

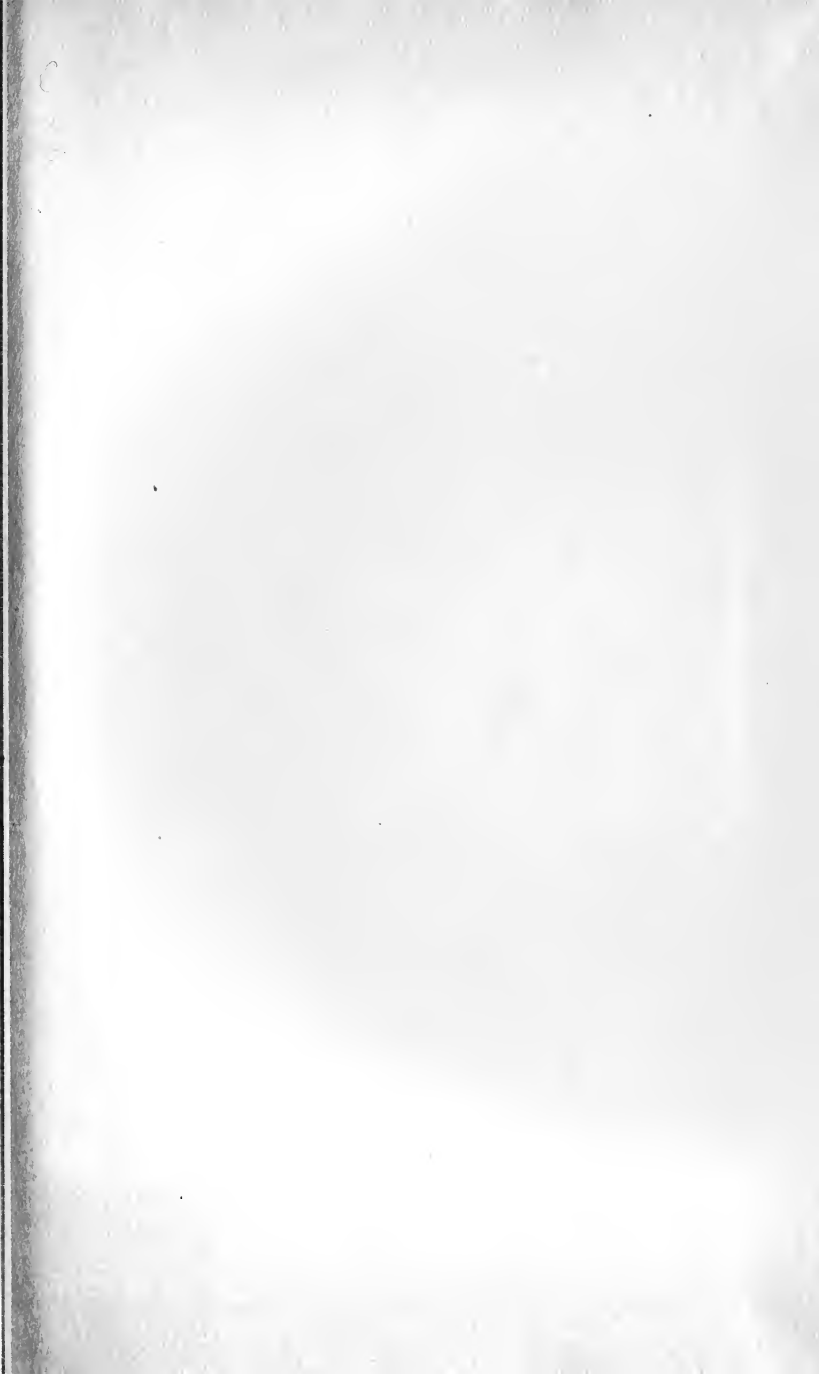
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POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION;

WITH

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS ON THE FAERIE QUEENE,

AND

EXPLANATORY AND GLOSSARIAL NOTES:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE, AND CRITICISM
OF HIS WORKS,

BY JOHN AIKIN, M.D.

VOL. V.

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MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS.

VOL. V. 1*



THE
RUINES OF TIME.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL
LADIE,

THE LA: MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

1591.

9

DEDICATED

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LA: MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

Most Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens¹ deepe sowed in my brest the seedes of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight, your noble brother* deceased; which, taking roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weaknes of their first spring; and would in their riper strength (had it pleased High God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth² fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens¹ my late cumming into England, some frends of mine, (which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me,) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as also bound unto that noble House, (of which the

¹ *Sithens*, since.

² *Spired forth*, produced.

* Sir Philip Sidney.

chiefe hope then rested in him,) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankfull remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankfulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines*; yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble Race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it most specially concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

Your Ladships ever humblie at commaund,

E. S.

THE

RUINES OF TIME.*

IT chanced me on ¹ day beside the shore
Of silver streaming Thamesis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memorie,
Nor anie little monument to see, 5
By which the travailer, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.

¹ *On, one.*

Ver. 3.—*Verlame.*] Verolanium, or Verulam, was a Roman town, near the present city of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. Some remains of its walls are still perceptible.

* "The piece entitled the *Ruines of Time* discloses its subject in its name. Its principal feature is the lamentation of the city of Verulam, under the emblematical representation of a female, over the decay of her towers and palaces, in the course of which, the lady takes occasion to moralize on the transitory nature of human things, and afterwards adverts to the death of the Earl of Leicester. To the commendation of this nobleman and his family, the poem is, in fact, especially devoted. The general subject is undoubtedly a fine one, but the poet has made but little of it; the poem containing neither grandeur, sublimity, nor pathos. His reflections on the instability of human affairs are not to be compared to the eloquent and imaginative moralizations of Jeremy Taylor in his *Holy Dying*."—*Retrospective Review*, vol. xii. p. 154.

There, on the other side, I did behold
 A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
 Rending her yellow locks, like wyrie gold 10
 About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
 And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth railing¹ :
 In her right hand a broken rod she held,
 Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Rivers Nymphes, 15
 Which did the losse of some dere Love lament,
 I doubt ; or one of those three fatall Impes,
 Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent ;
 Or th' auncient Genius of that Citie brent² .
 But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed, 20
 I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

“ Ah ! what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
 Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have ?
 Whose happines the heavens envying,
 From highest staire to lowest step me drave, 25
 And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
 That of all nations now I am forlorne,
 The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.”

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
 And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest 30
 With tender ruth to see her sore constraint ;
 That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
 And, after, did her name of her request.
 “ Name have I none (quoth she) nor any being,
 Bereft of both by Fates uniust decreeing. 35

¹ *Railing*, rolling, flowing.

² *Brent*, burnt.

" I was that Citie, which the garland wore
 Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
 By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore ;
 Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
 And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see : 40
 Verlame I was ; what bootes it that I was,
 Sith¹ now I am but weedes and wastefull gras ?

" O vaine worlds glorie, and unstedfast state
 Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth !
 Which, from their first untill their utmost date, 45
 Taste no one houre of happines or merth ;
 But like as at the ingate² of their berth
 They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
 So wailing back, go to their wofull toomb.

" Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath, 50
 Hunt after honour and advancement vaine,
 And reare a trophée for devouring death,
 With so great labour and long-lasting paine,
 As if his daies for ever should remaine ?
 Sith¹ all, that in this world is great or gaie, 55
 Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

" Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
 And call to count, what is of them become :
 Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
 Which of all wisdomes knew the perfect somme ? 60
 Where those great warriors, which did overcome
 The world with conquest of their might and maine,
 And made one meare of th' earth and of their raine ?

¹ *Sith*, since.

² *Ingate*, entrance, beginning.

" What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
 Of whom no footing now on earth appears? 65
 What of the Persian Beares outragiousnesse,
 Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
 Who of the Grecian Libbard¹ now ought heares,
 That over-ran the East with greedie powre,
 And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure? 70

" And where is that same great seven-headed Beast,
 That made all nations vassals of her pride,
 To fall before her feete at her beheast,
 And in the necke of all the world did ride? 74
 Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe hide?
 With her owne weight downe pressed now shee lies,
 And by ner heapes her hugeness testifies.

" O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,
 And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
 That whilom² was, whilst heavens with equall vewe
 Deignd to behold me and their gifts bestowe, 81
 The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:
 And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,
 So I of this small Northerne world was Princesse.

" To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre, 85
 Adornd with purest golde and precious stone,
 To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
 That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
 To tell my forces, matchable to none;

¹ *Libbard*, leopard.

² *Whilom*, formerly.

Were but lost labour, that few would beleewe, 90
 And, with rehearsing, would me more agreeve.

“ High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
 Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
 Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
 Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries, 95
 Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries ;
 All those (O pitie !) now are turnd to dust,
 And overgrowne with black oblivions rust.

“ Thereto for warlike power, and peoples store,
 In Britannie was none to match with mee, 100
 That manie often did abie full sore :
 Ne Troynovant,¹ though elder sister shee,
 With my great forces might compared bee ;
 That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
 Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt. 105

“ But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonnesse,
 Her mightie boast against my bulwarkes brought ;
 Bunduca ! that victorious conqueresse,
 That, lifting up her brave heroick thought 109
 Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought,
 Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed :
 Yet was she foyle, when as she me assailed.

“ And though at last by force I conquered were
 Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall ;
 Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full decre,

¹ *Troynovant*, London.

‘And priz’d with slaughter of their Generall : 116
 The moniment of whose sad funerall,
 For wonder of the world, long in me lasted ;
 But now to nought, through spoyle of time, is wasted.

“ Wasted it is, as if it never were ; 120
 And all the rest, that me so honor’d made,
 And of the world admired ev’rie where,
 Is turn’d to smoake, that doth to nothing fade ;
 And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
 But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell 125
 With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

“ Where my high steeples whilom¹ usde to stand,
 On which the lordly falcon went to towre,
 There now is but an heap of lyme and sand
 For the shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre : 130
 And where the nightingale went forth to powre
 Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull lovers,
 There now haunt yelling mewes and whining plovers.

“ And where the christall Thamis went to slide
 In silver channell, downe along the lee, 135
 About whose flowrie bankes on either side
 A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee,
 Were wont to play, from all annoyance free ;
 There now no rivers course is to be seene,
 But moorish fennes, and marshes’ever greene. 140

“ Seemes, that that gentle river for great grieffe
 Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained ;

¹ *Whilom*, formerly.

Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
 With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
 And his pure streames with guiltles bloud oft stained;
 From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled, 146
 And his sweete waters away with him led.

“There also, where the winged ships were seene
 In liquid waves to cut their fomie waie,
 And thousand fishers numbred to have been, 150
 In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
 Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,
 Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
 Nor ever ship shall saile there anie more.

“They all are gone, and all with them is gone! 155
 Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
 My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
 And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
 Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
 To be bemoned with compassion kinde, 160
 And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

“But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
 Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie:
 Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name
 To be remembred of posteritie, 165
 Save One, that maugre¹ Fortunes iniurie,
 And Times decay, and Envies cruell tort,²
 Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

¹ *Maugre*, in spite of.

² *Tort*, wrong.

“Cambden! the nourice¹ of antiquitie,
 And lanterne unto late succeeding age, 170
 To see the light of simple veritie
 Buried in ruines, through the great outráge
 Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
 Cambden! though Time all monuments obscure,
 Yet thy iust labours ever shall endure. 175

“But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
 And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced²
 Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
 And all my antique monuments defaced?
 Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed, 180
 So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
 Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

“It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mightie Prince, of most renomed race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held, 185
 And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosome of his Soveraine,
 And *Right and Loyall* did his word maintaine.

“I saw him die, I saw him die, as one 190
 Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare;

¹ *Nourice*, nurse.

² *Raced*, razed.

Ver. 169. — *Cambden*.] William Cambden, or Camden, a highly distinguished scholar and antiquarian of England, contemporary with Spenser; author of “*Brittannia*” and other learned and valuable works.

Ver. 184. — *A mightie Prince*.] The Earl of Leicester.

I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare :
 Scarse anie left to close his eyelids neare ;
 Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie 195
 The sacred sod, or Requiem to saie.

“ O trustlesse state of miserable men,
 That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
 And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then,
 When painted faces with smooth flattering 200
 Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing ;
 And, when the courting masker louteth ¹ lowe,
 Him true in heart and trustie to you trow !

“ All is but fained, and with oaker ² dide,
 That everie shower will wash and wipe away ; 205
 All things doo change that under heaven abide,
 And after death all friendship doth decaie.
 Therefore, what ever man bearst worldlie sway,
 Living, on God and on thy selfe relie ;
 For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die. 210

“ He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
 Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid :
 His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
 And evill men (now dead) his deedes upbraid :
 Spite bites the dead, that living never baid. 215
 He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
 Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

¹ *Louteth*, boweth.

² *Oaker*, ochre, paint.

" He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
 And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
 That as a glasse upon the water shone, 220
 Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought :
 His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
 Ne anie Poet seekes him to revive ;
 Yet manie Poets honoured him alive.

" Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute, 225
 Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
 Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
 Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise :
 Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
 Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame : 230
 Wake, shepherds boy, at length awake for shame.

" And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
 And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,¹
 Whether he shepheard be, or shepherds swaine,
 (For manie did, which doo it now denie,) 235
 Awake, and to his Song a part applie :
 And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
 Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

" He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
 His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere, 240
 That whilest he lived was of none envyde,

¹ *Trye*, experience.

Ver. 225.—*Colin Cloute.*] Spenser himself, who had been befriended by the Earl of Leicester.

Ver. 239.—*His brother.*] "Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, died without issue, Feb. 20, 1589." — OLDYS.

And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
 Deare unto all that true affection beare :
 But unto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,
 His noble Spouse, and Paragon of Fame. 245

“ He, whilst he lived, happie was through thee,
 And, being dead, is happie now much more ;
 Living, that lincked chaunst with thee to bee,
 And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
 As living, and thy lost deare Love deplore. 250
 So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
 Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die.

“ Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
 Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever :
 For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse 255
 His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,
 Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever :
 And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live ;
 Such grace the heavens doo to my verses give.

“ Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father, die ; 260
 Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
 And noble Patrone of weake povertie !
 Whose great good deeds in countrey, and in towne,
 Have purchast him in heaven an happie crowne :
 Where he now liveth in eternall blis, 265
 And left his sonne t’ ensue those steps of his.

Ver. 245.—*His noble Spouse.*] “ Anne, the eldest daughter of Francis Lord Russell, Earl of Bedford, was his last wife.” — OLDYS.

Ver. 260.—*His Sister.*] “ Lady Mary Sidney.” — OLDYS.

Ver. 261.—*That good Earle, &c.*] “ This Earl of Bedford died in 1585.” — TODD.

" He, noble Bud, his Grandsires livelie hayre,
 Under the shadow of thy countenaunce
 Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourish fayre
 In learned artes, and goodlie gouvernaunce, 270
 That him to highest honour shall advaunce.
 Brave Impe¹ of Bedford, grow apace in bountie,
 And count of wisdome more than of thy countie !

" Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,
 That goodly Ladie, sith² she eke did spring 275
 Out of his stocke and famous familie,
 Whose praises I to future age doo sing ;
 And forth out of her happie womb did bring
 The sacred brood of learning and all honour ;
 In whom the heavens powrde all their gifts upon her.

" Most gentle spirite breathed from above, 281
 Out of the bosome of the Makers blis,
 In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
 Appeared in their native propertis,
 And did enrich that noble breast of his 285
 With treasure passing all this worldës worth,
 Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

" His blessed spirite, full of power divine
 And influence of all celestiall grace,

¹ *Impe*, shoot, graft.

² *Sith*, since.

Ver. 267. — *He, noble Bud, &c.*] "Edward Lord Russell, grandson of Francis Earl of Bedford, succeeded in the earldom, his father, Francis, having been slain by the Scots." — OLDYS.

Ver. 275. — *That goodly Ladie, &c.*] "Lady Mary Sidney, mother of Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke." — OLDYS.

Ver. 285. — *Noble breast.*] Sir Philip Sidney.

Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime, 290
 Fled backe too soone unto his native place ;
 Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
 Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
 Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

“ Yet, ere his happie soule to heaven went 295
 Out of this fleshlie gaole, he did devise
 Unto his heavenlie Maker to present
 His bodie, as a spotles sacrifice ;
 And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
 Should powre forth th’ offering of his guiltles blood :
 So life exchanging for his countries good. 301

“ O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
 The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new ioy ;
 Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
 With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy ! 305
 But, where thou dost that happines enjoy,
 Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
 That happie there I maie thee alwaies see !

“ Yet, whilst the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
 I will it spend in speaking of thy praise, 310
 And sing to thee, untill that timelie death
 By Heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies :
 Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
 And into me that sacred breath inspire,
 Which thou there breathest perfect and entire. 315

“ Then will I sing ; but who can better sing
 Than thine owne Sister, peerles Lady bright,

Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
 Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
 That her to heare I feele my feeble spright 320
 Robbed of sense, and ravished with ioy ;
 O sad ioy, made of mourning and any !

“ Yet will I sing ; but who can better sing
 Than thou thyselfe, thine owne selves valiance,
 That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forrests ring, 325
 And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
 And shepheards leave their lambs unto mischaunce,
 To runne thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare :
 O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were !

“ But now more happie thou, and wretched wee, 330
 Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
 Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
 With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
 Of all that ever did in rimes reioyce,
 Converses, and doost heare their heavenlie layes, 335
 And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.

“ So there thou livest, singing evermore,
 And here thou livest, being ever song
 Of us, which living loved thee afore,
 And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng 340
 Of heavenlie Poets and Heroës strong.
 So thou both here and there inmortall art,
 And everie where through excellent desart.

who published her brother's "Arcadia." She was a person of literary accomplishments. "The Dolefull Lay of Clorinda," in this volume, was written by her.

“ But such as neither of themselves can sing,
 Nor yet are sung of others for reward, 345
 Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
 Which never was ; ne ever with regard
 Their names shall of the later age be heard,
 But shall in rustie darknes ever lie,
 Unles they mentioned be with infamie. 350

“ What booteth it to have beene rich alive ?
 What to be great ? what to be gracious ?
 When after death no token doth survive
 Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
 But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious, 355
 Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrrels is,
 And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

“ How manie great ones may remembred be,
 Which in their daies most famouslie did florish ;
 Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see, 360
 But as things wipt out with a sponge do perishe,
 Because they living cared not to cherishe
 No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
 Which might their names for ever memorize !

“ Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye live, 365
 That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
 Which unto men eternitie do give ;
 For they be daughters of Dame Memorie
 And Iove, the father of Eternitie,
 And do those men in golden thrones repose, 370
 Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

"The seven-fold yron gates of grislie Hell,
 And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
 They able are with power of mightie spell
 To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie 375
 Out of dread darkenesse to eternall day,
 And them immortall make which els would die
 In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie.

"So whilome raised they the puissant brood
 Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merite, 380
 Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
 Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,
 To highest heaven, where now he doth inherite
 All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
 Chosen to be her dearest paramoure. 385

"So raisde they eke faire Ledaes warlike twinnes,
 And interchanged life unto them lent,
 That, when th' one dies, the other then beginnes
 To shew in heaven his brightnes orient ;
 And they, for pittie of the sad wayment,¹ 390
 Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
 Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

"So happie are they, and so fortunate,
 Whom the Pierian sacred Sisters love,
 That freed from bands of implacable fate, 395
 And power of death, they live for aye above,
 Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remove :
 But with the gods, for former vertues meede,
 On Nectar and Ambrosia do feede.

¹ *Wayment*, lament.

“ For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne, 400
 And thoughts of men do as themselves decay :
 But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
 Recorded by the Muses, live for ay ;
 Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
 Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast, 405
 Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

“ In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine,
 Seeke with Pyramides, to heaven aspired ;
 Or huge Colosses, built with costlie paine ;
 Or brasen Pillours, never to be fired ; 410
 Or Shrines, made of the mettall most desired ;
 To make their memories for ever live :
 For how can mortall immortalitie give ?

“ Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,
 But now no remnant doth thereof remaine : 415
 Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder :
 Such one Lisippus, but is worne with raine :
 Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
 All such vaine monuments of earthlie masse,
 Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe. 420

“ But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
 Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
 Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away :
 Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay 425
 To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

"For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
 Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die ;
 But that blinde Bard did him immortall make 430
 With verses, dipt in deaw of Castalie :
 Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
 O fortunate yong-man ! whose vertue found
 So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound.

"Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read ¹ 435
 Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got
 To sing his living praises being dead,
 Deserving never here to be forgot,
 In sight of envie, that his deeds would spot :
 Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded, 440
 And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

"Those two be those two great calamities,
 That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
 Of Salomon with great indignities ;
 Who whilome was alive the wisest wight. 445
 But now his wisdom is disprooved quite ;
 For he, that now welds ² all things at his will,
 Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

"O grieve of griefes ! O gall of all good heartes !
 To see that vertue should dispised bee 450
 Of him, that first was raise for vertuous parts,
 And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,

¹ *Read*, declare, esteem.

² *Welds*, wields, directs.

Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee.
 O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
 Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned! 455

“O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illusion
 Hath so wise men bewicht, and overkest,
 That they see not the way of their confusion :
 O vainesse! to be added to the rest,
 That do my soule with inward grieffe infest : 460
 Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
 And in my case their owne ensample see.

“ And who so els that sits in highest seate
 Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
 Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate, 465
 Let him behold the horror of my fall,
 And his owne end unto remembrance call ;
 That of like ruine he may warned bee,
 And in himselfe be moov'd to pittie mee.” —

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint, 470
 With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
 That I through inward sorrowe wexen faint,
 And all astonished with deepe dismay
 For her departure, had no word to say ;
 But sate long time in sencelesse sad affright, 475
 Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
 My thought returned greeved home againe,
 Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
 For ruth of that same womans piteous paine ; 480
 Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,

I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
That frosen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greeving in my groning brest,
And deepelie musing at her doubtfull speach, 485
Whose meaning much I labored fourth to wreste,
Being above my slender reasons reach ;
At length, by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eies strange sights presented were,
Like tragicke Pageants seeming to appeare. 490

I.

I SAW an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high upon an Altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre beholde,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compaire, 495
To which th' Assyrian Tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falslie to have praid.
But th' Altare, on the which this Image staid,
Was (O great pitie !) built of brickle¹ clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid, 500
With showres of heaven and tempests worne away ;
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of everie one, which by it went ;
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament.

II.

Next unto this a statelie Towre appeared, 505
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,

¹ *Brickle*, brittle.

And nigh unto the Heavens in height upreared,
 But placed on a plot of sandie ground :
 Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
 For tongues confusion in Holie Writ, 510
 King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.
 But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
 That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
 As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
 And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle, 515
 To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle !
 I saw this Towre fall sodainelie to dust,
 That nigh with grieve thereof my heart was Brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
 Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights, 520
 Such as on earth man could not more devize,
 With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights :
 Not that, which Merlin by his magicke slights
 Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
 His fayre Belphebe, could this gardine staine. 525
 But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine !
 Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
 In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
 Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
 That where it was scarce seemed anie sight ? 530
 That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
 Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

IV.

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
 Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
 That none durst vewe the horror of his face, 535
 Yet was he milde of speach, and meeke of nature :
 Not he, which in despight of his Creatour

With railing tearmes defied the Iewish hoast,
 Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast ;
 For from the one he could to th' other coast 540
 Stretch his strong thighes, and th' ocean overstride,
 And reach his hand into his enemies hoast.
 But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride !
 One of his feete unwares from him did slide,
 That downe hee fell into the deepe abisse, 545
 Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

V.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
 Over the sea from one to other side,
 Withouten prop or pillour it t' upholde,
 But like the coloured rainbowe arched wide : 550
 Not that great Arche, which Traian edifide,¹
 To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
 Was matchable to this in equall vewing.
 But (ah !) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
 In glorie or in greatnes to excell, 555
 Sith² time doth greatest things to ruine bring ?
 This goodlie Bridge, one foote not fastned well,
 Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
 Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
 That grieve thereof my spirite greatly pained. 560

VI.

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
 Lying together in a mightie cave,
 Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
 That salvage nature seemed not to have,
 Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave : 565
 Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,

¹ *Edifide*, built.² *Sith*, since.

Although the compast world were sought around.
 But what can long abide above this ground
 In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
 The Cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
 Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse 571
 Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse;
 That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
 Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie spright, 575
 At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight,
 And I in minde remained sore agast,
 Distraught¹ twixt feare and pitie; when at last
 I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called, 580
 That with the suddein shrill² I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
 That all is vanitie and grieve of minde,
 Ne other comfort in this world can be,
 But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde; 585
 For all the rest must needs be left behinde:
 With that it bad me, to the other side
 To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

UPON that famous Rivers further shore,
 There stood a snowie Swan of heavenly hiew, 590
 And gentle kinde, as ever Fowle afore;
 A fairer one in all the goodlie crew

¹ *Distraught*, distracted.² *Shrill*, shrill sound.

Of white Strimonian brood might no man view :
 There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
 Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie. 595

At last, when all his mourning melodie
 He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
 Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
 With loftie flight above the earth he bounded,
 And out of sight to highest heaven mounted, 600
 Where now he is become an heavenly signe ;
 There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilist thus I looked, loe ! adowne the lee ¹
 I saw an Harpe stroong all with silver twyne,
 And made of golde and costlie yvorie, 605
 Swimming, that whilome ² seemed to have been
 The Harpe on which Dan Orpheus was seene
 Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
 But was th' Harpe of Philisides now dead.
 At length out of the river it was reard, 610
 And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
 Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
 Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
 That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind :
 So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare, 615
 The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

III.

Soone after this I saw on th' other side
 A curious Coffe made of Heben wood,
 That in it did most precious treasure hide,
 Exceeding all this baser worldës good : 620
 Yet through the overflowing of the flood

¹ *Lee, stream.*² *Whilome, formerly.*

It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
 That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.
 At length, when most in perill it was brought,
 Two Angels, downe descending with swift flight, 625
 Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
 And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
 Above the reach of anie living sight :
 So now it is transform'd into that starre,
 In which all heavenly treasures locked are. 630

IV.

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
 Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
 That might for anie Princes couche be red,¹
 And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
 Be for some Bride, her ioyous night to hold : 635
 Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay ;
 A fairer wight saw never summer's day.
 I heard a voyce that called farre away,
 And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
 For lo ! her Bridegrome was in readie ray 640
 To come to her, and seeke her loves delight :
 With that she started up with cherefull sight,
 When suddeinly both Bed and all was gone,
 And I in languor left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood 645
 A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed,
 The same that was bred of Medusaes blood,
 On which Dan Perseus, borne of heavenly seed,
 The faire Andromeda from perill freed :
 Full mortally this Knight ywounded was, 650
 That streames of blood fourth flowed on the gras :

¹ *Red*, taken.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas!)
 With manie garlands for his victories,
 And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
 Through brave atcheivements from his enemies : 655
 Fainting at last through long infirmities,
 He smote his steed, that straight to heaven him bore,
 And left me here his losse for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
 Upon a brazen pillour standing hie, 660
 Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
 Enclosde therein for endles memorie
 Of him, whom all the world did glorifie :
 Seemed the heavens with the earth did disagree,
 Whether should of those ashes keeper bee. 665
 At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercurie,
 From heaven descending to appease their strife,
 The Arke did beare with him above the skie,
 And to those ashes gave a second life,
 To live in heaven, where happines is rife : 670
 At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
 And I for dole was almost like to die.

*L'Envoy.**

Immortall spirite of Philisides,
 Which now art made the heavens ornament,
 That whilome wast the worldës chiefst richés ; 675
 Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament

Ver. 673. — *Philisides.*] Sir Philip Sidney.

* “ *L'Envoy* was a sort of postscript *sent with* poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call the moral of them.” — TYRWHITT.

His losse, by lacke of thee to heaven hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable Herse!
And ye, faire Ladie! th' honour of your daies, 680
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne;
Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping teares t' adorne;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring borne,
So unto heaven let your high minde aspire, 685
And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire!

THE
TEARES OF THE MUSES.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

MOST brave and noble Ladie ; the things, that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men ; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the very Paterne of right Nobilitie : But the causes, for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie,* which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part woorthie, I devised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make the same universallie knowen to the world ; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your owne excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La : humbly ever.

ED. SP.

* Lady Strange was a daughter of Sir John Spenser, and sister of Lady Carey, to whom *Muiopotmos* was dedicated.

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.*

REHEARSE to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicone, 5
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone!

For since the time that Phoebus foolish sonne
Ythundered, through Ioves avengefull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path, 10
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loved Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes, 15
The Fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,

Ver. 15. — *Palici.*] The Palici were children of Jupiter and Thalia, not Calliope.

* This poem consists of the lamentations of the nine Muses over the

Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyses
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound, 20
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voyces
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but ruffull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanel cleare
To romble gently downe with murmur soft, 26
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A bases part amongst their consorts oft;
Now, forst to overflowe with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares. 30

The ioyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faëries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete;
Now, hearing them so heavily lament, 35
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will, 40
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.

decay of learning, and of the indifference with which poetry and poets were regarded. It has little merit but that of smoothness of versification.

Ay me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
 Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
 What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds 45
 Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?
 Can grieffe then enter into heavenly harts,
 And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
 To me those secret causes to display; 50
 For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
 Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
 Begin, thou eldest Sister of the crew,
 And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

HEARE, thou great Father of the gods on hie, 55
 That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
 And thou our Sire, that raignst in Castalie
 And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly Arts:
 Heare, and behold the miserable state
 Of us thy daughters, dolefull desolate. 60

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
 The which is day by day unto us wrought
 By such as hate the honour of our name,
 The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
 They, not contented us themselves to scorne, 65
 Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
 The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce;

But they, whom thou, great Iove, by doome uniuſt
 Didſt to the type of honour earſt aduance; 70
 They now, puſt up with ſdeignfull inſolence,
 Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my celeftiall ſkill,
 That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
 And learned Impes¹ that wont to ſhoote up ſtill, 75
 And grow to height of kingdomes government,
 They underkeep, and with their ſpreading armes
 Do beat their buds, that periſh through their harmes.

It moſt behoues the honorable race
 Of mightie Peeres true wiſedome to ſuſtaine, 80
 And with their noble countenance to grace
 The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine:
 Or rather learnd themſelves behoues to bee;
 That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they doo eſteeme 85
 Of th' heavenly gift of wiſdomes influence,
 And to be learned it a baſe thing deeme:
 Baſe minded they that want intelligence;
 For God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is praiſed,
 And men to God thereby are nighſt raiſed. 90

But they doo onely ſtrive themſelves to raiſe
 Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanitie;
 In th' eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
 And onely boaſt of Armes and Aunceſtrie:

¹ *Impes*, ſhoots, grafts.

But vertuous deeds, which did those armes first give
To their grandsyres, they care not to atchive. 96

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To register, and sound in trump of gold ;
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnesse,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told : 100
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor moniments of time ;
And all that in this world is worthie hight 105
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime !
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing. —

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
That could have made a stonie heart to weep ; 110
And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
So ended shee : and then the next in rew ¹
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

MELPOMENE.

O ! who shall powre into my swollen eyes 115
A sea of teares that never may be dryde,
A brasen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayër wide,

¹ Rew, row, order.

And yron sides that sighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure? 120

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie ;
Ah! wretched world, the house of heavinesse,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miserie ;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein, 125
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves to sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without Understanding doth appeare ;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beare : 130
Of wretched life the onely ioy Shee is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience
Against the bitter throwes of Dolours darts :
She solaceth with rules of Sapience 135
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smarts :
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisdom him to stay, 140
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or pilot her to sway :
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event ;
So is the man that wants intendiment.¹

¹ *Intendiment*, understanding.

Why then doo foolish men so much despize 145
 The precious store of this celestiall riches ?
 Why doo they banish us, that patronize
 The name of learning? Most unhappie wretches !
 The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
 Yet doo not see their owne unhappiness. 150

My part it is and my professed skill
 The Stage with Tragick Buskin to adorne,
 And fill the Scene with plaint and outcries shrill
 Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne :
 But none more tragick matter I can finde 155
 Then this, of men depriv'd of sense and minde.

For all mans life me seemes a tragedy,
 Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes ;
 First comming to the world with weeping eye,
 Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophees, 160
 Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
 And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with ruffull spectacles is fild,
 Fit for Megera or Percephone ;
 But I that in true Tragedies am skild, 165
 The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me :
 Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
 Because that mourning matter I have none. —

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
 Her wretched hands in lamentable wise ; 170
 And all her Sisters, thereto answering,
 Threw forth lowd shrieks and drierie dolefull cries.

So rested she: and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 174

THALIA.

WHERE be the sweete delights of learnings treasure,
 That wont with Comick sock to beautefie
 The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
 The listners eyes and eares with melodie;
 In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
 And maske in mirth with Graces well beseene? 180

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
 Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
 Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
 And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
 With hollow browes and greisly countenance, 185
 Marring my ioyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
 And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
 Out of dredd darknes of the deepe abysme,
 Where being bredd, he light and heaven does hate:
 They in the mindes of men now tyrannize, 191
 And the faire scene with rudenes foule disguise.

All places they with follie have possest,
 And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertaine;
 But me have banished, with all the rest 195
 That whilome¹ wont to wait upon my traine,

¹ *Whilome*, formerly.

Fine Counterfesaunce,¹ and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced, 200
By which mans life in his likest imáge
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced ;
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made 205
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter² under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late :
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.³ 210

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribaudrie⁴
Without regard, or due decorum kept ;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make, 215
And doth the Learneds taske upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,

¹ *Counterfesaunce*, counterfeiting. ³ *Drent*, drenched, drowned.

² *Counter*, encounter, trial of skill. ⁴ *Ribaudrie*, ribaldry.

Ver. 208. — *Our pleasant Willy, &c.*] Some have conjectured that Shakspeare is here meant, which is denied by Todd, who thinks the allusion is to Sir Philip Sidney.

Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
 Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe; 220
 Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
 Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,
 And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
 Not honored nor cared for of anie; 225
 But loath'd of losels¹ as a thing forlorne:
 Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
 Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest. —

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,
 Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly; 230
 And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
 The breaches of her singulfs did supply.
 So rested shee: and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

EUTERPE.

LIKE as the dearling of the Summer's pryde, 235
 Faire Philomele, when Winters stormie wrath
 The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
 In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
 All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
 During the time of that her widowhead: 240

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
 All places with our pleasant notes to fill,

¹ *Losels*, worthless persons.

Whilest favourable times did us afford
 Free libertie to chaunt our charmes¹ at will ;
 All comfortlesse upon the bared bow, 245
 Like wofull culvers,² doo sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winter stowre³
 The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
 And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
 Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted ; 250
 And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t' abound,
 Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
 And livelie spirits of each living wight,
 And dimd with darknesse their intelligence, 255
 Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night :
 And monstrous Error, flying in the ayre,
 Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

Image of hellish horroure, Ignorance,
 Borne in the bosome of the black abysses, 260
 And fed with Furies milke for sustenance
 Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
 By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night ;
 So hee his sonnes both syre and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout, 265
 (For blind is bold,) hath our fayre light defaced ;
 And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
 Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced⁴ ;

¹ *Charmes*, (*carmina*, Lat.) songs.

² *Culvers*, doves.

³ *Stowre*, violence.

⁴ *Raced*, razed.

And our chast bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath stained. 270

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedew'd with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure Castalion,
The famous witness of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles have them made. 276

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with paines,
That with our musick went so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the shepherds swaines
Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing, 280
They have cut downe, and all their pleasaunce mard,
That now no Pastorall is to bee hard.

In stead of them, fowle goblins and shriek-owles
With fearfull howling do all places fill ;
And feeble Eccho now laments, and howles, 285
The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
So all is turned into wilderness,
Whilist Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose ioy was earst with spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft, 290
(My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,
Doo mone my miserie with silence soft.
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heavens afford me remedy. —

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe, 295
And pitious lamentation did make ;

And all her Sisters, seeing her doo soe,
 With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake.
 So rested shee: and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 300

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
 Been long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
 Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight
 To tumble into sorrow and regreet,
 Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie, 306
 Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in ioyance did abound,
 And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
 Like Virgin Queenes, with laurell garlands croud,
 For vertues meed and ornament of wit; 311
 Sith Ignorance our kingdome did confound,
 Be now become most wretched wightes on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
 In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
 He now hath placed his accursed brood, 315
 By him begotten of fowle Infamy;
 Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
 Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
 And make them merrie with their fooleries; 320
 They cherelie chaunt, and rymes at randon fling,
 The fruitfull spawnne of their ranke fantasies;

They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels¹ magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes possesse, 325
And reigne in liking of the multitude ;
The Schooles they fill with fond new fanglenesse,
And sway in Court with pride and rashnes rude ;
Mongst simple Shepherds they do boast their skill,
And say their musicke matcheth Phœbus quill. 330

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine ;
Faire Ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine ;
Clerks² they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we silly Maides, whom they dispize
And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce, 340
From our owne native heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
Unlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin, 345
For pitties sake, compassion our paine,
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse ;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

¹ *Losels*, worthless persons.

² *Clerks*, scholars.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
 Yet none doth care to comfort us at all ; 350
 So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
 Yet none vouchsafes to answere to our call ;
 Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,
 Because none living pittietieth our paine. —

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,¹ 355
 That naught on earth her griefe might pacifie ;
 And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
 With shrikes, and groanes, and grievous agonie.
 So ended shee : and then the next in rew
 Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensew. 360

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits ! breathing from above,
 Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
 Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
 With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
 Which ye now in securitie possesse, 365
 Forgetfull of your former heavinesse ;

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
 With which ye use your Loves to deifie,
 And blazon forth an earthlie Beauties praise
 Above the compasse of the arched skie : 370
 Now change your praises into piteous cries,
 And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

¹ *Waymented*, lamented.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds ¹
 Of raging love first gan you to torment,
 And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds 375
 Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
 Before your Loves did take you unto grace ;
 Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule, in measure moderate,
 'The tempest of that stormie passion, 380
 And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
 Of lovers life in likest fashion,
 Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
 Banisht by those that Love with leawdnes fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill, 385
 And the devicefull matter of my song ;
 Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
 But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
 Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests ;
 From thence infused into mortall breasts. 390

Such high conceipt of that celestially fire,
 The base-borne brood of Blindnes cannot gesse,
 Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
 Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
 But rime at riot, and doo rage in love ; 395
 Yet little wote² what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the mother of Delight,
 And queene of Beautie, now thou maist go pack ;
 For lo ! thy Kingdome is defaced quight,

¹ *Stounds*, pains.

² *Wote*, know.

Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack ; 400
 And thy gay Sonne, the winged god of Love,
 May now goe prune¹ his plumes like ruffed² dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus brought,
 The sweete companions of the Muses late,
 From whom whatever thing is goodly thought, 405
 Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate³ ;
 Go beg with us, and be companions still,
 As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
 Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole : 410
 For that, which was accounted heretofore
 The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole ;
 He sings of love, and maketh loving layes,
 And they him heare, and they him highly prayse. —

With that she powred fourth a brackish flood 415
 Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone ;
 And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,
 With lowd laments her answered all at one.
 So ended she: and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth en sew. 420

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
 Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,

¹ *Prune*, trim, put in order.

² *Ruffed*, ruffled, disordered.

³ *Aggrate*, charm.

Sith¹ none is left to remedie my paine,
 Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart ;
 But rather seekes my sorrow to augment 425
 With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment ?

For they, to whom I used to applie
 The faithfull service of my learned skill,
 The goodly off-spring of Loves progenie,
 That wont the world with famous acts to fill ; 430
 Whose living praises in heroick style,
 It is my chiefe profession to compyle ;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
 That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
 Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime, 435
 That doth degenerate the noble race ;
 Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
 And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
 Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew ; 440
 Ne doo they care that late posteritie
 Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,
 But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
 As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious 445
 Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd ?
 What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
 Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd ;
 If none of neither mention should make,
 Nor out of dust their memories awake ? 450

¹ *Sith*, since.

