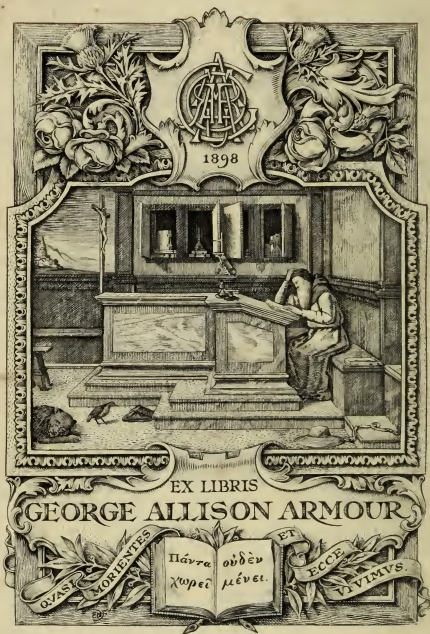


FREDERICK
SPIEGELBERG



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This anthology of Elizabethan love poetry represents the work of most of the major poets of the period. The contributors include Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, Robert Greene, George Peele, Michael Drayton, and Christopher Marlowe. "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love" is answered in the next poem by Walter Raleigh.



S.F.C. 3192 *White Water only*

Two copies of *White Water* Museum and
Huntington





ENGLANDS
HELICON.
OR
THE MVSES
HARMONY.

*The Courts of Kings heare no such straines,
As daily lull the Rusticke Swaines.*



LONDON:

Printed for RICHARD MORE, and are to
be sould at his Shop in S. Dunstons
Church-yard. 1614.

J. H. Benton
Nov. 18 1937
A

TO THE TRVLY
VERTVOVS AND

Honourable Lady, the Lady
ELIZABETH CARIE.

DEigne worthy LADY, (Englands happy Muse,
Learnings delight, that all things else exceeds)
To shield from Enuies paine and times abuse:
The tuncfull noates of these our Shepheards reeds,

*Sweet is the concord, and the Musicke such
That at it Rivers haue beneene seene to daunce,
When these Musicians did their sweet Pipes tuch.
In silence lay the vales, as in a traunce.*

*He stopt his race to heare them sing,
As when Apollo to these layes hath giuen
So great a gift, that any fauouring
The Shepheards quill, shall with the lights of Heauen*

*Haue equall fate: Then cherrish these (faire Stem)
So shall they liue by thee, and thou by them.*

Your Honours
euer to command

RICHARD MORE,



THE TABLE OF

all the Songs and Pastorals, with
the Authors names, contained
 in this Booke.

Songs.

THE Shepheard to his chosen Nymph.

A Shepheards Edillion.

Astrophels *Lowe is dead.*

A Palinode.

Astrophel the Shepheard, *his complaint to his Flocke.*

Hobbinols *Dittie in praise of Eliza, Queene of the Shepheards.*

The Shepheards Daffadill.

A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie.

Milicertus *Madrigale.*

Old Damons Pastorall.

Perigot and Cuddies *Roundelay.*

Phillida and Coridon.

To Colin Cloute.

Rowlands *Song in praise of the fairest Beta.*

The Barginet of Antimachus.

Menaphons *Roundelay.*

A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon.

Coridon and Melampus *Song.*

Tityrus to his faire Phillis.

Shepheard.

Another of the same Author.

Menaphon to Pefana.

A sweet Pastorall.

Authors.

Sir. Phil. Sidney.

E. B.

Sir. Phil. Sidney.

E. B.

Sir Phil. Sidney.

Edm. Spen.

Michaell Drayton.

Edmund Bolton.

Ro. Greene.

Thom. Lodge.

Edmund. Spencer.

N. Breton.

Shepheard Tonie.

Mick. Draiton.

Thom. Lodge.

Ro. Greene.

N. Breton.

Geor. Peele.

I. D.

I. M.

I. M.

Ro. Greene.

N. Breton.

Harpalus

THE TABLE.

Songs.

Authors.

Harpalus complaint on Phillidaes love bestowed on Corin, who loved her not, and denied him that loved her.	L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.
Another of the same subject, but made as it were in answer.	Shep. Tonic.
The Nymphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this Dittie.	Tho. Watson.
Colin Cloutes mournesfull Dittie for the death of Astrophell.	Edm. Spen.
Damætas Iigge in praise of his Love.	John Wootton.
Montanus praise of his faire Phæbe.	Thom. Lodge.
The complaint of Thestylis the forsaken Shepheard.	L. T. Howard, Earle of Surrie.
To Phillis the faire Shepheardesse.	S. E. D.
The Shepheard Dorons Iigge.	Ro. Greene.
Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.	N. Breton.
The passionate Shepheards Song.	W. Shakespeare.
The unknowne Shepheards complaint.	Ignoto.
Another of the same Shepheards.	Ignoto.
The Shepheards allusion of his owne amorous infelicitie, to the offence of Actæon.	T. Watson.
Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phæbe.	Thom. Lodge.
Phæbes Sonnet, a reply to Montanus passion.	Thom. Lodge.
Coridons supplication to Phillis.	N. Breton.
Damætas Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis.	I. Wootton.
Dorons description of his faire Shepheardesse Samela.	Ro. Greene.
Wodenfrides Song in praise of Amargana.	W. H.
Another of the same.	W. H.
An excellent Pastovall Dittie.	Shep. Tonic.
Phillidaes Love-call to her Coridon, and his replying.	Ignoto.
The Shepheards solace.	Tho. Watson.
Syrenus Song to Eugerius.	Bar. Yong.
The Shepheards Arfileus reply to Syrenus Song.	Bar. Yong.
A Shepheards dreame.	N. Breton.
The Shepheards Ode.	Rich. Barnefield.
The Shepheards commendation of his Nymph.	Earle of Oxenford.
Coridon to his Phillis.	S. E. Dyer.
The Shepheards description of Love.	Ignoto.
To his Flockes.	H. C.
A Roundelay betweene two Shepheards.	Michaell Drayton.
The solitary Shepheards Song.	Thom. Lodge.

The

THE TABLE.

Songs.

Authors.

