring, off-spring of a Deuill :
 Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,
 Their weight may presse his damned soule to hell.
 Is there a spirit so gentle can refraine
 To torture such? O let a *Satyres* veine
 Mix with that man! to lash this hellish lym,
 Or all our curses will descend on him.

For mine owne part, although I now commerce
 With lowly Shepherds, in as low a Verse ;
 If of my dayes I shall not see an end
 Till more yeeres presse me ; some few houres Ile spend
 In rough-hewn *Satyres*, and my busied pen
 Shall ierke to death this infamy of men.
 And like a *Fury*, glowing coulthers beare,
 With which? But see how yonder fondlings teare
 Their fleeces in the brakes ; I must goe free
 Them of their bonds ; Rest you here merrily
 Till my returne : when I will touch a string
 Shall make the Riuers dance, and Vallies ring.



INDEX AND NOTES.

A few Topographical and other Notes, by John Shelly, Esq., of Plymouth, are printed here with the distinguishing initial S. The Poet's original notes have already been given as *marginalia*, conformably with the arrangement in both the old editions.



BBEY. *Helpes down an abbey.* The abbey at Tavistock, "in whose ruins," says Risdon, a contemporary of Browne, "you may now aim at the antique magnificence thereof."—S. P. 76.

Alban, St. He was slain and suffered martyrdom in the days of Diocletian and Maximilian. The place of his execution was an hill in a wood called Holmhurst, where at one stroke his head was smitten off. See the Golden Legend; Robert of Gloucester; Harding, c. 57, &c.—*Thompson*. P. 110.

Alcibiades. They represented a God or Goddess without, and a Silenus or deformed piper within. Erasmus has a curious dissertation on Sileni Alcibiades. Adag. p. 667. Edit. R. Stephens.—*Thompson*.

Aletheia, the personification of Truth. In 1599 one Peter Pett published "Times journey to seeke his Daughter Truth: and Truths Letter to

Fame of Englands Excellencie," in verse. P. 134, &c.

Anadems, garlands.

An aged rock. This is probably Mary Tavy Rock, a grey crag that lies in the bed of the river about three miles above Tavistock.—S. P. 75.

Apelles Table. P. 68.

Arede, explain, or advise. P. 69.

Argestes, the western wind. And supposed (with the stars) the birth of Aurora by Astræus, as Apollodorus: 'Ηους δὲ καὶ Ἀστραίου ἀνεμοὶ καὶ ἀστρα.—*Thompson*.

Avail, profit, or advantage. P. 182.

B. W. P. 162.

Balke, here used in the sense of a bank, but its stricter signification in old writers, and in Browne himself, is the usual ridge left by the plough between two furrows. P. 56.

Bent, a fillet or garland. This sense is not noticed by Halliwell. P. 68.

Berry, barrow, or mound. Mr. Shelly observes—"Berry, Berry-Head, Berry Pomeroy, are perhaps instances

of its use, all within the county of Devon." P 69.

Birds. *A Description of a Muscicall Consort of Birds.* See the *Armony of Byrdes* in "Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England," iii., and Chaucer's *Court of Love*, ad finem. P. 87.

Blow the nails.

"And Shepherds Boyes," &c.

Browne appears to have had in his mind the song in *Loves Labors Lost*, 1598:

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail.

Bonnering, a reference to the religious persecutions which took place under the episcopal government of Bishop Bonner, who died in 1569. After his death several pamphlets in verse and prose appeared, and still exist, to perpetuate the detestation in which his name and memory were held. See *Hand-book of E. E. Lit.* arts. *Bonner and Broke.* P. 136.

Bottle, a small portable cask for carrying liquor to the fields.—*Halliwel.* P. 68.

Brooke, Christopher. "Christopher Brooke was descended from a respectable mercantile family at York, his father having been twice Lord Mayor of that city. He was educated at one of the universities, most probably Cambridge, where his brother Samuel was, and afterwards went to Lincoln's Inn to perfect himself in the law, where he had for his chamber-fellow John Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's."—Mr. Corser's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, part 3, p. 123.