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
 Or strive in vertue others to excell ;
 If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
 Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well ?
 For if good were not praised more than ill, 455
 None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I am hight,¹
 And golden Trompet of Eternitie,
 That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
 And mortall men have powre to deifie : 460
 Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,
 And Charlemaine amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
 And will henceforth immortalize no more ;
 Sith² I no more find worthie to commend 465
 For prize of value, or for learned lore :
 For noble Peeres, whom I was wont to raise,
 Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
 They spend, that nought to learning they may spare ;
 And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide, 470
 Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share :
 Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
 Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake. —

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike, 475
 And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre ;
 And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
 Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.

¹ *Hight*, called.² *Sith*, since.

So ended she: and then the next in rew
 Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew. 480

URANIA.

WHAT wrath of gods, or wicked influence
 Of starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
 Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilence,
 That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
 With love of blindnesse and of ignorance, 485
 To dwell in darknesse without sovenance¹?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
 When th' heavenlie light of Knowledge is put out,
 And th' ornaments of Wisdome are bereft?
 Then wandreth he in error and in doubt, 490
 Unweeting² of the danger hee is in,
 Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
 It is the onelie comfort which they have,
 It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day; 495
 But hell, and darknesse, and the grislie grave,
 Is Ignorance, the enemy of Grace,
 That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth debace.

Through Knowledge we behould the worlds creation,
 How in his cradle first he fostred was; 500
 And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
 How things she formed of a formlesse mas :

¹ *Sovenance*, remembrance.

² *Unweeting*, unknowing.

By Knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie, 505
And looke into the christall firmament ;
There we behold the heavens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift movëment,
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angels waighting on th' Almightyes chayre.¹ 510

And there, with humble minde and high insight,
Th' Eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can vew.
O soveraigne Lord, O soveraigne happinesse, 515
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse !

Such happines have they, that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenlie discipline ;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Have they, that scorne the schoole of Arts divine, 520
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To make men heavenly wise through humbled will.

However yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight, 525
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought :
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

¹ *Chayre*, chariot.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
 Which want the bliss that wisdom would them breed,
 And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den 531
 Of ghostly darknes, and of gastlie dreed :
 For whom I mourne, and for my selfe complaine,
 And for my Sisters eake whom they disdaine. —

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie, 535
 As if her eyes had beene two springing wells ;
 And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
 Did throw forth shriekes and cries and dreery yells.
 So ended shee : and then the next in rew
 Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensew. 540

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFULL case desires a dolefull song,
 Without vaine art or curious complements ;
 And squallid Fortune, into basenes flong,
 Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
 Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee, 545
 To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
 With which I wont the winged words to tie,
 And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
 Now being let to runne at libertie 550
 By those which have no skill to rule them right,
 Have now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideously,
 With horrid sound though having little sence,

They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry ; 555
 And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
 Have mard the face of goodly Poësie,
 And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom¹ in ages past none might professe
 But Princes and high Priests that secret skill ; 560
 The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
 And with deepe Oracles their verses fill :
 Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
 And made the noursling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne,
 But suffer her prophaned for to bee 566
 Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
 Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie ;
 And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
 Which was the care of Kesars and of Kings. 570

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
 And myrrour of her Makers maiestie,
 That with rich bountie, and deare cherishment,
 Supports the praise of noble Poësie ;
 Ne onelie favours them which it professe, 575
 But is her selfe a peereles Poëtesse.

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poëtesse,
 The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
 Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse !
 Live she for ever, and her royall p'laces 580

¹ *Whilom*, formerly.

Be filld with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Some few beside this sacred skill esteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence ;
Which, being lightned with her beauties beme, 585
Are thereby filld with happie influence,
And lifted up above the worldës gaze,
To sing with Angels her inmortall praize.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having beene with acorns alwaies fed, 590
Can no whit savour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day :
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may. —

Eftsoones¹ such store of teares shee forth did powre,
As if shee all to water would have gone ; 595
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad stowre,²
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake :
The rest untold no living tongue can speake. 600

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.

² *Stowre*, affliction.

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

1591.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

WRONG'D,* yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto your selfe, that onely privie are.

But if that any Œdipus unware
Shall chauce, through power of some divining spright,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my evill plight ;
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose upon the text :
For grieffe enough it is to grievied wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.

But what so by my selfe may not be showen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.

* Nothing is known with certainty respecting the wrong of which Spenser here complains. Some biographers have one conjecture, and some another, upon the subject.

VIRGILS GNAT.*

I.

WE now have playde, Augustus, wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have onely playde: Let thus much then excuse
This Gnats small Poëme, that th' whole historie
Is but a iest, though envie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this Gnats idle name.

II.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poesie:
The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Ioves progenie,

* This is a translation of a poem called *Culex*, attributed to Virgil, who is, however, responsible for but little if any of it. Warton calls it a "vague and arbitrary paraphrase," and Jortin observes that the version is, in many places, wrong. Heyne, in his edition of Virgil, mentions this translation with faint praise. Whether it be a faithful representation of the original or not, it is certainly of very little value as a poem.

Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
Playing on ivorie harp with silver strong.¹

III.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon² beside
Faire Xanthus sprinckled with Chimæras blood ;
Or in the woods of Astery abide ;
Or whereas mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes divide,
And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

IV.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie bee
Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
Go too ; and, dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that god : And thou holie Pales,
To whome the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall successe,
Have care for to pursue his footing light [dight.
Through the wide woods, and groves, with green leaves

V.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky :
And thou, most dread Octavius, which oft
To learned wits giv'st courage worthily,
O come, thou sacred childe, come sliding soft,
And favour my beginnings graciously :
For not these leaves do sing that dreadfull stound,³
When Giants bloud did staine Phlegræan ground.

VI.

Nor how th' halfe horsy people, Centaures hight,

¹ Strong, strung.² Woon, dwell.³ Stound

Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord ;
 Nor how the East with tyranous despight
 Burnt th' Attick towres, and people slew with sword ;
 Nor how mount Athos through exceeding might
 Was digged downe ; nor yron bands aboard
 The Pontick sea by their huge Navy cast ;
 My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

VII.

Nor Hellespont trampled with horses feete,
 When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray :
 But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
 Delights (with Phœbus friendly leave) to play
 An easie running verse with tender feete.
 And thou, dread sacred child, to thee alway
 Let everlasting lightsome glory strive,
 Through the worlds endles ages to survive.

VIII.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
 Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest ;
 And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
 As thy due meede that thou deservest best,
 Hereafter many yeares remembred be
 Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest ;
 Live thou for ever in all happinesse !
 But let us turne to our first businesse.

IX.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
 Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
 Out of his golden charet glistening light ;
 And fayre Aurora, with her rosie heare,
 The hatefull darknes now had put to flight ;
 When as the shepheard, seeing day appeare,

His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

X.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills :
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,¹
Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent ;
Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills ;
Some, clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
Nibble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby.

XI.

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges that freshly bud ;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft willow, or new growen stud² ;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud ;
The whiles another high doth overlooke
Her owne like image in a christall brooke.

XII.

O the great happines, which shepherds have,
Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave !
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate³
And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
Do ever creepe into the shepherds den.

XIII.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him araves,
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye ;

¹ *Ment*, mingled.² *Stud*, shrub.³ *Macerate*, tear.

Ne glistering of golde, which underlayes
 The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye ;
 Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by ;
 Ne yet his cup embost with imagery
 Of Bætus or of Alcons vanity.

XIV.

Ne ought the whelky¹ pearles esteemeth hee,
 Which are from Indian seas brought far away :
 But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
 On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
 In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
 With sundrie colours paints the sprinkled lay ;
 There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
 With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

XV.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,²
 His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine :
 There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
 And fruitfull Pales, and the Forrest greene,
 And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight,³
 Wheras continuall shade is to be seene,
 And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
 Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heate.

XVI.

O ! who can lead then a more happie life
 Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart sincere,
 No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
 No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare ;
 Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
 That in the sacred temples he may reare

¹ *Whelky*, rounded.² *Bedight*, adorned.³ *Pight*, placed.

A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

XVII.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished :
He ioyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered ;
Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth :
Sweete Quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect Pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts devowre.

XVIII.

This all his care, this all his whole indeavour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treasure,
Content with any food that God doth send ;
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

XIX.

O Flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleasant Springs
Of Tempe, where the countrey Nymphs are rife,¹
Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
As merrie notes upon his rusticke fife,
As that Ascræan bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life ;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

¹ *Rife*, abundant.

XX.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
 This Shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,¹
 And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime ;
 Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,
 Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,
 And, the world parting by an equall lott,
 Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
 As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide.

XXI.

Then gan the Shepheard gather into one
 His stragling goates, and drave them to a foord,
 Whose cærule² streame, rombling in pible stone,
 Crept under mosse as greene as any goord.
 Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
 When he his heard back from that water foord
 Drave, from the force of Phœbus boyling ray,
 Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay.

XXII.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood
 (O Delian Goddess) saw, to which of yore
 Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,
 Cruell Agavè, flying vengeance sore
 Of king Nictileus for the guiltie blood,
 Which she with cursed hands had shed before ;
 There she halfe frantick, having slaine her sonne,
 Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

XXIII.

Here also playing on the grassy greene,
 Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
 With many Fairies oft were dauncing seene.

¹ Batt, stick.² Cærule, azure.

Not so much did Dan Orpheus repress
 The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I weene,
 As that faire troupe of woodie Goddesses
 Staied thee, O Peneus, powring foorth to thee,
 From cheereful lookes, great mirth and gladsome glee.

XXIV.

The verie nature of the place, resounding
 With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
 A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
 In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
 To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
 For first the high palme-trees, with braunches faire,
 Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
 And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.

XXV.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
 Wicked, for holding guilefully away
 Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
 Taking to hoste,¹ it quite from him did stay ;
 And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
 The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay
 Of Phaëton, whose limbs with lightening rent
 They gathering up, with sweete teares did lament.

XXVI.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,
 By his disloyalty lamented sore,
 Eternall hurte left unto many one :
 Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
 Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one :
 The Oke, whose acornes were our foode, before

¹ *Hoste*, entertain.

That Ceres seede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sowne.

XXVII

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly signe ;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres divine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment ;
And the blacke Holme that loves the watrie vale ;
And the sweete Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

XXVIII.

Emongst the rest the clambring Yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top surwey,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Nor yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

XXIX.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweete consent ;
And under them a silver spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent ;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent ;
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around :
All which the ayrie Echo did resound.

XXX.

In this so pleasant place the Shepherds flocke
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,

On everie bush, and everie hollow rocke,
 Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best ;
 The whiles the Shepheard self, tending his stocke,
 Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
 Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him
 Displaid on ground, and seized everie lim.

XXXI.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
 But, looslie on the grassie greene dispredd,
 His dearest life did trust to careles sleep ;
 Which, weighing down his drouping drowsie hedd,
 In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
 Devoid of care, and feare of all falshedd :
 Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
 Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

XXXII.

For at his wonted time in that same place
 An huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide,
 To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
 There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide :
 He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
 With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride,¹
 And wrapt his scalie boughts with fell despight,
 That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

XXXIII.

Now, more and more having himselfe enrolde,
 His glittering breast he lifteth up on hie,
 And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde ;
 His creste above, spotted with purple die,
 On everie side did shine like scalie golde ;
 And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,

¹ *Grīde*, pierce.

Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

XXXIV.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine and most trustie guide :
Eftsoones¹ more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on everie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends, that might his passage stay.

XXXV.

Much he disdaines, that anie one should dare
To come unto his haunt ; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent ;
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his iawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained,
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained.

XXXVI.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle noursling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the sleepeie Shepheard went ;
And, marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare
Shewd the two pearles, which sight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

XXXVII.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart.

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.

And with his hand him rashly bruizing slewe
 As in avengement of his heedles smart,
 That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
 And life out of his members did depart :
 When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
 He spide his foe with felonous intent,
 And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

XXXVIII.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,
 He fled abacke, and, catching hastie holde
 Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,¹
 It rent, and streight about him gan beholde
 What God or Fortune would assist his might.
 But whether God or Fortune made him bold
 Its hard to read : yet hardie will he had
 To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.²

XXXIX.

The scalie backe of that most hideous Snake
 Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
 And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
 Whereas his temples did his creast-front tyre³ ;
 And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake
 And gazing ghastly on ; (for feare and yre
 Had blent⁴ so much his sense, that lesse he feard ;)
 Yet, when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

XL.

By this the Night forth from the darksome bowre
 Of Herebus her teemed steedes gan call,
 And laesie⁵ Vesper in his timely howre
 From golden Oeta gan proceede withall ,

¹ *Pight*, placed. ² *Adrad*, fearful. ³ *Tyre*, adorn.

⁴ *Blent*, blinded. ⁵ *Laesie*, lazy.

Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,¹
 Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
 Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
 And unto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

XLI.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
 Was entered, and, now loosing everie lim,
 Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did steepe;
 The Image of that Gnat appeard to him,
 And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
 With greislie countenance and visage grim,
 Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
 In steed of good hastning his cruell fate.

XLII.

Said he, "What have I wretch deserv'd, that thus
 Into this bitter bale I am outcast,
 Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
 Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
 I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
 Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:
 Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
 Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

XLIII.

"So livest thou; but my poore wretched ghost
 Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,
 And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost.
 Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
 Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post?
 Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
 Her flaming fiër-brond, encountring me,
 Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

¹ *Stowre*, assault.

XLIV.

“ And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay
 And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed ;
 Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
 Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
 Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
 And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red ;
 He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
 With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

XLV.

“ Ay me ! that thankes so much should faile of meed ;
 For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
 Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed.
 Where then is now the guerdon of my paine ?
 Where the reward of my so piteous deed ?
 The praise of Pitie vanisht is in vaine,
 And th' antique faith of Iustice long agone
 Out of the land is fled away and gone.

XLVI.

“ I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
 And left mine owne his safëtie to tender ;
 Into the same mishap I now am cast,
 And shun'd destruction doth destruction render :
 Not unto him that never hath trespást,
 But punishment is due to the offender.
 Yet let destruction be the punishment,
 So long as thankfull will may it relent.

XLVII.

“ I carried him into waste wildernesse,
 Waste wildernes, amongst Cymerian shades,
 Where endles paines and hideous heavinesse
 Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.

For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,
 Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades ;
 Far off beholding Ephialtes tide,
 Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide.

XLVIII.

“ And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull yet
 Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire ;
 Displeasure too implacable was it,
 That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre :
 Much do I feare among such fiends to sit ;
 Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
 To the black shadowes of the Stygian shore,
 Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore.

XLIX.

“ There next the utmost brinck doth he abide,
 That did the bankets of the gods bewray,
 Whose threat through thirst to nought nigh being dride,
 His sense to seeke for ease turnes every way :
 And he, that in avengement of his pride
 For scorning to the sacred gods to pray,
 Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
 Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none.

L.

“ Go ye with them, go, cursed Damosells,
 Whose bridale torches foule Erynnis tynde¹ ;
 And Hymen, at your spousalls sad, foretells
 Tydings of death and massacre unkinde :
 With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,
 The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
 With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,
 And murdred troupes upon great heapes to lay.

¹ *Tynde*, kindled.

LI.

“ There also those two Pandionian maides,
 Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,
 Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guiltie blades ;
 For whome the Thracian king lamenting sore,
 Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes,
 And fluttering round about them still does sore ;
 There now they all eternally complaine
 Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

LII.

“ But the two brethren borne of Cadmus blood,
 Whilst each does for the soveraignty contend,
 Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,¹
 Each doth against the others bodie bend
 His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
 And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend ;
 That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
 Sith² each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

LIII.

“ Ah (waladay !) there is no end of paine,
 Nor change of labour may intreated bee :
 Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
 Where other powers farre different I see,
 And must passe over to th' Elisian plaine :
 There grim Persephone, encountring mee,
 Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie
 With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

LIV.

“ There chast Alceste lives inviolate,
 Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
 She did prolong by changing fate for fate :

¹ *Wood, mad.*² *Sith, since.*

Lo! there lives also the immortall praise
 Of womankinde, most faithfull to her mate,
 Penelope; and from her farre awayes
 A rulesse³ route of yongmen, which her wood,
 All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

LV.

“And sad Eurydice thence now no more
 Must turne to life, but there detained bee
 For looking back, being forbid before:
 Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee!
 Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
 That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
 And could beleeve that anie thing could please
 Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease.

LVI.

“Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
 Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, compassed
 With rustie horrour and fowle fashion;
 And deep digd vawtes²; and Tartar covered
 With bloodie night, and darke confusion;
 And iudgement seates, whose Iudge is deadlie dred,
 A Iudge, that after death doth punish sore
 The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

LVII.

“But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde:
 For the swift running rivers still did stand,
 And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
 To follow Orpheus musicke through the land:
 And th’ okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
 Did move, as if they could him understand;

¹ *Rulesse*, lawless.

² *Vawtes*, vaults.

And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,
Through their hard barke his silver sound receav'd.

LVIII.

“ And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie ;
And didst, O monthly Virgin, thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie ?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queene of hell to move as easily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere ¹
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

LIX.

“ She, (Ladie) having well before approved
The feends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her eyesight turne arere,²
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved ;
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

LX.

“ Ah ! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted ;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted ;
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted :
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great heroës, doo in order stand.

LXI.

“ There be the two stout sonnes of *Æacus*,

¹ *Fere*, husband.

² *Arere*, back.

Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
 Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous
 Through their syres dreadfull iurisdiction,
 Being the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
 And both of them, by strange occasion,
 Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
 Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

LXII.

“For th’ one was ravisht of his owne bondmaide,
 The faire Ixione captiv’d from Troy:
 But th’ other was with Thetis love assaid,
 Great Nereus his daughter and his ioy.
 On this side them there is a yongman layd,
 Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy;
 That from th’ Argolick ships, with furious yre,
 Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre.

LXIII.

“O! who would not recount the strong divorces
 Of that great warre, which Troianes oft behelde,
 And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
 When Teucrian soyle with bloodie rivers swelde,
 And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corses,
 And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;
 Whilst Hector raged, with outragious minde,
 Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to have tynde.¹

LXIV.

“For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
 Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
 And, like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
 Store of firebronds out of her nourseries
 Unto her foster children, that they might

¹ *Tynde*, kindled, excited.

Inflame the navie of their enemies,
 And all the Rhétæan shore to ashes turne,
 Where lay the ships, which they did seeke to burne.

LXV.

“Gainst which the noble sonne of Telamon
 Oppos’d himselfe, and thwarting his huge shield,
 Them battell bad, gainst whom appeared anon
 Hector, the glorie of the Troian field:
 Both fierce and furious in contention
 Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild,
 As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryve
 The ratling heavens, and cloudes asunder dryve.

LXVI.

“So th’ one with fire and weapons did contend
 To cut the ships from turning home againe
 To Argos; th’ other strove for to defend¹
 The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.
 Thus th’ one Æacide did his fame extend:
 But th’ other ioy’d that, on the Phrygian playne
 Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,
 He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.

LXVII.

“Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
 That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent;
 And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
 Drawne into danger through close ambushment;
 Therefore from him Laërtes sonne his vewe
 Doth turne aside, and boasts his good event
 In working of Strymonian Rhæsus fall,
 And este² in Dolons subtile súrprysall.

¹ *Defend, repel.*² *Efte, soon.*

LXVIII.

“ Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,
 And blacke Læstrigones, a people stout :
 Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
 Manie great bandogs, which her gird about :
 Then doo the Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
 And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out :
 Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
 And griesly feends of hell him terrifie.

LXIX.

“ There also goodly Agamemnon bosts,
 The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
 And famous light of all the Greekish hosts ;
 Under whose conduct most victorious,
 The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
 Ah ! but the Greekes themselves, more dolorous,
 To thee, O Troy, paid penaunce for thy fall ;
 In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

LXX.

“ Well may appeare by proefe of their mischaunce
 The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
 That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
 Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate :
 For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce
 Of envies dart, is downe in dust prostrate ;
 And all, that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
 Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

LXXI.

“ Th' Argolicke Power returning home againe,
 Enricht with spoyles of th' Erichthionian towre,
 Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
 And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre :

No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,
 Which soone ensued them with heavie stowre.¹
 Nereis to the seas a token gave,
 The whiles their crooked keeles the surges clave.

LXXII.

“ Suddenly, whether through the gods decree,
 Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
 The heavens on everie side enclowded bee :
 Black stormes and fogs are blowen up from farre,
 That now the pylote can no loadstarre see,
 But skies and seas doo make most dreadfull warre ;
 The billowes striving to the heavens to reach,
 And th’ heavens striving them for to impeach.²

LXXIII.

“ And, in avengement of their bold attempt,
 Both sun and starres and all the heavenly powres
 Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
 And downe on them to fall from highest towres :
 The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent,
 Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful showres,
 That death on everie side to them appears,
 In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

LXXIV.

“ Some in the greedie floods are sunke and drent³ ;
 Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne ;
 Some on th’ Euboick cliffs in pieces rent ;
 Some scattred on the Hercæan shores unknowne ;
 And manie lost, of whom no monument
 Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne :
 Whilst all the purchase of the Phrigian pray,
 Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

¹ *Stowre*, assault. ² *Impeach*, hinder. ³ *Drent*, drowned.

LXXV.

“ Here manie other like heroës bee,
 Equall in honour to the former crue,
 Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
 Descended all from Rome by linage due ;
 From Rome, that holds the world in sovereigntie,
 And doth all nations unto her subdue :
 Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,
 Horatii that in vertue did excell.

LXXVI.

“ And here the antique fame of stout Camill
 Doth ever live ; and constant Curtius,
 Who stiffly bent his vowed life to spill
 For countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
 Amidst the towne with his owne corps did fill,
 T’ appease the Powers ; and prudent Mutius,
 Who in his flesh endur’d the scorching flame,
 To daunt his foe by’ ensample of the same.

LXXVII.

“ And here wise Curius, companion
 Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest ;
 And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
 Taught him the fires scorn’d furie to detest ;
 And here the praise of either Scipion
 Abides in highest place above the best,
 To whom the ruin’d walls of Carthage vow’d ;
 Trembling, their forces sound their praises lowd.

LXXVIII.

“ Live they for ever through their lasting praise !
 But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
 To the sad lakes that Phœbus sunnie rayes
 Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies mourne ;

And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
 Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth burne ;
 By which iust Minos righteous soules doth sever
 From wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever.

LXXIX.

“ Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
 Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron chaynes,
 Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
 With bitter torture, and impatient paines,
 Cause of my death and iust complaint to tell.
 For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complaines
 To be the author of her ill unwares,
 That careles hear'st my' intollerable cares.

LXXX.

“ Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
 I now depart, returning to thee never,
 And leave this lamentable plaint behinde.
 But doo thou haunt the soft downe-rolling river,
 And wilde greene woods and fruitfull pastures minde ;
 And let the flitting aire my vaine words sever.” —
 Thus having said, he heavily departed
 With piteous crie, that anie would have smarted.

LXXXI.

Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
 Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares
 His inly grieved minde full sore opprest ;
 That balefull sorrow he no longer beares
 For that Gnats death, which deeply was imprest ;
 But bends what ever power his aged yeares
 Him lent, yet being such, as through their might
 He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

LXXXII.

By that same river lurking under greene,
 Eftsoones¹ he gins² to fashion forth a place;
 And, squaring it in compasse well beseene,
 There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
 His yron-headed spade tho³ making cleene,
 To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
 His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
 Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

LXXXIII.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,
 Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
 And thereupon did raise full busily
 A little mount, of greene turffs edifide⁴;
 And on the top of all, that passers by
 Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
 Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
 That never might his luckie scape forget.

LXXXIV.

And round about he taught sweet flowres to growe;
 The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die;
 The Lilly fresh; and Violet belowe;
 The Marigolde; and cherefull Rosemarie;
 The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gunb does flowe;
 The purple Hyacinthe; and fresh Costmarie;
 And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle;
 And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toyle.

LXXXV.

Fresh Rhododaphne; and the Sabine flowre,
 Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence;

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.

² *Gins*, begins.

³ *Tho*, then.

⁴ *Edifide*, built.

And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre ;
 And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence ;
 Red Amaranthus, lucklesse paramour ;
 Oxeye still greene ; and bitter Patience ;
 Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well
 Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

LXXXVI.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
 And whatso other hearb of lovely hew,
 The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
 To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new ;
 He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
 In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.¹

*To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
 The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.*

¹ *Ensue*, follow.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

BY ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.*

MOST faire and vertuous Ladie; having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knownen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them forth. Simple is the device, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you; and keepe with you untill, with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humblie take leave.

Your La: ever humbly;

ED. SP.

* "This lady was Anne, the fifth daughter of Sir John Spenser, distinguished also in the pastoral of *Colin Clouts come Home again*, by the name of *Charillis*. She was married, first to Sir Wm. Stanley, Lord Mountegle; next to Henry Compton, Lord Compton; and lastly to Robert Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset." — TODD.

PROSOPOPOIA :

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.*

IT was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver bowre the sunne received ;

Ver. 1. — *It was the month, &c.*] August.

* "In this poem, we have a specimen of Spenser's genius in satire, a talent he very seldom exercised. This fable is after the manner of Chaucer, of whom it is an excellent imitation; and perhaps the antiquated style has no ill effect in improving the humor of the story. The morality of it is admirable. Every one will observe that keenness of wit, with which he has represented the arts of ill courtiers. In the description of a good courtier, which is so finely set off by the contrary characters, it is believed the author had in view Sir Philip Sidney, of whom this seems to be a very just as well as beautiful picture." — HUGHES.

"*Mother Hubberds Tale* appears to have been one of his earliest productions, although not published until 1591. Spenser informs us, that it was composed in the 'raw conceit of his youth;' but it is certainly the best and most agreeable of his smaller pieces." — *Retropective Review*, vol. xii. p. 146.

And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting, 5
 After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
 Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
 And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and death.
 Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
 Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die, 10
 Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason ;
 That it to leaches seemed strange and geason.¹
 My fortune was, mongst manie others moe,²
 To be partaker of their common woe ;
 And my weake bodie, set on fire with grieffe, 15
 Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
 In this ill plight, there came to visite mee
 Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,
 Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
 And meanes of gladsome solace to devise. 20
 But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
 His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
 They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
 With talke, that might unquiet fancies reave³ ;
 And, sitting all in seates about me round, 25
 With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound⁴)
 They cast in course to waste the wearie howres :
 Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures ;
 Some of brave Knights, and their renowned Squires ;
 Some of the Faeries and their strange attires : 30
 And some of Giaunts, hard to be beleved ;
 That the delight thereof me much releved.
 Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas

¹ *Geason*, rare.³ *Reave*, take away, remove.² *Moe*, more.⁴ *Stound*, occasion.

The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well .
 She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
 Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided ¹
 Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided ;
 The which for that my sense is greatly pleased,
 All were my spirite heavie and diseased, 40
 Ile write in termes, as she the same did say,
 So well as I her words remember may.
 No Muses aide me needes hereto to call ;
 Base ² is the style, and matter meane withall.
 ¶ Whilome ³ (said she) before the world was civill,
 The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill 46
 And hard estate, determined to seeke
 Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke :
 For both were craftie and unhappie witted ;
 Two fellowes might no where be better fitted. 50
 The Foxe, that first this cause of grieve did finde,
 Gan first thus plaine his case with words unkinde.
 " Neighbour Ape, and my Goship eke beside,
 (Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide,)
 To whom may I more trustely complaine 55
 The evill plight, that doth me sore constraine,
 And hope thereof to finde due remedie ?
 Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
 Thus manie yeares I now have spent and worne,
 In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne, 60
 Dooing my countrey service as I might,
 No lesse I dare saie than the prowdest wight ;
 And still I hoped to be up advaunced,
 For my good parts ; but still it hath mischaunced.

¹ *Betided*, happened. ² *Base*, humble. ³ *Whilome*, formerly.

Now therefore that no lenger hope I see, 65
 But froward fortune still to follow mee,
 And losels¹ lifted high, where I did looke,
 I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.
 Yet, ere that anie way I doo betake,
 I meane my Gossip privie first to make." 70
 " Ah! my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape,)
 Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,²
 Both for because your grieve doth great appeare,
 And eke because my selfe am touched neare :
 For I likewise have wasted much good time, 75
 Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
 Whilest others alwayes have before me stept,
 And from my beard the fat away have swept ;
 That now unto despaire I gin to growe,
 And meane for better winde about to throwe. 80
 Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread³
 Thy councill ; two is better than one head."
 " Certes (said he) I meane me to disguise
 In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize,
 Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter, 85
 Or like a Gipsen,⁴ or a Iuggeler,
 And so to wander to the worldës ende,
 To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend :
 For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
 Wide is the world I wote,⁵ and everie streete 90

¹ *Losels*, base persons.

⁴ *Gipsen*, gypsy.

² *Awhape*, terrify.

⁵ *Wote*, know.

³ *Aread*, explain.

Ver. 85.—*A Lymiter*.] A Friar licensed to beg within a certain district.

Is full of fortunes, and adventures straunge,
 Continuallie subiect unto change.
 Say, my faire brother now, if this device
 Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
 "Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well ; 95
 And, would ye not poore fellowship expell,
 My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
 In this adventures chauncefull ieopardie :
 For, to wexe olde at home in idlenesse,
 Is disadvantageous, and quite fortunelesse ; 100
 Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee."
 The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree :
 So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
 So soone as day appeared to peoples vewing,
 On their intended iourney to proceede ; 105
 And over night, whatso theretoo did neede,
 Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
 The morrow next, so soon as one might see
 Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
 Both their habiliments unto them tooke, 110
 And put themselves (a Gods name) on their way ;
 Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
 This hard adventure, thus began t' advise :
 "Now read¹ Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
 What course ye weene is best for us to take, 115
 That for ourselves we may a living make.
 Whether shall we professe some trade or skill ?
 Or shall we varie our device at will,
 Even as new occasion appears ?
 Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares 120

¹ *Read*, tell.

To anie service, or to anie place?
 For it behoves, ere that into the race
 We enter, to resolve first hereupon."
 "Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
 Ye have this matter motioned in season : 125
 For everie thing that is begun with reason
 Will come by readie meanes unto his end ;
 But things miscounselled must needs miswend.¹
 Thus therefore I advize upon the case,
 That not to anie certaine trade or place, 130
 Nor anie man, we should our selves applie ;
 For why should he that is at libertie
 Make himselfe bond? sith² then we are free borne,
 Let us all servile base subiection scorne ;
 And, as we bee sonnes of the world so wide, 135
 Let us our fathers heritage divide,
 And chalenge to our selves our portions dew
 Of all the patrimonie, which a few
 Now hold in hugger mugger³ in their hand,
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land. 140
 For now a few have all, and all have nought,
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought :
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature, 145
 But that she gave like blessing to each creture
 As well of worldly livelode as of life,
 That there might be no difference nor strife,
 Nor ought cald mine or thine : thrice happie then
 Was the condition of mortall men. 150

¹ *Miswend*, go wrong.

² *Sith*, since.

³ *In hugger mugger*, in secret.

That was the golden age of Saturne old,
 But this might better be the world of gold :
 For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
 Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot ;
 We will not be of anie occupation, 155
 Let such vile vassalls borne to base vocation
 Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,¹
 Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.
 But we will walke about the world at pleasure
 Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure. 160
 Free men some beggers call, but they be free ;
 And they which call them so more beggers bee :
 For they doo swinke² and sweate to feed the other,
 Who live like lords of that which they doo gather,
 And yet doo never thanke them for the same, 165
 But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
 Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
 Lords of the world ; and so will wander free,
 Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie :
 Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so manie) 170
 Light not on some that may our state amend ;
 Sildome but some good commeth ere the end."
 Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce :
 Yet, well considering of the circumstance,
 As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid, 175
 And afterwards with grave advizement said ;
 "I cannot, my lief³ brother, like but well
 The purpose of the complot which ye tell :
 For well I wot⁴ (compar'd to all the rest
 Of each degree) that Beggers life is best : 180

¹ *Droyle*, work sluggishly.

² *Lief*, dear.

² *Swinke*, toil.

⁴ *Wot*, know.

And they, that thinke themselves the best of all,
 Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
 But this I wot¹ withall, that we shall ronne
 Into great daunger like to bee undonne.
 Wildly to wander thus in the worlds eye, 185
 Withouten pasport or good warrantie,
 For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
 And for eare-marked beasts abroad be bruted² ;
 Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,
 How to prevent this mischiefe ere it fall, 190
 And how we may, with most securitie,
 Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie.”
 “ Right well, deere Gossip, ye advized have,
 (Said then the Foxe,) but I this doubt will save :
 For, ere we farther passe, I will devise 195
 A pasport for us both in fittest wize,
 And by the names of Souldiers us protect ;
 That now is thought a civile begging sect.
 Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
 For manly semblance, and small skill in warre : 200
 I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
 Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion.”
 The pasport ended, both they forward went ;
 The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th’ intent,
 In a blew iacket with a crosse of redd 205
 And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
 Much blood throgth many wounds therein received,
 Which had the use of his right arme bereaved ;
 Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
 With a plume feather all to peeces tore : 210
 His breeches were made after the new cut,

¹ *Wot*, know.² *Bruted*, rumored.

Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut ;
 And his hose broken high above the heeling,
 And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
 But neither sword nor dagger he did beare ; 215
 Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare ;
 In stead of them a handsome bat¹ he held,
 On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.²
 Shame light on him, that through so false illusion
 Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion, 220
 And that, which is the noblest mysterie,³
 Brings to reproach and common infamie !
 Long they thus travailed, yet never met
 Adventure, which might them a working set :
 Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed ; 225
 Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
 At last they chaunst to meet upon the way
 A simple husbandman in garments gray ;
 Yet, though his vesture were but meane and bace,⁴
 A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230
 And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing :
 Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
 The Foxe, him spying, bad the Ape him dight⁵
 To play his part, for loe ! he was in sight,
 That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine, 235
 And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
 Eftsoones⁶ the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
 And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
 As if good service he were fit to do ;
 But little thrift for him he did it to : 240

¹ *Bat*, stick.⁴ *Bace*, humble.² *Elde*, age.⁵ *Dight*, prepare.³ *Mysterie*, profession.⁶ *Eftsoones*, immediately.

And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
 That like a handsome swaine it him became :
 When as they nigh approached, that good man,
 Seeing them wander loosly, first began
 T' enquire, of custome, what and whence they were ?
 To whom the Ape ; " I am a Souldiere, 246
 That late in warres have spent my deerest blood,
 And in long service lost both limbs and good ;
 And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
 I driven am to seeke some meanes to live : 250
 Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
 I would be readie, both in deed and word,
 To doo you faithfull service all my dayes.
 This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)
 Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state : 255
 For miserie doth bravest minds abate,
 And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."
 The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
 Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his paine ; 260
 And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to showe,
 Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe ;
 Or to what labour els he was prepar'd ? 265
 For husbands life is labourous and hard.
 Whenas the Ape him hard¹ so much to talke
 Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
 He would have slipt the coller handsomly,
 And to him said ; " Good Sir, full glad am I, 270

¹ *Hard*, heard.

To take what paines may anie living wight :
 But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
 To doo their kindly services, as needeth :
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
 So that it may no painfull worke endure, 275
 Ne to strong labour can itselſe enure.
 But if that anie other place you have,
 Which askes small paines, but thriftines to save,
 Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
 Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father.” 280
 With that the husbandman gan him avize,
 That it for him were fittest exercise
 Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee ;
 And asked him, if he could willing bee
 To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne, 285
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne ?
 “ Gladly (said he) what ever such like paine
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine :
 But gladliſt I of your fleecie ſheepe
 (Might it you please) would take on me the keep.¹
 For, ere that unto armes I me betooke, 291
 Unto my fathers ſheepe I uſde to looke,
 That yet the ſkill thereof I have not loſte :
 Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coſte,
 (Meaning the Foxe) will ſerve my ſheepe to gather,
 And drive to follow after their belwether.” 296
 The husbandman was meanly well content
 Triall to make of his endeavourment ;
 And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
 Of all his flocke, with libertie full large, 300

¹ *Keep, charge.*

Giving accompt of th' annuall increace
 Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.
 Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
 And the false Foxe his dog: (God give them paine!)
 For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run, 305
 And doo returne from whence he first begun,
 They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
 Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
 Expired had the terme, that these two iavels¹
 Should render up a reckning of their travels 310
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist² what answerere unto him to frame,
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
 For their false treason and vile theeverie: 315
 For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
 Had they to shew; but, ever as they bred,
 They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed:
 For that disguised Dog lov'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will. 320
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left;
 And, when lambes fail'd, the old sheepes lives they reft;
 That how t' acquite themselves unto their Lord
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
 The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require 325
 Respite till morrow t' answerere his desire:
 For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
 The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,

Iavels, worthless fellows,

² *Wist*, knew.

Ver. 324. — *Set aboard.*] Set aground; at a loss.

And bad next day that all should readie be.
 But they more subtill meaning had than he: 330
 For the next morrowes need they closely¹ ment,
 For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent :
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were
 In careles sleep, they without care or feare
 Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde, 335
 And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde :
 Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
 For a full complement of all their ill,
 They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
 Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night. 340
 So was the husbandman left to his losse,
 And they unto their fortunes change to tosse.
 After which sort they wandered long while,
 Abusing manie through their cloaked guile ;
 That at the last they gan to be descryed 345
 Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed.
 So as their begging now them failed quyte,
 For none would give, but all men would them wyte² ;
 Yet would they take no paines to get their living,
 But seeke some other way to gaine by giving, 350
 Much like to begging but much better named ;
 For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed.
 And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
 And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe ;
 For they their occupation meant to change, 355
 And now in other state abroad to range :
 For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
 They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke redd.

¹ *Closely, secretly.*² *Wyte, blame.*

Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
 Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell ; 360
 At length chaunst with a formall Priest to meete,
 Whom they in civill manner first did greeete,
 And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
 The man straightway his choler up did move,
 And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile, 365
 For following that trade so base and vile ;
 And askt what license, or what pas they had ?
 " Ah! (said the Ape as sighing wondrous sad)
 Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
 Must either driven be perforce to sterving,¹ 370
 Or asked for their pas by everie squib,²
 That list at will them to revile or snib³ :
 And yet (God wote⁴) small oddes I often see
 Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
 Natheles because you shall not us misdeeme, 375
 But that we are as honest as we seeme,
 Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
 And then ye will (I hope) well moved bee."
 Which when the priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
 As if therein some text he studying were, 380
 But little els (God wote⁴) could thereof skill :
 For read he could not evidence, nor will,
 Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
 Ne make one title worse, ne make one better :
 Of such deep learning little had he neede, 385
 Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
 Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of texts,
 From whence arise diversitie of sects,

¹ *Sterving*, starving.

² *Squib*, petty fellow.

³ *Snib*, snub, reprove.

⁴ *Wote*, knows.

And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd :
 But this good Sir did follow the plaine word, 390
 Ne medled with their controversies vaine ;
 All his care was, his service well to saine,¹
 And to read Homelies upon holidayes :
 When that was done, he might attend his playes ;
 An easie life, and fit High God to please. 395
 He, having overlookt their pas at ease,
 Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
 That no good trade of life did entertaine,
 But lost their time in wandring loose abroad ;
 Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad,² 400
 Had wayes enough for all therein to live ;
 Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
 Said then the Foxe ; " Who hath the world not tride,
 From the right way full eath³ may wander wide.
 We are but Novices, new come abroad, 405
 We have not yet the tract of anie troad,⁴
 Nor on us taken anie state of life,
 But readie are of anie to make preife.⁵
 Therefore might please you, which the world have
 proved,
 Us to advise, which forth but lately moved, 410
 Of some good course, that we might undertake ;
 Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make."

The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
 And thereby willing to affoord them aide ;
 " It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks, 415
 Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.

¹ *Saine*, say.² *Bootles boad*, dwelt unprofitably.³ *Eath*, easy.⁴ *Troad*, path.⁵ *Preife*, proof.