<i>The Shepherds resolution in Lowe.</i>	Thom. Watson.
<i>Coridons Hymne in praise of Amarillis.</i>	T. B.
<i>The Shepheard Carillo his Song.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Corins dreame of his faire Chloris.</i>	W. S.
<i>The Shepheard Damons passion.</i>	Thom. Lodge.
<i>The Shepheard Musidorus his complaint.</i>	S. Phil. Sidney.
<i>The Shepherds braule, one halfe answering the other.</i>	S. Phil. Sidney.
<i>Dorus his comparisons.</i>	S. Phil. Sidney.
<i>The Shepheard Faustus his Song.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Another of the same, by Firmius the Shepheard.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Damelus Song to his Diaphenia.</i>	H. C.
<i>The Shepheard Eurymachus to his faire Shepheardesse Mirimida.</i>	Ro. Greene.
<i>The Shepheard Firmius his Song.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>The Shepherds praise of his sacred Diana.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>The Shepherds dumpe.</i>	S. E. D.
<i>The Nymph Dianaes Song.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Rowlands Madrigall.</i>	Michaell Drayton.
<i>Alanius the Shepheard, his dolefull Song, complaining of Imeniaes crueltie.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Montana the Shepheard, his loue to Aminta.</i>	Shep. Tonie.
<i>The Shepherds sorrow for his Phæbes disdain.</i>	I. F.
<i>Espilus and Therion, their contention in Song for the May-Lady.</i>	Sir Phil. Sidney.
<i>Olde Melibeus Song, courting his Nymph.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>The Shepheard Syluanus, his Song.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Coridons Song.</i>	Thom. Lodge.
<i>The Shepherds Sonnet.</i>	Rich. Barnefield.
<i>Seluagia and Siluanus, their Songs to Diana.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Montanus his Madrigall.</i>	Ro. Greene.
<i>Astrophell to Stella, his third Song.</i>	S. Phil. Sidney.
<i>A Song betweene Syrenus and Syluanus.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>A Pastorall Ode to an honourable friend.</i>	E. B.
<i>A Nymphs disdain of Loue</i>	Ignoto.
<i>Appollos Loue-Song for faire Daphne.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>The Shepheard Delicius his Dittie.</i>	Bar. Yong.
<i>Amintas for his Phillis.</i>	Tho. Watson.
	Faustus

THE TABLE.

Songs.	Authors.
Faustus and Firmius sing to their Nymph by turnes.	Bar. Yong.
Sireno a Shepheard, having a locke of his faire Nymphs haire, wrapt about with greene silke, mournes in a Loue-Dittie.	S. Phil. Sidney.
A Song betweene Taurisus & Diana, answering verse for verse.	Ba. Yong.
Another Song before her Maiestie at Oxford, sung by a comely Shepheard, attended on by sundry other Shepheards and Nymphs.	Anonimus.
The Shepheards Song : a Caroll or Himne for Christmas.	E. B.
Arfileus his Caroll, for ioy of the new marriage, betweene Syrenus and Diana.	Bar. Yong.
Philistus farewell to false Clorinda.	Out of M. Morleyes Madrigals.
Rosalindes Madrigall.	Thom. Lodge.
A Dialogue Song betweene Syluanus and Arfileus.	Bar. Yong.
Montanus Sonnet.	S. E. D.
The Nymph Seluagia her Song.	Bar. Yong.
The Heard-mans happie life.	Out of M. Birds set Songs.
Cynthia the Nymph, her Song to faire Polydora.	Bar. Yong.
The Shepheard to the Flowers.	Ignoto.
The Shepheard Arfileus his Song to his Rebeck.	Bar. Yong.
Another of Astrophell to his Stella.	S. Phil. Sidney.
Syrenus his Song to Dianaes Flockes.	Bar. Yong.
To Amarilius.	Out of M. Birds set Songs.
Cardenia the Nymph, to her false Shepheard Faustus.	Bar. Yong.
Of Phillida.	Out of M. Birds set Songs.
Melisea her Song, in scorne of her Shepheard Narcissus.	Bar. Yong.
His answer to the Nymphs Song.	Bar. Yong.
Her present answer againe to him.	Bar. Yong.
His last replie.	Bar. Yong.
Philon the Shepheard, his Song.	Out of M. Birds set Songs.
Lycoris the Nymph, her sad Song.	Out of M. Morleyes Madrigals.
To his Flockes.	Ignoto.
To his Loue.	Ignoto.
Another to his Cynthia.	Ignoto.
Montanus Sonnet in the Woods.	S. E. D.
The Shepheards sorrow, being disdained in Loue.	Thom. Lodge.
A Pastorall Song betweene Phillis and Amarillis, two Nymphs, each answering other line for line.	H. C.
The Shepheards Antheme.	Mich. Drayton.
The Countesse of Pembrokes Pastorall.	Shap. Tonie.
	Another

THE TABLE.

Songs.

Authors.

<i>Another of Astrophell.</i>	Sir Phil. Sidney.
<i>An Inuective against Loue.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>Faire Phillis and her Shepheard.</i>	I. G.
<i>The Shepheards Song of Venus and Adonis.</i>	H. C.
<i>Thirsis the Shepheard his deaths Song.</i>	Out of M. N. Young, his <i>Musica Transalpina.</i>
<i>Another Stanza added after.</i>	Out of the same.
<i>Another Sonnet thence taken.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>The Shepheards slumber.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>Dispraise of Loue, and Louers follies.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>Another Sonnet.</i>	Sir Phil. Sidney.
<i>Of disdainfull Daphne.</i>	M. N. Howell.
<i>The passionate Shepheard to his Loue.</i>	Chr. Marlow
<i>The Nymphs reply to the Shepheard.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>Another of the same nature, made since.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>Two Pastorals, vpon three friends meeting.</i>	Sir Phil. Sidney
<i>The wood-mans walke.</i>	Shep. Tonie
<i>Thirsis the Shepheards, to his Pipe.</i>	Ignoto
<i>An Heroycall Poeme.</i>	Ignoto
<i>An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph.</i>	Sir Phil. Sidney
<i>A Report Song in adream, betweene a Shepheard and his Nymph.</i>	N. Breton
<i>Another of the same.</i>	N. Breton
<i>The Louers absence kils me, her presence cures me.</i>	Ignoto
<i>The Shepheards conceit of Prometheus.</i>	S. E. D.
<i>Another of the same.</i>	Sir Phil. Sidney
<i>The Shepheards Sunne.</i>	Shep. Tonie
<i>Loue the onely price of Loue.</i>	Ignoto
<i>Colin, the enamored Shepheard, singeth the passion of loue.</i>	Geo. Peele
<i>Oenones complaint in blanke verse.</i>	Geo. Peele
<i>The Shepheards Consort.</i>	Out of M. Morleys Madrigals.
<i>Thirsis praise of his Mistresse.</i>	W. Browne.
<i>A defiance to disdainfull Loue.</i>	Ignoto.
<i>An Epithalamium; or a Nuptiall Song, applied to the Ceremonies of Marriage.</i>	Christopher Brooke.

F I N I S.



ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The Shepheard to his chosen Nymph.



Nely ioy, now heere you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care :
Let my whispring voyce obtaine
Sweet reward for sharpest paine.

Take mee to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling starres Loue-thoughts prouoke,
Daunger hence good care doth keepe
Iealousie it selfe doth sleepe.

Take me to thee, and thee to me :
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Better place no wit can finde,
Cupids yoake to loofe or binde,
Thefe sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their beft language woo,
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

This fmall light the Moone beftowes,
Serues thy beames but to enclofe,
So to raife my hap more hie,
Feare not elfe, none can vs spie.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

That you heard was but a Moufe,
Dumbe fleepe holdeth all the houfe,
Yet a-fleepe me thinks they fay,
Young folkes, take time while you may.
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we miffe
This large offer of our bliffe
Long ftay, ere he grant the fame,
(Sweet then) while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Your faire Mother is a bed,
Candles out, and Curtaines fprede,
She thinks you doe Letters write,
Write, but let me firft indite.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Sweet (alas) why faine you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs.