Brocke was a friend of Donne, afterward Dean of St. Paul's, and

with Samuel Brooke, his brother, was concerned in the clandestine marriage, in 1602, of Donne to Ann More, daughter of Sir George More, of Loseley. Samuel Brooke, who was in orders, married the couple, and Christopher gave the bride away. Both were committed for their share in the affair. In *the Loseley MSS.*, 1836, is inserted a letter from Christopher Brooke to the Lord Keeper Egerton, making submission and explaining. Brooke was sent to the Marshalsea, Donne to the Fleet. A Mr. George Brooke was concerned in the conspiracy for placing Arabella Stuart on the throne (1603); but whether he was related to our poet does not appear.

In the same volume with Browne's *Shepherds Pipe*, 1614, are published "Other Eglogues. By Mr. Brooke, Mr. Wither, and Mr. Davies. London, Printed by N. O. for G. Norton. 1614." Brooke's performance is addressed "To his much loved friend Mr. W. Browne of the Inner Temple." That by John Davies of Hereford consists of "An Eclogue between yong Willy [Browne himself] the finger of his native Pastorals, and old Wernocke his friend." Here the writer touches upon the personal unhappiness, perhaps a little exaggerated *poeticâ licentiâ*, which constitutes so prominent a theme in the poems found in the Lansdowne MS.

See *Handbook of Early English Literature*, arts. BROOKE and HENRY (PRINCE). P. 9.

Cæsar, Augustus, of the Inner Temple. P. 162.

Cannones of Inde. See Th. de Bry's

- America, vol. 1, fol. part 1. Virginia Tabul. 12mo. Lintrium conficiendorum Ratio. See likewise Sir Tho. Herbert's Travels, fol. 3d edit. p. 30.—*Thompson*.
- Caske*, casket. P. 88.
- Cave*. Here digs a cave at some high mountaines foot. There is no "high mountain," properly so called, along the whole course of the river; but this may be the Virtuous Lady Cave, where the Walkham joins the Tavy, about four miles below Taviltock, and where the banks of the river, particularly the west bank, are very steep and lofty.—S. P. 76.
- Cerna*. Not the Cerne of Pliny, but the Island of Mauritius, discovered by the Hollanders, 1598; fowls are here innumerable, and of great variety; some so tame that they will suffer a man almost to touch them. See Ogleby's Africa, p. 715.—*Thompson*.
- Ceruse*, carbonate of lead. P. 73.
- Chanticleere*, the village-clocke. I see no sufficient reason for considering clocke as a misprint for cocke. The former is by far the more poetical expression and image, and I think the passage in Shakespeare probably stood "village clock," not "village cock," in the poet's MS.
- Chaucer, indeed, applies the same figure to the cock in the *Nonne Prefs's Tale*:—
- Wel fikerer was his crowyng in his logge,
Then is a klok, or an abbay orologge.
- P. 115.
- Cheuron*, an architectural ornament of zig-zag form.—*Worcester*. P. 117.
- Cleeves*, cliffs. P. 124.
- Cocke*, God. This is a very early corruption of the sacred name, and occurs in the printed literature of the sixteenth century repeatedly. P. 116.
- Colin Clout*, Spenser. P. 12 et alibi.
- Collar of Eßes*. P. 111.
- Croke*, Charles. P. 159.
- Croke*, Unton. P. 160.
- Cuddy*, the same as *Cutty*, one of the interlocutors in the fifth eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe*. Query, Christopher Brooke. P. 21.
- Davies*, John, of Hereford. (Brooke.) P. 159.
- Drake*, Sir Francis Drake, whose exploits against the power of Spain are here referred to. P. 129.
- Dragon's-blood*, a resin obtained from the palm and other plants, and used in varnishes: it is of a dark brown colour, says Ure, or bright red, friable, and of a shining fracture. P. 73.
- Dray*, a squirrel's nest. P. 145.
- Drayton*, Michael, the celebrated poet. He began to publish as early as 1591, when his *Harmonie of the Church* appeared. Ob. 1637.
- He likewise pays him this compliment in his Epistle on Poets and Poetry, in the 2d. vol. of his Poems, in fol. printed 1627, p. 208.
- Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne
arose,
My dear companions, whom I freely chose,
My bosom friends; and in their several wayes
Rightly born poets, and in these last days
Men of much note, and no less noble parts, &c.
- Thompson*. P. 7.
- Dreriment*, lamentation. P. 175.
- Dunstan*, St. St. Dunstan's Well, alluded to at p. 21.
- Dynham*, John, of Exeter College, Oxford. P. 15.
- Dynne*, Francis, of the Inner Temple. P. 10.