Is not that name enough to make a living
 To him that hath a whit of Natures giving?
 How manie honest men see ye arize
 Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize; 420
 To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,
 To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries?
 All iolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
 Who ever them envie: yet spite bites neare.
 Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise 425
 Might unto some of those in time arise?
 In the meane time to live in good estate,
 Loving that love, and hating those that hate;
 Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker,
 Content with little in condition sicker.¹ 430
 "Ah! but (said th' Ape) the charge is wondrous
 great,
 To feed mens soules, and hath an heavie threat."
 "To feed mens soules (quoth he) is not in man:
 For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.
 We are but charg'd to lay the meate before: 435
 Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
 But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
 The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place.
 Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
 Did rule the Iewes, *All shalbe taught of God.* 440
 That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,²
 By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
 He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee;
 We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.

¹ *Sicker*, sure.² *Raught*, reached, taken.

Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay ; 445
 Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may ;
 For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
 It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore :
 They whilome ¹ used duly everie day
 Their service and their holie things to say, 450
 At morne and even, besides their Anthemes sweete,
 Their penie Masses, and their Complynes meete,
 Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their Shrifts,²
 Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
 Now all those needlesse works are laid away ; 455
 Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
 It is enough to doo our small devotion,
 And then to follow any merrie motion.
 Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list ;
 Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist, 460
 But with the finest silkes us to aray,
 That before God we may appeare more gay,
 Resembling Aarons glorie in his place :
 For farre unfit it is, that person bace
 Should with vile cloaths approach Gods Maiestie, 465
 Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie ;
 Or that all men, which anie master serve,
 Good garments for their service should deserve ;

¹ *Whilome*, formerly.² *Shrifts*, confessions.

Ver. 452. — *Complynes*.] “Fr. *Complie*; even-song; the last service of the day.”

Ver. 453. — *Their Diriges*.] Todd suggests that this is the Popish hymn, “*Dirige gressus meos*.”

Ver. 453. — *Trentals*.] “*Un trentel* (Fr.) was a service of thirty masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days for the dead.” — TYRWHITT.

Ver. 454. — *Memories*.] Services for the dead.

But he that serves the Lord of Hoasts Most High,
 And that in highest place t' approach him nigh, 470
 And all the peoples prayers to present
 Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
 Both to and fro, should not deserve to weare
 A garment better, than of wooll or heare.
 Beside, we may have lying by our sides 475
 Our lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides ;
 We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
 But have the Gospell of free libertie."
 By that he ended had his ghostly sermon
 The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson ; 480
 And of the Priest eftsoones¹ gan to enquire,
 How to a Benefice he might aspire.
 " Marie, there (said the Priest) is arte indeed :
 Much good deep learning one thereout may reed ;
 For that the ground-worke is, and end of all, 485
 How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
 First therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
 Your selfe attyred, as you can devise,
 Then to some Nobleman your selfe applye,
 Or other great one in the worldës eye, 490
 That hath a zealous disposition
 To God, and so to his religion :
 There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
 Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale :
 For each thing fained ought more warie bee. 495
 There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
 And seeme as saintlike as Saint Radegund :
 Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.

And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke :
 These lookes (nought saying) doo a Benefice seeke,
 And be thou sure one not to lacke ere long. 501
 But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
 And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
 Then must thou thee dispose another way :
 For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie, 505
 To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
 To crouche, to please, to be a beetle stock
 Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock :
 So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
 Unlesse thou canst one coniure by device, 510
 Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick ;
 And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
 These be the wayes, by which without reward
 Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard ;
 For nothing there is done without a fee : 515
 The Courtier needes must recompenced bee
 With a Benevolence, or have in gage¹
 The Primitias² of your Parsonage :
 Scarse can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
 But that it must be gelt³ in privitie. 520
 Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
 But of more private persons seeke elsewhere,
 Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
 For some good Gentleman, that hath the right 525
 Unto his Church for to present a wight,

¹ *Gage*, pledge. ² *Primitias*, first fruits. ³ *Gelt*, gilded.

Ver. 519.—*Scarse can a Bishoprick, &c.*] “This is probably an allusion to the frequent alienations of the lands and manors of bishopricks in Elizabeth’s time.”—TODD.

Will cope¹ with thee in reasonable wise ;
 That if the living yerely doo arise
 To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
 Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast wonne : 530
 Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
 And he will care for all the rest to shift ;
 Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
 And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
 This is the way for one that is unlern'd 535
 Living to get, and not to be discern'd.
 But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer wayes,
 For learning sake to living them to raise :
 Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
 T' accept a Benefice in peeces riven. 540
 How saist thou (friend) have I not well discourst
 Upon this common-place, though plaine, not wourst ?
 Better a short tale than a bad long shriving² :
 Needes anie more to learne to get a living ?"
 " Now sure, and by my hallidome, (quoth he) 545
 Ye a great master are in your degree :
 Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
 And doo not doubt but duly to encline
 My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare." 550
 The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare :
 So parted they, as eithers way them led.
 But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
 Through the Priests holesome counsell lately tought,
 And throug their owne faire handling wisely wrought,
 That they a Benefice twixt them obtained ; 555
 And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained ;

¹ Cope, make a bargain.

² Shriving, confession.

And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee :
 Then made they revell route and goodly glee.
 But, ere long time had passed, they so ill
 Did order their affaires, that th' evill will 560
 Of all their Parishners they had constraind ;
 Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
 How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
 And them of crimes and heresies accus'd ;
 That pursivants he often for them sent : 565
 But they neglecting his commaundement,
 So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
 Till at the length he published to holde
 A Visitation, and them cyted thether :
 Then was high time their wits about to geather ; 570
 What did they then, but made a composition
 With their next neighbor Priest for light condition,
 To whom their living they resigned quight
 For a few pence, and ran away by night.
 So passing through the Countrey in disguise, 575
 They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,
 And after that long straid here and there,
 Through everie field and forrest farre and nere ;
 Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
 But, almost sterv'd,¹ did much lament and mourne. 580
 At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
 The Mule all deckt in goodly rich aray,
 With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
 And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.

¹ *Sterv'd*, starved.

Ver. 562.— *The Ordinarie*.] An ordinary is a judge having jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters. In England, it is usually the bishop of the diocese.

Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise ; 585
 But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
 Their meanesse ; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
 Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his sprite,
 Said ; “ Ah ! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
 That I see you so goodly and so gay 590
 In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
 Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
 Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
 Or fortune doth you secret favour give.”
 “ Foolish Foxe ! (said the Mule) thy wretched need
 Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed. 596
 For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
 My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
 That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
 That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.” 600
 “ Ay me ! (said then the Foxe) whom evill hap
 Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
 And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee :
 But read,¹ faire Sir, of grace, from whence come yee ;
 Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare ; 605
 Newes may perhaps some good unweeting² beare.
 “ From royall Court I lately came (said he)
 Where all the braverie that eye may see,
 And all the happinesse that heart desire,
 Is to be found ; he nothing can admire, 610
 That hath not seene that heavens portracture :
 But tidings there is none I you assure,
 Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
 That Courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall.”

¹ *Read, explain.*

² *Unweeting, unknowing.*

"But tell us (said the Ape) we doo you pray, 615
 Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway :
 That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
 We may seeke favour of the best of all."
 "Marie (said he) the highest now in grace,
 Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase ; 620
 For in their speedie course and nimble flight
 The Lyon now doth take the most delight ;
 But chieffie ioyes on foote them to beholde,
 Enchaste¹ with chaine and circulet of golde :
 So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee, 625
 And buxome² to his bands, is ioy to see ;
 So well his golden circlet him beseemeth :
 But his late chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth ;
 For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
 In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free. 630
 Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
 In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
 To some of these thou must thy selfe apply ;
 Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
 So vainly shalt thou to and fro be tost, 635
 And lose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
 And yet full few, which follow them I see,
 For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
 But either for some gainfull benefit,
 Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit. 640
 Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
 That ye may better thrive than thousands moe.³"

¹ *Enchaste*, adorned. ² *Buxome*, obedient. ³ *Moe*, more.

" But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
 That after we may favour seeke to win ? "

" How els (said he) but with a good bold face, 645
 And with big words, and with a stately pace,
 That men may thinke of you in generall,
 That to be in you, which is not at all :
 For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
 (As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth. 650
 Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
 Your selves theretoo, according to occasion :
 So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee ! "

So, prouddie neighing, from them parted hee.
 Then gan this craftie couple to devise, 655
 How for the Court themselves they might aguize¹ :
 For thither they themselves meant to addresse,
 In hope to finde their happier successe.
 So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
 Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman, 660
 And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
 That to the Court in seemly sort they come ;
 Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
 Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
 As if he were some great Magnifico, 665
 And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go ;
 And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,²
 Supports his credite and his countenance.
 Then gan the Courtiers gaze on everie side,
 And stare on him, with big lookes basen-wide,³ 670
 Wondring what mister wight⁴ he was, and whence :
 For he was clad in strange accoustrements,

¹ *Aguize*, decorate.

³ *Basen-wide*, widely extended.

² *Counterfesaunce*, counterfeiting.

⁴ *Mister wight*, manner of person.

Fashion'd with queint¹ devises never seene
 In Court before, yet there all fashions beene ;
 Yet he them in new fanglenesse did pas : 675
 But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd ;
 And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
 To dignitie, and sdeign'd² the low degree ;
 That all, which did such strangenesse in him see, 680
 By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
 And privily his servant thereto hire :
 Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,
 Reported unto all, that he was sure
 A noble Gentleman of high regard, 685
 Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
 And seene the manners of all beasts on ground ;
 Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.
 Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
 Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine 690
 With gallant showe, and daylie more augment
 Through his fine feates and Courtly complement ;
 For he could play, and daunce, and vaute,³ and spring,
 And all that els pertaines to reveling,
 Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts. 695
 Besides he could doo manie other poynts,
 The which in Court him served to good stead :
 For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
 Out of their hands, and merie leasings⁴ tell,
 And iuggle finely, that became him well : 700
 But he so light was at legiêrdemaine,⁵

¹ *Queint*, strange. ² *Sdeign'd*, disdained. ³ *Vaute*, vault, leap.

⁴ *Leasings*, falsehoods. ⁵ *Legiêrdemaine*, sleight of hand.

That what he toucht, came not to light againe ;
 Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
 And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke.
 So would he scoffe them out with mockerie, 705
 For he therein had great felicitie ;
 And with sharp quips ¹ ioy'd others to deface,
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace :
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased. 710
 But the right Gentle Minde woulde bite his lip,
 To heare the Iavell ² so good men to nip :
 For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
 And common Courtiers love to gybe and fleare ³
 At everie thing, which they heare spoken ill, 715
 And the best speaches with ill meening spill ⁴ ;
 Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
 Anies good name for envie or despite : 720
 He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
 Ne will be carried with the common winde
 Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
 Ne after everie tattling fable flie ;
 But heares, and sees, the follies of the rest, 725
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best :
 He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
 But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,

¹ *Quips*, sneers, taunts.

³ *Fleare*, mock, flout.

² *Iavell*, worthless fellow.

⁴ *Spill*, spoil.

Ver. 717. — *The brave Courtier, &c.*] Sir Philip Sidney is supposed to have sat for this portrait.

And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie ;
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee, 730
 As that same Apish crue is wont to doo :
 For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
 He hates fowle leasings,¹ and vile flatterie,
 Two filthie blots in noble gentrie ;
 And lothefull idlenes he doth detest, 735
 The canker worme of everie gentle brest ;
 The which to banish with faire exercise
 Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise :
 Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
 Now practising the prooffe of warlike deedes, 740
 Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
 Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare :
 At other times he casts to sew² the chace
 Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
 T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull)
 Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull, 746
 Or his stiffe armes to stretch with eughen³ bowe,
 And manly legs still passing too and fro,
 Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
 A vaine ensample of the Persian pride ; 750
 Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
 Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.
 Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
 Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle⁴
 Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight 755
 Of musicks skill revives his toyled spright ;
 Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,
 The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts :

¹ *Leasings*, falsehoods.³ *Eughen*, made of yew.² *Sew*, follow.⁴ *Recoyle*, retire.

Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
 His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes ; 760
 Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light !
 With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
 Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,
 Of forreine lands, of people different, 765
 Of kingdomes change, of divers gouernment,
 Of dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights ;
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme : 770
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,
 To which he levels all his purposis,
 And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
 Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
 Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace, 775
 And in his liking to winne worthie place ;
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meete to gaine him praise ;
 For he is fit to use in all assayes, 780
 Whether for armes and warlike amenaunce,¹
 Or else for wise and civill gouernaunce,
 For he is practiz'd well in policie,
 And thereto doth his courting² most applie :
 To learne the enterdeale³ of Princes strange, 785
 To marke th' intent of counsells, and the change
 Of states, and eke of private men somewhile,
 Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile ;

¹ *Amenaunce*, carriage. ² *Courting*, attendance at court.

³ *Enterdeale*, negotiation.

Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
 T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit, 790
 Which through wise speaches and grave conference
 He daylie eekes,¹ and brings to excellence.
 Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde :
 But unto such the Ape lent not his minde ;
 Such were for him no fit companions, 795
 Such would descrie his lewd conditions :
 But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
 To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
 His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
 A thousand wayes he them could entertaine, 800
 With all the thriftles games that may be found ;
 With mumming and with masking all around,
 With dice, with cards, with balliards² farre unfit,
 With shuttelcocks, misseeming³ manlie wit,
 With courtizans, and costly riotize, 805
 Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize :
 Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
 A pandares coate (so basely was he borne) ;
 Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
 And play the Poet oft. But ah, for shame, 810
 Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
 Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
 Be with the worke of losels⁴ wit defamed,
 Ne let such verses Poetrie be named !
 Yet he the name on him would rashly take, 815
 Maugre⁵ the sacred Muses, and it make

¹ *Eekes*, increases.⁴ *Losels*, worthless fellows.² *Balliards*, billiards.⁵ *Maugre*, in spite of.³ *Misseeming*, unbecoming.

A servant to the vile affection
 Of such, as he depended most upon ;
 And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
 Chast Ladies eares to fantasies impure. 820
 To such delights the noble wits he led
 Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
 With fruitles follies and unsound delights.
 But if perhaps into their noble sprights
 Desire of honor or brave thought of armes 825
 Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
 And strong conceipts he would it drive away,
 Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
 And whenso love of letters did inspire
 Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire, 830
 That chieffie doth each noble minde adorne,
 Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
 The sectaries thereof, as people base
 And simple men, which never came in place
 Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd,¹ 835
 Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
 Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
 But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
 From them he would his impudent lewde speach
 Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach, 840
 And mocke Divines and their profession :
 What else then did he by progression,
 But mocke High God himselfe, whom they professe ?
 But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse ?
 All his care was himselfe how to advaunce, 845
 And to uphold his courtly countenance

¹ *Mewd*, imprisoned.

By all the cunning meanes he could devise ;
 Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
 He made small choyce : yet sure his honestie
 Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie, 850
 And filthie brocage,¹ and unseemly shifts,
 And borowe² base, and some good Ladies gifts :
 But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd
 Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd,
 For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill 855
 Of close conveyance, and each practise ill
 Of coosinage and cleanly³ knaverie,
 Which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.⁴
 Besides he usde another slipprie slight,
 In taking on himselfe, in common sight, 860
 False personages fit for everie sted,
 With which he thousands cleanly coosined :
 Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
 With whom his credite he did often leave
 In gage for his gay Masters hopelesse dett : 865
 Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
 Or sell fee-simples in his masters name,
 Which he had never, nor ought⁵ like the same ;
 Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
 Both wares and money, by exchange to win : 870
 Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell
 Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
 Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
 Thereby to coosin men not well aware :

¹ *Brocage*, pimping.⁴ *Braverie*, showy appearance.² *Borowe*, pledges, or usury.⁵ *Ought*, owned.³ *Cleanly*, skilful.

Of all the which there came a secret fee 875
 To th' Ape, that he his countenance might bee.
 Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
 Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while :
 For he would learne their busines secretly,
 And then informe his Master hastely, 880
 That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,
 And beg the sute, the which the other ment.
 Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
 The simple suter, and wish him to chuse
 His Master, being one of great regard 885
 In Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
 In case his paines were recompenst with reason :
 So would he worke the silly man by treason
 To buy his Masters frivolous good will,
 That had not power to doo him good or ill. 890
 So pitifull a thing is suters state !
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to court, to sue for had ywist,
 That few have found, and manie one hath mist !
 Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride, 895

Ver. 893.— *To sue for had ywist.*] This is a difficult passage.— There is an old English proverb, quoted by Ray and Camden, “Beware of had I wist,” (or known,) to which Spenser probably alludes; and “ywist,” in that case, should be “I wist.” The meaning may then be conjectured to be, to sue for mere professions and apologies, made by courtiers, who, without having any intention of aiding a suitor, affect to regret when the decisive moment is past, saying, “If I had only known this in season, I could have done something,” &c.

Ver. 895.— *Full little, &c.*] In these lines, Spenser expresses his own experience of the miseries of a courtier's life. Their condensed vigor and energy of expression have made them deservedly celebrated. They show how great a power he had of excelling in the couplet, had he devoted himself to that form of versification.

What hell it is, in suing long to bide :
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ; 900
 To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres ;
 To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres ;
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire :
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne, 905
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend !
 Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate, 910
 F'indes all things needfull for contentment meeke ;
 And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie :
 That curse God send unto mineemie !
 For none but such, as this bold Ape unblest, 915
 Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest ;
 Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
 That by his shifts his master furnish can.
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
 His craftie feates, but that they were descride 920
 At length by such as sate in iustice seate,
 Who for the same him fowlie did entreate ;
 And, having worthily him punished,
 Out of the Court for ever banished.

Ver. 913. — *Himselfe will a daw trie.*] This probably means, “will prove himself to be a jackdaw,” or a very foolish person.

And now the Ape wanting his huckster man, 925
 That wont provide his necessaries, gan
 To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
 His countenaunce in those his garments olde ;
 Ne new ones could he easily provide,
 Though all men him uncased gan deride, 930
 Like as a puppit placed in a play,
 Whose part once past all men bid take away :
 So that he driven was to great distresse,
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
 Then closely as he might he cast to leave 935
 The Court, not asking any passe or leave ;
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,
 Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
 Till that the Foxe his copesmate¹ he had found,
 To whome complayning his unhappy stound,² 940
 At last againe with him in travell ioynd,
 And with him far'd some better chaunce to fynde.
 So in the world long time they wandered,
 And mickle³ want and hardnesse suffered ;
 That them repented much so foolishly 945
 To come so farre to seeke for misery,
 And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
 Though eating hipps,⁴ and drinking watry fome.
 Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
 Whilst through the forest rechlesse⁵ they did goe, 950
 Lo ! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,

¹ *Copesmate*, companion.

² *Stound*, misfortune.

³ *Mickle*, much.

⁴ *Hipps*, a kind of coarse berry.

⁵ *Rechlesse*, reckless.

His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
 And having doft¹ for heate his dreadfull hide :
 Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde, 955
 And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
 And bad him put all cowardize away ;
 For now was time (if ever they should hope)
 To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope, 960
 And them for ever highly to advaunce,
 In case the good, which their owne happie chaunce
 Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
 Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake ;
 Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe 965
 Where nought but dread and death do seeme in show.
 "Now, (sayd he,) whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
 May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
 And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
 Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke good) 970
 Make Kings of beasts, and Lords of forests all,
 Subiect unto that powre imperiall."
 "Ah ! but (said th' Ape) who is so bold a wretch,
 That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch ;
 When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide, 975
 To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside ?"
 "Fond² Ape ! (sayd then the Foxe) into whose brest
 Never crept thought of honor, nor brave gest,³
 Who will not venture life a King to be,
 And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see, 980
 Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
 Where none shall name the number of his place ?

¹ *Doft*, taken off.² *Fond*, foolish.³ *Gest*, deed.

One ioyous howre in blisfull happines,
 I chuse before a life of wretchednes.
 Be therefore counselled herein by me, 985
 And shake off this vile-harted cowardree.¹
 If he awake, yet is not death the next,
 For we may colour it with some pretext
 Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme :
 Else we may flye ; thou to a tree mayst clyme, 990
 And I creepe under ground ; both from his reach :
 Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach."
 The Ape, that earst² did nought but chill and quake,
 Now gan some courage unto him to take,
 And was content to attempt that enterprise, 995
 Tickled with glorie and rash covetise.
 But first gan question, whether³ should assay
 Those royall ornaments to steale away ?
 " Marie, that shall your selfe, (quoth he thereto,)
 For ye be fine and nimble it to doo ; 1000
 Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,
 Is not a fitter for this turne than yee :
 Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
 And ever thinke a kingdome is your part."
 Loath was the Ape, though praised, to aduenter, 1005
 Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
 Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,
 And everie stick that underneath did ly :
 Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
 For making noyse, and still his eare he lent 1010
 To everie sound that under heaven blew ;
 Now went, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,

¹ *Cowardree*, cowardice.² *Earst*, before.³ *Whether*, which of the two.

That it good sport had been him to have eyde :
 Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde,)

Through his fine handling, and cleanly play, 1015
 He all those royall signes had stolne away,
 And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside
 Into a secret corner unespide.
 Whither whenas they came they fell at words,
 Whether of them should be the lord of lords : 1020
 For th' Ape was stryfull, and ambicious ;
 And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous ;
 That neither pleased was, to have the rayne
 Twixt them divided into even twaine,
 But either (algates¹) would be lord alone : 1025
 For Love and Lordship bide no paragone.
 " I am most worthie, (said the Ape) sith I
 For it did put my life in ieopardie :
 Thereto I am in person and in stature
 Most like a man, the Lord of everie creature, 1030
 So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
 And borne to be a kingly soveraigne."
 " Nay, (said the Foxe,) Sir Ape, you are astray .
 For though to steale the Diademe away
 Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I 1035
 Did first devise the plot by pollicie ;
 So that it wholly springeth from my wit :
 For which also I claime my selfe more fit,
 Than you, to rule : for government of state
 Will without wisdomes soone be ruinate. 1040
 And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
 Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape

¹ *Algates*, at all events.

In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite ;
 But I therein most like to him doo merite,
 For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse, 1045
 The title of the Kingdome to possesse.
 Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
 Unto this point, we will appease our iarre ;
 And I with reason meete will rest content,
 That ye shall have both crowne and government, 1050
 Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
 In all affaires, and counselled by mee ;
 And that ye let none other ever drawe
 Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe :
 And hereupon an oath unto me plight." 1055
 The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
 And thereto swore : for who would not oft sweare,
 And oft unsweare, a Diademe to beare ?
 Then freely up those royall spoyles he tooke,
 Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke ; 1060
 But it dissembled, and upon his head
 The Crowne, and on his backe the skin, he did,
 And the false Foxe him helped to array.
 Then when he was all dight¹ he tooke his way
 Into the forest, that he might be seene 1065
 Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.²
 There the two first, whome he encountred, were
 The Sheepe and th' Asse, who, stricken both with feare
 At sight of him, gan fast away to flye ;
 But unto them the Foxe alowd did cry, 1070
 And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
 Upon the payne that thereof follow may.

¹ *Dight*, equipped.² *Sheene*, bright.

Hardly naythles were they restrayned so,
 Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
 And there disswadad them from needlesse feare, 1075
 For that the King did favour to them beare;
 And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte:
 For no wild beasts should do them any torte¹
 There or abroad, ne would his Maiestye
 Use them but well, with gracious clemencye, 1080
 As whome he knew to him both fast and true:
 So he perswadad them, with homage due
 Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
 Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,
 Receyved them with chearefull entertayne.² 1085
 Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
 He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
 Which with the simple Camell raged sore
 In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
 Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion: 1090
 But, soone as they this mock-King did espy,
 Their troublous strife they stinted³ by and by,
 Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
 He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
 As currant, sent the Foxe to them streight way, 1095
 Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray;
 And, if that wrong on eyther side there were,
 That he should warne the wronger to appeare
 The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
 In the meane time upon the King t' attend. 1100
 The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
 That the proud beasts him readily obayd:

¹ *Torte*, wrong.² *Entertayne*, entertainment.³ *Stinted*, stopped.

Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
 Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe ;
 That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought, 1105
 And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
 And followed unto his palaice hye ;
 Where taking congé, each one by and by
 Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
 Full of the feared sight, which late they sawe. 1110
 The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,
 Eftsones,¹ by counsell of the Foxe alone,
 Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
 That so his rule might lenger have endurance.
 First to his gate he pointed a strong gard, 1115
 That none might enter but with issue hard :
 Then, for the safegard of his personage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage
 Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
 But part by land and part by water fed ; 1120
 For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
 Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures :
 With those himselfe he strengthened mightelie, 1125
 That feare he neede no force ofemie.

³ *Eftsones*, immediately.

Ver. 1119. — *Of forreine beasts, &c.*] “Mother Hubberd’s Tale must not be dismissed without remarking the political knowledge which Spenser displays in it. Let the reader attentively peruse the poem from ver. 1119 to ver. 1224, and he will probably not deny the discernment of the poet, even if he applies his positions to the history of modern Europe. This poem, I must add, was republished in 1784, with a dedication, highly satirical, to the Hon. Charles James Fox, by George Dempster, Esq., M. P.” — Todd.

Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
 Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill ;
 And all wylde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
 And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private treasures.
 No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason, 1131
 No temperance, nor no regard of season,
 Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde ;
 But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
 And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogance ; 1135
 Such followes those whom fortune doth aduance.
 But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part :
 For, whatsoever mother-wit or arte
 Could worke, he put in prooffe : no practise slie,
 No counterpoint of cunning policie, 1140
 No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
 But he the same did to his purpose wring.
 Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
 But through his hand alone must passe the Fiaunt.¹
 All offices, all leases by him lept, 1145
 And of them all, whatso he likte, he kept.
 Iustice he solde iniustice for to buy,
 And for to purchase for his progeny.
 Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was ;
 But, so he got it, little did he pas. 1150
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
 And with the sweete of others sweating toyle ;
 He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
 And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices² ;
 He cloathed them with all colours save white, 1155
 And loded them with lordships and with might,

¹ *Fiaunt*, commission, warrant.² *Malefices*, evil deeds.

So much as they were able well to beare,
 That with the weight their backs nigh broken were ;
 He chaffred ¹ Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
 And breach of lawes to privie ferme ² did let : 1160
 No statute so established might bee,
 Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
 Would violate, though not with violence,
 Yet under colour of the confidence
 The which the Ape repos'd in him alone, 1165
 And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.
 And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
 His long experience the platforme was :
 And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
 The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry, 1170
 For to encrease the common treasures store ;
 But his owne treasure he encreased more,
 And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
 That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;
 The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast 1175
 To ruine : (for what thing can ever last ?)
 And whilest the other Peeres, for povertie,
 Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
 And their olde castles to the ground to fall,
 Which their forefathers famous over all 1180
 Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
 And for their memories long monument.
 But he no count made of Nobilitie,
 Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie, 1184
 The Realmes chiefe strength and girlond of the crowne.
 All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,

¹ *Chaffred*, sold, exchanged.

² *Ferme*, farm.

Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace :
 For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
 Of men of armes he had but small regard,
 But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard. 1190
 For men of learning little he esteemed ;
 His wisdom he above their learning deemed.
 As for the rascall Commons least he cared ;
 For not so common was his bountie shared ; 1195
 Let God, (said he) if please, care for the manie,
 I for my selfe must care before els anie :
 So did he good to none, to manie ill,
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,¹
 Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine ;
 So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
 Ne would he anie let to have accesse 1200
 Unto the Prince, but by his owne addressse :
 For all that els did come, were sure to faile ;
 Yet would he further none but for availe.
 For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore 1205
 The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
 What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
 Came to the Court, her case there to complaine ;
 How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemie,
 Had sithence² slaine her Lambe most cruellie ; 1210
 And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
 To let him knowe the order of the thing.
 "Soft, Gooddie Sheepe! (then said the Foxe) not soe:
 Unto the King so rash ye may not goe ;

¹ *Pill*, plunder.² *Sithence*, since that time.

Ver. 1189. — *Of men of armes, &c.*] "Alluding to Lord Burleigh." — TODD.

He is with greater matter busied 1215
 Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
 Ne certes may I take it well in part,
 That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
 And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot :
 For there was cause, els doo it he would not : 1220
 Therefore surcease,¹ good Dame, and hence depart."
 So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart :
 So manie moe, so everie one was used,
 That to give largely to the boxe refused.
 Now when high Iove, in whose almightie hand 1225
 The care of Kings and power of Empires stand,
 Sitting one day within his turret hye,
 From whence he vewes, with his black-lidded eye,
 Whatso the heaven in his wide vawte² containes,
 And all that in the deepest earth remaines ; 1230
 And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,
 Whom not their kindly Sovereigne did welde,³
 But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,
 Had all subverst ; he sdeignfully it scorn'd
 In his great heart, and hardly did refraine, 1235
 But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
 And driven downe to hell, his dewest meed :
 But, him avizing, he that dreadfull deed
 Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
 Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name 1240
 Unto the world, that never after anie
 Should of his race be voyd of infamie ;
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
 To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,

¹ *Surcease*, cease altogether.

² *Vawte*, vault.

³ *Welde*, wield.

From whence he never should be quit, nor stal'd.¹
 Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd, 1246
 And bad him flie with never-resting speed
 Unto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
 And there enquiring privily, to learne
 What did of late chauce to the Lyon stearne, 1250
 That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought ;
 And whence were all those plaints unto him brought
 Of wrongs, and spoyles, by salvage beasts committed :
 Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
 Into his seate, and those same treachours² vile 1255
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
 The Sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'd
 That word, streight with his azure wings he cleav'd
 The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament ;
 Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent 1260
 Unto the place, where his prescript did showe.
 There stouping, like an arrowe from a bowe,
 He soft arrived on the grassie plaine,
 And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
 Till that unto the Pallace nigh he came. 1265
 Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame ;
 And that faire face, and that ambrosiall hew,
 Which wons to decke the gods immortall crew,
 And beautefie the shinie firmament,
 He doft,³ unfit for that rude rabblement. 1270
 So, standing by the gates in strange disguise,
 He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
 Both of the King, and of his government,
 And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment :

¹ *Stal'd*, stolen, taken. ² *Treachours*, traitors. ³ *Doft*, took off.

And evermore he heard each one complaine 1275
 Of foule abuses both in realme and raine :
 Which yet to prove more true, he meant to see,
 And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
 Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,¹
 Which maketh him invisible in sight, 1280
 And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
 Making them thinke it but a vision.
 Through power of that, he runnes through enemies swerds ;
 Through power of that, he passeth through the herds
 Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile 1285
 Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle ;
 Through power of that, his cunning theeveries
 He wons to worke, that none the same espies ;
 And, through the power of that, he putteth on
 What shape he list in apparition. 1290
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand
 He tooke Caduceus his snakie wand,
 With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
 And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.²
 With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes, 1295
 And feare the harts, of all his enemies ;
 And, when him list, an universall night
 Throughout the world he makes on everie wight ;
 As when his Syre with Alcumena lay.
 Thus dight,³ into the Court he tooke his way, 1300
 Both through the gard, which never him descride,
 And through the watchmen, who him never spide :
 Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
 Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,

¹ *Dight*, put on. ² *Tempereth*, governs. ³ *Dight*, furnished.

Each place abounding with fowle iniuries, 1305
 And fild with treasure rackt with robberies ;
 Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
 Which had been slaine to serve the Apes beheasts ;
 Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
 And lawlesnes raining with riotize ; 1310
 Besides the infinite extortions,
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
 That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
 Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
 He would no more endure, but came his way, 1315
 And cast to seeke the Lion, where he may,
 That he might worke the avengement for this shame
 On those two caytives, which had bred him blame :
 And, seeking all the forrest busily,
 At last he found, where sleeping he did ly. 1320
 The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
 From underneath his head he tooke away,
 And then him waking, forced up to rize.
 The Lion looking up gan him avize,
 As one late in a traunce, what had of long 1325
 Become of him : for fantasie is strong.
 " Arise, (said Mercurie,) thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
 The whilste thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
 And thy throne royall with dishonour blent¹ : 1330
 Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame."
 Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart ;

¹ *Blent*, blemished.

And, rousing up himselfe, for his rough hide 1335
 He gan to reach ; but no where it espide :
 Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
 And chafte at that indignitie right sore.
 But when his Crowne and Scepter both he wanted,
 Lord ! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted ;
 And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours,
 To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours.
 With that in hast, disroabed as he was, 1343
 He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas ;
 And all the way he roared as he went, 1345
 That all the forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
 At last he came unto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon, 1350
 And manie warders round about them stood :
 With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,¹
 That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,²
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and hartles left ; 1355
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,
 Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
 But the false Foxe, when he the Lion heard,
 Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard, 1360
 And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
 With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
 T' excuse his former treason and abuson,
 And turning all unto the Apes confusion :

¹ *Wood*, frantic.² *Stound*, terrible noise.

Nath'les the Royall Beast forbore beleaving, 1365

But bad him stay at ease till further preeving.¹

Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,

Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,

Upon those gates with force he fiercely flewe,

And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe 1370

Those warders strange, and all that els he met.

But th' Ape still flying he no where might get :

From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled

All breathles, and for feare now almost ded :

Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught, 1375

And forth with shame unto his iudgement brought.

Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,

To heare their doome, and sad ensample see :

The Foxe, first Author of that treacherie,

He did uncase, and then away let flie. 1380

But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight

Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight ;

Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares have left,

And of their tailes are utterlie bereft.

So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end : 1385

Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend ;

For weake was my remembrance it to hold,

And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde. 1388

¹ *Preeving*, proving.



THE
RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

1591.

VOL. V.

13



THE
RUINES OF ROME :

BY BELLAY.*

I.

YE heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest ;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shreiking yell !
Thrice having seene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compasse over all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,

* Joachim du Bellay, a French poet, of considerable reputation in his day, who died about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was one of the seven poets who were called by the name of *Pleiades*. The title (translated) of the original of the following version is "The first book of the antiquities of Rome, containing a general description of its greatness and also a lamentation for its decay." At the end of this poem (in the edition of Bellay's poems, published at Rouen, in 1597) are the fifteen *Visions*, (*Songes*, Fr.), which Spenser has also translated.

The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing!

II.

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre ;
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze ;
And Nylus nurslings their Pyramides faire ;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of Ioves great Image in Olympus placed ;
Mansolus worke will be the Carians glorie ;
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced ¹ ;
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie ;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.

But I will sing above all monuments

Seven Romane Hils, the worlds Seven Wonderments.

III.

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceivst at all,
These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
Olde palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
And how that she, which with her mightie powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last ;
The pray of Time, which all things doth devowre !
Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie ;
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
Remaines of all : O worlds inconstancie !

That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

¹ *Raced*, razed.

IV.

She, whose high top above the starres did sore,
 One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
 One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
 Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing ;
 Iove fearing, least if she should greater growe,
 The Giants old should once againe uprise,
 Her whelm'd with hills, these Seven Hills, which be nowe
 Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the skies :
 Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
 Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
 Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
 On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
 And Cælian on the right : but both her feete
 Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

V.

Who lists to see, what ever nature, arte,
 And heaven, could doo ; O Rome, thee let him see,
 In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
 By that which but the picture is of thee !
 Rome is no more : but, if the shade of Rome
 May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
 It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
 By magicke skill out of eternall night :
 The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
 And her great spirite, reioyned to the spirite
 Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed ;
 But her brave writings, which her famous merite
 In spight of Time out of the dust doth reare,
 Doo make her Idole through the world appeare.

VI.

Such as the Berecynthian Goddessse bright,
 In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,

Proud that so manie gods she brought to light ;
 Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd :
 This Citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
 Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
 Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
 But by her selfe, her equall match could see :
 Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
 And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble :
 So did the gods by heavenly doome decree,
 That other earthlie power should not resemble
 Her that did match the whole earths puissance,
 And did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

VII.

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
 Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
 Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
 The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine ;
 Triumphant arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie ;
 That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall ;
 Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
 The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all !
 And though your frames do for a time make warre
 Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
 Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
 My sad desires, rest therefore moderate !

For if that Time make ende of things so sure,
 It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII.

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd,
 That one would weene that one sole Cities strength
 Both land and sea in roundnes had survew'd,
 To be the measure of her bredth and length :

This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
 Of vertuous nephewes,¹ that posteritie,
 Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
 The lowest earth ioin'd to the heaven hie ;
 To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
 Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight² ;
 And that though Time doth Commonwealths devowre,
 Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
 That her head earth'd in her foundations deep
 Should not her name and endles honour keep.

IX.

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye gods unkinde,
 Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature !
 Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,³
 That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature ;
 Why have your hands long sithence⁴ traveiled⁵
 To frame this world, that doth endure so long ?
 Or why were not these Romane palaces
 Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong ?
 I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
 That all things which beneath the Moone have being
 Are temporall, and subiect to decay :
 But I say rather, though not all agreeing
 With some that weene the contrarie in thought,
 That all this Whole shall one day come to nought.

X.

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by charmes
 Atcheiv'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,
 Out of the earth engendred men of armes
 Of dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand ;

¹ *Nephewes*, descendants. ² *Quight*, delivered, freed.

³ *Kinde*, nature. ⁴ *Sithence*, since. ⁵ *Traveiled*, toiled.

So this brave Towne, that in her youthlie daies
 An hydra was of warriours glorious,
 Did fill with her renowned nurslings praise
 The fire sunnes both one and other hous:
 But they at last, there being then not living
 An Hercules so ranke seed to repress,
 Amongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
 Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mercilesse;
 Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
 Which whilom¹ did those earthborn brethren blinde.

XI.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
 To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,
 Puft up with pride of Romane hardie-head,
 Seem'd above Heavens powre it selfe to advaunce;
 Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
 With which he had those Romane spirits fld,
 Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,
 Into the Gothicke colde, hot rage instil'd:
 Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
 To dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
 And, beating downe these walls with furious mood
 Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
 To th' end that none, all were it Iove his sire,
 Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

XII.

Like as whilome the children of the Earth
 Heapt hils on hils to scale the starrie skie,
 And fight against the gods of heavenly berth,
 Whiles Iove at them his thunderbolts let flie;
 All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
 The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,

¹ *Whilom*, formerly.

That th' Earth under her childrens weight did grone,
 And th' Heavens in glorie triumpht over all :
 So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
 On these Seven Romane Hills, it selfe upreare
 Over the world, and lift her loftie face
 Against the heaven, that gan her force to feare.
 But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
 And gods secure feare not her force at all.

XIII.

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
 Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
 Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
 The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest made ;
 Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
 Ne rust of age hating continuance,
 Nor wrath of gods, nor spight of men unstable,
 Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance ;
 Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
 Nor swelling streames of that god snakie-paced,
 Which hath so often with his overflowing
 Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced ;
 But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
 Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.

XIV.

As men in Summer fearles passe the foord,
 Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
 And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard¹
 The ploughmans hope and shepherds labour vaine :

¹ *Aboord*, from the bank.

XIII. 10. — *God snakie-paced.*] The river Tiber, called so from its sluggish current, or, perhaps, its winding course

And as the coward beasts use to despise
 The noble Lion, after his lives end,
 Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise
 Daring the foe that cannot him defend :
 And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
 Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde :
 So those, which whilome¹ went with pallid cheekes
 The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
 Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse vaine,
 And, conquer'd, dare the Conquerour disdain.

XV.

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts,
 Which, ioying in the brightnes of your day,
 Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous boasts
 Which now their dusty reliques do bewray ;
 Tell me, ye spirits ! (sith² the darksome river
 Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
 Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
 Doo not restraine your images still mourning,)
 Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
 Yet here above him secretly doth hide,)
 Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
 When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
 Of these old Romane works, built with your hands,
 Now to become nought els but heaped sands ?

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre
 In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
 Eftsoones³ of thousand billowes shouldred narre,⁴
 Against a rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse :

¹ *Whilome*, formerly.² *Sith*, since.³ *Eftsoones*, immediately.⁴ *Narre*, nearer.

Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast
 Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie,
 Eftsoones¹ having his wide wings spent in wast,
 To stop his wearie cáriere suddenly :
 And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
 Gathered in one up to the heavens to spyre,
 Eftsoones¹ consum'd to fall downe feebily :
 So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre
 As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over all,
 Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

XVII.