Leaue to *Mars* the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands.

Take me to thee, and thee to me:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Woe to me, and you doe sweare
Me to hate, but I forbear,
Curfed be my destinies all,
That brought me to so high a fall.

Soone with my death I will please thee:
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

FINIS.

Sir Phil. Sidney.

THEORELLO.

of A Shepheards Edillion.

YOU Shepheards which on hillocks sit,
like Princes in their Thrones:
And guide your Flocks, which else would flit
your Flocks of little ones:
Good Kings haue not disdained it,
but Shepheards haue beene named:
A sheepe-hooke is a Scepter fit
for people well reclaimed.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Shepherds life so honour'd is and praised :
That Kings lesse happy seeme, though higher raised.

The Summer Sunne hath guilded faire,
with morning rayes the Mountaines :

The birds doe caroll in the ayre,
and naked Nimphs in Fountaines.

The *Siluanes* in their shagged haire,
with *Hamadriades* trace :

The shadie *Satires* make a Quiere,
which rockes with Ecchoes grace.

All breathe delight, all solace in the season :
Not now to sing, were enemie to Reason.

Cosma my Loue, and more then so,
the life of mine affections :

Nor life alone, but Lady too,
and Queene of their directions.

Cosma my Loue, is fayre you know,
and which you Shepherds know not :

Is (*Sophi* said) thence called so,
but names her beautie show not.

Yet hath the world no better name then she :
And then the world, no fairer thing can be.

The Sunne vpon her fore-head stands,
or (iewell Sunne-like-glorious,)

Her fore-head wrought with *Ioues* owne hands,
for heauenly white notorious.

Her golden lockes like *Hermus* sands,
(or then bright *Hermus* brighter :)

A spangled Cauill binds in with bands,
then siluer morning lighter.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And if the Planets are the chiefe in skies :
No other starres then Planets are her eyes.

Her cheeke, her lip, fresh cheeke, more fresh
then selfe-blowne buds of Roses :
Rare lip, more red then those of flesh,
which thousand sweetes encloses :
Sweet breath, which all things doth refresh.
and words then breath farre sweeter:
Cheeke firme, lip firme, not fraile nor nesh,
as substance which is fleeter.

In praise doe not surmount, although in placing :
Her christall necke, round breasts, and armes embracing,

The thorough-shining ayre I weene,
is not so perfect cleare :
As is the skie of her faire skinne,
whereon no spots appeare.
The parts which ought not to be seene,
for foueraigne worth excell :
Her thighs with Azure braunched beene,
and all in her are well.

Long Iuorie hands, legs straighter then the Pine :
Well shapen feet, but vertue most diuine.

Nor cloathed like a Shepheardesse,
but rather like a Queene :
Her mantle doth the formes expresse,
of all which may be seene.
Roabe fitter for an Empreffe
then for a Shepherds loue.
Roabe fit alone for such a Lasse
as Emperours doth moue.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Roabe which heauens Queene, the bride of her owne bro-
Would grace her selfe with, or with such another. (ther,

Who euer (and who else but *Ioue*?)
embroidered the same,

He knew the world, and what did moue,
in all the mightie frame.

So well (be like his skill to proue)
the counterfeits he wrought:

Of Wood-Gods, and of euery Groue,
and all which else was ought.

Is there a beast, a bird, a fish worth note?

Then that he drew, and pictur'd in her coate.

A vaile of Lawne like vapour thin
vnto her ankle trailes:

Through which the shapes discerned bin,
as too and fro it failes.

Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
to search her wonders out:

Of Monsters and of Gods a kin,
which her empale about.

A little world her flowing garment seemes:

And who but as a wonder thereof deemes?

For here and there appeare forth towers,
among the chalkie downes:

Cities among the Country bowers,
which smiling Sun-shine crownes.

Her mettall buskins deckt with flowers,
as th'earth when frosts are gone:

Besprinkled are with Orient showers
of hayle and pebble stone.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Her feature peerelesse, peerelesse her attire,
I can but loue her loue, with zeale entire.

O who can sing her beauties best,
or that remains vnfung?
Doe thou *Apollo* tune the rest,
vnworthy is my tongue.
To gaze on her, is to be blest,
so wondrous faire her face is;
Her fairenesse cannot be exprest,
in Goddesses nor Graces.

I loue my Loue, the goodly worke of Nature:
Admire her face, but more admire her stature.

On thee (O *Cosma*) will I gaze,
and readethy beauties euer:
Delighting in the blessed maze,
which can be ended neuer.
For in the luster of thy rayes,
appeares thy Parents brightnesse:
Who himselfe infinite displays
in thee his proper greatnesse.

My Song must end, but neuer my desire:
For *Cosma's* face is *Theorellos* fire.

FINIS.

E. B.

Astrophels Love is dead.

Ring out your Belles, let mourning shewes bespread,
For Loue is dead.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

All loue is dead infected
With plague of deepe disdain:
Worth, as nought worth reiected,
And faith faire scorne doth gaine.
From so vngratefull fancie,
From such a female frenzie,
From them that vse men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it said
That Loue is dead?
His death-bed Peacocks folly,
His winding sheet is shame:
His will false, seeming holy,
His sole exectour blame.
From so vngratefull fancie,
From such a female frenzie,
From them that vse men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Let Dirge be sung, and Trentals richly read,
For Loue is dead.
And wrong his Tombe ordaineth,
My Mistresse marble hart:
Which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his Dart.
From so vngratefull fancie,
From such a female frenzie,
From them that vse men thus:
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Alas, I lie, rage hath this error bred,
Loue is not dead.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Loue is not dead, but sleepeth
In her vnmatched minde :
Where she his counsell keepeth,
Till due desert shee finde.

Therefore from so vile fancie,
To call such wit a frenzie,
Who loue can temper thus :
Good Lord deliuer vs.

FINIS.

Sir Phil. Sidney.

g Palinode.

AS withereth the Primrose by the riuer,
As fadeth Summers-Sunne from gliding fountaines ;
As vanisheth the light blowne bubble euer,
As melteth Snow vpon the mossie Mountaines.
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The Rose, the shine, the bubble and the snow
Of praise, pompe, glory, ioy (which short life gathers,)
Faire praise, vaine pompe, sweet glory, brittle ioy.
The withered Primrose by the mourning riuer,
The faded Summers-sunne from weeping fountaines :
The light-blowne bubble, vanished for euer,
The molten snow vpon the naked mountaines.
Are Emblems that the treasures we vp-lay,
Soone wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snow, whose lawne did ouer-spread
Th'ambitious hils, which Giant-like did threat

ENGLANDS HELICON.

To pierce the heauen with their aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leaue their craggie feat.
When as the bubble, which did empty flie
The daliance of the vndiscerned winde:
On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,
Hath shipwrack made, where it did daliance finde:
And when the Sun-shine which dissolu'd the snow,
Coloured the bubble with a pleasant varie,
And made the rathe and timely Primrose grow,
Swarth clouds with-drawne (which longer time do tarie)
Oh what is praise, pompe, glory, ioy, but so
As shine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers or snow?

FINIS.