- Embrave*, beautify or adorn, from adj. *brave*, fine. P. 29.
- Enfamoused*, celebrated. P. 191.
- Engyrland*, encircle, surround as with a halo. P. 166.
- Evet*. *Evet* (or *hibit*) is the Devonshire name of the newt.—S. P. 63.
- Famofed*, celebrated. P. 183.
- Fautrefse*, patroness. P. 136.
- Ferrar, W., of the Middle Temple*. P. 11.
- Fluent*, flowing. P. 27.
- Fowl*, bird. P. 73.
- Gage*, in the sense of *temporary charge*. P. 60.
- Gardiner, Thomas, of the Inner Temple*. P. 10.
- Gerion*. Philip of Spain seems evidently here to be pointed at. There was no part of England where the threatened invasion of our shores by Spain left a deeper impression than in the West-country, which gave our poet birth. P. 129.
- Gewen, Chr., of Exeter College, Oxford*. P. 21-2.
- Glanvill, John, of Tavistock*.
For an account of this gentleman, afterwards knighted, see Wood's *Fasti* (ed. Blifs), 65. P. 156.
- Gutting*, an exceedingly rare word in this sense. It seems to mean rich or full. It is probably the *wood*, and not the sky-lark, which is here intended; the notes of the former are far the sweeter. P. 25.
- Hall, Edward, of Exeter College, Oxford*, one of the sons of Bishop Hall. The lines headed "On the Author of Britannias Peerlesse Pastorals" are written in the same hand, according to Beloe, and therefore were probably also by Hall. P. 13-14.
- Harding, Samuel, of Exeter College, Oxford*. An account of him may be found in Wood. He was the author of *Sicily and Naples, or the Fatal Union*, a play, 1640. P. 16.
- He fung the outrage of the lazy drone*. "The Buzzing Bee's Complaint," by the Earl of Effex.—*Thompson*.
- Henry*. Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., died in Nov., 1612. He is of course the "royall youth," mentioned at p. 129. P. 131.
- Herbert, W.* P. 157-8.
- Heygate, Thomas, of the Inner Temple*. P. 161.
- Heyward, Edward, of the Inner Temple*. An early friend of Browne, Selden, and that distinguished circle. He was one of the three persons to whom Richard Milward, Selden's amanuensis, inscribed that great man's *Table-Talk*, not printed till 1689.
- Hurled*, moved with rapidity. P. 81.
- Hyde*, or starting hole [of a fish]. P. 144.
- Hypbear*, the hip, or hep, which yields masts, a food for cattle. The *hip*, or *hipbear*, is the fruit of the wild brier, or dog-rose. The marginal note at this passage is, in the original, very incorrect. P. 54, note.
- Idya, England*. P. 125.
- Impe*, a shoot of a tree, secondarily a child, in which sense it is not obsolete. P. 72.
- Jonson, Ben.* P. 162.
- Kala*, one of the characters in the *Arcadia* of Sidney.—*Beloe*. P. 12.
- Knots of wooll neere to their tails*. A kindred superstition to this appears to have prevailed, at a very recent date, in the highlands of Scotland, where, according to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (1st S. iv. 380-1), the housewives were accustomed to tie a piece of red worsted