So long as Ioves great bird did make his flight,
 Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
 Heaven had not feare of that presumptuous might,
 With which the Giaunts did the gods assay :
 But all so soone, as scorching sunne had brent²
 His wings which wont the earth to overspredd,
 The Earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
 That antique horror, which made heaven adredd.
 Then was the Germane Raven in disguise
 That Romane Eagle seene to cleave asunder,
 And towards heaven freshly to arise
 Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to poudre ;
 In which the foule, that serves to beare the lightning,
 Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

XVIII.

These heapes of stones, these old wals, which ye see,
 Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle ;
 And these brave pallaces, which maystred bee
 Of Time, were shepherds cottages somewhile.
 Then tooke the shepherds kingly ornaments,
 And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele :

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.² *Brent*, burned.

Eftsoones¹ their rule of yearely Presidents
 Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deelee;
 Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
 That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
 Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
 Her power to Peters successor betooke;
 Who, shepheardlike, as (Fates the same foresceeing,)
 Doth shew that all things turne to their first being.

XIX.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautefies;
 All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
 All that doth feede our spirits and our eies;
 And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
 All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
 All the good hap of th' oldest times afore;
 Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
 Like a Pandora, locked long in store.
 But Destinie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
 In which all good and evill was enclosed,
 Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,²
 Caried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed:
 But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
 Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

XX.

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
 With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
 Eftsoones¹ in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
 Doth plonge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire:
 And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
 With his great bellie spreads the dimmed world,

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.² *Assoyling*, freeing.

XVIII. 8. — *Sixe months, &c.*] The dictators in Rome were appointed for six months

Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
 In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is hord ;
 This Citie, which was first but shepherds shade,
 Uprising by degrees, grewe to such height,
 That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
 At last, not able to beare so great weight,
 Her power, disperst, through all the world did vade¹ ;
 To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXI.

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissaunce
 Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave Citie,
 Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
 Sustain'd the shocke of common enmitie ;
 Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,
 Had all the world in armes against her bent,
 Was never seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
 Could breake her course begun with brave intent.
 But, when the obiect of her vertue failed,
 Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme ;
 As he that having long in tempest sailed,
 Faine would arive, but cannot for the storme,
 If too great winde against the port him drive,
 Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
 Which mear'd² her rule with Africa, and Byze,
 With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
 And they which see the dawning day arize ;
 Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
 Harten³ against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,

¹ *Vade*, vanish. ² *Mear'd*, divided. ³ *Harten*, stir up.

XXII. 2. — *Byze*.] Byzantium.

Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
 Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while:
 So, when the compast course of the universe
 In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
 The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
 To their first discord, and be quite undonne:
 The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
 Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

XXIII.

O warie wisdom of the man, that would
 That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne,
 To th' end that his victorious people should
 With cancing laisure not be overorne!
 He well foresaw, how that the Romane courage,
 Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
 Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
 And be her selfe the matter of her fires.
 For, in a people given all to ease,
 Ambition is engendred easily;
 As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease
 Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
 That came to passe, when, swolne with plenties pride,
 Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

If the blinde Furie, which warres breedeth oft,
 Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
 Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
 Or armed be with claws, or scalie creasts;
 What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
 Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbew'd,
 That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
 Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?

Was this (ye Romanes) your hard destinie?
 Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
 Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
 Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
 Upon your walls, that God might not endure
 Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian Poets harpe,
 For to awake out of th' infernall shade
 Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
 To which this auncient Citie whilome made!
 Or that I had Amphions instrument,
 To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
 The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
 By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
 Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
 Fashion the pourtraicts of these palacis,
 By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
 I would assay with that which in me is,
 To builde, with leuell of my loftie style,
 That which no hands can evermore compyle.

XXVI.

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
 Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
 Of line, or lead, or rule, or squire, to measure
 Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
 But him behooves to vew in compasse round
 All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;
 Be it where the yerely starre doth scotch the ground,
 Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
 Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was Rome;
 And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,

When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome ;
 And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize :
 For th' auncient plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
 The map of all the wide world doth containe.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
 The antique pride which menaced the skie,
 These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
 These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie ;
 Iudge, by these ample Ruines vew, the rest
 The which iniurious Time hath quite outworne,
 Since of all workmen helde in reckning best ;
 Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne :
 Then also marke, how Rome, from day to day,
 Repaying her decayed fashion,
 Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay ;
 That one would iudge, that the Romaine Dæmon
 Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
 Againe on foot to reare her pouldred¹ corse.

XXVIII.

He that hath seene a great oke drie and dead,
 Yet clad with reliques of some trophees olde,
 Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
 Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
 But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,
 Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
 And on her trunke all rotten and unsound
 Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes ;
 And, though she owe her fall to the first winde,
 Yet of the devout people is ador'd,

¹ *Pouldred*, reduced to dust.

And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde ;
 Who such an oke hath seene, let him record
 That such this Cities honour was of yore,
 And mongst all Cities florished much more.

XXIX.

All that which Aegypt whilome ¹ did devise ;
 All that which Greece their temples to embrace,
 After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise ;
 Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave ;
 All that Lysippus practike arte could forme ;
 Apelles wit ; or P'hdias his skill ;
 Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
 And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill.
 All that which Athens ever brought forth wise ;
 All that which Afrike ever brought forth strange ;
 All that which Asie ever had of prise ;
 Was here to see. O mervelous great change !
 Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament ;
 And, dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

XXX.

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first shoves,
 Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth spring,
 And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
 Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring ;
 And as in season due the husband mowes
 The waving lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
 Which bound in sheaves, and layd in comely rowes,
 Upon the naked fields in stalkes he reares :
 So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
 Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
 And left of it but these olde markes to see,
 Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill ² :

¹ *Whilome*, formerly.² *Pill*, plunder.

As they, which gleane, the reliques use to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him chanst to scater.

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a champion wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate ;
Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
Nor the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
Nor the borne souldier which Rhine running drinks :
Thou onely cause, O Civill Furie, art !
Which, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper¹ hart ;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might'st fall more horriblie.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read ?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her meed ?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les my Lute, whom Phœbus deignd to give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities :

¹ *Proper*, own.

XXXI. 7. — *Alemaine*.] Germany.

XXXI. 10. — *Aemathian fields*.] Thessalian fields; alluding to the battle fought at Pharsalia, in Thessaly, between Cæsar and Pompey.

For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,
 Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou bee,
 That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
 Th' olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie
 That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave wits,
 Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
 That long hast traveld,¹ by thy learned writs,
 Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
 And give a second life to dead decayes!
 Needes must he all eternitie survive,
 That can to other give eternall dayes:
 Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayse
 Excelling all, that ever went before.
 And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
 His heavenly Muse, th' Almightye to adore.
 Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your name,
 And fill the world with never dying fame!

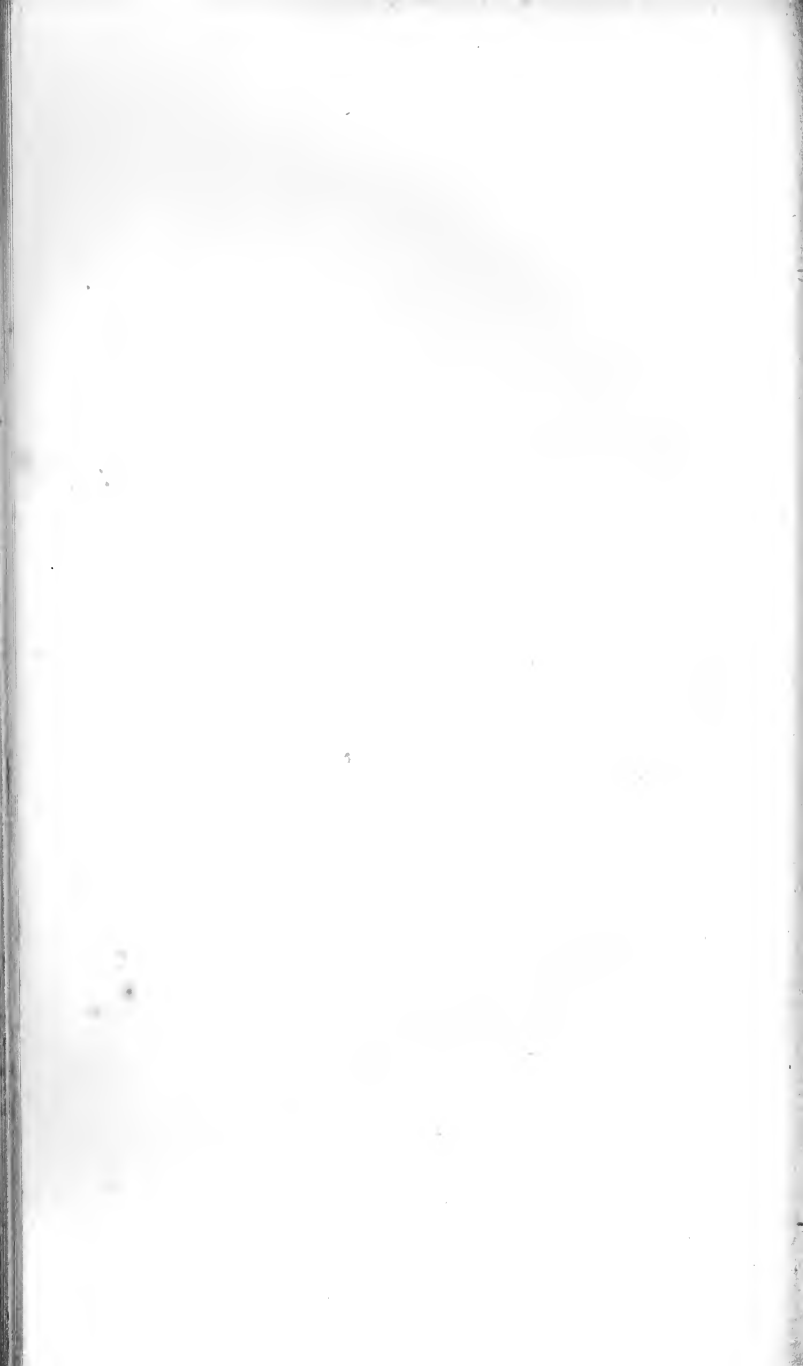
¹ *Traveld*, travailed, toiled.

L'Envoy, 11. — *Bartas*.] Guillaume de Saluste du Bartas, a French poet of the time of Henry IV., of extraordinary popularity in his day. His poem on the Creation went through thirty editions in six years, and was translated into several languages; among others, into English by Joshua Sylvester.



THREE VISIONS.

1591.



VISIONS
OF
THE WORLDS VANITIE.*

I.

ONE day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason ;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,¹
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced !
On which when as my thought was throghly² placed,
Unto my eyes strange showes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion³ me full nere.

¹ *Geason*, rare.

² *Throghly*, thoroughly.

³ *Empassion*, move.

* "Of the *Visions of the World's Vanity* we have nothing more to say than that they are tolerable exemplifications of their subject." — *Retrospective Review*.

Such as they were (faire Ladie) take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things better forth.

II.

In summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed¹ like the moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe :
Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay floures did offer to be eaten ;
But he with fatnes so did overflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten :
Till that a Brize,² a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased :
So by the small the great is oft diseased.

III.

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little Bird, cal'd Tedula,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The greisly gates of his devouring hell,

¹ *Embowed*, bowed, bent.

² *Brize*, a gadfly.

III. 7.—*Tedula*.] This is probably the bird called *Trochilos* by Herodotus; which, as he says, enters the mouth of the crocodile, and eats the leeches which are found clinging to its jaws.

And let him feede, as Nature did provide,
 Upon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
 Why then should greatest things the least disdain,
 Sith¹ that so small so mightie can constraine?

IV.

The kingly bird, that beares Loves thunder-clap,
 One day did scorne the simple scarabee,²
 Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
 That made all other foules his thralls to bee:
 The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
 Spide where the Eagle built his trowing nest,
 And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
 Burnt up his yong ones, and himselve distrest;
 Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
 But drove in Loves owne lap his eggs to lay;
 Where gathering also filth him to infest,
 Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away:
 For which when as the foule was wroth, said Iove,
 "Lo! how the least the greatest may reprove."

V.

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
 I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe³)
 That makes the sea before his face to flye,
 And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
 The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
 The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
 Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
 A Sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
 That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
 His wide abyссе him forced forth to spewe,

¹ *Sith*, since. ² *Scarabee*, beetle. ³ *Cleepe*, call.

That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder,
And all the waves were stain'd with filthie hewe.

Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seemes small in common eyes.

VI.

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht golde,
And forkhed sting that death in it did beare,
Strove with a Spider his unequall peare ;
And bad defiance to his enemye.

The subtill vermin, creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie ;
Which, through his entrailes spreading diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells burst,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.

O, how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne !

VII.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe ;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed :
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same !)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde and bared she became.

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

VIII.

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeouslie,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglye;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,¹
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,
That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie stained.

Let therefore nought, that great is, therein glorie,
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

IX.

Looking far fourth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,²
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the winde into her bosome right;
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while;
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All sodainely there clove unto her keele
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could move her thence away.

¹ *Surquedrie*, pride.

² *Dight*, adorned.

Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty Lyon, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satisfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I saw a Wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile even to his iawes;
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire;
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.
So weakest may anoy the most of might!

XI.

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The nations gan their soveraigntie disdainde,
And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight:
So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde:
If then a Goose great Rome from ruine stayde,
And Iove himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preservd from being to his foes betrayde;
Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith¹ nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

¹ *Sith*, since.

XII.

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest :
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith¹ that the greatest often are opprest,
And unawares doe into daunger fall.
And ye, that read these Ruines Tragicall,
Learne, by their losse, to love the low degree ;
And, if that Fortune chaunce you up to call
To Honours seat, forget not what you be :
For he, that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.

¹ *Sith*, since.

THE

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I.

IT was the time, when Rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries ;
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by Rome ;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, Lo ! now beholde (quoth hee)
What under this great temple placed is :
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee !
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith ¹ onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,²
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize :

¹ *Sith*, since.

² *Assize*, measure.

Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
 But shining christall, which from top to base
 Out of her womb a thousand rayons¹ threw,
 One hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase :
 Golde was the parget²; and the seeling bright
 Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde ;
 The floore of iasp³ and emeraude was dight.⁴
 O worlds vainsse ! Whiles thus I did behold,
 An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
 And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,
 Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
 Iustly proportion'd up unto his hight,
 So far as archer might his level see :
 The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
 Made of the mettall, which we most do honour ;
 And in this golden vessel couched weare
 The ashes of a mightie Emperour :
 Upon foure corners of the base were pight,⁵
 To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold ;
 A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
 Alas, this world doth nought but grievance hold !
 I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
 Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV.

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillowes tall,
 Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
 The chapters alabaster, the fryses christall,
 The double front of a triumphall arke :

¹ *Rayons*, beams, rays. ² *Parget*, varnish, plaster.

³ *Iasp*, jasper. ⁴ *Dight*, adorned. ⁵ *Pight*, placed.

On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
 Clad like a Nimph, that winges of silver weares,
 And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
 The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares.
 No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
 But rather wrought by his owne industry,
 That thunder-dartes for Iove his syre doth fit.
 Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
 Sith¹ that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
 With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

V.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene,
 Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
 And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
 Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame:
 There many an auncient trophee was adrest,
 And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
 Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
 That whilome² from the Troyan blood did flow.
 Ravisht I was so rare a thing to vew;
 When lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone³
 The honour of these noble boughs down threw:
 Undèr the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
 And, since, I saw the roote in great disdain
 A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

VI.

I saw a Wolfe under a rockie cave
 Noursing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones
 In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
 While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones⁴:

¹ *Sith*, since. ² *Whilome*, formerly. ³ *Fone*, foes.

⁴ *For the nones*, for the nonce, for the occasion.

I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
 And roming through the field with greedie rage
 T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood
 Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
 I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
 Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
 That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended
 I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
 Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle ;
 Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

VII.

I saw the Bird, that can the Sun endure,
 With feeble wings assay to mount on hight ;
 By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
 Following th' ensample of her mothers sight :
 I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
 To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
 To measure the most haughtie ¹ mountaines hight,
 Untill she raught ² the gods owne mansions :
 There was she lost ; when suddaine I behelde,
 Where, tumbling through the ayre in firie fold,
 All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
 And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
 I saw the foule, that doth the light despise,
 Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
 Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall ;
 I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,
 That with black horror did the ayre appall :
 Thereout a strange Beast with seven heads arose,
 That townes and castles under her brest did coure,

¹ *Haughtie*, high.² *Raught*, reached.

And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
 Alike with equall raine to devoure.
 Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
 In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew ;
 When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
 Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew,
 That sperst these cloudes ; and, in so short as thought,
 This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
 An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
 With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
 Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe ;
 Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
 Pound forth a water, whose out gushing flood
 Ran bathing all the creakie¹ shore afloat,
 Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood ;
 And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
 To two young babes : His left the Palme tree stout,
 His right hand did the peacefull Olive wield ;
 And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.

 Sudden both Palme and Olive fell away,
 And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a rivers side a Virgin faire,
 Folding her armes to heaven with thousand throbs,
 And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
 To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
 " Where is (quoth she) this whilom² honoured face ?
 Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
 In which all worlds felicitie had place,
 When gods and men my honour up did raise ?

¹ *Creakie*, indented with creeks. ² *Whilom*, formerly.

Suffis'd it not that civill warres me made
 The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
 Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
 With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
 So many Neroes and Caligulaes
 Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?"

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
 Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
 Which, like incense of precious Cedar tree,
 With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
 A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
 Hereout up to the throne of gods did flie,
 And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
 Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie.¹
 Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
 On everie side a thousand shining beames:
 When sudden dropping of a silver dew
 (O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious flames;
 That it, which earst² so pleasant sent did yeld,
 Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,³
 As cleare as Christall gainst the sunnie beames,
 The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle⁴
 That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames;
 It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
 All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;
 And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
 Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids song:

¹ *Stie*, mount.² *Earst*, before.³ *Rayle*, flow.⁴ *Grayle*, gravel.

The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
 And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about ;
 When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
 A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
 Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,¹
 Threw down the seats, and drove the Nymphs away.

XIII.

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
 Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
 Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
 Upon the Latine Coast herselfe to reare :
 But suddenly arose a tempest great,
 Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
 Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
 This ship, to which none other might compare :
 And finally the storme impetuous
 Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
 Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
 I saw both ship and mariners each one,
 And all that treasure, drowned in the maine :
 But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd these Visions sad,
 I saw a Citie like unto that same,
 Which saw the messenger of tidings glad ;
 But that on sand was built the goodly frame :
 It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
 And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
 (If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
 Or if ought under heaven might firme endure.
 Much wondred I to see so faire a wall :
 When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,

¹ Ray, stain.

Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
 On all which did against his course oppose,
 Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
 The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

XV.

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
 Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
 Wearie to see the heavens still wavering thus,
 I saw Typhœus sister comming neare ;
 Whose head, full bravely with a morion¹ hidd,
 Did seeme to match the gods in maiestie.
 She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,
 Over all the world did raise a Trophée hie ;
 An hundred vanquisht Kings under her lay,
 With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize ;
 Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
 I saw the heavens in warre against her rize :
 Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
 That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

¹ *Morion*, head-piece.

THE
VISIONS OF PETRARCH,*

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

I.

BEING one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest god delite ;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white :
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
Under a rocke, where she alas, opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.

* "The Visions of Petrarch, and most of the Visions of Bellay, appeared, with some differences, indeed, from the present copies, both in regard to the nature of the verse, to a few expressions, and to the arrangement of them, in 'A Theatre for Worldlings,' &c., 12mo., 1569. Spenser's own edition notices that the Visions of Petrarch were *formerlie translated*; he does not say by whom. The translator might be himself. He was in 1569 entered a member of the University of Cambridge." — TODD.

Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

II.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of heben¹ and white yvorie ;
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were :
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire :
With rich treasures this gay ship fraughted was :
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
And perished past all recoverie.
O ! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost, and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood of Paradise ;
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see :
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere.
While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan everie where to overcast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,²
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote ;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine ;
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

¹ *Heben*, ebony.² *Brast*, burst.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
 A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
 Whereto approached not in anie wise
 The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
 But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
 That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
 To the soft sounding of the waters fall;
 That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
 But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
 I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
 The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;
 Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
 And wounds my soule with ruffull memorie,
 To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V.

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
 With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
 Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
 That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;
 Untill he came unto the broken tree,
 And to the spring, that late devoured was.
 What say I more? each thing at last we see
 Doth passe away: the Phœnix there alas,
 Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
 Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
 And so foorthwith in great despight he dide;
 That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,
 For ruth and pitie of so haples plight:
 O! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

VI.

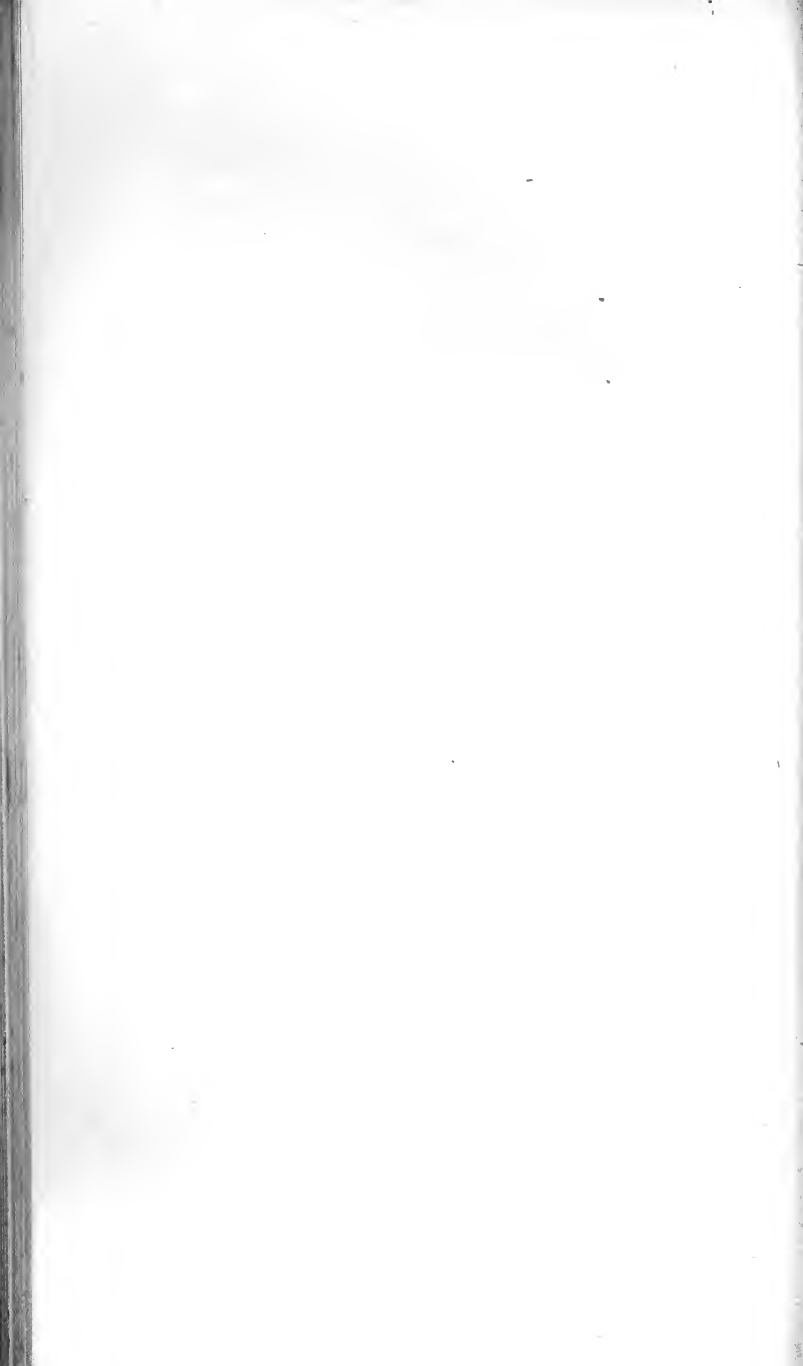
At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
 That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;

On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
 Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake :
 White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
 As snow and golde together had been wrought :
 Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
 A stinging serpent by the heele her caught ;
 Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure ;
 And, well assur'd, she mounted up to ioy.
 Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
 But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy :
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle¹ trustles state
 Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
 And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
 In restles seas of wretchednes and woe ;
 I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
 And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
 Where my free spirite might not anie moe²
 Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
 And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
 All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
 When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
 Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens blis :
 And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
 Yet thinke, that Death shall spoyle your goodly features.

¹ *Tickle*, uncertain.² *Moe*, more.



DAPHNAÏDA :

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

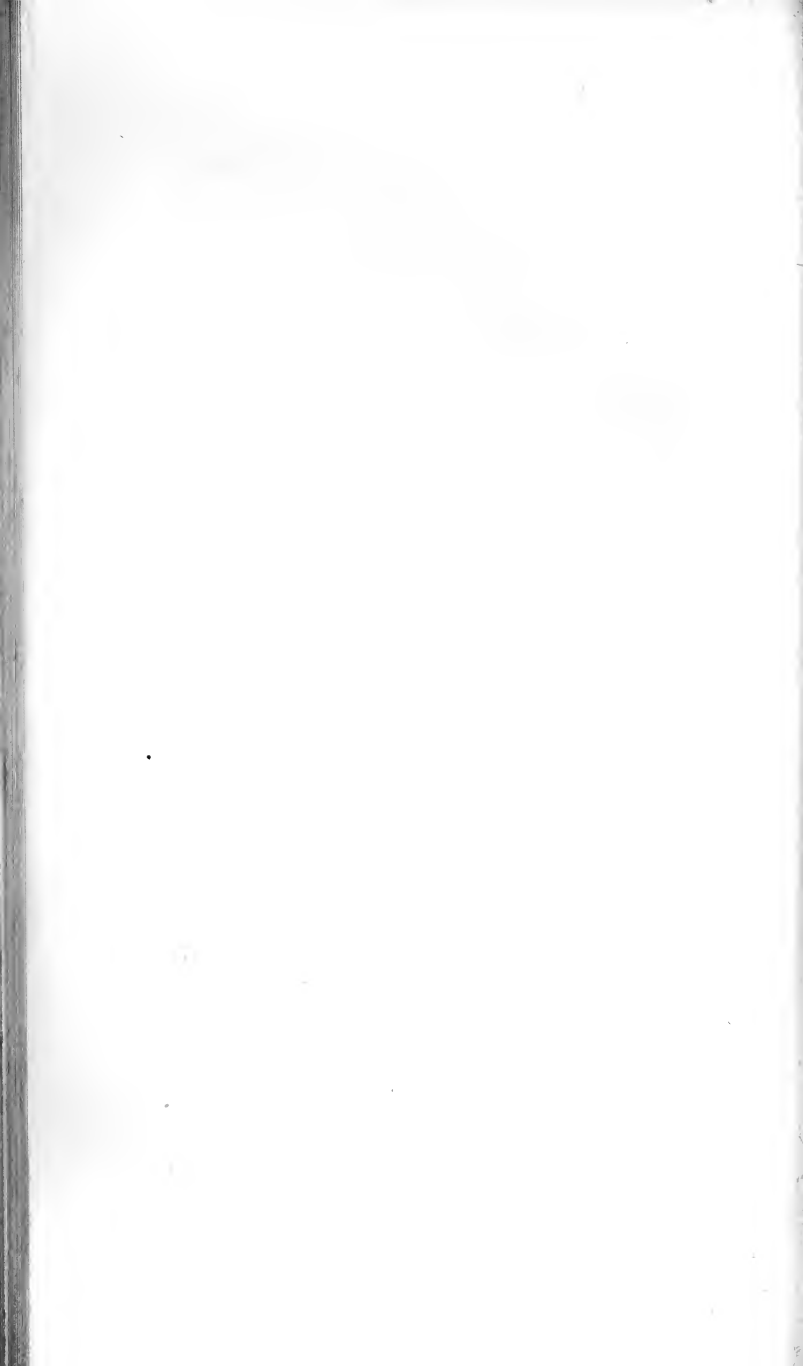
**DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BYNDON,
AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES, ESQUIER.**

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE HELENA,

MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON

BY ED. SP



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY,

HELENA,

MARQUESSE OF NORTH HAMPTON.*

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular goodwill which I bear unto her husband, Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their prince and countrey: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grand-

* This lady was aunt to the one whose death is lamented in the poem.

mother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knightes :
and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour
done to the White Lyon, but will be most gratefull to
your Ladship, whose husband and children do so neerely
participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all
dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good accept-
ance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection.
London, this first of Ianuarie, 1591. Your Honours
humbly ever.

ED. SP.

DAPHNAIDA.*

WHAT-EVER man he be whose heavie mynd,
With griefe of mournfull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would fynd,
Let reade the ruffull plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I weene, the wofulst man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doeth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence ; 10
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,¹
Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing ;
For even their heavie song would breede delight ;
But here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall ring.

¹ *Hight*, called, addressed.

Ver. 6.—*Alcyon*.] Sir Arthur Gorges, introduced by the same name into *Colin Clouts come Home again*.

* “*Daphnaida*, which was published in 1591–2, is an elegy on the death of a lady of the Howard family; very long, very dull, and very unnatural.” — *Retrospective Review*.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie, 15
 Let those three Fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
 Doe weave the direfull threeds of Destinie,
 ALd in their wrath break off the vitall bands,
 Approach hereto ; and let the dreadfull Queene
 Of Darknes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
 And grisly ghosts, to heare this dolefull teene.¹ 20

In gloomy evening, when the wearie sun,
 After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
 And sweatie steedes, now having overrun
 The compast skie, gan water in the west, 25
 I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
 In open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest
 With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
 Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse, 30
 Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
 Her long borne infant, fruit of heavinesse,
 Which she conceived hath through meditation
 Of this worlds vainesse and life's wretchednesse,
 That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion.² 35

So as I mized on the miserie
 In which men live, and I of many most,
 Most miserable man ; I did espie
 Where towards me a sorry wight did cost,³
 Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray, 40
 And Iacob staffe in hand devoutly crost,
 Like to some pilgrim come from farre away.

¹ *Teene*, sorrow. ² *Empassion*, move. ³ *Cost*, approach.

His carelesse locks, uncombed and unshorne,
 Hong long adowne, and beard all overgrowne,
 That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne: 45
 Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,
 As loathing light; and ever as he went
 He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
 As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh his face I vewed nere, 50
 And by the semblant of his countenaunce
 Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
 Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;
 Alcyon he, the iollie shepheard swaine,
 That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce, 55
 And fill with pleasance every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
 I softlie sayd, Alcyon! There-withall
 He lookt aside as in disdainefull wise,
 Yet stayd not, till I againe did call: 60
 Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow sound,
 "Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
 The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?" —

"One, whom like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
 Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare, 65
 And given like cause with thee to waile and weepe;
 Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.
 Then stay, Alcyon, gentle Shepheard! stay,
 (Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie eare
 Committed what thee dooth so ill apay.¹" 70

¹ *Ill-apay*, distress.

“Cease, foolish Man!” (saide he, halfe wrothfully)
 “To seeke to heare that which cannot be told,
 For the huge anguish, which doeth multiply
 My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
 Ne doo I care that any should bemone 75
 My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
 But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.”

“Then be it so,” quoth I, “that thou are bent
 To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
 Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient 80
 To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
 Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
 And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
 That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.”

“Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound 85
 From the strong shackles of fraile flesh,” quoth he,
 “Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
 Deem the occasion of his death to bee;
 Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
 Than question made of his calamitie; 90
 For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

“Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my grieffe,
 And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
 (Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
 For my reliefe exceedeth living thought;) 95
 I will to thee this heaue case relate:
 Then harken well till it to end be brought,
 For never didst thou heare more harlesse fate.

" Whilome ¹ I usde (as thou right well doest know)
 My little flocke on westerne downes to keep, 100
 Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
 And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe ;
 Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
 For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
 And to my pype to caroll and to daunce. 105

" It there befell, as I the fields did range
 Fearlesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
 White as the native rose before the change
 Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
 I spied playing on the grassie plaine 110
 Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
 That did all other beasts in beawtie staine.²

" Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
 Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
 And gan to cast how I her compasse might, 115
 And bring to hand that yet had never beene :
 So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
 That I her caught disporting on the greene,
 And brought away fast bound with silver chaine.

" And afterwardes I handled her so fayre, 120
 That though by kind shee stout and salvage were,
 For being borne an auncient Lions hayre,

¹ *Whilome*, formerly.

² *Staine*, disparage.

Ver. 107. — *A faire young Lionesse.*] So called from the *White Lion*, in the arms of the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the family to which Lady Douglas Howard belonged.

And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,
 Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
 That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare, 125
 As the least lamb in all my flock that went :

“ For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
 Would wend with me, and waite by me all day ;
 And all the night that I in watch did spend,
 If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay, 130
 Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe ;
 And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
 She of my flock would take full warie keepe.¹

“ Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
 Ne fear'd the wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast, 135
 All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe :
 My lovely Lionesse without beheast
 So careful was for them, and for my good,
 That when I waked, neither most nor least
 I found miscarried or in plaine or wood. 140

“ Oft did the shepheards, which my hap did heare,
 And oft their lasses, which my luck envyde,
 Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
 To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wyde
 Were spred abroad ; and when her worthinesse 145
 Much greater than the rude report they tryde,
 They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

“ Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
 And well did hope my ioy would have no end ;
 But oh ! fond Man ! that in worlds ficklenesse 150

¹ *Keepe*, care.

Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend
 That glories most in mortall miseries,
 And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
 To make new matter fit for tragedies ;

“ For whilst I was thus without dread or dout, 155
 A cruel Satyre with his murdrous dart,
 Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
 Gave her the fatall wound of deadly smart,
 And reft from me my sweete companion,
 And reft from me my love, my life, my hart : 160
 My Lyonesse (ah, woe is me !) is gon !

“ Out of the world thus was she reft away,
 Out of the world, unworthy such a spoyle,
 And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray ;
 Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle 165
 Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament ;
 Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
 And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.”

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
 That I for pittie of his heavie plight 170
 Could not abstain mine eyes with teares to steepe ;
 But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
 Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe ;
 “ Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almost equall paine. 175

“ Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
 The riddle of thy loved Lionesse ;
 For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
 That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,

Should to a beast his noble hart embase, 180
 And be the vassall of his vassalesse ;
 Therefore more plain areade¹ this doubtful case."

Then sighing sore, " Daphne thou knew'st, quoth he,
 " She now is dead ;" ne more endur'd to say,
 But fell to ground for great extremitie ; 185
 That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
 Was much apald ; and, lightly him uprearing,
 Revoked life, that would have fled away,
 All were my selfe, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best, 190
 And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
 The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
 But he thereby was more empassionate ;
 As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate ; 195
 And, breaking foorth at last, thus dearnely² plained :

I.

" What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire
 Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
 Which so uniuistly doth their iudgements share
 Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore 200
 The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
 And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
 Than worst or foulest, but doe both oppresse ?

" If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so faire, sith³ fairenesse is neglected ? 205
 Or why be they themselves immaculate,

¹ *Areade*, explain.² *Dearnely*, earnestly.³ *Sith*, since.

If purest things be not by them respected?
 She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
 Yet was by them as thing impure reiected ;
 Yet she in purenesse heaven it self did pas. 210

“ In purenesse and in all celestially grace,
 That men admire in goodly womankind,
 She did excell, and seem'd of angels race,
 Living on earth like angell new dividde,¹
 Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie, 215
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

“ No age hath bred (since faire Astræa left
 The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight ;
 And, when she parted hence, with her she reft 220
 Great hope, and robd her race of bounty quight.
 Well may the shepheard lasses now lament ;
 For double losse by her hath on them light,
 To loose both her and bounties ornament.

“ Ne let Elisa, royall shepheardesse, 225
 The praises of my parted love envy,
 For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
 Powr'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
 By her owne shepheard, Colin, her own shepheard,
 That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie, 230
 Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

“ She is the rose, the glory of the day,
 And mine the primrose in the lowly shade :

¹ *Divinde*, deified.

Mine, ah! not mine; amisse I mine did say:
 Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made; 235
 Mine to be his, with him to live for ay.
 O that so faire a flowre so soon should fade,
 And through untimely tempest fall away!

“She fell away in her first ages spring,
 Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde, 239
 And whilst her braunch faire blossomes forth did bring,
 She fell away against all course of kinde.
 For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
 She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.
 Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to made my undersong. 245

II.

“What hart so stonie hard but that would weepe,
 And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
 What Timon but would let compassion creepe
 Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares?
 In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well 250
 I wasted have, my heart-bloud dropping weares,
 To think to ground how that faire blossome fell.

“Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
 Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
 But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye, 255
 So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
 And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
 The whiles soft Death away her spirit hent,¹
 And soule assoyld² from sinfull fleshlinesse.

“Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake, 260
 She, all resolv'd, and readie to remove,

¹ *Hent*, took.² *Assoyld*, delivered.

Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake ;
 ' Alcyon ! ah, my first and latest love !
 Ah ! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
 And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove, 265
 As if to me had chaunst some evill tourne !

“ ‘ I, since the messenger is come for mee,
 That summons soules unto the bridale feast
 Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
 And straight obey his souveraine beheast ; 270
 Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
 That I from miserie shall be releast,
 And freed from wretched long imprisonment !

“ ‘ Our dayes are full of dolour and disease,
 Our life afflicted with incessant paine, 275
 That nought on earth may lessen or appease ;
 Why then should I desire here to remaine !
 Or why should he, that loves me, sorrie bee
 For my deliverance, or at all complaine
 My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see ! 280

“ ‘ I goe, and long desired have to goe ;
 I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
 Whereas no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
 May come, their happie quiet to molest ;
 But saints and angels in celestially thrones 285
 Eternally Him praise that hath them blest ;
 There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

“ ‘ Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
 Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
 My young Ambrosia ; in lieu of mee, 290

Love her ; so shall our love for ever last.
 Thus, Deare ! adieu, whom I expect ere long.' —
 So having said, away she softly past :
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make mine undersong.

III.

“ So oft as I record those piercing words, 295
 Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
 And those last deadly accents, which like swords
 Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest,
 With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,
 The which my soul first conquerd and possest, 300
 The first beginners of my endlesse care :

“ And when those pallid cheekes and ashe hew,
 In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,
 And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 On which the cloud of ghaftly Night did sit, 305
 I match with that sweete smile and chearful brow,
 Which all the world subdued unto it,
 How happie was I then, and wretched now !

“ How happie was I when I saw her leade
 The shepherds daughters dauncing in a rownd ! 310
 How trimly would she trace and softly tread
 The tender grasse, with rosye garland crownd !
 And, when she list advaunce her heavenly voyce,
 Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
 And flocks and shepherds caused to reioyce. 315

“ But now, ye shepheard Lasses ! who shall lead
 Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes¹ ?
 Or who shall dight² your bowres, sith³ she is dead

¹ *Virelayes*, a kind of song. ² *Dight*, adorn. ³ *Sith*, since.

That was the lady of your holy-dayes?
 Let now your blisse be turned into bale, 320
 And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,
 And with the same fill every hill and dale.

“ Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
 That may allure the senses to delight,
 Ne ever shepheard sound his oaten quill 325
 Unto the many that provoke them might
 To idle pleasance; but let ghastrinesse
 And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
 To make the image of true heavinessse :

“ Let birds be silent on the naked spray, 330
 And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;
 Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
 And parching drouth drie up the cristall wells;
 Let th’ earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,
 And th’ ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells, 335
 And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

“ And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
 Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
 And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
 But hideous monsters full of uglinessse ; 340
 For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
 No nurse, but stepdame, cruell, mercilesse.
 Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

IV.