E. B.

¶ *Astrophell the Shepheard, his complaint
to his Flocke.*

GOe my Flocke, goe get yee hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding:
Where yee may haue some defence
From the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers; from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch in whom all woe,
can abide to keepe no measure:
Merry Flocke, such one forgoe
vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
onely rich in mischiefes treasure.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Yet (alas) before you goe,
heare your wofull Maisters Storie?

Which to stones I else would shoue,
forrow onely then hath glorie:
when 'tis excellently sorrie.

Stella, fiercest Shepheardesse,
fiercest, but yet fairest euer:

Stella, whom the heauens still blesse,
though against me she perseuer,
though I blisse, inherite neuer.

Stella, hath refused me,
Stella, who more loue hath proued

In this Caitiffe heart to be,
Then can in good by vs be moued:
Towards Lambkins best beloved:

Stella, hath refused me,
Astrophell that so well serued

In this pleasant Spring must see
while in pride flowers be preferued:
himselſe onely Winter-sterued.

Why (alas) then doth she sweare,
that she loueth me so dearely:

Seeing me so long to beare
coales of loue that burne so clearely:
and yet leaue me helpelesse meereſly?

Is that loue? Forsooth I trow,
if I saw my good dogge greued:

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And a helpe for him did know,
my Loue should not be beleued:
but he were by me releued.

No, she hates me, well away,
faigning loue, somewhat to please me:
Knowing, if she should display
all her hate, Death soone would seaze me:
and of hideous torments ease me.

Then my deare Flocke now adiew,
but (alas) if in your straying,
Heauenly *Stella* meete with you,
tell her in your pittious blaying:
her poore slaues vniust decaying.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *Hobbinolls Dittie in praise of Eliza, Queene
of the Shepheards.*

YE dainty Nimphes that in this blessed Brooke
Doe bath your brest;
ForfAKE your warry Bowers, and hether looke
At my request.
And you faire Virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well:
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Who in her sexe doth all excell.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Of faire *Eliza* be your siluer song,
That blessed wight :
The flower of Virgins, may she flourish long
In Princely plight :
For she is *Sirinx* daughter, without spot,
Which *Pan* the Shepherds God on her begot :
So sprung her Grace,
Of heauenly race :
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
O seemely sight :
Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden *Queene*,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a crimson Coronet,
With Daffadils and Damaske Roses set,
Bay leaues betweene,
And Primeroses greene :
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue ye beheld her Angels face,
Like *Phæbe* faire ?
Her heauenly hauiour, her Princely Grace,
Can well compare
The red-Rose medled and the white yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie.
Where haue you seene the like but there ?

I saw *Phæbus* thrust out his golden head,
On her to gaze :

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But when he saw how broad her beames did spread :
It did him maze.

He blusht to see another Sunne below,
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-show :

Let him if he dare
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy siluer rayes,
And be not abasht,
When she the beames of her beauty displays,
Oh how art thou dasht ?

But I will not match her with *Latoaes* seed,
Such folly great sorrow to *Niobe* did breed,
Now is she a stone,
And makes deadly mone,
Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
Such a Bellibone :

And *Sirinx* reioyce, that euer was her lot
To beare such a one.

Soone as my Younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke-white Lamb.

She is my Goddesse plaine,
And I her Shepherds Swaine,
Albe for-swonck and for-swat I am.

I see *Caliope* speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines :

And after her the other Muses trace
With their Violines.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Bin they not Bay-branches which they doe beare:
All for *Eliza* in her hand to weare?

So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Loe how finely the *Graces* can it foote,
to the Instrument:

They dauncen deffely, and singen foote
In their merriment.

Wants not a fourth *Grace* to make the daunce euen?
Let that roome to my Lady be giuen.

She shall be a *Grace*,
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whether runnes this beuie of Ladies bright,
Ranged in a roe?

They beene all Ladies of the Lake behight
That vnto her goe:

Chloris, that is the chiefe Nimph of all,
Of Oliue-branches beares a Coronall:

Oliues beene for peace
When warres doe surcease,
Such for a Princesse beene principall.

Bring hether the Pinke and purple Cullumbine,
With Gillyflowers:

Bring sweet Carnasions, and Sops in Wine,
Worne of Paramours.

Strew me the ground with Daffa-down-Dillies,
And Cowslips, and Kings-cups, and loued Lillies;

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The pretty Paunce,
And the Cheuifauce,
Shall match with the faire flower-Delice.

Ye Shepheards daughters that dwell on the greene,
Hye you there a pace,
Let none come there but such as Virgins beene,
To adorne her Grace.

And when you come where as she is in place :
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace.

Binde your Fillets fast,
And gird on your wast ,
For more finenesse, with a Tawdrie lace.

Now rise vp *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
In royall ray :

And now ye dainty Damfels may depart
Each one her way.

I feare I haue troubled your troupes too long :
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her Song.

And if you come hether,
When Damzins I gather
I will part them all, you among.

FINIS.

Edm. Spencer.

g The Shepheards Daffadill.

GOrbo, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my *Daffadill*?

She's

ENGLANDS HELICON.

She's in a frock of Lincolne-greene,
The colour Maydes delight,
And neuer hath her Beauty seene
But through a vayle of white.

Then Roses richer to behold,
That dresse vp Louers Bowers,
The Pansie and the Marigold
Are *Phæbus* Paramours.

Thou well describ'st the *Daffadill*,
It is not full an hower
Since by the Spring neere yonder hill
I saw that louely flower.

Yet with my flower thou did'st not meete,
Nor newes of her doest bring,
Yet is my *Daffadill* more sweete
Then that by yonder Spring.

I saw a Shepheard that doth keepe
In yonder field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)
A wreath of *Daffadillies*.

Yet *Gorbo*: thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou did'st not see.
For know; my pretty *Daffadill*
Is worne of none but mee.

To shew it selfe but neere her seate
No Lilly is so bold,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Except to shade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the cold.

Through yonder vale as I did passe
Descending from the hill,
I met a smerking Bonny-lasse,
They call her *Daffadill*.

Whose presence as a-long she went
The pretty flower did greete
As though their heads they downe-ward bent,
With homage to her feete.

And all the Shepheards that were nie,
From top of euery hill ;
Vnto the Vallies loud did crie,
There goes sweet *Daffadill*.

I gentle Shepheard now with ioy
Thou all my Flock doest fill :
Come goe with me thou Shepheards Boy,
Let vs to *Daffadill*.

FINIS.

Michaell Drayton.

A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie.

A Las what pleasure now the pleasant Spring
Hath giuen place,
To harsh black frosts the sad ground couering,
Can we, poore we embrace,

When

ENGLANDS HELICON.

When euery bird on euery branch can sing
Naught but this note of woe alas ?

Alas this note of woe why should we sound ?

With vs as May, September hath a prime,

Then birds and branches your alas is fond,

Which call vpon the absent Summer time :

For did flowres make our May

Or the Sun-beames your day.

When Night and Winter did the World embrace,

Well might you waile your ill, and sing alas.