- round their cows' tails on sending them out in the spring to grafs, to guard them againſt malignant ſpirits, &c.
- Lavoltoes*, romping waltzes, more uſually *La-voltas*. P. 77.
- Lethe*. This was not the only river to which the ancients appear to have aſcribed the property of producing forgetfulneſs. "*Selemnus*, a river in Achaia, is ſaid by Pauſanias to have poſſeſſed the quality of making thoſe who bathe in it forget the object of their affections."—*Maloniana*.
- Leyes*, i. q. leas, meadows. P. 88.
- Liked*, imitated. P. 139.
- Limos*, ſimply the Greek word for *Famine*. P. 181.
- Lin*, ceaſe. So in *Kyng Horn*:—
this tale nu thu lynne,
For horn nis nozt herin[n]e.
P. 171.
- Locuſt*, the tree *cicada*. See Lovelace's Poems, ed. 1864, p. 94. P. 183.
- Meager*, Deſpair. See Spenſer's *Fairie Queene*, b. 1, c. 9, ſ. 33, &c. Fletcher's *Purple Iſland*, c. 12, ſ. 32, &c.—*Thompson*. P. 140.
- Metanoia*, *μετάνοια*, repentance. P. 142.
- Mery*, the *Mavis*, a variety of the throſtle. See *Remains of the E. P. Poetry of England*, ii. 25. P. 183.
- Miller's thumb*, the ſmall fiſh called uſually the *bull-head*. P. 57.
- Mneme*, memory, Gr. *μνήμη*. P. 127.
- Mona*, Angleſey. P. 168.
- Morgan, John*, of the *Inner Temple*. P. 161.
- Mofſe-thrumbed*, knitted over with moſs. P. 166.
- Mulberry*. "His blacke from Thiſbie taking." The well-known myth. P. 136.
- Muting*. To mute is drop dung (of birds). Noticed in *Westwood's Etymol. Diſt.*—*S. Halliwell* (*Arch. Diſt.*) applies it only to hawks. P. 54.
- N. B.* Mr. Beloe (*Anecdotes*, vi. 71) remarks that this poem, ſigned by B. N., is written in the ſame hand as that by *Chriſtopher Gewen*. *Nicholas Breton* often reverſed his initials; but was he living in 1625? *Naturall bridge* . . . *be frameth out*. I know of no natural bridge formed by the Tavy, but between *Crown-dale* and *Virtuous Lady Mine*, two or three miles below *Taviſtock*; the river paſſes through a narrow channel between ſteep banks.—*S.* P. 76.
- Noſe-thrils*, noſtrils. P. 177.
- Nyle*, "munſter-breeding Nyle." I conclude that *Browne* went for his knowledge of the geography of Africa and Egypt to *Leo's Deſcription*, of which there had been a recent Engliſh tranſlation, by *John Pory*, 1600, folio. To this work is attached a map of Africa, in which the ſource of the Nile is traced to an *inland lake*. P. 138.
- Nymph of Kent*. P. 13.
- Oeagrin Harpiſt*, *Orpheus*, the ſon of *Oeagrus* and *Calliope*, according to *Plato*, in *Conv.* *Apollon*. *Argonaut*. l. 1, and himſelf, if the *Argonautics* be his: Of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, by ſome; of others, by others.—*Thompson*. P. 143.
- Oulde, Francis*, of the *Inner Temple*. P. 11.
- Papillon, Philip*, of *Exeter College, Oxford*, was a fellow-collegian of *Browne*, and the editor of their friend *Harding's drama of Sicily and Naples*, 1640, 4to. P. 13.
- Peale*, pail. P. 115.