“ My litle Flock, whom earst I lov’d so well,
 And wont to feed with finest grasse that grew, 345
 Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter astrosfell,
 And stinking smallage, and unsaverie rew ;

And, when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
 Be ye the pray of wolves ; ne will I rew
 That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted. 350

“ Ne worse to you, my sillie Sheepe ! I pray,
 Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
 Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
 To carelesse Heavens I doo daylie call ;
 But Heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry ; 355
 And cruell Death doth scorn to come at call,
 Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

“ The good and righteous he away doth take,
 To plague th’ unrighteous which alive remaine ;
 But the ungodly ones he doth forsake, 360
 By living long to multiplie their paine ;
 Else surely death should be no punishment,
 As the Great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
 But rather riddance from long languishment.

“ Therefore, my Daphne they have tane¹ away ; 365
 For worthie of a better place was she :
 But me unworthie willed here to stay,
 That with her lacke I might tormented be.
 Sith² then they so have ordred, I will pay
 Penance to her, according their decree, 370
 And to her ghost doe service day by day.

“ For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
 Throughout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction waste my better age :

¹ *Tane*, taken.

² *Sith*, since.

My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd, 375
 My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
 My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd ;
 So will I wilfully increase my paine.

“ And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
 When she beholds from her celestiall throne 380
 (In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
 My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
 And pittie me that living thus doo die ;
 For heavenly spirits have compassion
 On mortall men, and rue their miserie. 385

“ So when I have with sorrow satisfyde
 Th’ importune Fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
 And th’ Heavens with long languor pacifyde,
 She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
 Will send for me ; for which I daily long ; 390
 And will till then my painfull penance eeke.
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

V.

“ Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
 And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
 For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade ; 395
 So soone as on them blowes the northern winde,
 They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
 Leaving behind them nought but grieve of minde,
 And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

“ I hate the Heaven, because it doth withhold 400
 Me from my love, and eke my love from me ;
 I hate the earth, because it is the mould
 Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie ;

I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes ;
 I hate the ayre, because sighes of it be ; 405
 I hate the sea, because it teares supplyes.

“ I hate the day, because it lendeth light
 To see all things, and not my love to see ;
 I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
 Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee ; 410
 I hate all times, because all times doo fly
 So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
 But as a speedie post that passeth by.

“ I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying ;
 I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine eares ;
 I hate to tast, for food withholdes my dying ; 416
 I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares ;
 I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left ;
 I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares :
 So all my senses from me are bereft. 420

“ I hate all men, and shun all womankinde ;
 The one, because as I they wretched are ;
 The other, for because I doo not finde
 My love with them, that wont to be their starre :
 And life I hate, because it will not last ; 425
 And death I hate, because it life doth marre ;
 And all I hate that is to come or past.

“ So all the world, and all in it I hate,
 Because it changeth ever to and fro,
 And never standeth in one certaine state, 430
 But, still unstedfast, round about doth goe
 Like a mill-whee in midst of miserie,

Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does dye.

“ So doo I live, so doo I daylie die, 435
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine !
Sith ¹ she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdaine ! 440
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VI.

“ Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
And doo not dye then in despight of death ;
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light,
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath, 445
Sith ¹ all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares finde quiet ! Is it so uneath ²
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye ?

“ To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe ; 450
Therefore to dye must needes be ioeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe :
But I must stay ; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so ;
She bad me stay, till she for me did send. 455

“ Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me ;

¹ *Sith*, since.

² *Uneath*, difficult.

Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse, 460
 Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,
 Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

“ But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
 For faire Euridyce, her daughter dere,
 Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought ;
 So will I travell whilest I tarrie heere, 466
 Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,¹
 Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth nere
 To loose his teeme, will I take up my inne.²

“ Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights) 470
 Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more ;
 Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
 Nor failing force to former strength restore :
 But I will wake and sorrow all the night
 With Philumene, my fortune to deplore ; 475
 With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

“ And ever as I see the starre to fall,
 And under ground to goe to give them light
 Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
 How my faire starre (that shind on me so bright) 480
 Fell sodainly and faded under ground ;
 Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
 And Night without a Venus starre is found.

“ But soon as Day doth shew his deawie face,
 And cals forth men unto their toylsome trade, 485
 I will withdraw me to some darkesome place,

¹ *Lin*, stop, rest.

² *Inne*, abode, habitation.

Or some dere cave, or solitarie shade ;
 There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
 And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VII.

“ Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold 491
 Faire thing on earth, ne need on false delight
 Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
 Sith¹ that my fairest flower is faded quight ;
 For all I see is vaine and transitorie, 495
 Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
 But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

“ And ye, fond Men ! on Fortunes wheele that ride,
 Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
 Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride, 500
 Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
 But ere ye be aware will flit away ;
 For nought of them is yours, but th’ only usance
 Of a small time, which none ascertainment may.

“ And ye, true Lovers ! whom desastrous chauce
 Hath farre exiled from your ladies grace, 506
 To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferaunce,
 When ye doo heare me in that desert place
 Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,
 Helpe me to waile my miserable case, 510
 And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

“ And ye, more happie Lovers ! which enioy
 The presence of your dearest loves delight,

¹ *Sith*, since.

When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
 Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright, 515
 And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
 May happen unto the most happiest wight;
 For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

“ And ye, my fellow Shepherds! which do feed
 Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines, 520
 With better fortune than did me succeed,
 Remember yet my undeserved paines;
 And, when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,
 Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines
 That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdaine. 525

“ And ye, faire Damsels! shepherds deare delights,
 That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,
 When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
 Vouchsafe to deck the same with cyparesse;
 And ever sprinckle brackish teares among, 530
 In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
 The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

“ And ye, poore Pilgrims! that with restlesse toyle
 Wearie your selves in wandring desart wayes,
 Till that you come where ye your vowes assoyle,¹ 535
 When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
 On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
 And mourne for me that languish out my dayes.
 Cease, Shepherd! cease, and end thy undersong.” —

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint, 540
 The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,

¹ *Assoyle*, pay.

His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
 As if againe he would have fallen to ground ;
 Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
 Amoooved him out of his stonie swound, 545
 And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
 Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
 But casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,
 That in his traunce I would not let him lie, 550
 Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
 As one disposed wilfullie to die,
 That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
 And the outrageous passion nigh appeased, 555
 I him desyrde sith¹ daie was overcast,
 And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
 To turne aside unto my cabinet,²
 And staie with me, till he were better eased
 Of that strong stownd³ which him so sore beset. 560

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
 Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
 But without taking leave he foorth did goe
 With staggring pace and dismall looks dismay,
 As if that Death he in the face had seene, 565
 Or hellish Hags had met upon the way ;
 But what of him became I cannot weene. 567

¹ *Sith*, since.² *Cabinet*, cottage.³ *Stownd*, attack.



COLIN CLOUTS
COME HOME AGAINE.

BY ED. SP.

1595.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAINE OF HER MAIESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEIN
OF THE STANNERIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF
THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL.

SIR,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt, in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you for your singular favours, and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my late being in England; and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happiness. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December.

1591. [rather perhaps 1595.]

Yours ever humbly,

ED. SP.

COLIN CLOUDS

COME HOME AGAINE.*

THE shepherds boy (best knowen by that nan,
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
Charming¹ his oaten pipe unto his peres, 5
The shepheard swaines that did about him play :
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill, 10
He rested him : and, sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groome was he,

¹ *Charming*, tuning.

Ver. 2. — *Tityrus*.] Chaucer.

* "In the year 1595, Spenser published *Colin Clouts come Home againe*, a sort of pastoral, giving an account of his return to England, of his presentation to Queen Elizabeth, and of several persons attached to the court. It might be highly interesting at the time it was written, but its chief interest is now lost. It possesses nothing striking, either in character or description, to attract a modern reader." — *Retrospective Review*.

As ever piped on an oaten reed,
 And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
 Hight¹ Hobbinol ;) gan thus to him areed. 15

“Colin, my lief,² my life, how great a losse
 Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke!
 And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse!
 That, sith³ thy Muse first since thy turning backe
 Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye, 20
 Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
 Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole⁴ did lie:
 The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,⁵
 And all their birds with silence to complaine:
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne, 25
 And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
 The running waters wept for thy returne,
 And all their fish with languor did lament:
 But now both woods and fields and floods revive,
 Sith³ thou art come, their cause of merriment, 30
 That us, late dead, hast made againe alive:
 But were it not too painefull to repeat
 The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
 In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
 Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.” 35

‘To whom the shepheard gently answered thus;
 “Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet:
 For of good passed newly to discus,
 By dubble usurie doth twice renew it.
 And since I saw that angels blessed eie, 40
 Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,

¹ *Hight*, called.

³ *Sith*, since.

⁵ *Sythe*, time.

² *Liefe*, dear.

⁴ *Dole*, grief.

My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
 Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight :
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,
 Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure, 45
 But in remembrance of that glory bright,
 My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.
 Wake then, my pipe ; my sleepeie Muse, awake ;
 Till I have told her praises lasting long :
 Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake ; — 50
 Harke then, ye iolly shepheards, to my song.”

With that they all gan throng about him neare,
 With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie :
 The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
 Did round about them feed at libertie. 55

“One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
 Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
 Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore :
 There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
 Whether allured with my pipes delight, 61
 Whose pleasing sound yshrilled¹ far about,
 Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,
 And how he hight,² himselve he did ycleepe³ 65
 The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,

¹ *Yshrilled*, sounded shrill.

² *Hight*, was called.

³ *Ycleepe*, call.

Ver. 59. — *Ey the Mullaes shore.*] “The Mulla is the river *Awbeg*, which runs not far from Kilcolman, Spenser’s residence, and washes Buttevant, Doneraile, Castletown-Roch, &c.” — TODD.

Ver. 66. — *The Shepheard of the Ocean.*] This is Sir Walter Raleigh, whom Spenser accompanied into England, and by whom he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth.

And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
 He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit¹;
 And, when he heard the musicke which I made, 70
 He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it:
 Yet, æmuling² my pipe, he tooke in hond
 My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid thereon; (for well that skill he cond³;) 75
 Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
 He pip'd, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped;
 By change of turnes, each making other mery;
 Neither envying other, nor envied,
 So piped we, untill we both were weary." 80

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine, 80
 That Cuddy hight,⁴ him thus atweene bespake:
 "And, should it not thy readie course restraine,
 I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
 To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie;
 For well I weene it worth recounting was, 85
 Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
 Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse."

"Nor of my love, nor of my lasse, (quoth he,)
 I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
 For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me, 90
 That made me in that desart choose to dwell.
 But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
 Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
 And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
 As water doth within his bancks appeare." 95

"Of fellowship (said then that bony Boy)
 Record to us that lovely lay againe:

¹ *Fit*, strain.

³ *Cond*, knew.

² *Æmuling*, rivalling.

⁴ *Hight*, was called.

The staie whereof shall nought these eares annoy,
Who all that Colin makes do covet faine."

"Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale, 100
In sort as I it to that shepheard told :

No leasing¹ new, nor grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old.

"Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the northside of Arnulla dale;) 105

He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale ;

Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight²
The Nimph, which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right 110

To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,

It giveth name unto that auncient Cittie,

Which Kilnemullah cleped³ is of old ;

Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie

To travellers, which it from far behold. 115

Full faine she lov'd, and was belov'd full faine

Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,²

So hight² because of this deceitfull traine,

Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.

But her old sire more carefull of her good, 120

And meaning her much better to preferre,

Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,

Which Allo hight,² Broad-water called farre ;

And wrought so well with his continuall paine,

That he that river for his daughter wonne : 125

The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,

¹ *Leasing*, falsehood. ² *Hight*, called. ³ *Cleped*, named.

Ver. 117. — *Bregog hight*.] *Bregog*, according to Todd, means *false*,
or *lying*.

The place appointed where it should be done.
 Nath'lesse the Nymph her former liking held ;
 For love will not be drawne, but must be ledde ;
 And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,¹ 130
 That her good will he got her first to wedde.
 But for her father, sitting still on hie,
 Did warily still watch which way she went,
 And eke from far observ'd, with iealous eie,
 Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent ; 135
 Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
 The wily lover did devise this slight :
 First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
 That, whilst the one was watcht, the other might
 Passe unespide to meete her by the way ; 140
 And then, besides, those little streames so broken
 He under ground so closely² did conuay,
 That of their passage doth appeare no token,
 Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
 So secretly did he his love enioy : 145
 Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
 And told her father by a shepherds boy.
 Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
 In great avenge did roll downe from his hill
 Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might 150
 His passage, and his water-courses spill.³
 So of a River, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scattred all to nought ;
 And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
 Did lose his name : so deare his love he bought." 155
 Which having said, him Thestylis bespake ;
 " Now by my life this was a mery lay,

¹ *Weld*, wield, sway.² *Closely*, secretly.³ *Spill*, spoil.

Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make.
 But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
 What dittie did that other shepheard sing: 160
 For I do covet most the same to heare,
 As men use most to covet forreine thing."

"That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare:
 His song was all a lamentable lay
 Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard, 165
 Of Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea,
 Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
 And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,¹
 He cryed out, to make his undersong;
 Ah! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life, 170
 Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?"

Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
 That Marin hight; "Right well he sure did plaine,
 That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure breake,
 And move to take him to her grace againe. 175
 But tell on further, Colin, as befell
 Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade."

"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
 (Quoth he,) and each an end of singing made,
 He gan to cast great lyking to my lore, 180
 And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
 That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,²
 Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
 The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,

¹ *Singulfs rife*, frequent sobs.

² *Forlore*, forlorn.

Ver. 166. — *Of Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea.*] Queen Elizabeth; probably an allusion to Sir W. Raleigh's temporary disgrace and banishment from court, on account of his intrigue with Elizabeth Throgmorton.

Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull, 185
 And wend ¹ with him, his Cynthia to see ;
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.
 Besides her peerlesse skill in making² well,
 And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankynd did far excell ; 190
 Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it :
 So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 He me perswaded forth with him to fare.
 Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill :
 Small needments else need shepheard to prepare. 195
 So to the sea we came ; the sea, that is
 A world of waters heaped up on hie,
 Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie.”
 “ And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull ? ” 200
 “ Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear :
 Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
 Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
 Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
 Before he die, alreadie dead with feare, 205
 And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,
 Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
 And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seemes,
 Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
 Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell. 211
 For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
 Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,
 Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
 As if it scornd the daunger of the same ; 215

¹ *Wend*, go.² *Making*, versifying.

Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
 Glewed together with some subtile matter.
 Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
 And life to move it selfe upon the water.
 Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was, 220
 That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
 Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
 So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
 The same aboard us gently did receave,
 And without harme us farre away did beare, 225
 So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
 And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
 Then hartelesse quite, and full of inward feare,
 That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
 Under what skie, or in what world we were, 230
 In which I saw no living people dwell.
 Who, me recomforting all that he might,
 Told me that that same was the Regiment¹
 Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
 His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent. — 235
 “If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
 Where be the flockes and heards. which she doth keep?
 And where may I the hills and pastures see,
 On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?”
 “These be the hills, (quoth he,) the surges hie, 240
 On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed:
 Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
 Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
 Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
 Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne: 245
 At sound whereof, they all for their relief

¹ Regiment, kingdom.

Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.
 And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
 Of stinking seales and porcpisces¹ together,
 With hoary head and deawy dropping beard, 250
 Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
 And I, among the rest, of many least,
 Have in the Ocean charge to me assignd ;
 Where I will live or die at her behest,
 And serve and honour her with faithfull mind. 255
 Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
 And of immortall race, doo still attend
 To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be shorne,
 And fold them up, when they have made an end.
 Those be the shepherds which my Cynthia serve 260
 At sea, beside a thousand moe at land :
 For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
 To have in her commandement at hand."

Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
 And more, at length we land far off descryde : 265
 Which sight much gladed me ; for much afore
 I feard, least land we never should have eyde :
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
 We Lunday passe ; by that same name is ment 270
 An island, which the first to west was showne.
 From thence another world of land we kend,²
 Floting amid the sea in ieopardie,
 And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
 Against the seas encroching crueltie. 275
 Those same, the shepheard told me, were the fields
 In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed :

¹ *Porcpisces*, porpoises.

² *Kend*, discerned.

Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
 None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.¹
 The first, to which we nigh approached, was 280
 An high headland thrust far into the sea,
 Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
 Yet seemd to be a goodly pleasant lea:
 There did a loftie mount at first us greet,
 Which did a stately heape of stones upreare, 285
 That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,²
 Much greater then that frame, which us did beare:
 There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
 And put us all ashore on Cynthias land.

“What land is that thou meanst, (then Cuddy sayd,)
 And is there other then whereon we stand?” 291

“Ah! Cuddy, (then quoth Colin,) thous a fon,³
 That hast not seene least part of natures worke:
 Much more there is unken^d ⁴ then thou doest kon,⁵
 And much more that does from mens knowledge
 lurke. 295

For that same land much larger is then this,
 And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
 There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
 And all things else that living creatures need.
 Besides most goodly rivers there appeare, 300
 No whit inferiour to thy Fanchins praise,
 Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare:
 Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies.”

“But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
 And is theyr heaven likewise there all one? 305

¹ Red, perceived. ² Fleet, float. ³ Thous a fon, thou art a fool.

⁴ Unken^d, unknown. ⁵ Kon, know

And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone¹ ?”

“ Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this.
For there all happie peace and plenteous store 310
Conspire in one to make contented blisse :
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sward,²
No nightly bodrags,³ nor no hue and cries ; 315
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger :
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do flourish in great honor, 320
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price :
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use : 325
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse.”

“ But say on further (then said Corylas)
The rest of thine adventures, that betyded.⁴”

“ Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe, 330
(Quoth he,) as that same shepheard still us gwyded,
Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came :
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame ;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought : 335
But if I her like ought on earth might read,⁵

¹ *Wone*, dwell. ² *Sward*, sword. ³ *Bodrags*, border ravaging.

⁴ *Betyded*, happened. ⁵ *Read*, perceive.

I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
 Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
 With roses dight¹ and goolds² and daffadillies ;
 Or like the circlet of a turtle true, 340
 In which all colours of the rainbow bee ;
 Or like faire Phebes garland shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see.
 But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone³
 Of earthly things, to iudge of things divine : 345
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisdome, none
 Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
 More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind, 350
 The image of the heavens in shape humane."

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
 Saying ; " By wondring at thy Cynthiaes praise,
 Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise. 355
 But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepheard strange thy cause advanced."

" The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Unto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare, 360
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight ;
 For not by measure of her owne great mynd,
 And wondrous worth, she mott⁴ my simple song, 365
 But ioyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
 Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng."

¹ *Dight*, adorned.

² *Goolds*, marigolds.

³ *Paragone*, comparison.

⁴ *Mott*, meted, measured.

" Why ? (said Alexis then,) what needeth shee
 That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
 And hath so many shepheards in her fee,¹ 370
 To heare thee sing, a simple silly elfe ?
 Or be the shepheards which do serve her laesie,²
 That they list not their mery pipes applie ?
 Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,
 That they cannot her honour worthylic ? " 375
 " Ah ! nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so :
 For better shepheards be not under skie,
 Nor better hable, when they list to blow
 Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
 There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged 380
 In faithful service of faire Cynthia :
 And there is Corydon though meanly waged,
 Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
 And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
 Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie, 385
 Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth tourn
 Sweet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
 Ah ! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt,
 In thy sweet Eglantine of Meriflure ;
 Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height, 390
 That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.

¹ *In her fee*, at her command.

² *Laesie*, lazy.

Ver. 380.—*Harpalus*.] "*Harpalus* is probably Barnaby Googe, who was first a retainer to Cecil, and afterwards, in 1563, a gentleman pensioner to the queen." — TODD.

Ver. 382.—*Corydon*.] *Corydon*, according to the same authority, is Abraham Fraunce, a poet and friend of Sir Philip Sidney.

Ver. 384.—*Alcyon*.] *Alcyon* is Sir Arthur Gorges, upon the death of whose wife, here mentioned under the name of *Daphne*, Spenser wrote his "*Daphnaida*."

There eke is *Palin* worthie of great praise,
 Albe¹ he envie at my rustick quill :
 And there is pleasing *Alcon*, could he raise
 His tunes from laies to matter of more skill. 395
 And there is old *Palemon* free from spight,
 Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew :
 Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
 That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
 And there is *Alabaster* throughly² taught 400
 In all this skill, though knowen yet to few ;
 Yet, were he knowne to *Cynthia* as he ought,
 His *Elisëis* would be redde anew.
 Who lives that can match that heroick song,
 Which he hath of that mightie *Princesse* made ? 405
 O dreaded *Dread*, do not thy selfe that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade :
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
 To end thy glorie which he hath begun :
 That, when he finisht hath as it should be, 410
 No braver Poeme can be under sun.
 Nor *Po* nor *Tyburs* swans so much renowned,
 Nor all the brood of *Greece* so highly praised,
 Can match that *Muse* when it with bayes is crowned,

¹ *Albe*, although.² *Throughly*, thoroughly.

Ver. 392.—*Palin*.] Todd conjectures that *Palin* means Thomas Chaloner, a poet of some reputation in his day.

Ver. 396.—*Palemon*.] “*Old Palemon* seems to point at Thomas Churchyard, who wrote a prodigious number of poetical pieces.”—**TODD.**

Ver. 400.—*Alabaster*.] This is a real name.—William Alabaster was a scholar and poet of Spenser’s time, of considerable eminence. His poem of *Elisëis*, here mentioned, was never printed, but still exists among the MSS. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

And to the pitch of her perfection raised. 415
 And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
 The which doth all afore him far surpasse ;
 Appearing well in that well tuned song,
 Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie, 420
 As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
 In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
 Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
 And to what course thou please thy self advance : 425
 But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
 In tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
 And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,
 That spends his wit in loves consuming smart :
 Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his, 430
 That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
 There also is (ah no, he is not now !)
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
 Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
 Having his Amaryllis left to mone. 435
 Helpe, O ye shepherds, helpe ye all in this,
 Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne :
 Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
 Amyntas, floure of shepherds pride forlorne :
 He whilest he lived was the noblest swaine, 440
 That ever piped in an oaten quill :
 Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,

Ver. 424. — *Daniell.*] Samuel Daniell, a well-known English poet, of whom it is enough to say, that he has been highly commended by Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Ver. 438. — *Amyntas.*] *Amyntas*, according to Todd, means Ferdinando Earl of Derby, a nobleman of poetical taste, who died in 1594.

And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
 And there, though last not least, is Aetion ;
 A gentler shepheard may no where be found : 445
 Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
 Doth like himselfe heroically sound.

All these, and many others mo remaine,
 Now, after Astrofell is dead and gone :
 But, while as Astrofell did live and raine, 450
 Amongst all these was none his paragone.
 All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
 And do their Cynthia immortall make :
 Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
 Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake." 455

Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida ;
 " Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
 Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia :
 But of so many nymphs, which she doth hold
 In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd ; 460
 That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest,
 Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
 That none of all their due deserts resoundest."

" Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me,
 That I of gentle mayds should ill deserve : 465
 For that my selfe I do professe to be
 Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve ;
 The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
 The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
 The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect love, 470
 The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie :

Ver. 444.—*Aetion.*] Aetion, according to Todd, is Michael Drayton, the well-known author of the *Polyolbion*, &c.

Ver 449.—*Astrofell.*] Sir Philip Sidney.

To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
 To her my heart I nightly martyrize¹ :
 To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
 To her my life I wholly sacrifice : 475
 My thought, my heart, my love; my life is shee,
 And I hers ever onely, ever one :
 One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
 One ever I, and others never none."

Then thus Melissa said ; " Thrise happie Mayd, 480
 Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie :
 That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast made
 Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.
 But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace ? "

" They all (quoth he) me graced goodly well, 485
 That all I praise ; but, in the highest place,
 Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
 In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
 All heavenly gifts and riches locked are ;
 More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher, 490
 And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read,

¹ *Martyrize*, devote as a martyr.

Ver. 487. — *Urania*, &c.] Mary Countess of Pembroke, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, the subject of Ben Jonson's well-known epitaph : —

" Underneath this sable herse
 Lies the subject of all verse ;
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death, ere thou hast killed another,
 Fair, and learned, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Ver. 492. — *Theana*.] *Theana*, according to Todd, is Anne, third wife of the Earl of Warwick, whose exemplary widowhood is commended in the *Ruines of Time*, ver. 250, &c.

Whose goodly beames though they be over dight¹
 With mourning stole² of carefull³ wydowhead,
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright; 495
 She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
 Excelling most in glorie and great light :
 She is the ornament of womankind,
 And courts chief garlond with all vertues dight.
 Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace 500
 Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
 Well worthie of so honourable place,
 For her great worth and noble governance.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
 Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling: 505
 Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
 With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mansilia,
 Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiaes traine :
 That same is she to whom Daphnaida 510
 Upon her neeces death I did complaine :
 She is the paterne of true womanhead,
 And onely mirrhor of feminitie :
 Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
 As she is next her in nobilitie. 515
 Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes,
 Then best of all that honourable crew,
 Faire Galathea with bright shining beames,
 Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.

¹ *Over dight*, covered over. ² *Stole*, robe. ³ *Carefull*, sorrowful.

Ver. 505. — *Marian*.] Margaret Countess of Cumberland, to whom and her sister, the Countess of Warwick, Spenser inscribes his *Four Hymns*.

Ver. 508. — *Mansilia*.] Helena Marchioness of Northampton, to whom *Daphnaida* is inscribed.

She there then waited upon Cynthia, 520
 Yet there is not her won¹; but here with us
 About the borders of our rich Coshma,
 Now made of Maa, the Nymph delicious.
 Ne lesse praisworthie faire Neæra is,
 Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be; 525
 For of the famous Shure, the Nymph she is,
 For high desert, advaunst to that degree.
 She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
 Adorned with all honourable parts :
 She is the braunch of true nobilitie, 530
 Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
 Ne lesse praisworthie Stella do I read,
 Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
 Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
 Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre. 535
 Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
 The honor of the noble familie :
 Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
 And most that unto them I am so nie :
 Phyllis, Charillis, and swcet Amaryllis. 540
 Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three :

¹ *Won*, dwelling.

Ver. 532. — *Stella*.] This is Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter Earl of Essex, of whom Sir Philip Sidney was an unsuccessful lover. He celebrated her in his *Arcadia* under the name of Philoclea, and in that of Stella in his poems of *Astrofell*. She became the wife of Robert Lord Rich.

Ver. 540. — *Phyllis*, &c.] On Todd's authority, Phillis, Charillis, and Amaryllis are the three daughters of Sir John Spenser. Charillis was married, at this time, to Sackville Lord Buckhurst, being her third husband. *Mother Hubberds Tule* is dedicated to her. Amaryllis is Lady Strange, to whom the *Teares of the Muses* is inscribed. Phillis is Lady Carey, to whom *Muïopotmos* is inscribed.

The next to her is bountifull Charillis :
 But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
 Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
 Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight, 545
 That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,
 Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
 But sweet Charillis is the paragone
 Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
 Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none, 550
 Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
 Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
 The which art of so rich a spoile possesst,
 And, it embracing deare without disdaine,
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest : 555
 Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
 And yet there be the fairest under skie,
 Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
 A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eie ;
 She is the pride and primrose of the rest, 560
 Made by the Maker selfe to be admired ;
 And like a goodly beacon high adrest,
 That is with sparks of heavenlie beautie fired.
 But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread, * 565
 That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
 Since which she doth new bands adventure dread, —
 Shepherd, what ever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that praysd diversly apart,
 In her thou maist them all assembled see, 570
 And seald up in the threasure of her hart.
 Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme :

Ne thee lesse worthie, curteous Candida,
 For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme. 575
 Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
 Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended:
 But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
 Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd, 580
 I deeme it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,
 Then by discourse them to indignifie."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake:
 "Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours 585
 Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
 And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
 But of great Cynthiaes goodnesse, and high grace,
 Finish the storie which thou hast begunne."

"More eath¹ (quoth he) it is in such a case 590
 How to begin, then know how to have donne.
 For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
 Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
 And everie day, in which she did a deed,
 Demaunds a yeaere it duly to display. 595
 Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
 The which doth softly trickle from the hive:
 Hable to melt the hearers heart unweeting,²
 And eke to make the dead againe alive.
 Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes, 600
 Which load the bunches of the fruitfull vine;
 Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her lookes were like beames of the morning sun,

¹ *Eath*, easy.

² *Unweeting*, unconsciously.

Forth looking through the windowes of the east, 605
 When first the fleecie cattell have begun
 Upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of franckincence,
 Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
 And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence 610
 In rolling globes up to the vaulted¹ skies.
 There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her owne creation,
 Emongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an angell in all forme and fashion." 615

"Colin, (said Cuddy then,) thou hast forgot
 Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie :
 Such loftie flight base² shepheard seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie."

"True, (answered he,) but her great excellence 620
 Lifts me above the measure of my might :
 That, being fild with furious insolence,
 I feele my selfe like one yrap³ in spright.³
 For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speake it fitly forth : 625
 And, when I speake of her what I have thought,
 I cannot thinke according to her worth.
 Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together ;
 And, when as death these vitall bands shall breake, 630
 Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
 Her name in every tree I will endosse,⁴
 That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow :
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,

¹ *Vaulted*, vaulted.

³ *Yrap in spright*, rapt in spirit.

² *Base*, humble.

⁴ *Endosse*, write on the back, engrave.

And fill with stones, that all men may it know. 635
 The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
 Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame :
 And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
 Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.
 And, long while after I am dead and rotten, 640
 Amongst the shepherds daughters dancing rownd,
 My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
 And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
 When as ye heare her memory renewed, 645
 Be wisse of her bountie here alive,
 Which she to Colin her poore shepheard shewed."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
 Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake :
 And stood awhile astonisht at his words, 650
 Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
 Saying ; " Why Colin, since thou foundst such grace
 With Cynthia and all her noble crew ;
 Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
 In which such wealth might unto thee accrew ; 655
 And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
 Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
 Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle ?
 Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell."

" Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold, 660
 That may that blessed presence still enjoy,
 Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
 Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy :
 But I, by that which little while I proved,
 Some part of those enormities did see, 665
 The which in court continually hooved,¹

¹ *Hooved*, hovered.

And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
 Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
 Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
 Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes, 670
 Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment ;
 But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
 Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
 Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
 Emongst those wretches which I there descryde.” 675

“ Shepheard, (said Thestylis,) it seemes of spight,
 Thou speakest thus gainst their fel.citie,
 Which thou enviest, rather then of right
 That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie.”

“ Cause have I none (quoth he) of cancred will 680
 To quite¹ them ill, that me demeand² so well :
 But selfe-regard of private good or ill
 Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
 And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
 Which, through report of that lives painted blisse, 685
 Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
 And leave their lambes to losse misled amisse.
 For, sooth³ to say, it is no sort of life,
 For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife, 690
 To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
 Himselfe to raise : and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitfull wit
 In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
 Either by slaundring his well deemed name, 695
 Through leasings lewd,⁴ and fained forgerie ;
 Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,

¹ Quite, requite.

² Demeand, treated.

³ Sooth, truth.

⁴ Leasings lewd, wicked falsehoods.

By creeping close into his secrecie ;
 To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
 Masked with faire dissembling curtesie, 700
 A filed¹ toung furnisht with tearmes of art,
 No art of schoole, but courtiers schoolery.
 For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
 Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines ;
 And there professours find small maintenance, 705
 But to be instruments of others gaines.
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
 Unlesse, to please, it selfe it can applie ;
 But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
 As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie. 710
 For each mans worth is measured by his weed,²
 As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares :
 Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
 Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares.
 For highest lookes have not the highest mynd, 715
 Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts :
 But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
 That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
 Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
 Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away : 720
 Such is their glorie that in simple eie
 Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall ;
 With price whereof they buy a golden bell, 725
 And purchase highest rowmes in bowre and hall :
 Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
 Do wander up and downe despys'd of all ;

¹ *Filed*, smooth, artful.² *Weed*, dress.

Their plaine attire, such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call." 730

" Ah ! Colin, (then said Hobbinol,) the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot,¹ sith² I my selfe was there, 735
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest,)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in princes court thou vewest.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse : 740

Those that poore Sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden³ of straunge languages in charge :
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound, 745
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore uniuistly thou doest wyte⁴ them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few."

" Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse generall,
Then that which private errorrs doth pursew ; 750
For well I wot,¹ that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is, 755
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee ;
For all the rest do most-what⁵ far amis,
And yet their owne misfaring⁶ will not see :

¹ *Wot*, know.

³ *Ledden*, dialect.

⁵ *Most-what*, generally.

² *Sith*, since.

⁴ *Wyte*, blame.

⁶ *Misfaring*, evil-doing.

For either they be puffed up with pride,
 Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell, 760
 Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
 Or drowned die in pleasures wastefull well,
 In which like moldwarps¹ nousling² still they lurke,
 Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse ;
 And do themselves, for want of other worke, 765
 Vaine votaries of laesie³ Love professe,
 Whose service high so basely they ensew,
 That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
 And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
 Denies them quite for servitors of his." 770

“ And is love then (said Corylas) once knowne
 In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
 I weened sure he was our god alone,
 And only woond⁴ in fields and forests here: ”

“ Not so, (quoth he,) Love most aboundeth there. 775
 For all the walls and windows there are writ,
 All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
 And all their talke and studie is of it.
 Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
 Unlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares: 780
 Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
 Unlesse he swim in love up to the eares.
 But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,⁵
 (As it should be,) all otherwise devise,
 Then we poore shepheards are accustomed here, 785
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
 For with lewd⁶ speeches, and licentious deeds,
 His mightie mysteries they do prophane,

¹ *Moldwarps*, moles.

³ *Laesie*, lazy.

⁵ *Lere*, lore.

² *Nousling*, burrowing.

⁴ *Woond*, dwelt.

⁶ *Lewd*, evil.

And water fire ; the light to mount on hie,
 And th' heavie downe to peize¹ ; the hungry t' eat,
 And voydnesse to seeke full satietie. 850
 So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
 And gan by litle learne to love each other :
 So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
 Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
 Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread 855
 For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day :
 Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
 Out of deep waters which her drown'd away :
 And, shortly after, everie living wight
 Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature. 860
 Soone as on them the suns life-giving light
 Had powred kindly heat and formall feature,
 Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
 And like himselfe desire for to beget :
 The lyon chose his mate, the turtle dove 865
 Her deare, the dolphin his owne dolphinet ;
 But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
 More then the rest to rule his passion,
 Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
 Like as himselfe was fairest by creation : 870
 For Beautie is the bayt which with delight
 Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd ;
 Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
 Darting her beames into each feeble mynd :
 Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd, 875
 Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound ;
 But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
 Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.²

¹ *Peize*, poise, weigh.² *Stownd*, attack.

Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
 With praiers loud importuning the skie, 880
 Whence he them heares ; and, when he list shew grace,
 Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
 So Love is lord of all the world by right,
 And rules their creatures by his powfull saw ¹ :
 All being made the vassals of his might, 885
 Through secret sence which therto doth them draw.
 Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme ;
 And with chaste heart to honor him alway :
 But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
 Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay. 890
 For their desire is base, and doth not merit
 The name of love, but of disloyall lust :
 Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
 But as exuls ² out of his court be thrust.”
 So having said, Melissa spake at will ; 895
 “ Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
 Of Love and Beautie ; and, with wondrous skill,
 Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd.
 To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
 That doest their cause so mightily defend : 900
 But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
 That doest their bountie still so much commend.”
 “ That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite,
 For having loved ever one most deare :
 He is repayd with scorne and foule despite, 905
 That yrkes ³ each gentle heart which it doth heare.”
 “ Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
 Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
 For being to that swaine too cruell hard ;

¹ *Saw*, sentence, decree. ² *Exuls*, exiles. ³ *Yrkes*, grieves.

That her bright glorie else hath much defamed. 910

But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd

To use him so that used her so well ;

Or who with blame can iustly her upbrayd,

For loving not ? for who can love compell ?

And, sooth¹ to say, it is foolhardie thing, 915

Rashly to wyten² creatures so divine ;

For demigods they be, and first did spring

From heaven, though graft in frailnesse feminine.

And well I wote,³ that oft I heard it spoken,

How one, that fairest Helene did revile, 920

Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,⁴

Lost both his eyes, and so remaynd long while,

Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,

And made amends to her with treble praise.

Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read⁵ betimes, 925

How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.”

“ Ah ! shepherds, (then said Colin,) ye ne weet⁶

How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,

To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,

Of thing celestially which ye never saw. 930

For she is not like as the other crew

Of shepherds daughters which emongst you bee,

But of divine regard and heavenly hew,

Excelling all that ever ye did see.

Not then to her that scorned thing so base, 935

But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :

So hie her thoughts as she her selfe have place,

¹ Sooth, truth.

² Wyten, blame.

³ Wote, know.

⁴ Ywroken, avenged, punished.

⁵ Read, advise.

⁶ Weet, know.

And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swaine, sith¹ her I may not love : 940
 Yet that I may her honour paravant,²
 And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
 Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe,
 And long affliction which I have endured :
 Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe, 945
 And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
 And ye, my fellow shepheards, which do see
 And hear the languours of my too long dying,
 Unto the world for ever witness bee,
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying, 950
 This simple trophe³ of her great conquest." —
 So, having ended, he from ground did rise ;
 And after him uprose eke all the rest .
 All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
 Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest. 955

¹ *Sith*, since. ² *Paravant*, publicly. ³ *Trophe*, trophy.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS
KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND
VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.*

* This lady had been the wife of Sir Philip Sidney, and was now married to the celebrated Earl of Essex. She was the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham.

SHEPHERDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loves concealed smart ;
And with your piteous layes have learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart :
Hearken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell :
To you whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot¹ my rymes bene rudely dight.²

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read :
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

¹ *Wot*, know.

² *Dight*, fashioned.

ASTROPHEL.*

A GENTLE Shepherd borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassie bancks of Hæmony
Did keepe his sheep, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night, 5
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love:
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepherd might behove. 10
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed;
A sclender swaine, excelling far each other, 15

* *Astrophel* and the accompanying poems are specimens of the many lamentations in verse which the untimely death of Sir Philip Sidney called forth. They are none of them above mediocrity in point of poetical merit, and are deficient in the simplicity belonging to the expression of true feeling, which is somewhat singular, as the writers were, undoubtedly, sincere mourners.

In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
 He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
 And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
 With gentle usage and demeanure myld : 20
 That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
 He stole away, and weetingly¹ beguyld.
 Ne Spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
 Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent, 25
 Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall :
 And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
 Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
 There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
 When Astrophel so ever was away. 30

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
 Emongst the shepherds in their shearing feast ;
 As somers larke that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth comming from the East.
 And layes of love he also could compose : 35
 Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
 Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
 Or make for them as he was wont to doo
 For her that did his heart with love inflame. 40
 For which they promised to dight for him
 Gay chaplets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

¹ *Weetingly, knowingly.*

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
 Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
 Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke, 45
 To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill ;
 And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
 Yet Woodgods for them often sighed sore : 50
 Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
 Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
 For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
 His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie, 55
 As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
 (A fairer star saw never living eie,)
 Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
 Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
 His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her. 60

To her he vovd the service of his daies,
 On her he spent the riches of his wit :
 For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
 Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
 Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed ; 65
 For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
 And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)

Ver. 55. — *Stella*, &c.] Lady Penelope Devereux, afterwards married to Lord Rich, to whom Sir Philip Sidney was much attached, and in honor of whom he wrote the collection of poems called *Astrophel and Stella*.

But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
 And bold atchievements her did entertaine. 70
 For both in deeds and words he nourted was,
 Both wise and hardie, (too hardie alas !)

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
 In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong : 75
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepherds are emong.
 In every one he vanquisht every one,
 He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie
 Or rather infelicitie he found, 80
 That every field and forest far away
 He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
 No beast so salvage but he could it kill ;
 No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had, 85
 Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise
 To seek abroad, of daunger nought ydrad,¹
 His mistresse name, and his owne fame, to raise.
 What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
 Since, round about us, it doth make aboard ! 90

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
 In forreine soyle pursued far away ;
 Into a forest wide and waste he came,
 Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.
 So wide a forest and so waste as this, 95
 Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

¹ *Ydrad*, afraid.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil traines,
 He laid the brutish nation to enwrap :
 So well he wrought with practice and with paines,
 That he of them great troupes did soone entrap. 100
 Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
 So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones,¹ all heedlesse of his dearest hale,²
 Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
 To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale, 105
 Least that his toyle³ should of their troupes be brust.
 Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
 Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
 That none might scape, (so partiall unto none :) 110
 Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
 As to become unmyndfull of his owne.
 But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
 That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout, 115
 A cruell beast of most accursed brood
 Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards stout,)
 And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
 Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
 That it both bone and muscles ryved quight. 120

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
 And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,
 That he endured not the direfull stound,⁴

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.