Loe Matron-like the Earth her selfe attires

In habite graue,

Naked the fields are, bloomelesse are the brires,

Yet we a Summer haue,

Who in our clime kindleth these liuing fires,

Which bloomes can on the briers saue.

No Ice doth christallize the running Brooke,

No blast deflowres the flowre-adorned field,

Christall is cleare, but clearer is the looke

Which to our climes these liuing fires doth yeeld :

Winter though euery where,

Hath no abiding here :

On Brooks and Brires she doth rule alone,

The Sunne which lights our world is alwayes one.

FINIS.

Edmund Bolton.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Milicertus *Madrigale.*

WHat are my Sheepe, without their wonted food?
What is my life, except I gaine my Loue?
My Sheepe consume, and faint for want of blood,
My life is lost vnlesse I *Grace* approue.
No flower that saplesse thriues,
No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne doth lower for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, vnlesse they beauty see:
My Sonne *Samelaes* eyes, by whom I know,
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.
Nought more the heart reuiues,
Then to embrace his Deere.

The starres from earthly humours gaine their light,
Our humours by their light possesse their power:
Samelaes eyes fed by my weeping sight,
Infuse my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower.
So wends the source of loue,
It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kinde lookes, cleare to your Ioy, behold her eyes,
Admire her heart, desire to tast her kisses:
In them the heauen of ioy and solace lyes,
Without them, euery hope his succour milies.
Oh how I liue to proue,
Whereto this solace tends?

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Old Damons Pastorall.

From Fortunes frownes and change remou'd,
wend silly Flocks in blessed feeding :
None of *Damon* more belou'd,
feede gentle Lambs while I sit reading.

Carelesse Worldlings, outrage quelleth
all the pride and pompe of Citie :
But true peace with Shepherds dwelleth,
(Shepherds who delight in pittie.)
Whether grace of heauen betideth,
on our humble mindes such pleasure :
Perfect peace with Swaines abideth,
loue and faith is Shepherds treasure.
On the lower Plaines the thunder
little thriues, and nought preuaileth :
Yet in Cities breedeth wonder,
and the highest hills assaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne Tyrant
threatneth Kings, not Shepherds humble :
Age makes silly Swaines delirant,
thirst of rules garres great men stumble.
What to other seemeth sorrie,
abiect state and humble biding :
Is our ioy and Country glorie,
highest states haue worse betiding.
Golden Cups doe harbour poyson,
and the greatest pompe, dissembling :
Court of seasoned words hath foyson,
treason haunts in most assembling.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Homely breasts doe harbour quiet,
little feare, and mickle solace:
States suspect their bed and diet,
feare and craft doe haunt the Pallace.
Little would I, little want I,
where the minde and store agreeeth,
Smallest comfort is not scantie,
least he longs that little seeth.
Time hath beene that I haue longed,
foolish I, to like of folly:
To conuerse where honour thronged,
to my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I see, and seeing sorrow
that the day consum'd, returnes not:
Who dare trust vpon to morrow,
when nor time, nor life sojournes not?

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ Perigot and Cuddies Roundelay.

IT fell vpon a holy-Eue,
hey hoe holy-day:
When holy-Fathers went to shriue,
now ginneth this Roundelay.
Sitting vpon a hill so hie,
hey hoe the high hill:
The while my Flock did feede thereby,
the while the Shepherds selfe did spill.

I saw

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I saw the bouncing Belly-bone,
hey hoe Bonny-bell:

Tripping ouer the Dale alone,
she can trip it very well.

Well decked in a Frock of gray,
hey hoe gray is greeete:

And in a Kirtle of greene Say,
the greene is for Maydens meete.

A Chaplet on her head she wore,
hey hoe the Chaplet:

Of sweet Violets therein was store,
she's sweeter then the Violet.

My Sheepe did leaue their wonted food,
hey hoe silly Sheepe:

And gaz'd on her as they were wood,
wood as he that did them keepe.

As the Bonny-lasse passed by,
hey hoe Bonny-lasse:

She rol'd at me with glauncing eye,
as cleare as the Christall-glasse.

All as the Sunnie-beame so bright,
hey hoe the Sun-beame:

Glaunceth from *Phæbus* face forth-right,
so loue into my heart did streame.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clouds,
hey hoe the thunder:

Wherein the lightsome leuin shrouds,
so cleaues my soule asunder.

Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer ray,
hey hoe the Moone-light:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Vpon the glistering waue doth play,
such play is a pitteous plight.

The glaunce into my heart did glide,
hey hoe the glider :
There-with my soule was sharply gride,
such wounds soone wexen wider.

Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
hey hoe *Perigot* :

I left the head in my heart roote,
it was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more and more,
hey hoe the arrow :

Ne can I finde salue for my sore,
loue is a curelesse sorrow.

And though my bale with death I bought,
hey hoe heauie cheere :

Yet should thilke Lasse not from my thought,
so you may buy gold too deere.

But whether in painefull loue I pine,
hey hoe pinching paine :

Or thriue in wealth, she shall be mine,
but if thou can her obtaine.

And if for gracelesse grieve I dye,
hey hoe gracelesse grieve :

Witnesse, she slew me with her eye,
let thy folly be the preefe.

And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
hey hoe the faire Flocke :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

For priefe thereof my death shall weepe,
and moane with many a mocke.

So learn'd I loue on a holy-Eue,
hey hoe holy-day :

That euer since my heart did grieue ;
now endeth'our Roundelay.

FINIS.

Edm. Spencer.

¶ Phillida and Coridon.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morne by breake of day,
Forth I walked by the Wood-side,
When as May was in his pride :

There I spied all alone,

Phillida and *Coridon*.

Much a-doo there was God wot,
He would loue, and she would not.

She said neuer man was true,

He said, none was false to you.

He said, he had lou'd her long,

She said, Loue should haue no wrong.

Coridon would kisse her then,

She said, Maides must kisse no men,

Till they did for good and all.

Then she made the Shepheard call

All the heauens to witnesse truth :

Neuer lou'd a truer Youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,

Yea and nay, and faith and troath,

Such

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Such as silly Shepherds vse,
When they will not Loue abuse;
Loue, which had beene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.
And *Phyllida* with garlands gay:
Was made the Lady of the May.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

g To Colin Cloute.

BEautie sate bathing by a Spring,
where fairest shades did hide her.
The windes blew calme, the birds did sing,
the coole streames ranne beside her.
My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
to see what was forbidden:
But better Memory said, fie,
so, vaine Desire was chidden.
Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
when fond imagination:
Seemed to see, but could not tell
her feature or her fashion.
But euen as Babes in dreames doe smile,
and sometime fall a weeping:
So I awakt, as wise this while,
as when I fell a sleeping.
Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

FINIS.

Shepherd Tonie.

Rowlands

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Rowlands Song in praise of the fairest Beta.

O Thou siluer Thames, ô clearest christall flood,
Beta alone the Phanix is of all thy watry brood.
The Queene of Virgins onely she,
And thou the Queene of floods shalt be.
Let all the Nimphs be ioyfull then, to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subiect of my Lay.