- Pearly*, or *pertly* (Lat. *peritus*), briskly or vivaciously. It is not at all unusual in this sense now. P. 145.
- Pembroke, William Herbert, (third Earl of Pembroke)*, of that family. This nobleman succeeded to the title 19th January, 1600-1, and was the son of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, by Mary Sydney, sister of the author of the *Arcadia*. He married one of the daughters and co-heirs of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury; his death occurred April 10th, 1630. This Lord Pembroke is the person to whom, absurdly enough, some of the writers on Shakespeare ascribe an identity with the mysterious *Mr. W. H.* of the SONNETS, 1609.
- Pended*, penned or enclosed in a sheep-pen. P. 24.
- Perigot*. There seems to be no means of identifying this writer with any known poet of Browne's time. P. 31.
- Phaeton*. See Ovid's *Metam.* b. 2. Apollonius Argonaut. l. 4. Lucretius, l. 5.—*Thompson*.
- Philifides*, Sir Philip Sidney. The word is made from *Phili-Sid*. He was first so called by Spenser in a Pastoral Eglogue on his death. See Todd's Spenser, vol. viii. p. 78.—*Beloe*. But Sydney uses the term himself in the *Arcadia*. Pp. 9, 12.
- Pinnionists*, winged creatures, birds. P. 120.
- Plato*. P. 68.
- Quarring*, closing up. P. 177.
- Raping*, ravishing. Jonson used to *rape* in the sense of *to ravish*.
- His noble lymmes in fuche proporcion caste,
As would haue wrapped a fillie womans
thought.
Ferrex and Porrex, ed. [1570].
P. 107.
- Riot*. Compare Skelton's description of this allegorical personage in the *Bowge of Court* (Skelton's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 43). There is another description of Riot in another place: the passage seemed to strike Milton, who, in the copy of Browne which belonged to him, has written *Riot* in the side-margin.
- Rotchet*, the piper-fish. Nominale MS. —*Halliwell*.
- Roget*. *Query*, George Wither. The first eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe* is a dialogue between Willie and Roget. Willie is Browne himself. P. 21.
- Rong*, apparently a loom, but I find no trace of its use in such a sense in any of the dictionaries. P. 116.
- Round*, globe, world. P. 71.
- Roundly*, round. P. 120.
- S. P., of Exeter College, Oxford*. P. 13.
- Salust, Guillaume de*, Sieur du Bartas. P. 192.
- Satyres maske*, an allusion to the popularity of works of a satirical and epigrammatic character, with which the literature of the period was abundantly stocked.
- Segs*, fedges. P. 182.
- Selden, John*, the eminent legislator and antiquary. He also prefixed lines to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, to the first twelve books of which he furnished notes. There are copies of verses by him before two or three other publications. Pp. 6, 7.
- Shelf*, rock. P. 53, &c.
- Shoat*, or *shote*, a kind of trout, "of which," Mr. Shelly says, "the Tavy is full, when the fish are not killed by refuse from mines." P. 57.
- Simpl'esse*, merely poetical license for *simpleness*. P. 87.
- Singults*, fobs. P. 177.

Sow-thistle, the common name of leafy stemmed weeds of the genus *Sonchus*.
—*Worcester's Dict.* "Sowthystyle, or thowthystyle, *rostrum porcinum*."
—*Prompt. Parv.* ed. Way, 466. P. 103.

Stils, hills. I presume, i. q. stiles.
"Style, where men gon over."—*Prompt. Parv.* ed. Way, 495. P. 104.

Stub-chin'd. P. 26.

Surly Bear, Earl of Leicester. Osborn calls him that Terrestrial Lucifer: *Mem. of Q. Elizabeth*, Sect. 5, p. 25. Among others whom he murdered, Leicester was the author of the death of the Earl of Essex's father in Ireland. Osborn, ditto, p. 26. In the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593, there is a defence of Leicester, called the *Dead Man's Right*, in prose.—*Thompson*.

Taylor, Robert, of Exeter College, Oxford. "The above acrostic is succeeded by two quotations from the Shepherds Calendar of Spenser, applied in compliment to Browne, and at the bottom is inscribed in the above Robert Taylor's hand,

Sic ignorans cecinit. Edm. Spencer."

—*Beloe.* Was this the Robert Tailor who wrote *The Hogge bath lost his Pearle*, a play, 1614, 4to.? P. 23.

Thicke, thicket or bush. P. 181.

Thicke, thic, this. P. 21, last line.

Thilke, that. P. 178.

Thyle, Thule. P. 138.

Treen, plural of tree. P. 181.

Trench. To trench down, to flow down through made channels. P. 180.

Two-kinde Bat, i. e. half-bird and half-mouse. P. 113.

Vincent, Anthony. P. 160.

Wantonize. P. 118.

Water-shut, a dam. P. 119.

Wenman, Thomas, of the Inner Temple. P. 157.

Wither, George. P. 162.

Wood, mad or wild. P. 182.

Yell, simply cry. So Chaucer, in the *Knights Tale*, describes Palamon's sorrow:—

Such sorwe maketh, that the grete tour
Refowneth of his yollyng and clamour.

Zouche, Edward, Lord. This nobleman succeeded his father, George, Lord Zouche of Haringworth, co. Northampton, in 1569, being then only thirteen years old. He lived till late in the reign of James I., but the year of his death does not appear to be stated anywhere. The estate of Bramhill, which Browne expressly mentions in his dedication of the *Shepherds Pipe*, 1614, to Lord Zouch, was in Hampshire; it passed out of the family in the reign of Charles I. (*Brydges' Memoirs of the Peers of England during the reign of James I.*, pp. 68-75). The edition of the Works, 1772, 12mo., omits this dedication altogether, and prefixes to the entire work the dedication to William, Earl of Pembroke, which, in the old copies, belongs to the 2nd Book.