² *Hale*, welfare.

³ *Toyle*, net.

⁴ *Stound*, pain.

But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw ;
 The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend, . 125
 And, having none to let,¹ to wood did wend.

Ah ! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
 To whom alive was nought so deare as hee :
 And ye faire Mayds, the matches of his yeares,
 Which in his grace did boast you most to bee ! 130
 Ah ! where were ye, when he of you had need,
 To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed !

Ah ! wretched boy, the shape of dreryhead,
 And sad ensample of mans suddein end :
 Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead, 135
 Unpitied, unplaynd, of foe or frend !
 Whilest none is nigh, thine eyelids up to close,
 And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort² of shepherds sewing³ of the chace,
 As they the forest raunged on a day, 140
 By fate or fortune came unto the place,
 Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay ;
 Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
 Had not good hap those shepherds thether led.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was !) 145
 And in their armes then softly did him reare :
 Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
 His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
 The dolefulst biere that ever man did see,
 Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee ! 150

¹ *Let*, hinder, prevent. ² *Sort*, company. ³ *Sewing*, following.

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,
 With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
 That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
 And her deare favours dearly well adorned ;
 Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see, 155
 She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
 As sunny beames in fairest somers day,
 She fiersly tore, and with outragious wrong
 From her red cheeks the roses rent away : 160
 And her faire brest, the threasury of ioy,
 She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
 She bathed oft with teares and dried oft :
 And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath 165
 Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
 And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
 But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
 And piteous mone the which she for him made, 170
 No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
 But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
 At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
 His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.¹

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit, 175
 But after him did make untimely haste :
 Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
 And followed her make² like turtle chaste :

¹ *Forwent*, forsook.

² *Make*, mate, companion.

To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide. 180

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
'Transformed them there lying on the field
Into one flowre that is both red and blew :
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade, 185
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes ;
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes : 190
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well :
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same, 195
From this day forth do call it Astrophel :
And, when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepherds sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepherds all which loved him full deare, 200
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone, 205
With inward anguish and great grieffe opprest :

And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
 And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
 That from that houre, since first on grassie greene
 Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that Clorinda hight, 211
 The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
 And most resembling both in shape and spright
 Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
 Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
 In sort as she it sung I will rehearse. 216

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.*

AY me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
 That may compassion my impatient grieffe!
 Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
 That my enriven heart may find relieffe!
 Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show? 5
 Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
 And workers of my unremédied wo:
 For they foresee what to us happens here,
 And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so. 10
 From them comes good, from them comes also ill;
 That which they made, who can them warne to spill!

* These verses are supposed to have been written by Mary Countess of Pembroke, sister to Sir Philip Sidney.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
 And subject to the heavens ordinance:
 Bound to abide whatever they decree, 15
 Their best redresse is their best sufferance.

How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
 The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
 Sith¹ none alive like sorrowfull remains: 20
 And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
 To pay their usury with doubled paines.

The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
 The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate, 25
 Sith¹ he is gone the which them all did grace:
 And all the fields do waile their widow state,
 Sith¹ death their fairest flowre did late deface.

The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
 Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew. 30

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne,
 Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
 Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
 And cleane defaced in untimely howre.

Great losse to all that ever him did see, 35
 Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards' lasses,
 Sith¹ the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
 The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes,

¹ *Sith*, since.

Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on. 40

In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypres nowe,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made ;

Who ever made such layes of love as hee?

Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd 45

Unto your selves, to make you mery glee.

Your mery glee is now laid all abed,

Your mery maker now alas! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,

Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy : 50

Both you and me, and all the world he quight

Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.

Ioy of the world, and shepherds pride was hee!

Shepherds, hope never like againe to see!

Oh Death! that hast us of such riches reft, 55

Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?

What is become of him whose flowre here left

Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone?

Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,

Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas. 60

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt

With all the dowries of celestiaall grace,

By soveraine choyce from th' hevenly quires select,

And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,

O! what is now of it become aread.¹ 65

Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead?

¹ *Aread*, explain.

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
 But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise:
 Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
 In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise; 70
 And compast all about with roses sweet,
 And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestiall brood,
 To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
 And with straunge notes, of him well understood, 75
 Lull him asleep in ángelick delight;
 Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
 Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
 Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine, 80
 And kindling love in him above all measure;
 Sweet love, still ioyous, never feeling paine.
 For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
 He may enjoy from iealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis, 85
 Sweet Spirit never fearing more to die:
 Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
 Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.
 Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
 And with vaine vowes do often call him back. 90

But live thou there, still happie, happie Spirit,
 And give us leave thee here thus to lanent!
 Not thee that doest thy heavens ioy inherit,
 But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.¹

¹ *Drent*, drenched, drowned.

Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning, in others, our owne miseries. 96

WHICH when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight¹ Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne: 5
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,²
As everie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight³ themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes unto the time adrest. 10
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse. 12

¹ *Hight*, called.

² *Moe*, more.

³ *Dight*, prepare.

THE
MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.*

COME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake your
watry bowres,

Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament :
Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
Off Liffies tumbling streames : Come, let salt teares of
ours

Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent 5
Ioyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly wound
Which fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher powres ;
The dreery day in which they have from us yrent
The noblest plant that might from East to West be found.
Mourne, mourn, great Phillips fall, mourn we his wofull
end, 10

Whom spitefull Death hath pluckt untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie frute.

Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy knight defend ?
What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath moved thee
Of such a shining light to leave us destitute? 15

Thou with benigne aspect sometimes didst us behold,
Thou hast in Britons valour tane¹ delight of old,

¹ *Tane*, taken.

* This and the succeeding Poem are supposed to have been written
by Lodowick Bryskett.

And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute
 Fame and renowme to us for glorious martiall deeds.
 But now their [thy] ireful bernes have chill'd our harts with
 cold; 20

Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land:
 Farre off to others now thy favour honour breeds,
 And high disdain doth cause thee shun our cline, (I feare;)
 For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at hand,
 Thou wouldst have heard the cry that wofull England
 made; 25

Eke Zeland's piteous plaints, and Hollands toren heare,¹
 Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry mynd:
 Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yeeld their
 shade,

And wailing to let fall the honor of their head;
 And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde. 30

Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,
 Who cursing oft the Fates that this mishap had bred,
 His hoary locks he tare, calling the Heavens unkinde.
 The Thames was heard to roare, the Reyne and eke the
 Mose,

The Schald, the Danow selfe, this great mischance did
 rue, 35

With torment and with grief: their fountains pure and cleere
 Were troubled, and with swelling flouds declar'd their woes.

The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,
 The Silvan gods likewise, came running farre and neere,
 And all with teares bedewd, and eyes cast up on hie; 40
 O nelp, O help, ye gods, they ghastly gan to crie.

O change the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
 And graunt that natures course may measure out his age

¹ *Toren heare*, torn hair.

The beasts their fōode forsooke, and, trembling fearfully,
 Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them so fright. 45
 Out from amid the waves, by storme then stirr'd to rage,
 This crie did cause to rise th' old father Ocean hoare,
 Who grave with eld,¹ and full of maiestie in sight,
 Spake in this wise. "Refrain (quoth he) your teares and
 plaints,

Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests no more. 50
 No humble speech, nor mone, may move the fixed stint
 Of destinie or death: Such is His will that paints
 The earth with colours fresh; the darkest skies with store
 Of starry lights: And though your teares a hart of flint
 Might tender make, yet nought herein they will prevaile." 55

Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to feele
 His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
 Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
 With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage franke as steele,
 With cheerfull face, where valour lively was exprest, 60
 But humble mynd, he said: "O Lord, if ought this fraile
 And earthly carcasse have thy service sought t' advance:
 If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest;
 If iustice to maintaine that valour I have spent
 Which thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I might advance 65
 Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou think
 best;

Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
 If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set;
 Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be plast
 In th' everlasting blis, which with thy precious blood 70
 Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he set,
 And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast;

¹ *Eld*, age.

His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
 Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
 Which languisheth being shred by culter¹ as it past. 75

A trembling chilly cold ran through their veines, which were
 With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,

Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did declare,
 Next, murmuring ensude ; at last they not forbear
 Plaine outcries, all against the Heav'ns that enviously 80

Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare.

The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide his face
 For grieve, whereby the earth feard night eternally :

The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turn'd their
 streames,

And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace : 85

And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie gleames,

Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did seeme

To rent the skies, and made both man and beast afeard :

The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance foretold,

By dernfull² noise ; and dogs with howling made man
 deeme 90

Some mischief was at hand : for such they do esteeme

As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.

Ah ! that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella plaine

Her greevous losse, or seene her heavie mourning cheere,

While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowes did unfold. 95

Her haire hung lose, neglect, about her shoulders twaine ;

And from those two bright starres, to him sometime so deere,

Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson³ downe

Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hands with paine,

And piteously gan say ; " My true and faithfull pheere, 100

¹ *Culter*, ploughshare.

² *Dernfull*, mournful.

³ *Fayson*, abundance.

Alas, and woe is me, why should my fortune frowne
 On me thus frowardly to rob me of my ioy !
 What cruell envious hand hath taken thee away,
 And with thee my content, my comfort, and my stay ?
 Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy, 105
 When they did me assaile ; in thee my hopes did rest.
 Alas, what now is left but grief, that night and day
 Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
 Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest !
 O greedie envious Heav'n, what needed thee to have 110
 Enrich with such a Jewell this unhappie age ;
 To take it back againe so soone ! Alas, when shall
 Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy grave,
 My onely treasure, hides the ioyes of my poore hart !
 As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so equall 115
 Me thinkes it were with thee in heav'n I did abide :
 And as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
 So reason would that there of thy most happie state
 I had my share. Alas, if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone 120
 In darknesse and astray ; weake, wearie, desolate,
 Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
 Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art gone !"
 This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her toong ;
 And insteyd of more words, seemd that her eies a lake 125
 Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro :
 And, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round about her roong.
 If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis slaine,
 Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
 His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong, 130
 Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her paine :
 Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
 When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise.

The blinded Archer-boy, like larke in showre of rame,
 Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend 135
 Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eies ;
 And at their brightest beames him proynd¹ in lovely wise.
 Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
 The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those lights,
 Those lights through which his glory and his conquests shine.
 The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,
 Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights. 142
 All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
 The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones so cold.
 The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine,
 and mist, 145
 Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe ;
 Which made them eftsoones² feare the daies of Pirrha shold
 Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds untwist.
 For Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine,
 And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire, 150
 And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipman's guide.
 On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his traine,
 Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th' aire,
 So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
 Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves, 155
 And such as came to shoare were beaten with despaire.
 The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to slide,
 Were troubled now and wrothe ; whose hidden hollow caves,
 Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
 Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did crie. 160
 His Nymphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil it craves)
 With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or sport,
 Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,

¹ *Him proynd*, pruned or decked himself. ² *Eftsoones*, immediately.

The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceive.
 The shepherds left their wonted places of resort, 165
 Their bagpipes now were still ; their loving mery layes
 Were quite forgot ; and now their flocks men might perceive
 To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect.
 And, in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and dayes
 Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints, and mone.
 But thou (O blessed soule !) doest haply not respect 171
 These teares we shead, though full of loving pure affect,
 Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
 Where full of maiestie the High Creator reignes ;
 In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all complete, 175
 Whose love kindles thy spright ; where, happie alwaies one,
 Thou liv'st in blis that earthly passion never staines ;
 Where from the purest spring the sacred Nectar sweete
 Is thy continuall drinke ; where thou doest gather now
 Of well employed life th' inestimable gaines. 180
 There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
 And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
 And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
 In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
 A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell 185
 Thy noble acts anew, whereby evn they that boast
 Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrus, Hanniball,
 Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell
 In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire.
 All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immortall, 190
 The flowre of Sidneyes race, the honour of thy name !
 Whose worthie praise to sing, my Muses not aspire,
 But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall ;
 Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
 Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might end the same. 195

A

PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, &c.

LYCON. COLIN.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,¹
This wofull stownd,¹ wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown? how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine 5
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees;
Phillisides is dead. Up, iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part 11
Sure would I beare, though rude: But, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

COLIN. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill, to teach
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints! how long 16

¹ *Stownd*, sorrow, affliction.

Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
 To learne to mourne her lost make ¹! No, no, each
 Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
 Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now? 20
 Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
 In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
 With hanging head to shew a heavie cheare.
 What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes ²
 Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note 25
 Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
 Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
 Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
 And testified his grief with flowing teares?
 Sith ³ then, it seemeth each thing to his powre 30
 Doth us invite to make a sad consort ⁴;
 Come, let us ioyne our mournfull song with theirs.
 Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
 Thy voice; and eccho will our words report.

LYCON. Though my rude rymes ill with thy verses frame,
 That others farre excell; yet will I force 36
 My selfe to answer thee the best I can,
 And honor my base words with his high name.
 But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
 In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O Pan) 40
 To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
 With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
 And eke ye rurall muses, that do dwell
 In these wilde woods; if ever piteous plaint
 We did endite, or taught a wofull minde 45
 With words of pure affect ⁵ his griefe to tell,

¹ *Make*, mate.² *Prunes*, decks.³ *Sith*, since.⁴ *Consort*, concert.⁵ *Affect*, affection, sorrow.

Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death,
O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion, 50

When shalt thou see, emong thy shepheards all,
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom uneach¹
Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.

Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire 55
Untrust² she sitts, in shade of yonder hill.

And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send
A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the Heav'ns despightfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end 60

Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.

The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest brests, 65

Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,

That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun;

They leave their cristall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs and lawrel faire, 71

To sport themselves free from the scorching sun.
And now the hollow caves where horror darke

Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire,
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their time 75

With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon³ to their plaint.

¹ *Uneach*, scarcely. ² *Untrust*, unbound. ³ *Bourdon*, burden.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
 Why should my toong expresse thee? who is left
 Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint, 80
 Lycon unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
 What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
 Of thy chief comfort; of thy onely stay!
 Where is become thy wonted happie state,
 (Alas!) wherein through many a hill and dale, 85
 Through pleasant woods, and many an unknowne way,
 Along the bankes of many silver streames,
 Thou with him yodest¹; and with him didst scale
 The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine!
 Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames 90
 Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
 Which after did so gloriously forth shine!
 But (woe is me!) they now yquenched are
 All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
 Loe father Neptune, with sad countenance, 95
 How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
 Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
 The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
 Of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
 The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves 100
 All for his comfort gathered there they be.
 The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
 The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
 To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
 The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall, 105
 Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
 And all their heads, with cypres gyrlonds crown'd,
 With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.

¹ *Yodest*, went.

Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents doth resownd. 110

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age ;
O widow world ; O brookes and fountains cleere ;
O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare : 115

Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thicketts oft have daunst after his pipe ;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare,
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To harken to his layes, that coulden ¹ wipe 120

Away all grieffe and sorrow from your harts :
Alas ! who now is left that like him sings ?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie ?
So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts ?
Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives 125

The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.
Happie name ! happie tree ! faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honor gives
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now, 130

What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne !
For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite, 135
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide :
Looke down a while from where thou sitst above,
And see how busie shepheards be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,

¹ *Coulden*, could.

And gratefull memory of their kynd love. 140
 Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
 (Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare,¹)
 Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
 The inward torment and tormenting paine,
 That thy departure to us both hath bred ; 145
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
 Behold the fountains now left desolate,
 And withred grasse with cypres boughes be spred ;
 Behold these floures which on thy grave we strew ;
 Which, faded, shew the givers faded state, 150
 (Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure,)
 Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
 Whose praiers importune shall the Heav'ns for ay,
 That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure :
 That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name 155
 With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
 Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres ;
 And that for ever may endure thy fame.

COLIN. The Sun (lo!) hastned hath his face to steep
 In western waves ; and th' aire with stormy showres 160
 Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep :
 Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.²

Virtute summa : cætera fortuna.

L. B.

¹ *Whyleare*, formerly.

² *Keep*, care.

AN ELEGIE,*

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHILL

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid¹ the aire ;
The skie, like grasse [glasse] of watchet² hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire ;
The garnisht tree no pendant stird, 5
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant ;
The maiden Unicorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant, 10
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

¹ *Accloid*, filled, occupied.

² *Watchet*, blue.

* "This Poem was written by Matthew Roydon." — TODD.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
 The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
 With love-iuce staind the mulberie, 15
 The fruit that dewes the poets braine ;
 And Phillis philbert there away,
 Comparede with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
 With stately height threatning the skie ; 20
 And, for the bed of Love forlorne,
 The blacke and dolefull Ebonie ;
 All in a circle compast were,
 Like to an amphitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees, 25
 The aire-winged people sat,
 Distinguished in od degrees ;
 One sort is this, another that :
 Here Philomell, that knowes full well
 What force and wit in love doth dwell. 30

The skiebred Eagle, roiall bird,
 Percht there upon an oke above ;
 The Turtle by him never stird,
 Example of immortall love.
 The Swan that sings, about to dy, 35
 Leaving Meander stood thereby.

And, that which was of woonder most,
 The Phœnix left sweet Arabie ;
 And, on a Cædar in this coast,
 Built up her tombe of spicerie, 40

As I coniecture, by the same
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse ;
A man or stone, I knew not that : 45
No stone ; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end : 50
Earthly and pale with ghastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,¹
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes, 55
As might have torne the vitall strings ;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine. 60

Incontinent,² with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine ;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine :
After his throbs did somewhat stay, 65
Thus heavily he gan to say.

¹ *Stound*, amazement.

² *Incontinent*, immediately.

O sunne ! (said he) seeing the sunne,
 On wretched me why dost thou shine ?
 My star is falne, my comfort done,
 Out is the apple of my eie : 70
 Shine upon those possesse delight,
 And let me live in endlessse night.

O griefe that liest upon my soule,
 As heavie as a mount of lead,
 The remnant of my life controll, 75
 Consort me quickly with the dead ;
 Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
 Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you, compassionate of my wo,
 Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees, 80
 I am assurde ye long to kno
 What be the sorrowes me agreev's ;
 Listen ye then to that insu'th,¹
 And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

You knew, who knew not Astrophill ? 85
 (That I should live to say I knew,
 And have not in possession still !)
 Things knowne permit me to renew ;
 Of him you know his merit such,
 I cannot say, you heare, too much. 90

Within these woods of Arcadie
 He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,

¹ *Insu'th*, follows.

And on the mountaine Parthenie,
 Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
 The Muses met him ev'ry day, 95
 That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
 His personage seemed most divine,
 A thousand graces one might count
 Upon his lovely cheerfull eie; 100
 To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
 You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
 A full assurance given by lookes,
 Continuall comfort in a face, 105
 The lineaments of Gospell bookes;
 I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that face,
 Was never eare did heare that tong, 110
 Was never minde did minde his grace,
 That ever thought the travell long;
 But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
 Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man, 115
 In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
 Desired thus, must leave us than,
 And we to wish for him in vaine!
 O could the stars, that bred that wit,
 In force no longer fixed sit! 120

Then being filld with learned dew,
 The Muses willed him to love ;
 That instrument can aptly shew,
 How finely our conceits will move :
 As Bacchus opes dissembled harts, 125
 So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
 Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
 The highest in his fancie stood,
 And she could well demerite this : 130
 Tis likely they acquainted soone ;
 He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our Astrophill did Stella love ;
 O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
 Albeit thy graces gods may move, 135
 Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill !
 The rose and lillie have their prime,
 And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
 In common sight of ev'ry eie, 140
 Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
 It is apparant more thereby,
 He, that hath love and iudgement too,
 Sees more than any other doo.

Then Astrophill hath honord thee ; 145
 For when thy bodie is extinct,
 Thy graces shall eternall be,
 And live by virtue of his inke ;

For by his verses he doth give
The short-livde beautie aye to live. 150

Above all others this is hee,
Which erst¹ approved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints ! it is no sinne or blame, 155
To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poets braine with finer store: 160
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.

Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde, 165
As of the nation of the skies ;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight² with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar,) 170
Such maiestie (quoth he) is seeld,³
Such maiestie my mart may mar ;
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

¹ *Erst*, before.² *Dight*, adorned.³ *Seeld*, rare.

In this surmize he made with speede 175
 An iron cane, wherein he put
 The thunder that in cloudes do breede ;
 The flame and bolt together shut
 With privie force burst out againe,
 And so our Astrophill was slaine. 180

His word (was slaine !) straightway did move,
 And naturez inward life strings twitch ;
 The skie immediately above
 Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
 The wrastling winds from out the ground 185
 Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
 And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall ;
 The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
 The birds did tune their mourning call, 190
 And Philomell for Astrophill
 Unto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
 Shewd feeling passion of his death ;
 Me thought she said, I tell thee truthe, 195
 Was never he that drew in breath
 Unto his love more trustie found,
 Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The Swan, that was in presence heere,
 Began his funerall dirge to sing : 200
 Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
 But passe away with speedie wing.

This mortall life as death is tride,
And death gives life, and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made, 205
Among the creatures of [each] kinde,
Fired the Phœnix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phœnix nere should bee. 210

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt ;
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That under branches ere can bee 215
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to Iove the case, 220
What sorrow nature doth sustaine
For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And, while I followed with mine eie
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by, 225
And disappeared from my looke :
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone ;
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deepe compassion in my spright ; 230

My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright :
 And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollor so mine inke.

AN EPITAPH*

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore, 5
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought, 10
As one that seeld¹ the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

¹ *Seeld*, seldom

* "To the two following pieces I am unable to assign their authors; but no reader will imagine them the productions of Spenser." — TODD.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line ;
 Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that Nature gave,
 The common mother that all creatures have,) 15
 Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gave thee thy name ; a kingly minde,
 That God thee gave, who found it now too deere
 For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
 To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine. 20

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth ;
 The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time ;
 The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
 Thy will, thy words ; thy words the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee thence, 25
 To treat from kings with those more great than kings ;
 Such hope men had to lay the highest things
 On thy wise youth, to be transported hence !

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
 Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends : 30
 Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
 And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
 Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might :
 Thy rising day saw never wofull night, 35
 But past with praise from off this worldly stage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
 First thine owne death, and after thy long fame ;

Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught. 40

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon?
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure;
Oh! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same, 45
Flanders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died;
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come; 50
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall:
Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall; 55
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell;
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthelesse rime,
Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell. 60

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage,
 Stald are my thoughts, which lov'd, and lost, the wonder of
 our age,
 Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
 Enrag'de I write, I know not what : dead, quick, I know
 not how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and Rigors teares abound, 5
 And Envie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she
 found ;
 Knowledge her light hath lost, Valor hath slaine her knight ;
 Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds delight.

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride ;
 Time crieth out, My ebbe is come ; his life was my spring
 tide : 10
 Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her reports ;
 Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in sundry sorts.

He was (wo worth that word !) to ech well thinking minde
 A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue ever shinde,
 Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ, 15
 Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
 Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al in vain
 do mone ;
 Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world with cries ;
 Death slue not him, but he made death his ladder to the
 skies. 20

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live ; the more the wrong ;
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred is al-to
long,

Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending grieve.

Harts ease and onely I, like parables run on, 25
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and never meet in
one ;

Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking him so
well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreames ;
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed, ioy ; eclipsed are thy beames ! 30
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes brings foorth ;
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting minds of
woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie assignes ;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd ; in me no mirth may dwell, 35
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content, farewell !

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endles grieve, which deads my life, yet knowes not how
to kill,

Go, seeke that haples tombe ; which if ye hap to finde,
Salute the stones, that keep the lims that held so good a
minde. 40



PROTHALAMION:

OR,

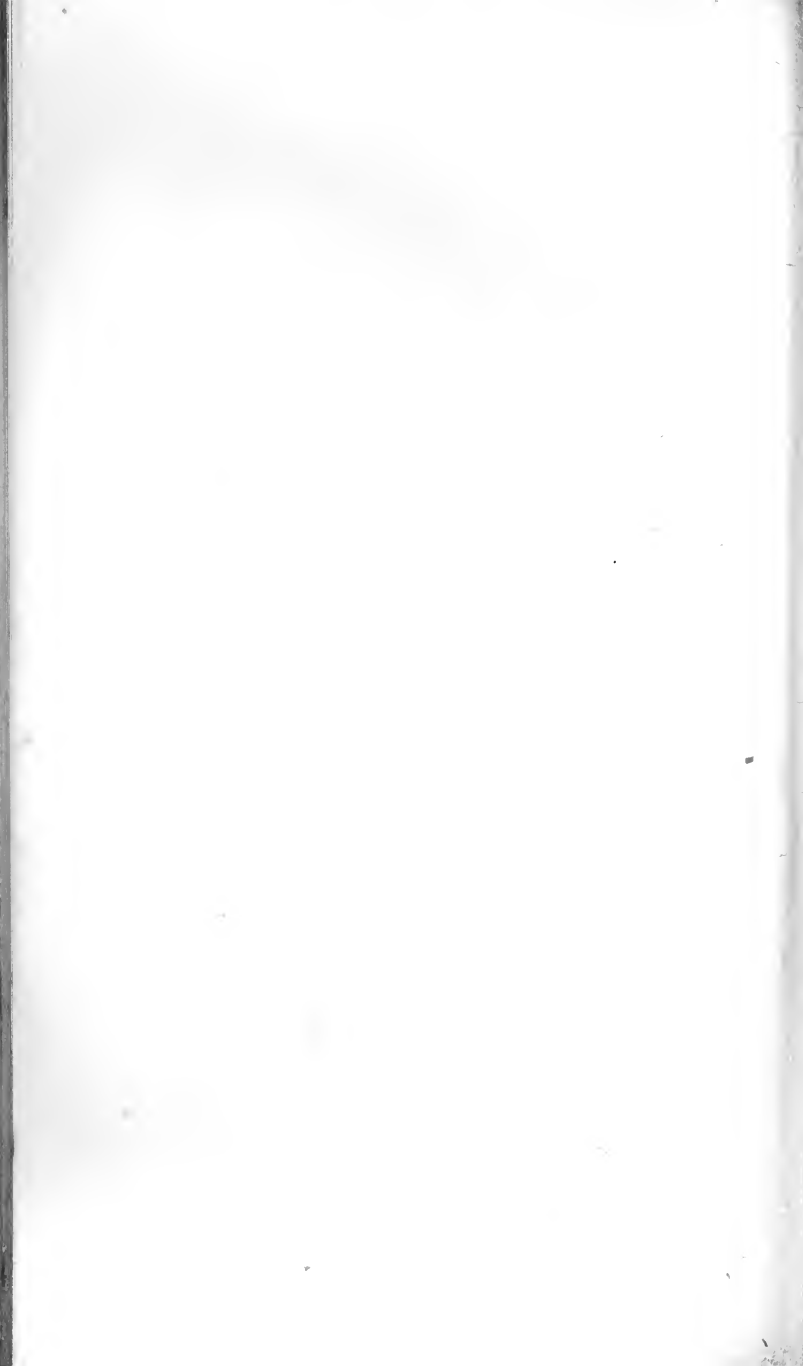
A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER,

In honour of the double marriage of the two honorable and virtuous ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth, and the Ladie Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honorable the Earle of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthie gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter, Esquyers.

25 *



PROTHALAMION : *

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE.

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay¹
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre ;
When I, (whom [whose] sullein care, 5
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne,)
Walkt forth to ease my payne 10
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes ;
Whose ruddy² bank, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,

¹ *Delay*, temper, mitigate.

² *Ruddy*, rooty.

* "In the same year (1596) he produced his *Prothalamion*, in honor of the double marriage of Lady Elizabeth and Lady Catharine Somerset. This piece, though defective as a poem, contains a good deal of poetical imagery, but is chiefly distinguished for the peculiar melody of its stanzas." — *Retrospective Review*.

And all the meades adorn'd with dainty gemmes,
 Fit to decke maydens bowres, 15
 And crowne their paramours
 Against the brydale day, which is not long¹ :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side, a
 A flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy, b 20
 All lovely daughters of the Flood thereby, b
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde, h
 As each had bene a bryde ; a
 And each one had a little wicker basket, c
 Made of fine twigs, entrayled² curiously, d 25
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,³ C
 And with fine fingers cropt full feateously⁴ d
 The tender stalkes on hye. d
 Of every sort, which in that meadow grew, e
 They gathered some ; the violet, pallid blew, f 30
 The little dazie, that at evening closes, f
 The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew, f
 With store of vermeil roses, f
 To deck their bridegroomes posies f
 Against the brydale day, which was not long : g 35
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song. g

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
 Come softly swimming downe along the lee⁵ ;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see ;
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew, 40
 Did never whiter shew,

¹ Long, distant.³ Flasket, vessel, basket.⁵ Lee, stream.² Entrayled, interwoven.⁴ Feateously, dexterously.

Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appeare ;
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near ; 45
 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre, 50
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heavens light,
 Against their brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones,¹ the Nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood, 56
 As they came floating on the cristal flood ;
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
 Their wondring eyes to fill ;
 Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre, 60
 Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
 Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
 Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme ;
 For sure they did not seeme
 To be begot of any earthly seede, 65
 But rather angels, or of angels breede ;
 Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
 In sweetest season, when each flower and weede

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.

Ver. 67. — *Somers-heat*.] “A punning allusion to the surname of the ladies whose marriages this spousal verse celebrates.” — Todd.

The earth did fresh aray ;
 So fresh they seem'd as day, 70
 Even as their brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yield, 75
 All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
 When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
 Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
 That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store, 81
 Like a brydes chamber flore.

Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two garlands
 bound

Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array, 85
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
 Whilst one did sing this lay,
 Prepar'd against that day,
 Against their brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song. 90

“Ye gentle Birdes ! the worlds faire ornament,
 And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
 Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
 Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content
 Of your loves couplement ; 95
 And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
 With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,

Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
 All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
 For ever to assoile.¹ 100

Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
 And blessed plentie wait upon your bord ;
 And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
 Which may your foes confound, 105
 And make your ioyes redound
 Upon your brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softlie, till I end my song."

So ended she ; and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her undersong, 110
 Which said, their brydale daye should not be long :
 And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound.

So forth those ioyous Birdes did passe along
 Adowne the lee, that to them murmure low, 115
 As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
 Making his streame run slow.

And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell 120
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend²
 The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was not long : 125
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

¹ *Assoile*, remove.

² *Shend*, put to shame.

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
 That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
 Though from another place I take my name, 130
 An house of auncient fame :

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
 There whylome¹ wont the Templer Knights to byde,
 Till they decayd through pride ; 136

Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.
 Whose want too well now feels my freendles case ; 140
 But ah ! here fits not well

Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
 Against the bridale daye, which is not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer, 145
 Great Englands glory, and the worlds wide wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
 And Hercules two pillors standing neere

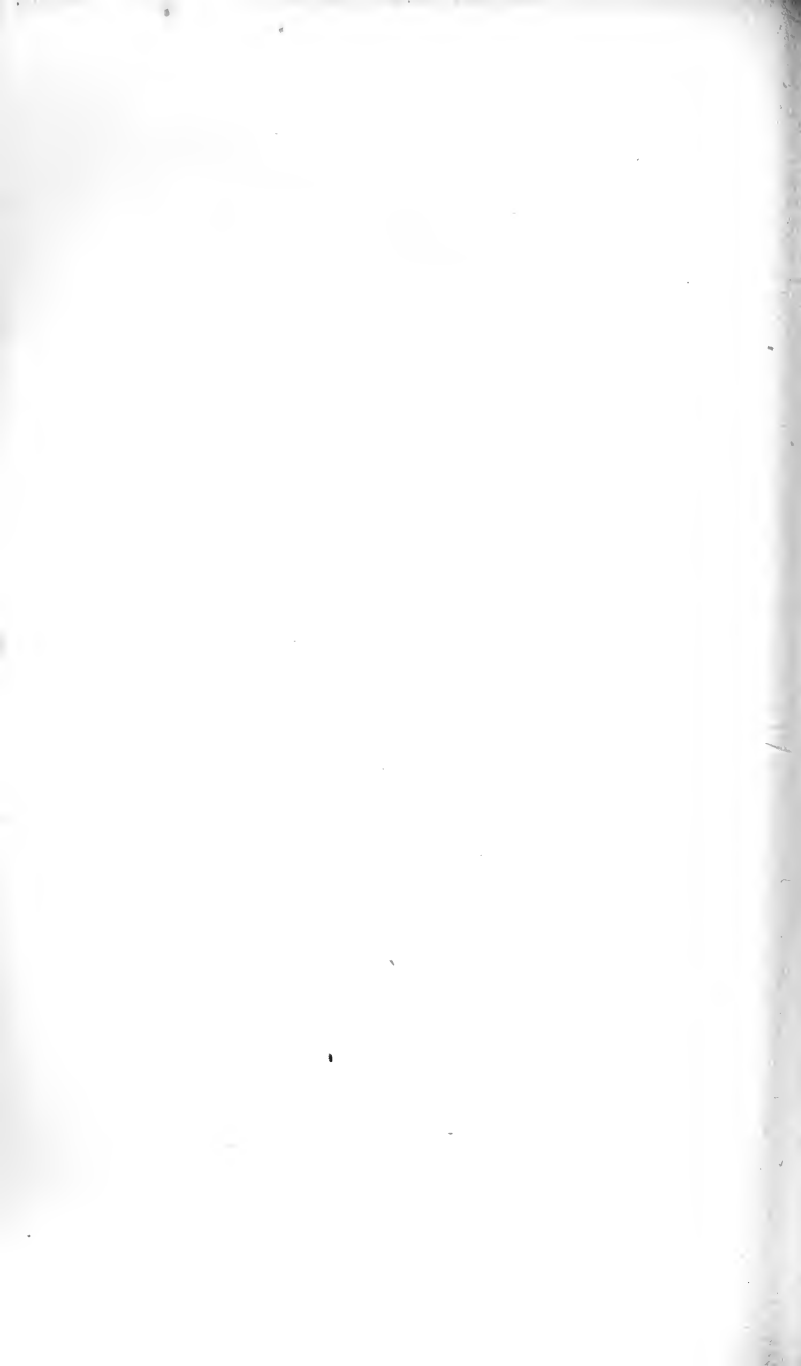
Did make to quake and feare :
 Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie ! 150
 That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,
 Loy have thou of thy noble victorie,
 And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
 That promiseth the same ;

¹ *Whylome*, formerly.

That through thy prowess, and victorious armes, 155
 Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
 And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
 Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
 Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following, 160
 Upon the brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
 In th' ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre, 165
 Descended to the rivers open vewing,
 With a great traine ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
 Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of any queene, 170
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the Twins of Love they seem'd in sight,
 Which decke the bauldricke ¹ of the heavens bright ;
 They two, forth pacing to the rivers side, 175
 Receiv'd those two faire Brides, their loves delight ;
 Which, at th' appointed tyde,
 Each one did make his Bryde
 Against their brydale day, which is not long : 179
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

¹ *Bauldricke*, girdle.



A M O R E T T I ,

OR

S O N N E T S .

BY EDM. SPENSER



G. W. SENIOR,*

TO THE AUTHOR.

DARKE is the day, when Phœbus face is shrouded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray :
But, when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
With stedly steps they keep the perfect way :
So, while this Muse in forraine land doth stay,
Invention weeps, and pens are cast aside ;
The time, like night, depriv'd of chearfull day ;
And few do write, but (ah !) too soon may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours ancient pride,
That do, for Poesie, challenge chiefest name :
 So we that live, and ages that succeed,
 With great applause thy learned works shall read.

AH! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to shepherds thy sweet roundelays ;
Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
Heroicke deeds of past or present days ;

* "Perhaps George Whetstone, a poetaster and dramatic writer, in the reign of Elizabeth." — TODD.

Or whether, in thy lovely Mistresse praise,
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill ;
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please,
With rare invention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can ever ioy their fill !
O! therefore let that happy Muse proceed
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
Where endlesse honour shall be made thy meed :
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. JUNR.

A M O R E T T I,

OR

SONNETS.*

1.

HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,

* The *Amoretti*, or *Sonnets*, describe the commencement and progress of Spenser's love for the lady whom he married, which event is made the subject of the *Epithalamion* which follows. All we know of her is, that her name was Elizabeth, as appears from the seventy-fourth sonnet. In the sixtieth sonnet, he informs us that he was then forty years old, and that a year had passed since the commencement of his passion. These sonnets are interesting, as illustrating the biography of the poet; and they are also remarkable for that purity and delicacy of feeling so characteristic of Spenser, into the sanctuary of whose mind no coarse or unhandsome image ever intruded itself. But their literary merit is not more than respectable, and in no form of poetical composition is mediocrity less tolerable than the sonnet. They are not free from the cold conceits of his age, and their monotonous and languid flow of sentiment is seldom enlivened by rich poetry, or any uncommon beauty of language. They naturally provoke a comparison with Shakspeare's Sonnets, to which they are greatly inferior.

And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
 Written with teares in harts close-bleeding book.
 And happy rymes ! bath'd in the sacred brooke
 Of Helicon, whence she derived is ;
 When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
 My soules long-lacked food, my heavens blis ;
 Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please, I care for other none !

II.

UNQUIET thought ! whom at the first I bred
 Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart ;
 And sithens¹ have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
 Till greater than my wombe thou woxen art :
 Breake forth at length out of th' inner part,
 In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood ;
 And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
 And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
 But, if in presence of that fayrest Proud
 Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet ;
 And, with meek humblesse and afflicted mood,
 Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat :
 Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish :
 If not, die soone ; and I with thee will perish.

III.

THE soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
 Witnessse the world how worthy to be prayzed !
 The light wherof hath kindled heavenly fyre
 In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse rayсед ;
 That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,²

¹ *Sithens*, since that time.

² *Dazed*, dazzled.

Base thing I can no more endure to view :
 But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
 At wondrous sight of so celestial hew.
 So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,
 It stopped is with thoughts astonishment ;
 And, when my pen would write her titles true,
 It ravisht is with fancies wonderment :
 Yet in my hart I then both speak and write
 The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

IV.

NEW yeare, forth looking out of Ianus gate,
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight :
 And, bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
 Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish¹ spright :
 And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
 Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower,
 Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
 His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
 For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
 Is ready to come forth, him to receive ;
 And warns the Earth with divers-colord flowre
 To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
 Then you, faire flowre ! in whom fresh youth doth raine,
 Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride :
 The thing which I doo most in her admire,
 Is of the world unworthy most envie :

¹ *Dumpish*, mournful.

For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
 Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dishonor ;
 Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
 That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
 Such pride is praise ; such portlinesse is honor ;
 That boldned innocence beares in hir eies ;
 And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
 Spreads in defiaunce of all enemies.

Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
 Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

VI.

BE nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
 Doth still persist in her rebellious pride :
 Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
 The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
 The durefull oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
 Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre ;
 But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
 Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
 So hard it is to kindle new desire
 In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever :
 Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
 With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.

Then thinke not long in taking little paine
 To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

VII.

FAYRE eyes ! the myrroure of my mazed hart,
 What wondrous vertue is contayn'd in you,
 The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart
 Into the obiect of your mighty view ?
 For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,

Then is my soule with life and love inspired :
 But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
 Then do I die, as one with lightning fyred.
 But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
 Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best ;
 That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,
 May kindle living fire within my brest.

Such life should be the honor of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might.

VIII.

MORE then most faire, full of the living fire,
 Kindled above unto the Maker nere ;
 No eies but ioyes, in which al powers conspire,
 That to the world naught else be counted deare :
 Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
 Shoot out his darts to base affections wound ;
 But Angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
 In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within ;
 You stop my toung, and teach my hart to speake ;
 You calme the storme that passion did begin,
 Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.