With daintie and delightfome straines of sweetest Virelayes,
Come lonely Shepheards sit we downe, and chaunt our Betas
And let vs sing so rare a verse, (praise.
Our Betas praises to rehearse,
That litle Birds shall silent be, to heare poore Shepheards sing:
And Riuers backward bend their course, & flow vnto the spring.

Range all thy Swannes faire Thames together on a ranke:
And place them duly one by one upon thy stately banke.
Then set together all a-good,
Recording to the siluer flood:
And craue the tunefull Nightingale to helpe ye with her Lay;
The Osell and the Thrustlecocke, chiefe musicke of our May.

O see what troupes of Nimphs beene sporting on the strands;
And they beene blessed Nimphs of peace, with Olines in their
How merrily the Muses sing, (hands.
That all the flowrie Meddowes ring
And Beta sits upon the banke in purple and in pall.
And shee the Queene of Muses is, and weares the Coronall.

Trim vp her golden tresses with Apollos sacred tree,
O happy sight vnto all those that loue and honouyr thee,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*The blessed Angels haue prepar'd
A glorious Crowne for thy reward.
Not such a golden Crowne as haughty Cæsar weares :
But such a glittering starrie Crowne as Ariadne beares.*

*Make her a goodly Chaplet of azurd Cullumbine,
And wreath about her Coronet with sweetest Eglantine.
Bedeck our Beta all with Lillies,
And the dainty Daffadillies,
With Roses Damaske, white and red, and fairest flowre-Delice :
With Cowslips of Ierusalem, and Cloaues of Paradise.*

*O thou faire Torch of heauen, the dayes most dearest light,
And thou bright-shining Cynthia, the glory of the night.
You starres the eyes of heauen,
And thou the gliding Ieuens,
And thou O gorgeous Iris, with all strange colours dyed :
When she streames forth her rayes, then dasht is all your pride.*

*See how the Day stands still, admiring of her face,
And Time loe stretcheth forth his armes thy Beta to embrace.
The Syrens sing sweet Layes,
The Trytons sound her praise,
Goe passe on Thames, and hie thee fast vnto the Ocean Sea :
And let thy billowes there proclaime thy Betas holy-day.*

*And water thou the blessed roote of that greene Oline tree,
With whose sweet shadow all thy bankes with peace preserued be.
Laurell for Poets and Conquerours :
And Mirtle for Loues Paramours.
That fame may be thy fruit, the boughs preseru'd by peace,
And let the mournfull Cypres die, now stormes and tempests cease.*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*Weele strew the shoare with pearle, where Beta walkes alone,
And we will paue her Princely Bower with richest Indian stone.
Perfume the ayre, and make it sweete,
For such a Goddesse it is meete.
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titans light:
No meruaile then, although they so doe dazell humane sight.*

*Sound out your Trumpets then from Londons stately Towers,
To beat the stormie winds a-backe, and calme the raging showers.
Set to the Cornet and the Flute,
The Orpharion and the Lute:
And tune the Taber and the Pipe to the sweet Violons:
And moue the thunder in the ayre with lowdest Clarions,*

*Beta, long may thine Altars smoake with yeerely sacrifice,
And long thy sacred Temples may their Sabbaths solemnise,
Thy Shepheards watch by day and night,
Thy Maides attend the holy light,
And thy large Empire stretch her armes from East vnto the West:
And Albion on the Appenines aduance her conquering crest.*

FINIS.

Mich. Drayton.

g The Barginet of Antimachus.

IN pride of youth, in midst of May,
When birds with many a merry Lay,
salute the Sunnes vp-rising:
I fate me downe fast by a Spring,
And while these merry Chaunters sing,
I fell vpon surmizing.

Amidst

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Amidst my doubt and minds debate,
Of change of time, of worlds estate,
I spied a boy attired
In siluer plumes, yet naked quite,
Saue pretty feathers fit for flight,
wherewith he still aspired.
A bowe he bare to worke mens wrack,
A little *Quiuer* at his back,
with many arrowes filled :
And in his soft and pretty hand,
He held a liuely burning brand,
where-with he Louers killed.
Fast by his side, in rich aray,
There sate a louely Lady gay,
his mother as I guessed :
That set the Lad vpon her knee,
And trimd his bow and taught him flee,
and mickle Loue professed.
Oft from her lap at sundry stowres,
He leapt, and gathered Sommer flowres,
both Violets and Roses :
But see the chauce that followed fast,
As he the pompe of prime doth wast,
before that he supposes :
A Bee that harbour'd hard thereby,
Did sting his hand, and made him cry
Oh Mother, I am wounded :
Faire *Venus* that beheld her Sonne,
Cryed out alas, I am vndone,
and there-vpon she swoounded,
My little Lad the Goddesse sayd,
Who hath my *Cupid* so dismayd ?

he

ENGLANDS HELICON.

he answered: Gentle Mother

The hony-worker in the Hiue,
My griefe and mischief doth contriue,
alas it is none other.

Shee kist the Lad: Now marke the chaunce,
And strait she fell into a traunce,
and crying, thus concluded:

Ah wanton boy, like to the Bee,
Thou with a kisse hast wounded mee,
and haplesse Loue included.

A little Bee doth thee affright,
But ah, my wounds are full of spright,
and cannot be recured:

The boy that kist his Mothers paine,
Gan smile, and kist her whole againe,
and made her hope assured.

She suckt the wound, and swag'd the sting,
And little Loue ycurde did sing,
then let no Louers sorrow:

To day though griefe attaint his hart,
Let him with courage bide the smart,
amends will come to morrow.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ Menaphons Roundelay.

VVhen tender Ewes brought home with euening
Wend to their Folds; (Sunne,
And to their holds
The Shepheards trudge when light of day is done:
Vpon

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Vpon a tree,
The Eagle, *Ioues* faire bird did pearch,
There resteth hee.
A little Fly his harbour then did search,
And did presume, (though others laugh'd thereat)
To pearch whereas the Princely Eagle sat.

The Eagle Frown'd, and shooke his royall wings,
And charg'd the Flie
From thence to hie.
Afraide, in hast the little creature flings,
Yet seekes againe,
Fearefull to pearke him by the Eagles side.
With moodie vaine
The speedie poast of *Ganimede* replide :
Vassaile auant, or with my wings you die.
Is't fit an Eagle seate him with a Flie?

The Flie crau'd pittie, still the Eagle frownd.
The silly Flie
Ready to die :
Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groueling to the ground.
The Eagle sawe :
And with a royall minde said to the Flie,
Be not in awe,
I scorne by me the meanest creature die.
Then seate thee here : The ioyfull Flie vp-flings,
And fate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon.

ON a Hill there growes a flower,
faire befall the daintie sweet :
By that flower there is a Bower,
Where the heauenly Muses meet.

In that Bower there is a chaire,
fringed all about with gold :
Where doth sit the fairest faire,
that euer eye did yet behold.

It is *Phillis* faire and bright,
shee that is the Shepherds ioy:
Shee that *Venus* did despight,
and did blinde her little boy.

This is shee, the wise, the rich,
that the world desires to see :
This is *ipsa quæ* the which,
there is none but onely shee.

Who would not this face admire ?
who would not this Saint adore ?
Who would not this sight desire,
though he thought to see no more ?