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THE POPULAR ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY JOHN BRAND, M.A.

*An entirely New Library Edition, Digested, Corrected, and Enlarged
throughout by*

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.



THE author of this book left the MS. at his death in a state wholly unfit for the press. Several years afterwards, in 1813, Sir Henry Ellis, then Mr. Ellis, arranged the materials to a certain extent, and gave the *Popular Antiquities* to the world in two quarto volumes.

Mr. Brand's *nucleus* had been Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*, a strangely jejune work, but important and noticeable, inasmuch as it was the earliest attempt which had been made to collect the written and traditional records of our national customs and superstitions.

Brand upon Bourne (so to speak) has passed through three, if not more, impressions. It has been reprinted by Mr. Knight and by Mr. Bohn, in each case with additions and improvements. The tendency and necessity from the outset have alike been to correct, so far as such a thing could be done without wholly obliterating the original text, Mr. Brand's deplorable want of method and deficiency in a fixed plan.

The observation, however, applies almost equally to all the current editions of the *Popular Antiquities*, that whole pages are fruitlessly occupied by passages extracted either from books with which every body is familiar, such as Herrick, or from books with which scarcely any body could be tempted to become acquainted, such as Hospinian and Naogeorgus. It is hard even for me to choose (with all my affection for the old English versifiers) between Naogeorgus and his English paraphrast, Googe, which is the more tedious. Now, it is no exaggeration to say that in all the existing impressions of Brand, fifty or sixty pages are taken up by excerpts from Googe's *Naogeorgus*, dragged in by the head and shoulders, without any attempt to give, which would in many cases have been

more advantageous and readable, the substance of the passage in a few lines, with a reference to chapter and verse.

Again, an enormous space is wasted, without any demonstrable result, in the rehearsal, scores of times over and over, of drawn-out title-pages belonging to the books which Brand had occasion to consult and to cite. All these books are well known in our days, and, indeed, there are extremely few of them which were not so in Brand's; but that writer had a very imperfect acquaintance, it would appear, with bibliography, and was accordingly apt to overrate the scarcity of works in his own possession or in the hands of others. These bibliographical minutiae appear to be misplaced in a publication of the present nature.

I have, I believe, pointed out two rather grave defects in the *Popular Antiquities* as they stand, namely, the superabundant display of raw material, and the plethora of unmeaning title-pages. I have still to refer to a third most serious drawback.

The relative worth and weight of authorities constitute a point on which Brand himself certainly, and his editors to all appearance, do not seem to have bestowed much attention. The natural consequence is, that an ephemeral tract by Taylor the Water-poet, or by Rowlands, is placed side by side with the grave disquisition of some learned essayist, or is mentioned in the same paragraph with Durandus or Hospinian. St. Augustine and the *British Apollo*, Mr. Douce and Poor Robin, are similarly coupled together, and, so far as the general reader can be expected to know, one is as good as the other.

It was the consideration of this threefold weakness in the book, of which the intrinsic value, with more methodical handling, would have been unquestionably very great, which prompted me to attempt something in the way of re-arrangement and digestion, and I here beg to present the net result. I have reduced the original work about a third in bulk, without omitting a single line of real consequence or practical relevance, and I have introduced a vast number of corrections and additions, of the character of which others must be the judges.

The main difficulty in this case appeared not to *collect*, but to *select*. The materials which presented themselves were so large in quantity and variety that, in making a choice, it was only possible to accept those which struck me as being of peculiar interest and relevancy; and I was under the inevitable necessity of excluding many articles—curious indeed, but either illustrative of usages which were probably never very widely spread or very largely influential; or of points which Brand seemed to have treated already at sufficient length.

Another consideration, which had its weight with me was, that, in some instances, I thought that the questions of folk-lore, which turned more directly on PROVERBS, might be allowed more properly to find a place in a work on Proverbial Literature, which I have in a forward state of preparation, and which I hope, before long, to submit to the public judgment.

W. C. H.

Kensington, May, 1868.



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