Dark is the world, where your light shined never ;
 Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

IX.

LONG-WHILE I sought to what I might compare
 Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright :
 Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
 Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
 Not to the Sun ; for they doo shine by night ;
 Nor to the Moone ; for they are changed never ;

Nor to the Starres ; for they have purer sight ;
 Nor to the Fire ; for they consume not ever ;
 Nor to the Lightning ; for they still persever ;
 Nor to the Diamond ; for they are more tender ;
 Nor unto Cristall ; for nought may them sever ;
 Nor unto Glasse ; such basenesse mought offend her.
 Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

X.

UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of love, what law is this,
 That me thou makest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
 Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me ?
 See ! how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see
 The high massáces which her eyes do make ;
 And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
 But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
 And that high look, with which she doth comptroll
 All this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,
 And al her faults in thy black booke enroll :
 That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

XI.

DAYLY when I do seeke and sew for peace,
 And hostages doe offer for my truth ;
 She, cruell Warriour, doth her selfe addresse
 To battell, and the weary war renew'th ;
 Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,¹

¹ *Rewth, ruth, pity.*

To graunt small respit to my restlesse toile ;
 But greedily her fell intent poursewth,
 Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
 Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,¹
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacify :
 But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,
 To force me live, and will not let me dy.
 All paine hath end, and every war hath peace ;
 But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

XII.

ONE day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies
 To make a truce, and termes to entertaine ;
 All fearlesse then of so false enimies,
 Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
 So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
 A wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
 In the close covert of her guilful eyen,
 Thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
 Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
 Was forst to yield my selfe into their hands ;
 Who, me captiving streight with rigorous wrong,
 Have ever since kept me in cruell bands.
 So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
 Against your eies, that iustice I may gaine.

XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
 Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,
 And to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,
 Most goodly temperature ye may descry ;

¹ *Assoyle*, remove.

Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.
 For, looking on the earth whence she was borne,
 Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
 Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.
 But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne
 Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may clime;
 Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
 That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime.
 Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me;
 Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

XIV.

RETourNE agayne, my forces late dismayd,
 Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
 Great shame it is to leave, like one afrayd,
 So fayre a peece,¹ for one repulse so light.
 'Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might
 Then those small forts which ye were wont belay²:
 Such haughty myndes, enur'd to hardy fight,
 Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
 Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
 And lay incessant battery to her heart;
 Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;
 Those engins can the proudest love convert:
 And, if those fayle, fall down and dy before her;
 So dying live, and living do adore her.

XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that, with weary toyle,
 Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain;
 And both the Indias of their treasure spoile;

¹ *Peece*, castle.² *Belay*, place in ambush.

What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine ?
 For loe, my Love doth in her selfe containe
 All this worlds riches that may farre be found :
 If Saphyres, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine ;
 If Rubies, loe, hir lips be Rubies sound ;
 If Pearles, hir teeth be Pearles, both pure and round ;
 If Yvorie, her forehead Yvory weene ;
 If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground ;
 If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene ¹ :
 But that which fairest is, but few behold,
 Her mind adord with vertues manifold.

XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
 On those fayre eyes, my loves immortall light ;
 The whilest my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
 Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight ;
 I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,
 Legions of Loves with little wings did fly ;
 Darting their deadly arrows, fyry bright,
 At every rash beholder passing by.
 One of those archers closely I did spy,
 Ayming his arrow at my very hart :
 When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
 The Damzell broke his misintended dart.
 Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne ;
 Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

XVII.

THE glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
 Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,
 And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,

¹ *Sheene*, bright.

What pen, what pencill, can expresse her fill?
 For though he colours could devise at will,
 And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
 Least, trembling, it his workmanship should spill¹;
 Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
 The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide;
 The charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart;
 The lovely pleasance; and the lofty pride;
 Cannot expressed be by any art.

A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth neede,
 That can expresse the life of things indeed.

XVIII.

THE rolling wheele that runneth often round,
 The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare:
 And drizzling drops, that often doe redound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
 Yet cannot I, with many a drooping teare
 And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
 Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart.
 But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
 And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but water;
 And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
 And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter.

So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
 Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

XIX.

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
 His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
 That warnes al Lovers wayte upon their king,

¹ *Spill*, spoil.

Who now is coming forth with girlond crowned.
 With noyse whereof the quyre of Byrds resounded
 Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
 That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
 As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
 But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
 No word was heard of her that most it ought ;
 But she his precept proudly disobayes,
 And doth his ydle message set at nought.
 Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
 Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be !

XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
 And doe myne humbled hart before her poure ;
 The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
 And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.¹
 And yet the lyon that is lord of power,
 And reigneth over every beast in field,
 In his most pride disdeigneth to devoure
 The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
 But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylde,
 Than either lyon, or the lyonesse,
 Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
 But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
 Fayrer then fayrest ! let none ever say,
 That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

XXI.

WAS it the worke of Nature or of Art,
 Which tempred so the feature of her face,

¹ *Floure, floor, ground.*

That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
 Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
 For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
 She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;
 And, with stern countenance, back again doth chace
 Their looser lookes that stir up lustes impure;
 With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
 That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;
 And with another doth it streight recure;
 Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives away.

Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes;
 Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!

XXII.

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
 Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
 Therefore, I likewise, on so holy day,
 For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
 Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
 In which her glorious ymage placed is;
 On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
 Lyke sacred Priests that never thinke amisse:
 There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
 Will builde an altar to appease her yre;
 And on the same my hart will sacrificise,
 Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre:
 The which vouchsafe, O Goddesse, to accept,
 Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Ulisses sake,
 Deviz'd a Web her woers to deceave;
 In which the worke that she all day did make,

The same at night she did againe unreave :
 Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceive,
 Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne :
 For all that I in many dayes do weave,
 In one short houre I find by her undonne.
 So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
 I must begin and never bring to end :
 For, with one looke, she spils¹ that long I sponne ;
 And, with one word, my whole years work doth rend.
 Such labour like the spyders web I fynd,
 Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauties wonderment,
 And rare perfection of each goodly part ;
 Of Natures skill the onely complement ;
 I honor and admire the Makers art.
 But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
 Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
 That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart ;
 I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
 Whom all the gods in councell did agree
 Into this sinfull world from heaven to send ;
 That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
 For all their faults with which they did offend.
 But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
 That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

XXV.

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
 And know no end of her owne mysery,
 But wast and weare away in termes unsure,

¹ *Spils*, spoils.

'Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully !
 Yet better were attonce to let me die,
 And shew the last ensample of your pride ;
 Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
 To prove your powre, which I too wel have tride.
 But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
 A close intent at last to shew me grace ;
 Then all the woes and wrecks, which I abide,
 As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace ;
 And wish that more and greater they might be,
 That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

XXVI.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes upon a brere ;
 Sweet is the Iunipeer, but sharpe his bough ;
 Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere ;
 Sweet is the Firbloome, but his braunches rough ;
 Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is rough ;
 Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough ;
 And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
 So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more :
 For easie things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
 Why then should I accompt of little paine,
 That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine !

XXVII.

FAIRE Proud ! now tell me, why should faire be proud,
 Sith¹ all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,

¹ *Sith*, since.

And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
 However now thereof ye little weene !
 That goodly Idoll, now so gay beseene,
 Shall doffe¹ her fleshes borrowd fayre attyre ;
 And be forgot as it had never beene ;
 That many now much worship and admire !
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
 But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
 Shall to you purchas with her thankles pain !
 Faire ! be no lenger proud of that shall perish ;
 But that, which shall you make immortall, cherish.

XXVIII.

THE laurel-leave, which you this day doe weare,
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd :
 For since it is the badge which I doe beare,
 Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind :
 The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
 Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 Of that proud Mayd, whom now those leaves attyre :
 Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
 On the Thessalian shore from him did flie :
 For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
 Did her transforme into a Laurell-tree.

 Then fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus chace,
 But in your brest his leave and love embrace.

XXIX.

SEE ! how the stubborne Damzell doth deprave
 My simple meaning with disdainfull scorne ;

¹ *Doffe*, put off.

And by the bay, which I unto her gave,
 Accountps my self her captive quite forlorne
 The bay, quoth she, is of the victours born,
 Yielded them by the vanquisht as they meeds,
 And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorne,
 To sing the glory of their famous deæds.
 But sith¹ she will the conquest challeng needs,
 Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall ;
 That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
 I may in trump of fame blaze over all.

Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
 And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

XXX.

MY Love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre ;
 How comes it then that this her cold so great
 Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
 But harder growes the more I her intreat !
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 Is not delayd² by her hart-frosen cold ;
 But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
 And feele my flames augmented manifold !
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all things melts, should harden yse ;
 And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
 Should kindle fyre by wonderful devyse !

Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kynd.

XXXI.

AH ! why hath Nature to so hard a hart
 Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace !

¹ *Sith*, since.

² *Delayd*, tempered.

Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
 And all those pretious ornaments deface.
 Sith¹ to all other beastes, of bloody race,
 A dreadfull countenance she given hath ;
 That with theyr terrour all the rest may chace,
 And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
 But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,²
 Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew ;
 That she the better may, in bloody bath
 Of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
 But, did she know how ill these two accord,
 Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.

XXXII.

THE paynefull smith, with force of fervent heat,
 The hardest yron soone doth mollify ;
 That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
 And fashion to what he it list apply.
 Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
 Her hart more hard then yron soft a whit ;
 Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
 Doe beat on th' andvile of her stubberne wit ;
 But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
 The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde ;
 And harder growes, the harder she is smit
 With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
 What then remains but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne !

XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred Empresse, my dear dred,

¹ *Sith*, since.² *Scath*, injury.

Not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
 That mote enlarge her living prayes, dead :
 But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread¹ ;
 Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it,
 Sufficent worke for one mans simple head,
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ ?
 How then should I, without another wit,
 Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle !
 Sith² that this one is tost with troublous fit
 Of a proud Love, that doth my spirite spoyle.
 Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest ;
 Or lend you me another living brest.

XXXIV.

LYKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde,
 By conduct of some star, doth make her way ;
 Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray !
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
 Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
 Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast ;
 Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
 My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
 Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
 Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
 In secret sorrow, and sad pensivenesse.

¹ *Aread*, explain.² *Sith*, since.

XXXIII. 5. — *Lodwick*.] Lodowick Bryskett, a friend of Spencer,
 and himself a poet.

XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
 Still to behold the object of their paine,
 With no contentment can themselves suffice ;
 But, having, pine ; and, having not, complaine.
 For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne ;
 And, having it, they gaze on it the more ;
 In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
 Whose eyes him starv'd : so plenty makes me poore
 Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
 Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
 But lothe the things which they did like before,
 And can no more endure on them to looke.

All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
 And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these wearie woes have end,
 Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease ;
 But al my days in pining languor spend,
 Without hope of asswagement or release ?
 Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
 Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes ;
 But that their cruelty doth still increace,
 And dayly more augment my miseries ?
 But, when ye have shew'd all extremities,
 Then think how little glory ye have gayned
 By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despyse,
 Mote have your life in honor long maintayned.

But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
 Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

XXXVII.

WHAT guyle is this, that those her golden tresses
 She doth attyre under a net of gold ;
 And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold, or haire, may scarce be told ?
 Is it that mens fraile eyes, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare ;
 And, being caught, may craftily enfold
 Their weaker harts, which are not wel aware ?
 Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
 Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
 In which if ever ye entrapped are,
 Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
 Fondnesse¹ it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters though they golden bee !

XXXVIII.

ARION, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas ;
 Through the sweet musick, which his harp did make,
 Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease.
 But my rude musick, which was wont to please
 Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
 The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
 Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will ;
 But in her pride she dooth persever still,
 All carelesse how my life for her decayes :
 Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
 To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse !
 Chuse rather to be praysd for doing good,
 Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

¹ *Fondnesse*, folly.

XXXIX.

SWEET smile ! the daughter of the Queene of Love,
 Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
 With which she wonts to temper angry Iove,
 When all the gods he threats with thundring dart :
 Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
 For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
 A melting pleasance ran through every part,
 And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse.
 Whylest rapt with ioy resembling heavenly madness,
 My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce ;
 And, feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,
 Fed on the fulnesse of that chearfull glaunce.
 More sweet than nectar, or ambrosiall meat,
 Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 And tell me whereto can ye lyken it ;
 When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
 An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
 Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day ;
 That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
 Through the broad world doth spred his goodly ray ;
 At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
 And every beast that to his den was fled,
 Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 And to the light lift up their drouping hed.
 So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
 With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
 To be so cruell to an humbled foe?
 If nature; then she may it mend with skill:
 If will; then she at will may will forgoe.
 But if her nature and her will be so,
 That she will plague the man that loves her most,
 And take delight t' encrease a wretches woe;
 Then all her natures goodly guifts are lost:
 And that same glorious beauties ydle boast
 Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
 As, being long in her loves tempest tost,
 She meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.
 O fayrest fayre! let never it be named,
 That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

XLII.

THE love, which me so cruelly tormenteth,
 So pleasing is in my extreamest paine,
 That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
 The more I love and doe embrace my bane.
 Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
 To be acquit fro my continual smart;
 But ioy, her thrall for ever to remayne,
 And yield for pledge my poor and captived hart;
 The which, that it from her may never start,
 Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne;
 And from all wandring loves, which mote pervart
 His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
 Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
 And doe me not before my time to dy.

XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speake ?
 And, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall ;
 And, if I silent be, my hart will breake,
 Or choked be with overflowing gall.
 What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
 And eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie ;
 That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
 But like a stupid stock in silence die !
 Yet I my hart with silence secretly
 Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead ;
 And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
 Love-learned letters to her eyes to read ;
 Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
 Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

XLIV.

WHEN those renoumed noble Peres of Greece,
 Through stubborn pride, among themselves did iar,
 Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece :
 Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
 But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
 The which my selfe against my selfe doe make ;
 Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre ;
 No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
 But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
 Then doe I more augment my foes despight ;
 And grieffe renew, and passions doe awake
 To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
 Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
 The more I fynd their malice to increace.

XLV.

LEAVE, Lady! in your glasse of cristall clene,
 Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew :
 And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
 Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
 Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
 Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
 The fayre idea of your celestiall hew
 And every part remains immortally :
 And were it not that, through your cruelty,
 With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
 The goodly ymage of your visnomy,¹
 Clearer than cristall, would therein appere.

But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see, [be.
 Remove the cause by which your fayre beames darkned

XLVI.

WHEN my abodes prefixed time is spent,
 My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way :
 But then from heaven most hideous stormes are sent,
 As willing me against her will to stay.
 Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey ?
 The heavens know best what is the best for me :
 But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
 My lower heaven, so it perforce must be.
 But ye high hevens, that all this sorowe see,
 Sith² all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
 Aswage your storms ; or else both you, and she,
 Will both together me too sorely wrack.

Enough it is for one man to sustaine
 The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

¹ *Visnomy*, countenance.

² *Sith*, since.

XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smyling lookes,
 Untill ye have their guylefull traynes well tryde :
 For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
 That from the foolish fish theyr bayts do hyde :
 So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde
 Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay ;
 Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell pryde,
 And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray :
 Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
 Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle ;
 That they take pleasure in their cruell play,
 And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.
 O mighty charm ! which makes men love theyr bane,
 And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with payne.

XLVIII.

INNOCENT paper ! whom too cruell hand
 Did make the matter to avenge her yre ;
 And, ere she could thy cause well understand,
 Did sacrificize unto the greedy fyre.
 Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
 Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned ;
 Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
 But plead thy Maisters cause, unjustly payned.
 Whom she, all carelesse of his grief, constrayned
 To utter forth the anguish of his hart :
 And would not heare, when he to her complayned
 The piteous passion of his dying smart.
 Yet live for ever, though against her will,
 And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

XLIX.

FAYRE Cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
 Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
 Then know that mercy is the Mighties iewell;
 And greater glory think to save then spill.
 But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
 To shew the powre of your imperious eyes;
 Then not on him that never thought you ill,
 But bend your force against your enemyes:
 Let them feel the utmost of your cruelties;
 And kill with looks, as cockatrices do:
 But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
 With mercifull regard give mercy to.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be;
 So shall you live, by giving life to me.

L.

LONG languishing in double malady
 Of my harts wound, and of my bodies grieft;
 There came to me a Leach, that would apply
 Fit medicines for my bodies best relieft.
 Vayne man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe¹
 In deep discovery of the mynds disease;
 Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
 And rules the members as itselvt doth please?
 Then, with some cordialls, seeke for to appease
 The inward languor of my wounded hart;
 And then my body shall have shortly ease:
 But such sweet cordialls passe Physicians art.

Then, my lyfes Leach! doe you your skill reveale;
 And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.

¹ *Priefe*, proof, skill.

LI.

Doe I not see that fayrest ymages
 Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
 For that they should endure through many ages,
 Ne let theyr famous monuments to fade?
 Why then doe I, untrainde in Lovers trade,
 Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend?
 Sith¹ never ought was excellent assayde
 Which was not hard t' atchive and bring to end.
 Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
 Mote soften it and to his will allure:
 So do I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
 And that it then more stedfast will endure.
 Only my paines wil be the more to get her;
 But, having her, my ioy wil be the greater.

LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
 I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
 Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
 Despoild of warlike armes and knowen shield.
 So doe I now my self a prisoner yield
 To sorrow and to solitary paine;
 From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
 Long-while alone in languor to remaine.
 There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
 Dare to approach, that may my solace breed;
 But sudden dumps,² and drery sad disdayne
 Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
 So I her absens will my penaunce make,
 That of her presens I my meed may take.

¹ *Sith*, since.² *Dumps*, lamentations.

LIII.

THE panther, knowing that his spotted hyde
 Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray¹ ;
 Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
 To let them gaze, whylst he on them may pray :
 Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play ;
 For, with the goodly semblance of her hew,
 She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
 And then no mercy will unto me shew.
 Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
 Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
 To make the bayte her gazers to embrew :
 Good shames to be to ill an instrument !
 But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
 As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

LIV.

OF this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
 My Love, like the Spectator, ydly sits ;
 Beholding me, that all the Pageants play,
 Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
 Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
 And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy :
 Soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,
 I waile, and make my woes a Tragedy.
 Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
 Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart :
 But, when I laugh, she mocks ; and, when I cry,
 She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
 What then can move her ? if nor merth, nor mone,
 She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

¹ *Fray*, terrify.

LV.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
 And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
 I marvaile of what substance was the mould,
 The which her made attonce so cruell faire.
 Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly are:
 Not water; for her love doth burne like fyre:
 Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:
 Not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.
 Then needs another Element inquire
 Whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.
 For, to the heaven her haughty looks aspire;
 And eke her love is pure immortall hye.
 Then, sith to heaven ye lykened are the best,
 Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI.

FAYRE ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
 As is a tygre, that with greedinesse
 Hunts after bloud; when he by chance doth find
 A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
 Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitillesse,
 As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
 Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
 Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
 Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
 As is a rocke amidst the raging floods;
 Gaynst which, a ship, of succour desolate,
 Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
 That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
 Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

LVII.

SWEET wariour! when shall I have peace with you?
 High time it is this warre now ended were;
 Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
 Ne your incessant battry more to beare:
 So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appear,
 That wonder is how I should live a iot,
 Seeing my hart through-launched every where
 With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot:
 Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
 But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.¹
 Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
 In slaying him that would live gladly yours!
 Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
 That al my wounds will heale in little space.

LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEAKE is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeseth
 In her own powre, and scorneth others ayde;
 That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
 Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
 All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
 Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre:
 Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd,
 Her glorious pride that none may it repayre.
 Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
 But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance:
 And he, that standeth on the hyghest stayre,
 Fals lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.

¹ *Stoures, assaults.*

Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arre !

LIX.

THRISE happie she ! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,
That neither will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start ;
But, like a stedly ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course aright ;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends :
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.

Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest ;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

LX.

THEY, that in course of heavenly spheares are skild,
To every planet point his sundry yeare :
In which her circles voyage is fulfild,
As Mars in threescore yeares doth run his spheare.
So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent :
The which doth longer unto me appeare,
Then al those fourty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes :
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.

But let my Loves fayre planet short her wayes,
This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

LXI.

THE glorious image of the Makers beautie,
My soverayne saynt, the idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly born ;
And with the crew of blessed saynts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne ;
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre ;
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire !

Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

LXII.

THE weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course anew :
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
So let us, which this change of weather vew,
Change eke our myndes, and former lives amend ;
The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send,
Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray :
And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,¹
Shall turne to calmes, and tymely cleare away.

¹ *Blend*, blemish.

So, likewise, Love! cheare you your heavy spright,
And change old yeares annoy to new delight.

LXIII.

AFTER long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore ;
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve :
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with store
Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he! that can at last atchyeve
The ioyous safety of so sweet a rest ;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this ;
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

LXIV.

COMMING to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found,)
Me seemd, I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowers ;
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto roses red ;
Her snowy browes, lyke budded bellamoures ;
Her lovely eyes, lyke pincks but newly spred ;
Her goodly bosome, lyke a strawberry bed ;
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of cullambynes ;

Her brest, lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed ;
 Her nipples, lyke young blossomd jessenynes :
 Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell ;
 But her sweet odour did them all excell.

LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre Love, is vaine,
 That fondly feare to lose your liberty ;
 When, losing one, two liberties ye gayne,
 And make him bond that bondage earst¹ did fly.
 Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye
 Without constraynt, or dread of any ill :
 The gentle birde feeles no captivity
 Within her cage ; but sings, and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound :
 But simple Truth, and mutual Good-will,
 Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each others wound :
 There Fayth doth fearless dwell in brazen towre,
 And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

LXVI.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
 With plenteous hand by heaven upon you thrown ;
 This one disparagement they to you gave,
 That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
 Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
 Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
 Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
 Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state ?
 But ye thereby much greater glory gate,

¹ *Earst*, before.

Then had ye sorted with a Princes pere :
 For, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
 And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.

Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
 With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

LXVII.

LYKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
 Seeing the game from him escapt away,
 Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their pray :
 So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
 When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
 The gentle deer returnd the selfe-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke :
 There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
 Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide ;
 Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
 And with her owne goodwill her fymely tyde.

Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
 So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of lyfe ! that, on this day,
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin ;
 And, having harrowd¹ hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win :
 This ioyous day, dear Lord, with ioy begin ;
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,
 Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity !

¹ *Harrowd*, subdued.

And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same againe ;
 And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
 With love may one another entertayne !

So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought :
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the anticke world
 Us'd trophées to erect in stately wize ;
 In which they would the records have enrold
 Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprize.
 What trophée then shall I most fit devize,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity !
 Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortall moniment ;
 And tell her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such worlds rare wonderment ;
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
 In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
 All sorts of flowres, the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayd ;
 Goe to my Love, where she is carelesse layd,
 Yet in her winters bowre not well awake ;
 Tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid,
 Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take ;

Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
 Go wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew ;
 Where every one, that misseth then her make,
 Shall be by him amearst ¹ with penance dew.

Make hast therefore, sweet Love, while it is prime ;
 For none can call againe the passed time.

LXXI.

I IOY to see how, in your drawn work,
 Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare ;
 And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
 In close awayt, to catch her unaware :
 Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
 Of a deare foe, and thralld to his love ;
 In whose streight ² bands ye now captived are
 So firmly, that ye never may remove.
 But as your worke is woven all about
 With Woodbynd flowers and fragrant Eglantine ;
 So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
 With many deare delights bedecked fyne.

And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
 Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

LXXII.

OFt, when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,
 In mind to mount up to the purest sky ;
 It down is weighd with thought of earthly things,
 And clogd with burden of mortality ;
 Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
 Resembling heavens glory in her light,
 Drawn with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly,

¹ *Ameorst*, amerced, punished.

² *Streight*, strict.

And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
 There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
 Doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;
 Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
 Her harts desire with most contentment please.

Hart need not wish none other happnesse,
 But here on earth to have such hevens blisse.

LXXIII.

BEING my self captived here in care,
 My hart, (whom none with servile bands can tye,
 But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,)
 Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
 Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
 Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
 Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
 To feed his fill, flyes backe unto your sight.
 Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
 Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
 Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
 To sing your name and prayses over all:

That it hereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

LXXIV.

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
 With which that happy name was first desynd,
 The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
 With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first my being to me gave by kind,
 From Mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:
 The second is my soveraigne Queene most kind,
 That honour and large richesse to me lent:

The third, my Love, my lives last ornament,
 By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed:
 To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
 Of all alive most worthy to be prayсед.

Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give.

LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand;
 But came the waves, and washed it away:
 Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
 Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
 A mortall thing so to immortalize;
 For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
 And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize.
 Not so, quod I; let baser things devize
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
 My verse your vertues rare shall éternize,
 And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.

Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

LXXVI.

FAYRE bosome! fraught with vertues richest tresure,
 The neast¹ of love, the lodging of delight,
 The bowre of blisse, the paradice of pleasure,
 The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright;
 How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
 And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray!
 Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,

¹ *Neast, nest.*

On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray ;
 And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in May,
 Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,)
 They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
 And there to rest themselves did boldly place.

Sweet thoughts ! I envy your so happy rest,
 Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

LXXVII.

WAS it a dreame, or did I see it playne ;
 A goodly table of pure yvory,
 All spred with juncats,¹ fit to entertayne
 The greatest Prince with pompous roialty :
 Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
 Two golden apples of unvalewd² price ;
 Far passing those which Hercules came by,
 Or those which Atalanta did entice ;
 Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice ;
 That many sought, yet none could ever taste ;
 Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradiçe
 By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.

Her brest that table was, so richly spredd ;

My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have fedd.

LXXVIII.

LACKYNG my Love, I go from place to place,
 Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the hynd ;
 And seeke each where, where last I sawe her face,
 Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
 I seeke the fields with her late footing synd ;
 I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt ;

¹ *Juncats*, junkets, viands.

² *Unvalewd*, invaluable.

Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd ;
 Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect :
 But, when myne eyes I therunto direct,
 They ydly back return to me agayne :
 And, when I hope to see theyr trew obiéct,
 I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.
 Cease then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see ;
 And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

LXXIX.

MEN call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
 For that your selfe ye daily such doe see :
 But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
 And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me :
 For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
 Shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew ;
 But onely that is permanent and free
 From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.¹
 That is true beautie : that doth argue you
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed ;
 Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom all true
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed :
 He only fayre, and what he fayre hath made ;
 All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I have run
 Through Faery land, which those six books compile,
 Give leave to rest me being half foredonne,
 And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
 Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,

¹ *Ensew*, follow.

Out of my prison I will break anew ;
 And stoutly will that second work assoyle,¹
 With strong endeavour and attention dew.
 Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew²
 To sport my Muse, and sing my Loves sweet praise ;
 The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
 My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.

But let her prayes yet be low and meane,
 Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

LXXXI.

FAYRE is my Love, when her fayre golden haire
 With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke ;
 Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appears ;
 Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
 Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
 With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay ;
 Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 But fayrest she, when so she doth display
 The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight ;
 Through which her words so wise do make their way
 To heare the message of her gentle spright.

The rest be works of Natures wonderment ;
 But this the worke of harts astonishment.

LXXXII.

IOY of my life ! full oft for loving you
 I blesse my lot, that was so lucky plac'd :
 But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
 That are so much by so meane love embased.

¹ *Assoyle*, absolve, discharge.

² *Mew*, prison.

For, had the equall hevens so much you graced
 In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
 Some hevenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
 Your glorious name in golden monument.
 But since ye deignd so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth ;
 That little, that I am, shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal prayses forth :
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

LXXXIII.

LET not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
 Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest ;
 Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
 Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest :
 But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
 And modest thoughts breathd from well-tempredd spirits,
 Goe visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
 Accompanyde with ángelick delightes.
 There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
 The which my selfe could never yet attayne :
 But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
 Which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrayn.
 Onely behold her rare perfection,
 And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

LXXXIV.

THE world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
 When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter :
 So does the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
 Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.

But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
 All that they know not, envy or admyre ;
 Rather than envy, let them wonder at her,
 But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
 Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
 Her worth is written with a golden quill,
 That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
 And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.
 Which when as Fame in her shril trump shall thunder,
 Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adders sting,
 Of that self kynd with which the furies fell
 Their snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
 Of poysoned words and spightfull speeches well ;
 Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of hell
 Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre ;
 That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell,
 In my true Love did stirre up coles of yre ;
 The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
 And, catching hold on thine own wicked hed,
 Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
 In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred !
 Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
 Due to thy selfe, that it for me preparad !

LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my Love,
 Many long weary dayes I have outworne ;
 And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
 Theyr sad protract from evening untill morn.

For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
 I wish that night the noyous day would end:
 And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
 I wish that day would shortly reascend.
 Thus I the time with expectation spend,
 And faine my grieffe with chaunges to beguile,
 That further seemes his terme still to extend,
 And maketh every minute seem a myle.
 So sorrowe still doth seem too long to last;
 But ioyous houres do fly away too fast.

LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
 The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray;
 I wander as in darknesse of the night,
 Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
 Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
 When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,
 But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
 Whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
 Of which beholding the idæa playne,
 Through contemplation of my purest part,
 With light thereof I doe my self sustayne,
 And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.
 But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
 I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd.

LXXXVIII.

LYKE as the culver,¹ on the bared bough,
 Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
 And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
 For his returne that seemes to linger late:

¹ *Culver, dove.*

So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my Love ;
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove :
Ne ioy of ought, that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight :
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.

Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN
WHICH THEY APPEARED.

I.

*To the right worshipfull, my singular good frend,
M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.*

HARVEY, the happy above happiest men,
I read ; that, sitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition :
And, as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great ;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat :
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty ;
Lifting the Good up to high Honours seat,
And the Evill damning evermore to dy :

For Life, and Death, is in thy doomeful writing!
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

Your devoted friend, during life,

EDMUND SPENCER.

II.*

WHOSO wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine
Unto the type of true Nobility;
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
Derived farre from famous Auncestrie:
Behold them both in their right visnomy¹
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree.
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The ods twixt both, of both thē deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee;
But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENCER.

III.

*Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg,
king of the Epirots, translated into English.*

WHEREFORE doth vaine Antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,

¹ *Visnomy*, features.

* Prefixed to "Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility," &c.

And old heröes, which their world did daunt
 With their great deedes and fild their childrens eares?
 Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
 Admire their statues, their colossoes great:
 Their rich triumphall arcks which they did raise,
 Their huge pyrámids, which do heaven threat.
 Lo! one, whom Later Age hath brought to light,
 Matchable to the greatest of those great;
 Great both by name, and great in power and might,
 And meriting a meere¹ triumphant seate.

The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
 Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

IV.*

THE antique Babel, Empresse of the East,
 Upreard her buildinges to the threatned skie:
 And second Babell, Tyrant of the West,
 Her ayry towers upraised much more high.
 But, with the weight of their own surquedry,²
 They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
 And buried now in their own ashes ly;
 Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they were.
 But in their place doth now a third appeare,
 Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight;
 And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
 But farre exceedes in policie of right.

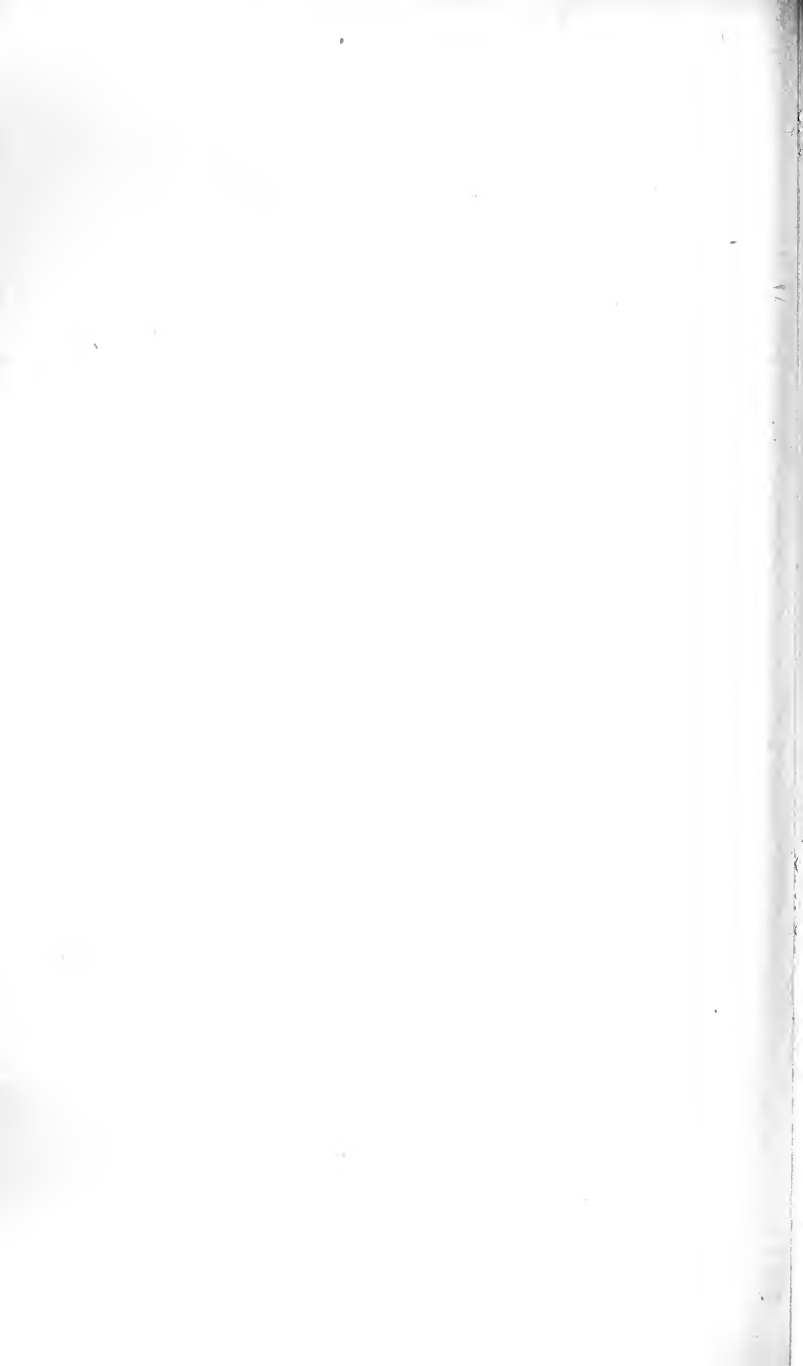
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
 As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENSER.

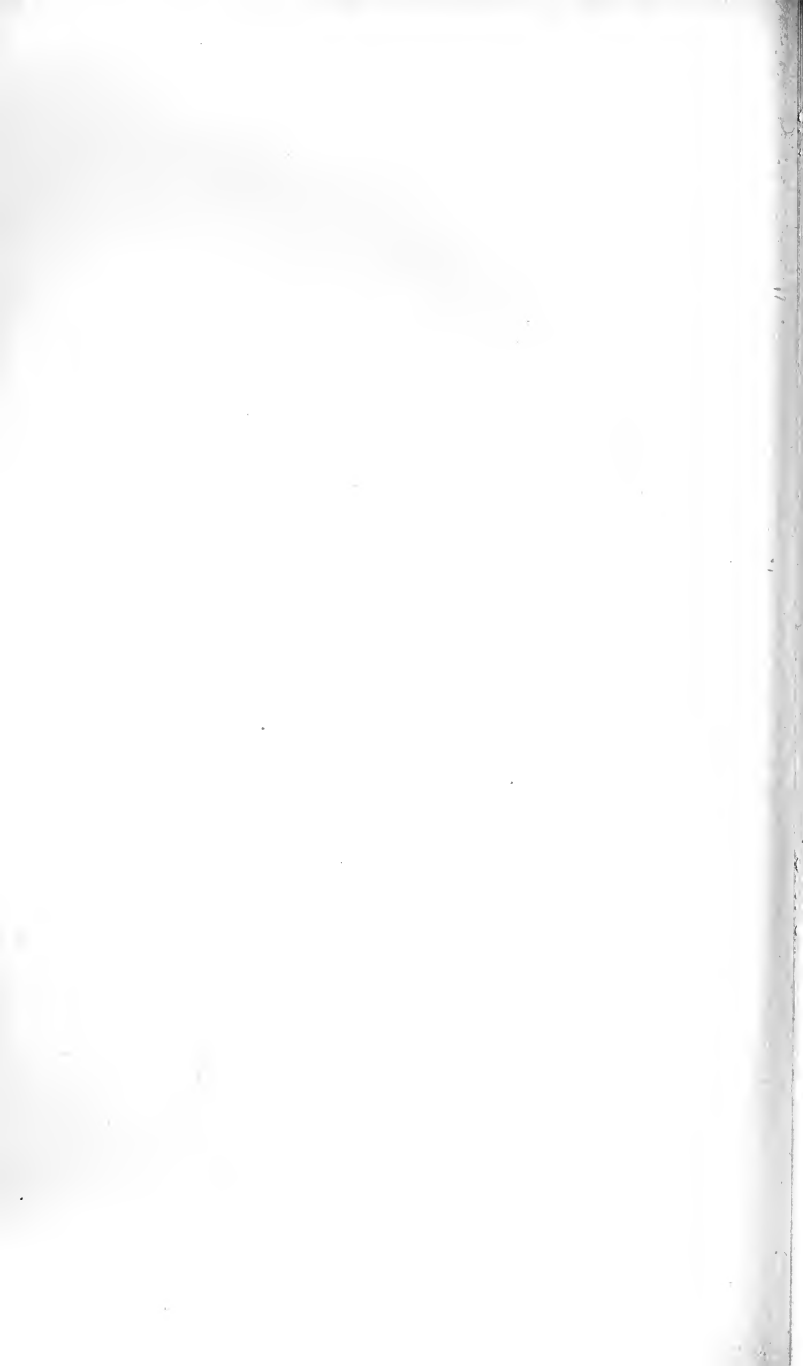
¹ *Meere*, absolute, entire.

² *Surquedry*, insolence.

* Prefixed to "The Commonwealth and Government of Venice," &c.



POEMS.



P O E M S .

I.

IN youth, before I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyv̄e to grope for honny :
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

II.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head :
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close¹ convey
Into the others stead :
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

III.

I saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her ; “ All hayle, my mother ! ”
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.

¹ *Close, secretly.*

“Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.”

IV.

UPON a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mothers lap ;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse, 5
And saw the beast so small ;
“Whats this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce,
That weakens men withall ?”
In angry wize he flies about,
And threatens all with corage stout. 10
To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game :
“See ! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky, 15
Nor men in earth, to rest :
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give lyke leave unto the fly.” 20
Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue ;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay, 25
The Bee him stung therefore :
“Now out alas, he cryde, and welaway,
I wounded am full sore :
The fly, that I so much did scorne,

Hath hurt me with his little horne." 30
 Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
 And of his griefe complayned :
 Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,
 Though sad to see him pained.
 " Think now, (quoth she,) my son, how great the smart
 Of those whom thou dost wound : 36
 Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
 That pittie never found :
 Therefore, henceforth some pittie take,
 When thou doest spoyle of Lovers make." 40
 She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
 And wrapt him in her smock :
 She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
 That he the fly did mock.
 She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well 45
 With salve of soveraigne might :
 And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
 The well of deare delight.
 Who would not oft be stung as this,
 To be so bath'd in Venus blis ? 50
 The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
 Of that his malady :
 But he, soone after, fresh again enured¹
 His former cruelty.
 And since that time he wounded hath my selfe 55
 With his sharpe dart of Love :
 And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
 His mothers heast² to prove.
 So now I languish, till he please
 My pining anguish to appease. 60

¹ *Enured*, practised.² *Heast*, commands.



EPITHALAMION.



EPITHALAMION.*

YE learned Sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes, 5
But ioyed in theyr praise ;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament 10
Your dolefull dreriment ¹ :
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside ;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne Loves prayes to resound ;
Ne let the same of any be envie : 15
So Orpheus did for his owne bride !
So I unto my selfe alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

¹ *Dreriment*, affliction.