Oh faire eyes, yet let mee see,
one good looke, and I am gone :
Looke on me for I am hee,
thy poore silly *Coridon*.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Thou that art the Shepherds Queene,
looke vpon thy silly Swaine:
By thy comfort haue beene seene
dead men brought to life againe.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ Coridon and Melampus Song.

- Cor. **M**elampus, when will Loue be void of feares?
Mel. When Ielousie hath neither eyes nor eares.
Cor. Melampus, when will Loue be throughly shrieued?
Mel. When it is hard to speake, and not believed.
Cor. Melampus, when is Loue most malecontent?
Mel. When Louers range, and beare their bowes vn bent.
Cor. Melampus, tell me, when takes Loue least harme?
Mel. When Swaines sweet pipes are puffed, and Truls are
Cor. Melampus, tell me, when is Loue best fed? (warmed.)
Mel. When it hath suck'd the sweet that ease hath bred.
Cor. Melampus, when is time in Loue ill spent?
Mel. When it earnes meed, and yet receaues no rent.
Cor. Melampus, when is time well spent in Loue?
Mel. When deeds win meeds, and words Loue workes
(doe proue.

FINIS.

Geor. Peele.

¶ Tityrus

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Tityrus to his faire Phillis.*

THE silly Swaine whose loue breeds discontent,
Thinks death a trifle, life a loathsome thing,
Sad he lookes, sad he lyes:

But when his fortunes mallice doth relent,
Then of lous sweetnes he will sweetly sing,
thus he liues, thus he dies.

Then *Tityrus* whom Loue hath happy made,
Will rest thrice happy in this Mirtle shade.

For though Loue at first did greeue him:
yet did Loue at last releue him.

FINIS.

I. D.

¶ *Shepherd.*

Sweet thrall, first step to Lous felicitie,
Shepheardesse.

Sweet thrall, no stop to perfect libertie.

Hee. O life. *Shee.* what life?

Hee. Sweet life. *Shee.* No life more sweet:

Hee. O Loue. *Shee.* What loue?

Hee. Sweet loue. *Shee.* No loue more meet.

FINIS.

I. M.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Another of the same Authour.

Fields were ouer-spread with flowers,
Fairest choise of *Floraes* treasure :
Shepherds there had shady Bowers,
Where they oft repos'd with pleasure.
Meadowes flourish'd fresh and gay,
where the wanton Heards did play.

Springs more cleare then Christall streames.
Seated were the Groues among :
Thus nor *Titans* scorching beames,
Nor earths drouth could Shepherds wrong.
Faire *Pomonaes* fruitfull pride :
did the budding branches hide.

Flockes of sheepe fed on the Plaines,
Harmelesse sheepe that roamd at large :
Heere and there sate pensive Swaines,
Wayting on their wandring charge.
Pensive while their Lasses smil'd :
Lasses which had them beguil'd.

Hills with trees were richly dight,
Vallies stor'd with *Vestaes* wealth :
Both did harbour sweet delight,
Nought was there to hinder health.
Thus did Heauen grace the soyle :
Not deform'd with work-mens toile.

Purest plot of earthly mold,
Might that Land be iustly named :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Art by Nature was controld,
Art, which no such pleasures framed.
Fayrer place was neuer seene :
Fittest place for Beauties Queene.

FINIS.

I. M.

¶ Menaphon to Pefana.

Faire fields proud *Floraes* vaunt, why i'ft you smile,
when as I languish ?
You golden Meades, why striue you to beguile
my weeping anguish ?
I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,
why doe ye spring thus ?
What, will not *Boreas* tempests wrathfull King,
take some pittie on vs ?
And send forth Winter in her rustie weede,
to waile my bemoanings :
While I distrest doe tune my Country Reede
vnto my groanings.
But Heauen and Earth, time, place, and euery power,
haue with her conspired :
To turne my blisfull sweet to balefull sower,
since I this desired.
The Heauen whereto my thoughts may not aspire,
aye me vnhappy :
It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire
that forceth me die.
Mine be the paine, but hers the cruell cause,
of this strange torment :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
till proud she repent.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

J A sweet Pastorall.

Good Muse rocke me a sleepe
with some sweet Harmonie :
This weary eye is not to keepe
thy wary companie.

Sweet Loue be gone a while,
thou knowest my heauines :
Beautie is borne but to beguile
my hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
that lou'd to feede on hie :
Doe headlong tumble downe the Rocke,
and in the Vallie die.

The bushes and the trees
that were so fresh and greene :
Doe all their daintie colour leese,
and not a leafe is seene.

The Blacke-bird and the Thrush,
that made the woods to ring :
With all the rest, are now at hush,
and not a note they sing.

Sweet

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sweet *Philomele* the bird,
that hath the heauenly throat,
Doth now alas not once affoord
recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a frost
each hearbe hath lost her fauour :
And *Phillida* the faire hath lost
the comfort of her fauour.

Now all these carefull sights,
so kill me in conceit :
That how to hope vpon delights
it is but meere deceite.

And therefore my sweet Muse
that knowest what helpe is best :
Doe now thy heauenly cunning vse,
to set my heart at rest.

And in a dreame bewray
what fate shall be my friend :
Whether my life shall still decay,
or when my sorrow end.

FINIS

N. Breton.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Harpalus complaint on Phillidaes loue bestowed on
Corin, who loued her not, and denyed him
that loued her.*

P*hillida* was a faire maide,
as fresh as any flower:
Whom *Harpalus* the Heards-man praide
to be his Paramour,
Harpalus and eke *Corin*,
were Heards-men both yfere:
And *Phillida* could twist and spinne,
and thereto sing full cleere,
But *Phillida* was all too coy,
for *Harpalus* to winne:
For *Corin* was her onely ioy,
who forc'd her not a pinne.
How often would she flowers twine?
how often Garlands make:
Of Cowslips and of Cullumbine,
and all for *Corins* sake?
But *Corin* he had Hawkes to lure,
and forced more the field:
Of Louers law hee tooke no cure,
for once hee was beguild.
Harpalus preuailed naught,
his labour all was lost:
For he was furthest from her thought,
and yet he lou'd her most.
Therefore woxe he both pale and leane,
and dry as clod of clay:
His flesh it was consumed cleane,
his colour gone away.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

His beard it had not long beene shaue,
his haire hung all vnkempt :
A man most fit euen for the graue,
whom spitefull Loue had spent.
His eyes were red and all fore-watcht,
his face besprent with teares :
It seem'd vnhap had him long hatcht,
in midst of his dispaies.
His cloathes were blacke and also bare,
as one forlorne was hee :
Vpon his head he alwayes ware
a wreath of Willow-tree.
His beasts he kept vpon the hill,
and he sate in the Dale :
And thus with sighs and sorrowes shrill,
he gan to tell his tale.
Oh *Harpalus*, thus would he say,
vnhappiest vnder Sunne : :
The cause of thine vnhappy day,
by loue was first begun.
For thou went'st first by sute to seeke,
a Tyger to make tame :
That sets not by thy loue a Leeke,
but makes thy grieve a game.
As easie were it to conuert
the frost into a flame :
As for to turne a froward hart
whom thou so faine wouldst frame.
Corin, he liueth carelesse,
he leapes among the leaues :
He eates the fruites of thy redresse,
thou reap'st, he takes the sheaues.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