* This Epithalamion was written in honor of the poet's own marriage, which is conjectured to have taken place in 1594.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
 His golden beame upon the hils doth spread, 20
 Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
 Doe ye awake ; and, with fresh lustyhed,
 Go to the bowre of my beloved Love,
 My truest turtle dove ;
 Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake, 25
 And long since ready forth his maske to move,
 With his bright tead¹ that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In theyr fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,² 30
 For loe ! the wished day is come at last,
 That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
 Pay to ner usury of long delight :
 And, whylest she doth her dight,²
 Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing, 35
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
 Both of the Rivers and the Forrests greene,
 And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare ;
 All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene. 40
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay girland,
 For my fayre Love, of Lillyes and of Roses,
 Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale poses, 45
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridale bowers.
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,

¹ *Tead*, torch.² *Dight*, adorn.

For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along, 50
 And diaped¹ lyke the discolored mead.
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
 For she will waken strayt ;
 The whiles do ye this Song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed 56
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell ;)
 And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake, 60
 Where none doo fishes take ;
 Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the christall bright,
 That when you come whereas my Love doth lie, 65
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
 That on the hoary mountayne use to towre ;
 And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
 With your steele darts doe chace from coming neer ;
 Be also present heere, 71
 To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my Love, awake ; for it is time ;
 The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed, 75
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme ;
 And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.

¹ *Diaped*, diversified.

Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies,^s
And carroll of Loves praise.

The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft ; 80

The Thrush replies ; the Mavis descant playes ;

The Ouzell shrills ; the Ruddock¹ warbles soft ;

So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,

To this dayes meriment.

Ah! my deere Love, why doe ye sleepe thus long, 85

When meeter were that ye should now awake,

T' awayt the comming of your ioyous Make,²

And hearken to the birds love-learned song,

The deawy leaves among!

For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing, 90

That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My Love is now awake out of her dreame,

And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams

More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere. 95

Come now, ye Damzels, Daughters of delight,

Helpe quickly her to dight³ :

But first come, ye fayre Houres, which were begot,

In Loves sweet paradice, of Day and Night ;

Which doe the seasons of the year allot, 100

And all, that ever in this world is fayre,

Do make and still repayre :

And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,

The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,

Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride : 105

And, as ye her array, still throw betweene

Some graces to be seene ;

¹ *Ruddock*, red-breast. ² *Make*, mate. ³ *Dight*, adorn.

And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come : 110

Let all the Virgins therefore well awayt ;

And ye fresh Boyes, that tend upon her Groome,

Prepare your selves ; for he is comming strayt.

Set all your things in seemely good aray,

F'it for so ioyfull day : 115

'The ioyfulst day that ever Sunne did see.

Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,

And let thy lifull¹ heat not fervent be,

For feare of burning her sunshyny face,

Her beauty to disgrace. 120

O fayrest Phœbus ! Father of the Muse !

If ever I did honour thee aright,

Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,

Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;

But let this day, let this one day, be mine ; 125

Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,

That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Harke ! how the minstrils gin to shrill aloud

Their merry musick that resounds from far, 130

The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,²

That well agree withouten breach or iar.

But, most of all, the Damzels doe delite,

When they their tymbrels smyte,

And théreunto doe daunce and carrol sweet, 135

That all the sences they doe ravish quite ;

The whyles the Boyes run up and downe the street,

¹ *Lifull*, life-full.

² *Croud*, violin.

Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
 As if it were one voyce,
 Hymen, Iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout ; 140
 That even to the heavens they shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
 And loud advaunce her laud ; 145
 And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
 Aysing forth to run her mighty race, 150
 Clad all in white, that seems a Virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
 Some Angell she had beene.
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ; 155
 And, being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some Mayden Queene.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare, 160
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
 So farre from being proud.
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing, 165
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye Merchants daughters, did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before ;

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorna with beautyes grace and vertues store? 170
 Her goodly eyes like saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead yvory white,
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
 Her brest like to a bowl of creame uncrudded,¹ 175
 Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
 Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre ;
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
 To Honors seat and Chastities sweet bowre. 180
 Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see, 185
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,
 Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht lyke to those which red²
 Medusaes mazeful hed. 190
 There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
 There Vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
 And giveth lawes alone, 195
 The which the base affections doe obay,
 And yeeld theyr services unto her will ;
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.

¹ *Uncruded*, uncurdled.² *Red*, saw.

Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures, 200
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,
 That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in, 205
 And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
 That commeth in to you.

With trembling steps, and humble reverence, 210
 She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view:
 Of her ye Virgins learne obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces :

Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may 215
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endlesse matrimony make ;
 And let the roring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
 The whiles, with hollow throates, 220
 The choristers the ioyous antheime sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands, 225
 How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
 Like crimson dyde in grayne :
 That even the Angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar doe remaine, 230

Forget their service and about her fly,
 Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty, 235
 That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
 Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band!
 Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing, 240
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done: bring home the Bride againe;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory;
 Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
 With ioyance bring her and with iollity. 245
 Never had man more ioyfull day than this,
 Whom heaven would heape with blis.
 Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
 This day for ever to me holy is.
 Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, 250
 Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
 Poure out to all that wull,¹
 And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
 Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall, 255
 And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine;
 And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
 For they can doo it best:
 The whiles the Maydens doe they carroll sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.

¹ *Wull*, will, wish.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne, 261
 And leave your wonted labors for this day :
 This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,
 That ye for ever it remember may.
 This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight, 265
 With Barnaby the bright,
 From whence declining daily by degrees,
 He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
 When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
 But for this time it ill ordained was, 270
 To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
 And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :
 Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
 And benefiers make all day ; 275
 And daunce about them, and about them sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lende me leave to come unto my Love?
 How slowly do the houres their numbers spend? 280
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
 Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
 Within the Westerne fome :
 Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloome, 285
 And the bright Evening-star with golden creast
 Appeare out of the East.

Ver. 266. — *Barnaby the bright.*] St. Barnabas's day is the eleventh of June. Hone, in his "Every Day Book," quotes a saying as still common among country people in England —

"Barnaby Bright, Barnaby Bright,
 The longest day and the shortest night."

Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of Love!
 That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
 And guidest Lovers through the nights sad dread, 290
 How chearefully thou lookest from above,
 And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
 As ioying in the sight
 Of these glad many, which for ioy do sing, 294
 That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring!

Now ceasse, ye Damsels, your delights fore-past;
 Enough it is that all the day was youres:
 Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
 Now bring the Bryde into the brydall bowres.
 The night is come, now soon her disaray, 300
 And in her bed her lay;
 Lay her in lillies and in violets,
 And silken curteins over her display,
 And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets.
 Behold how goodly my faire Love does ly, 305
 In proud humility!
 Like unto Maia, when as Iove her took
 In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
 Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
 With bathing in the Acidalian brooke. 310
 Now it is night, ye Damsels may be gone,
 And leave my Love alone,
 And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome, Night! thou night so long expected,
 That long daies labour doest at last defray, 316
 And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
 Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:

Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
 That no man may us see ; 320
 And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
 From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
 Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our ioy ; 325
 But let the night be calme, and quiet some,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad afray :
 Lyke as when Iove with fayre Alcmena lay,
 When he begot the great Tiryinthian groome :
 Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie, 330
 And begot Majesty.
 And let the Mayds and Yongmen cease to sing ;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without : 335
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
 Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
 Make sudden sad affrights ;
 Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpless harmes, 340
 Ne let the ponke, nor other evill sprights,
 Ne let mischievous witches with theyr charmes,
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not :
 Let not the skriech-owle nor the storke be heard, 345
 Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yels ;
 Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,

Ver. 341. — *The ponke.*] “The *ponke*, or *pouke*, (for *pouke*, I conceive, is the true reading,) is the fairy Robin Goodfellow, known by the name of Puck.” — TODD.

Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard ;
 Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking ;
 Make us to wish theyr choking. 350
 Let none of these theyr drery accents sing ;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
 That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
 And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe, 355
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne ;
 The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
 Like divers-fethered doves,
 Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
 And in the secret darke, that none reprove, 360
 Their prety stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread
 To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Conceald through covert night.
 Ye Sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will !
 For greedy Pleasure, carelesse of your toyes, 365
 Thinks more upon her Paradise of ioyes,
 Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 For it will soone be day :
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing ; 370
 Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes ?
 Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright ?
 Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
 But walkes about high heaven al the night ? 375
 O ! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
 My Love with me to spy :
 For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,

And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
 The Latmian Shepherd once unto thee brought, 380
 His pleasures with thee wrought.
 Therefore to us be favorable now ;
 And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly dost enlarge,
 Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow, 385
 And the chaste womb informe with timely seed,
 That may our comfort breed :
 Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing ,
 Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Iuno ! which with awful might 390
 The Lawes of Wedlock still dost patronize ;
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize ;
 And eke for comfort often called art
 Of women in their smart ; 395
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.
 And thou, glad Genius ! in whose gentle hand
 The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
 Without blemish or staine ; 400
 And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
 With secret ayde doost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny ;
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
 And thou, fayre Hebe ! and thou, Hymen free ! 405
 Grant that it may so be.
 Till which we cease your further prayse to sing ;
 Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410
 Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
 In dreadful darknesse lend desired light ;
 And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
 More than we men can fayne ;
 Poure out your blessing on us plentiously, 415
 And happy influence upon us raine,
 That we may raise a large posterity,
 Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
 With lasting happinesse,
 Up to your haughty pallaces may mount ; 420
 And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
 So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing : 425
 The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring !

*Song ! made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my Love should duly have been dect,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your dew time to expect, 430
 But promist both to recompens ;
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endlesse moniment !*



FOWRE HYMNES,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES,

THE LADIE MARGARET,

COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND;

AND THE LADIE MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I was moved, by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same ;* but, being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reforme them, making (instead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestiall ; the which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie, both in the one

* It seems hardly possible that this can be any thing but a poetical exaggeration. What mind could possibly derive "poyson" from the mystical and passionless flights of the hymns to Love and Beauty?

and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich this first of September, 1596. Your Honors most bounden ever,

In all humble service,

ED. SP.

AN HYMNE

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.*

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdude my poor captived hart,
And, raging now therein with restlesse stowre,¹
Doest tyrannize in everie weaker part,
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart 5
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name, 10
And thy victorious conquests to areed,²
By which thou madest many harts to bleed

¹ *Stowre*, violence.

² *Areed*, declare.

* These four Hymns are remarkable for the knowledge which they display of the metaphysical doctrines of Plato. The second is much the best. The last two are indifferent, and read like task-work, as, indeed, from the dedica'tion, we have reason to suppose they were. They are, however, characterized by a fervid and apparently sincere feeling of devotion.

Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embrewed,¹
 And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I fear my wits enfeebled late, 15
 Through the sharp sorrowes which thou hast me bred,
 Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
 The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed :
 But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred
 Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, 20
 I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie God of Love !
 Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,
 Where thou dost sit in Venus lap above,
 Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kisse, 25
 That sweeter farre than any nectar is ;
 Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
 With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses ! which have often proved
 The piercing points of his avengefull darts ; 30
 And ye, fair Nimphs ! which oftentimes have loved
 The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
 Prepare yourselves, and open wide your harts
 For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
 That made you merie oft when ye were sorrie. 35

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed !
 Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
 Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
 But sterve² their harts that needeth nourture most,

¹ Embrewed, steeped, moistened.

² Sterve, starve.

Prepare your selves to march amongst his host, 40
 And all the way this sacred Hymne do sing, 6
 Made in the honor of your soveraigne king.

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the mynd,
 And all the bodie to thy best ¹ doest frame,
 Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd, 45
 That doest the lions and fell tigers tame, 7
 Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
 And in their roring taking great delight ;
 Who can expresse the glorie of thy might ?

Or who alive can perfectly declare 50
 The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
 When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
 Begot of Plenty and of Penurie, 8
 Though elder then thine own nativitie,
 And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares, 55
 And yet the eldest of the heavenly peares ?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
 Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,
 In which his goodly face long hidden was
 From heavens view, and in deep darknesse kept, 60
 Love, that had now long time securely slept
 In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
 Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked :

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
 Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre, 65
 He gan to move out of his idle seat ;
 Weakly at first, but after with desyre

¹ *Hest*, behest, command.

10 Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
 And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
 Thro all that great wide wast, yet wanting light. 70

11 Yet wanting light to guide his wandering way,
 His own faire mother, for all creatures sake,
 Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray ;
 Then through the world his way he gan to take,
 The world, that was not till he did it make, 75
 Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever,
 The which before had lyen confused ever.

12 The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
 Then gan to raunge themselves in huge array,
 And with contráry forces to conspyre 80
 Each against other by all meanes they may,
 Threatning their owne confusion and decay :
 Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
 Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

13 He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well 85
 Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
 Did place them all in order, and compell
 To keepe themselves within their sundrie raines,
 Together linkt with adamantin'e'chaines ;
 Yet so, as that in every living wight 90
 They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.

14 So ever since they firmly have remained,
 And duly well observed his beheast ;
 Through which now all these things that are contained
 Within this goodly cope, both most and least, 95
 Their being have, and daily are increast

Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre:

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd, 100
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd; 15
But man that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie; 105

For, having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light, 16
Unto like goodly semblant¹ to aspyre;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre 110
That seemes on earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame 115
Of heavenly light, than Beauties glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme 17
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy 120
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoised darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling harts, 18

¹ *Semblant*, appearance.

And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe, 125
Of carefull wretches with consuming grieffe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make full piteous mone
Unto the author of their balefull bane :
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,
Their lives they loath, and heavens light disdain ; 130
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play, 135
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay ;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer. 140

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more !)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remaines scarce any little part ;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart, 145
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith¹ thou doest shew no favour unto mee, 150
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,

¹ *Sith*, since.

Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
 Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
 To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call, 155
 The worlds great parent, the most kind preserver
 Of living wights, the souveraine lord of all,
 How falles it then that with thy furious fervour 23
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
 As him that doeth thy lovely heasts¹ despize, 160
 And on thy subiects most doth tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
 By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
 That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
 Thou mayest well trie if ~~thou~~^{ey} will ever swerve, 165
 And mayest them make it better to deserve,
 And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearely deeme. 24

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfyred²
 As things divine, least passions doe impresse, 170
 The more of stedfast myndes to be admyred,
 The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse; 25
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
 Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre;
 Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre. 175

For Love is lord of Truth and Loialtie,
 Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
 On golden plumes up to the purest skie,

¹ *Heasts*, behests, commands.

² *Enfyred*, kindled.

26 Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
 Whose base affect¹ through cowardly distrust 180
 Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,
 But like a moldwarpe² in the earth doth ly.

27 His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure³
 To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
 Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure 185
 The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
 Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
 And makes him mount above the native might
 Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight.

28 Such is the powre of that sweet passion, 190
 That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
 And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
 Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
 In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,
 Which he beholding still with constant sight, 195
 Admires the mirroure of so heavenly light.

29 Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
 He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
 Still full, yet never satisfyde with it ;
 Like Tantale, that in store doth sterved⁴ ly, 200
 So doth he pine in most satiety ;
 For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
 Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
 Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine ; 205

¹ *Affect*, imitation.

² *Moldwarpe*, mole.

³ *Enure*, accustom.

⁴ *Sterved*, starved.

His care, his ioy, his hope, is all on this;
 That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
 In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine: 30
 Thrice happie Man! might he the same possesse,
 He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse. 210

And though he do not win his wish to end,
 Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,
 That heavens such happie grace did to him lend,
 As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene 31
 His harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene, 215
 Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
 Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
 What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
 What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought, 220 32
 What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,
 May please her best, and grace unto him gaine;
 He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
 His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde, 225
 Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,
 But carriest him to that which he had eyde,
 Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords 33
 and speares;
 Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
 With which thou arnest his resistlesse hand. 230

Witness Leander in the Euxine waves,
 And stout Æneas in the Troiane fyre,

Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,¹
 And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
 Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre; 235
 For both through heaven and hell thou makest way,
 To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils, and these paynes,
 He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
 What heavens of ioy then to himselfe he faynes! 240
 Eftsoones² he wypes quite out of memory
 Whatever ill before he did aby³:
 Had it beene death, yet would he die againe,
 To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will, 245
 He nathẽmore⁴ can so contented rest,
 But forceth further on, and striveth still
 T' approach more neare, till in her inmost brest
 He may embosomd bee and loved best;
 And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone; 250
 For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
 His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
 And to his fayning fansie represent
 Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine, 255
 To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
 Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleewe
 Least part of th' evils which poore lovers greeve.

¹ *Glaives*, swords.

³ *Aby*, abide.

² *Eftsoones*, immediately.

⁴ *Nathẽmore*, none the more.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
 The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes, 260
 The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
 The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes, 38
 The fayned friends, the unassured foes,
 With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
 Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell. 265

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
 That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
 Which eates the heart and feedes upon the gall,
 Turning all Loves delight to miserie,
 Through feare of losing his felicitie. 270 39
 Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
 In gentle Love, that all his ioyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance make
 Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endeere
 Thy pleasures unto those which them partake, 275
 As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
 The sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare;
 So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
 Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie. 40

There thou them placest in a paradize 280
 Of all delight and ioyous happy rest,
 Where they doe feede on nectar heavenly-wize,
 With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
 Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest;
 And lie like gods in yvory beds arayd,
 With rose and lillies over them displayd. 41

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play
 Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
 And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
 Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame, 290
 After full ioyance of their gentle game ;
 Then her they crowne their goddessse and their queene,
 And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.

Ay me! deare Lord! that ever I might hope,
 For all the paines and woes that I endure, 295
 To come at length unto the wished scope
 Of my desire, or might myselfe assure
 That happie port for ever to recure!
 Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
 And all my woes to be but penance small. 300

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise
 And heavenly Hymne, such as the angels sing,
 And thy triumphant name then would I raise
 Bove all the gods, thee only honoring ; 305
 My guide, my god, my victor, and my king:
 Till then, drad¹ Lord! vouchsafe to take of me
 This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

¹ *Drad, dread.*

AN HYMNE

IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

AH! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre, 5
And up aloft above my strength doth rayse
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I earst,¹ in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame, 10
And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht hearts of gazefull men might reare 2
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule-enchanting might.

Therto do thou, great Goddess! Queene of beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight, 16
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty 3
Nothing on earth seems fayre to fleshly sight,

¹ Earst, before.

Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
 T' illuminate my dim and dullede eyne, 20
 And beautifie this sacred Hymne of thyne :

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
 And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
 Hath darterd fyre into my feeble ghost,
 That now it wasted is with woes extream, 25
 It may so please, that she at length will streame¹
 Some dew of grace into my withered hart,
 After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORKMAISTER
 did cast

To make al things such as we now behold, 30
 It seems that he before his eyes had plast
 A godly paterne, to whose perfect mould
 He fashiond them as comely as he could,
 That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
 As nought may be amended any where. 35

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,
 Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
 Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
 With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,²
 Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore ; 40
 Whose face and feature doth so much excell
 All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
 Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
 So it more faire accordingly it makes, 45

¹ *Streame*, send forth.

² *Deflore*, deflower.

And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
 Which closeth it thereafter doth refyne,
 Doing away the drosse which dims the light
 Of that faire beame which therein is empight.¹

7

For, through infusion of celestiaall powre, 50
 The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
 And life-full spirits privily doth powre
 Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
 They seeme to please; that is thy souveraine might,
 O Cyprian queene! which flowing from the beame 55
 Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

8

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
 To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
 Light of thy lampe; which, shyning in the face,
 Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre, 60
 And robs the harts of those which it admyre;
 Therewith thou pointest thy sons poysned arrow,
 That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

9

How vainely then do ydle wits invent,
 That Beautie is nought else but mixture made 65
 Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
 Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
 And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
 Or that it is but comely composition
 Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition! 70

10

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
 That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
 And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,²

¹ *Empight*, placed.

² *Stowre*, violence.

As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
 Or can proportion of the outward part 75
 11 Move such affection in the inward mynd,
 That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
 Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
 And to the sense most daintie odours yield, 80
 Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
 12 Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
 In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
 Exceld, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! beleeve me there is more then so, 85
 That workes such wonders in the minds of men;
 I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
 13 And who so list the like assayes to ken,¹
 Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
 That Beautie is not, as fond² men misdeeme, 90
 An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
 With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shall decay,
 And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spread
 14 Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away 95
 To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
 That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
 Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
 That light procedes, which kindleth lovers fire, 100
 Shall never be extinguisht nor decay;

¹ Ken, know, try.

² Fond, foolish.

But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
 Unto her native planet shall retyre;
 For it is heavenly borne and cannot die, 15
 Being a parcell of the purest skie. 105

For when the soule, the which derived was,
 At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
 By whom all live to love, whilome¹ did pas
 Down from the top of purest heavens hight
 To be embodied here, it then tooke light 110 16
 And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
 Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
 When she in fleshly seede is eft² enraced,³
 Through every part she doth the same impresse, 115
 According as the heavens have her graced, 17
 And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
 Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
 Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules, which have 120
 The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
 Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave 18
 Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
 And the grosse matter by a souveraine might
 Temper so trim, that it may well be seene 125
 A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,

¹ *Whilome*, formerly. ² *Eft*, quickly. ³ *Enraced*, implanted.

So it the fairer bodie doth procure
 To habit in, and it more fairely dight¹ 130
 With chearfull grace and amiable sight ;
 19 For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doest behold
 A comely corpse,² with beautie faire endewed, 135
 Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
 A beauteous soule, with fair conditions thewed,³
 20 Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed ;
 For all that faire is, is by nature good ;
 That is a sign to know the gentle blood. 140

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
 Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
 Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,⁴
 Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
 Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd, 145
 That will not yield unto her formes direction,
 But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (ay me, the more to rew !)
 That goodly Beautie, albe⁵ heavenly borne,
 Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew, 150
 22 Which doth the world with her delight adoine,
 Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
 Whildest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
 But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

¹ *Dight*, adorn. ² *Corpse*, body. ³ *Thewed*, endowed.

⁴ *Kynd*, nature. ⁵ *Albe*, although.

Yet nathemore¹ is that faire Beauties blame, 155
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
 May be corrupt, and wrested unto will :
 Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still, 23
 However fleshes fault it filthy make ; 160
 For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames ! the worlds deare ornaments,
 And lively images of heavens light,
 Let not your beames with such disparagements
 Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight ; 165 24
 But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
 Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
 Whose shadow yet shyne in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
 Disloiall lust, fair Beauties foulest blame, 170
 That base affection, which your eares would bland
 Commend to you by Loves abused name, 25
 But is indeede the bondslave of Defame ;
 Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
 And quench the light of your brightshyning starre. 175

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
 Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
 And add more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
 From light of his pure fire ; which, by like way 26
 Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display ; 180
 Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflection,
 Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

¹ *Nathemore*, none the more.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,¹
 It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
 That heavenly riches which in you ye beare, 185
 That men the more admyre their fountaine may ;
 For else what booteth that celestiaall ray,
 If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
 That it of loving eyes be vewed never ?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize, 190
 That likest to your selves ye them select,
 The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
 And with like beauties parts be inly deckt ;
 For if you loosely love without respect,
 It is not love, but a discordant warre, 195
 Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For love is a celestiaall harmonie
 Of likely¹ harts composd of starres concent,²
 Which ioyned together in sweete sympathie,
 To work each others ioy and true content, 200
 Which they have harbourd since their first descent
 Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
 And know ech other here below'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
 Should in Loves gentle band combyned bee 205
 But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
 And made out of one mould the more t' agree ;
 For all, that like the beautie which they see,
 Straight do not love ; for Love is not so light¹
 As streight to burne at first beholders sight. 210

¹ Likely, similar.

² Con-cent, harmony.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
 With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
 Drawing out of the object of their eyes
 A more refyned form, which they present
 Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment ; 215 31
 Which it reducing to her first perfection,
 Beholdeth free from fleshes frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
 Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
 Of that first sunne, yet sparckling in his sight, 220
 Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
 An heavenly beautie to his fancies will ;
 And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
 The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be, 225
 As outward it appeareth to the eye,
 And with his spirits proportion to agree,
 He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
 And fully setteth his felicitie ;
 Counting it fairer then it is indeede, 230
 And yet indeede her fairnesse doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
 Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
 See more then any other eyes can see,
 Through mutuall receipt of beamēs bright, 235
 Which carrie privie message to the spright, 34
 And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
 As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,
 Armies of Loves still flying too and fro, 240
 Which dart at them their litle fierie launces ;
 Whom having wounded, back againe they go,
 35 Carrying compassion to their lovely foe ;
 Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharp affect,
 Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect. 245

In which how many wonders doe they reede¹
 To their conceipt, that others never see !
 Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,
 36 Like gods with nectar in their bankets free ;
 Now of her lookes, which like to cordials bee ; 250
 But when her words embassade² forth she sends,
 Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends !

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
 A thousand graces masking in delight ;
 Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold 255
 37 Ten thousand sweet belgards,³ which to their sight
 Doe seeme like twinkling starres in frostie night ;
 But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
 So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea ! and thousands more 260
 38 Thy handmaidens be, which do on thee attend,
 To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
 That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
 And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend ;

¹ *Reede*, perceive. ² *Embassade*, as ambassadors.

³ *Belgards*, beautiful looks.

That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall, 265
And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then Iö, tryumph! O great Beauties Queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew feäلتie 270 39
Adore the powre of thy great majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poor liegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Sovereaine!
That she, whose conquering beauty doth captiue 275
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live, 40
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received. 280

And you faire Venus dearling, my dear Dread¹!
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe, 285 41
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

¹ *Dread*, object of reverence.

AN HYMNE

OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy souveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight, 5
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heavens King.

Many lewd layes (ah ! woe is me the more !)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call Love, 10
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move ;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayses of true Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire 15
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith¹ now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,

¹ *Sith, since.*

And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame ;
 For who my passed follies now pursewes, 20
 Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in which all things
 Are now containd, found any being-place,
 Ere fitting Time could wag ¹ his eyas ² wings
 About that mightie bound which doth embrace 25
 The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,
 That High Eternall Powre, which now doth move
 In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire ;
 (For fair is lov'd ;) and of it self begot 30
 Like to it selfe his eldest Sonne and Heire,
 Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
 The firstling of His ioy, in whom no iot
 Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
 Whom He therefore with equall honour crownd. 35

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
 In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
 Together with that Third from them derived,
 Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
 Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
 Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse 41
 With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lampe of light,
 Eternall spring of grace and wisdom trew,

¹ *Wag*, move.

² *Eyas*, unfledged.

Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright 45
 Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
 That may my rymes with sweet infuse¹ embrew,
 And give me words equall unto my thought,
 To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace, 50
 And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
 Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
 His second brood, though not of powre so great,
 Yet full of beautie, next He did beget,
 An infinite increase of angels bright, 55
 All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
 (Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
 Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,) 60
 He gave as their inheritance to hold,
 That they might serve Him in eternall blis,
 And be partakers of those ioyes of His.

There they in their trinall triplicities
 About Him wait, and on His will depend, 65
 Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
 When He them on His messages doth send,
 Or on His owne dread presence to attend,
 Where they behold the glorie of His light,
 And caroll hymnes of love both day and night. 70

¹ *Infuse*, infusion.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one ;
 For He His beames doth unto them extend,
 That darknesse there appeareth never none ;
 Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
 But there their termelesse ¹ time in pleasure spend ; 75
 Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
 Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
 Did puffed them up with greedy bold ambition,
 That they gan cast their state how to increase 80
 Above the fortune of their first condition,
 And sit in Gods own seat without commission :
 The brightest angel, even the child of Light,
 Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay, 85
 Kindled the flame of His consuming yre,
 And with His onely breath them blew away
 From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
 To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
 Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell, 90
 Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
 Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,
 Degendering ² to hate, fell from above
 Through pride ; (for pride and love may ill agree ;) 95
 And now of sinne to all ensample bee :
 How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
 Sith ³ purest angels fell to be impure ?

¹ *Termesle*, unlimited.

² *Degendering*, degenerate.

³ *Sith*, since.

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
 Still flowing forth His goodnesse unto all, 100
 Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
 In His wyde pallace, through those angels fall,
 Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
 A new unknowen colony therein,
 Whose root from earths base groundworke should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought, 106
 Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His might,
 According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
 Which He had fashiond in his wise foresight,
 He man did make, and breathd a living spright 110
 Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
 Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
 Him to be lord of every living wight 115
 He made by love out of his owne like mould,
 In whom he might his mightie selfe behould;
 For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
 That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace 120
 No lesse than angels, whom he did ensew,¹
 Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
 Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,
 And all his off-spring into thraldoine threw,
 Where they for ever should in bonds remaine 125
 Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine;

¹ *Ensew*, follow.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
 Made of meere love, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
 In that deep horror of despeyred hell, 130
 Him, wretch, in doole¹ would let no lenger dwell,
 But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
 And pay the price, all² were his debt extreme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
 In which He reigned with His glorious Syre, 135
 He downe descended, like a most demisse³
 And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
 That He for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
 And him restore unto that happie state
 In which he stood before his haplesse fate. 140

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde ;
 Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,
 Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,⁴
 But onely man himselve, who selfe did slyde : 145
 So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
 For mans deare sake He did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
 Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
 He freely gave to be both rent and torne 150
 Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
 Revyling Him, that them most vile became,

¹ *Doole*, suffering.

³ *Demisse*, humble.

² *All*, although.

⁴ *Misguyde*, evil courses.

At length Him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Iust by most uniuſt decree.

O huge and moſt unſpeakeable impreſſion 155
Of Loves deep wound, that pierſt the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with ſo entyre affection,
And, ſharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into His ſoule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deſerued, 160
To free His foes, that from His heaſt¹ had ſwerued!

What hart can feel leaſt touch of ſo ſore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of ſo deare wound?
Whoſe bleeding ſourſe their ſtreames yet never ſtaunch,
But ſtil do flow, and freſhly ſtill redownd, 165
To heale the ſores of ſinfull ſoules unſound,
And clenſe the guilt of that infected cryme,
Which was enrooted in all fleſhly ſlyme.

O bleſſed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light! 170
Moſt lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,²
How can we Thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that Thy moſt precious blood? 175

Yet nought Thou aſk'ſt in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us leſſe than that behoue?
Had He required life for us againe,

¹ *Heaſt*, beheſt, command. ² *Behight*, named, called.

Had it beene wrong to ask His owne with gaine? 180
 He gave us life, He it restored lost ;
 Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band¹ ;
 Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee, 185
 As He Himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
 And bound therto with an eternall band,
 Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
 And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is, 190
 Who first to us our life and being gave,
 And after, when we fared had amisse,
 Us wretches from the second death did save ;
 And last, the food of life, which now we have,
 Even He Himselfe, in his dear sacrament, 195
 To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
 Of that selfe mould, and that self Maker's hand,
 That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
 Where they shall have like heritage of land, 200
 However here on higher steps we stand,
 Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
 That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
 Commaunded us to love them for His sake, 205
 Even for His sake, and for His sacred word,

¹ *Band*, cursed.

Which in His last bequest He to us spake,
 We should them love, and with their needs partake ;
 Knowing that, whatsoever to them we give,
 We give to Him by whom we all doe live. 210

Such mercy He by His most holy reede ¹
 Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
 Ensampl'd it by His most righteous deede,
 Shewing us mercie (miserable crew !)
 That we the like should to the wretches shew, 215
 And love our brethren ; thereby to approve
 How much, Himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,
 In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
 And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle ² ; 220
 Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne ;
 Lift up to Him thy heavie clouded eyne,
 That thou this souveraine bountie mayst behold,
 And read, through love, His mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where He encradled was 225
 In simple cratch,³ wrapt in a wad of hay,
 Betweene the toylfull oxe and humble asse,
 And in what rags, and in how base aray,
 The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
 When Him the silly shepheards came to see, 230
 Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of His life,
 His humble carriage, His unfaulty wayes,

¹ *Reede*, precepts. ² *Moyle*, defile. ³ *Cratch*, rack, crib.

His cancred foes, His fights, His toyle, His strife,
 His paines, His povertie, His sharpe assayes, 235
 Through which He past His miserable dayes,
 Offending none, and doing good to all,
 Yet being malist¹ both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
 He taken was, betrayd, and false accused ; 240
 How with most scornfull taunts, and fell despights,
 He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused ;
 How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused ;
 And, lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
 With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and syde !

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine, 246
 Empierced be with pittiful. emorse,
 And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
 At sight of His most sacred heavenly corse,
 So torne and mangled with malicious forse ; 250
 And let thy soule, whose sins His sorrows wrought,
 Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened spirit
 Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
 Through meditation of His endlesse merit, 255
 Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
 And to His soveraine mercie doe appeale ;
 Learne Him to love that loved thee so deare,
 And in thy brest His blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind, 260
 Thou must Him love, and His beheasts embrace ;

¹ *Malist*, regarded with ill will.

All other loves, with which the world doth blind
 Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
 Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
 And give thy self unto Him full and free, 265
 That full and freely gave Himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
 And ravisht with devouring great desire
 Of His dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
 In flame with love, and set thee all on fire 270
 With burning zeale, through every part entire,
 That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
 But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
 And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze, 275
 Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
 Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
 Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
 With admiration of their passing light,
 Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright. 280

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
 With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,
 And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
 Th' idee of His pure glorie present still
 Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill 285
 With sweete enragement¹ of celestiall love,
 Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

¹ *Enragement*, fervent admiration.

AN HYMNE
OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights; 5
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O Thou most Almighty Spright!
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light 10
Of thine eternall truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall Beautie, there with Thee,
Which in my weake distraughted¹ mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight 15
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,

¹ *Distraughted*, distracted.

Transported with celestiall desyre
 Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
 And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty, 20
 Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
 Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
 From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
 To contemplation of th' immortall sky ; 25
 Of the soare faulcon¹ so I learne to flye,
 That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
 Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
 With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame 30
 Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
 The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
 Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime ;
 All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
 And all with admirable beautie deckt. 35

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillars founded
 Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands ;
 Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
 On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
 Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands ; 40
 And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
 Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
 That still as every thing doth upward tend,

¹ *Soare faulcon*, a falcon of the first year.

And further is from earth, so still more cleare 45
 And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
 Of purest Beautie it at last ascend ;
 Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
 And heaven then fire, appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye 50
 On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
 The house of Blessed God, which men call Skye,
 All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
 Whereof each other doth in brightnessse passe,
 But those two most, which, ruling night and day, 55
 As king and queene, the heavens empire sway ;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
 That to their beautie may compared bee,
 Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
 Endure their captains flaming head to see? 60
 How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
 And so much fairer, and much more then these,
 As these are fairer then the land and seas ?

For farre above these heavens, which here we see,
 Be others farre exceeding these in light, 65
 Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
 But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
 Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
 That need no sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
 But their owne native light farre passing theirs. 70

Ver. 60. — *Their captains.*] The sun's.

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
 Until they come to their first Movers bound,
 That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
 And carrie all the rest with him around ;
 So those likewise doe by degrees redound, 75
 And rise more faire, till they at last arive
 To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place,
 In full enioyment of felicitie,
 Whence they doe still behold the glorious face 80
 Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie ;
 More faire is that, where those Idees on hie
 Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
 And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do raine 85
 The soveraigne Powres and mightie Potentates,
 Which in their high protections doe containe
 All mortall princes and imperiall states ;
 And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
 And heavenly Dominations are set, 90
 From whom all earthly governance is fet.¹

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
 Which all with golden wings are overdight,
 And those eternall burning Seraphins,
 Which from their faces dart out fierie light ; 95
 Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,
 Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
 On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

¹ *Fet*, fetched.

These thus in faire each other farre excelleng,
 As to the Highest they approach more near, 100
 Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
 Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
 Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were ;
 How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
 The image of such endlesse perfectnesse ? 105

Cease then, my tongue ! and lend unto my mynd
 Leave to bethinke how great that Beautie is,
 Whose utmost¹ parts so beautifull I fynd ;
 How much more those essentiall parts of His,
 His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His blis, 110
 His grace, His doome, His mercy, and His might,
 By which He lends us of himselfe a sight !

Those unto all He daily doth display,
 And shew himselfe in th' image of His grace,
 As in a looking-glasse, through which He mav 115
 Be seene of all His creatures vile and base,
 That are unable else to see His face,
 His glorious face ! which glistereth else so bright,
 That th' angels selves can not endure His sight.

But we, fraile wights ! whose sight cannot sustaine 120
 The suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
 But that their points rebutted² backe againe
 Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
 The glorie of that Maiestie Divine,
 In sight of whom both sun and moone are darke, 125
 Compared to His least resplendent sparke ?

¹ *Utmost*, outmost.

² *Rebutted*, repelled.

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
 Him to behold, is on His workes to looke,
 Which He hath made in beauty excellent,
 And in the same, as in a brasen booke, 130
 To read enregistred in every nooke
 His goodnesse, which His Beautie doth declare ;
 For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
 To impe¹ the wings of thy high flying mynd, 135
 Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
 From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do blynd,
 And, like the native brood of eagles kynd,
 On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
 Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities. 140

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
 Before the footestoole of His Maiestie
 Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
 Ne dare looke up with cõruptible eye
 On the dred face of that Great Deity, 145
 For feare, lest if He chaunce to look on thee,
 Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before His mercie seate,
 Close covered with the Lambes integrity
 From the iust wrath of His avengefull threate 150
 That sits upon the righteous throne on hy ;
 His throne is built upon Eternity,
 More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
 Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

¹ *Impe*, plume.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse, 155
 With which He bruseth all His foes to dust,
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
 Under the rigour of His iudgment iust ;
 His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
 From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
 That all about Him sheddeth glorious light : 161

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
 Which darterd is from Titans flaming head,
 That with his beames enlumineth the darke
 And dampish air, wherby al things are red¹ ; 165
 Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
 Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
 The greatest wisards² which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
 Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare, 170
 More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
 Through which to God all mortall actions here,
 And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare ;
 For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
 Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light 176
 His throne is all encompassed around,
 And hid in His owne brightnesse from the sight
 Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound ;
 And underneath His feet are to be found 180
 Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
 The instruments of His avenging yre.

¹ Red, perceived.² Wisards, wise men.

There in His bosome Sapience doth sit,
 The souveraine dearling of the Deity,
 Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit 185
 For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
 And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
 Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
 And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold 190
 Is set, in signe of highest soverainty ;
 And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
 With which she rules the house of God on hy,
 And menageth the ever-moving sky,
 And in the same these lower creatures all 195
 Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
 And all the creatures which they both containe ;
 For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
 They all partake, and do in state remaine 200
 As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
 Through observation of her high beheast,
 By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairnesse of her face no tongue can tell ;
 For she the daughters of all wemens race, 205
 And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
 Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
 And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
 That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
 Ne can on earth compared be to ought. 210

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
 Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
 That all posteritie admyred it,
 Have purtray'd this, for all his maistring¹ skill ;
 Ne she her selfe, had she remained still, 215
 And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
 Could once come neare this Beauty soverayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
 Or that sweete Teian poet, which did spend
 His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise, 220
 Seen but a glims of this which I pretend,
 How wondrously would he her face commend,
 Above that idole of his fayning thought,
 That all the world should with his rimes be fraught !

How then dare I, the novice of his art, 225
 Presume to picture so divine a wight,
 Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
 Whose beautie filles the heavens with her light,
 And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight ?
 Ah, gentle Muse ! thou art too weake and faint 230
 The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
 And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
 And those most sacred mysteries unfold
 Of that faire love of Mightie Heavens King ; 235
 Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,

¹ *Maistring*, superior.

And, being thus with her huge love possest,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace, 240
And lets his owne Beloved to behold ;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place ;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight. 245

For she, out of her secret threasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre, 250
Which Mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,
And letteth them her lovely face to see, 255
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And then transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things, 260
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that fills the brasen sky ;
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,

That maketh them all worldly cares forget, 265
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine ;
But all that earst¹ seemd sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst¹ now seemes to paine : 270
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre, 275
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame ;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
By name of Honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse. 280

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in theyr inward ey ; 285
On which they feed, and in theyr fastned mynd
All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry Soule ! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false Beauties flattring bait misled, 290
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,

¹ *Earst*, before.

Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light, 295
From whose pure beams al perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest, 300
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

END OF VOL. V.

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