My beasts a-while your foode refraine,
and harke your Heard-mans sound :
Whom spightfull Loue alas hath slaine,
through-girt with many a wound.
Oh happy be ye beasts wild,
that here your Pasture takes :
I see that ye be not beguild,
of these your faithfull makes.
The Hart he feedeth by the Hinde,
the Bucke hard by the Doe :
The Turtle-Doue is not vnkinde
to him that loues her so.
The Ewe she hath by her the Ram,
the young Cowe hath the Bull:
The Calfe with many a lusty Lamb,
doe feede their hunger full.
But well-away that Nature wrought,
thee *Phillida* so faire :
For I may say that I haue bought
thy beauty all too deere.
What reason is't that cruelty
with beauty should haue part ?
Or else that such great tirannie,
should dwell in womans hart ?
I see therefore to shape my death,
she cruelly is prest :
To th'end that I may want my breath,
my dayes beene at the best.
Oh *Cupid* grant this my request,
and doe not stop thine eares :
That she may feele within her brest,
the paine of my despaires.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Of *Corin* that is carelesse,
that she may craue her fee :
As I haue done in great distresse,
that lou'd her faithfully.
But since that I shall die her slaue,
her slaue and eke her thrall :
Write you my friends vpon my graue,
this chance that is befall.
Here lyeth vnhappy *Harpalus*,
by cruell Loue now slaine :
Whom *Phillida* vniustly thus,
hath murdred with disdain.

FINIS.

L.T. Haward, Earle of Surrie.

*¶ Another of the same subject, but made as it
were in answer.*

ON a goodly Summers day,
Harpalus and *Phillida*,
He a true harted Swaine,
She full of coy disdain,
droue their Flocks to field :
He to see his Shepherdesse,
She did dreame on nothing lesse,
Then his continuall care,
Which to grim-fac'd Dispaire,
wholely did him yeeld.
Corin she affected still,
All the more thy heart to kill.

Thy

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Thy case doth make me rue,
That thou should'st loue so true,
 and be thus disdain'd:
While their Flocks a feeding were,
They did meete together there.
Then with a curtisie lowe,
And sighs that told his woe,
 thus to her he plain'd.

Bide a while faire *Phillida*,
List what *Harpalus* will say
Onely in loue to thee,
Though thou respect not mee,
 yet vouchsafe an eare:
To preuent ensuing ill,
Which no doubt betide thee will,
If thou doe not fore-see,
To shunne it presently,
 then thy harme I feare.

Firme thy loue is, well I wot,
To the man that loues thee not.
Louely and gentle *Mayde*,
Thy hope is quite betrayde,
 which my heart doth greue:

Corin is vnkinde to thee,
Though thou thinke contrarie.
His loue is growne as light,
As is his *Faulcons* flight,
 this sweet *Nymph* beleue.

Mopsus daughter, that young mayde,
Her bright eyes his heart hath strayde

ENGLANDS HELICON.

From his affecting thee,
Now there is none but shee
that is *Corins* blisse:

Phillis, men the Virgin call,
She is Buxome, faire and tall,
Yet not like *Phillida*:

If I my minde might say,
eyes oft deeme amisse.

He commends her beauty rare,
Which with thine may not compare.

He doth extoll her eye,
Silly thing, if thine were by,
thus conceit can erre:

He is rauish'd with her breath,
Thine can quicken life in death.

He praiseth all her parts;
Thine, winnes a world of harts,
more, if more there were.

Looke sweet Nymph vpon thy Flock,
They stand still, and now feede not,
As if they shar'd with thee:

Griefe for this iniurie,
offred to true loue.

Pretty Lambkins, how they moane,
And in bleating seeme to groane,
That any Shepherds Swaine,
Should cause their Mistresse paine:
by affects remoue.

If you looke but on the grasse,
It's not halfe so greene as 'twas:
When I began my tale,

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But is as witherd pale,
all in meere remorse.

Marke the Trees that bragd euen now,
Of each goodly greene-leau'd bow,
They seeme as blasted all,
Ready for Winters fall,
such is true loues force.

The gentle murmur of the Springs,
Are become contrary things,
They haue forgot their pride,
And quite forsake their glide,
as if charm'd they stand.

And the flowers growing by,
Late so fresh in euery eye,
See how they hang the head,
As on a suddaine dead,
dropping on the sand.

The birds that chaunted it yer-while,
Ere they heard of *Corins* guile,
Sit as they were afraide,
Or by some hap dismaide,
for this wrong to thee:

Harke sweet *Phil*, how *Philomell*,
That was wont to sing so well,
Iargles now in yonder bush,
Worser then the rudest Thrush,
as it were not shee.

Phillida, who all this while
Neither gaue a sigh or smile:
Round about the field did gaze,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

As her wits were in a maze,
poore despised Mayd,
And reuiued at the last,
After streames of teares were past,
Leaning on her Shepheards hooke,
With a sad and heauie looke,
thus poore soule she sayd.

Harpalus, I thanke not thee,
For this sorry tale to mee.
Meete me here againe to morrow,
Then I will conclude my sorrow
mildly, if may be:

With their Flocks they home doe fare,
Eithers heart too full of care,
If they doe meete againe,
Then what they further sayne,
you shall here from me.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonic.

*¶ The Nimphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine
her with this Dittie,*

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our chiefe holy-day.
For though this clime were blest of yore:
Yet was it neuer proud before.

O beauteous Queene of second Troy:
Accept of our vnfaigned ioy.

Now

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Now th' Ayre is sweeter then sweet Balme,
And Satyres dance about the Palme,
Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Giues perfect signes of her delight.

O beauteous Queene,&c.

Now birds record new harmonie,
And trees doe whistle melodie,
Now euery thing that Nature breeds,
Doth clad it selfe in pleasant weedes.

O beauteous Queene,&c.

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ Colin Clouts *mournfull Dittie for the death
of Astrophell.*

S Hepheards that wont on pipes of Oaten Reede
Soft-times to plaine your Loues concealed smart;
And with your pitteous Layes haue learn'd to breede
Compassion in a Country-Ladies hart:
Harken ye gentle Shepheards to my Song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfullst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may impierce
With dolours dart for death of *Astrophell.*
To you I sing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot, my rimes beene rudely dight.

Yet

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Yet as they beene, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to reade:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pittie euer place:
Let him be mou'd to pittie such a case.

FINIS.

Edm. Spencer.

¶ *Damætas Tigge in praise of his Loue.*

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a hill
on a hill so merrily,
on a hill so cherily,
Feare not Shepheard there to pipe thy fill,
Fill euery Dale, fill euery Plaine:
both sing and say; Loue feeles no paine.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a greene,
on a greene so merrily,
on a greene so cherily,
Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth seene,
Heard to each Swaine, seene to each Trull:
Both sing and say; Loues ioy is full.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard in the Sunne,
in the Sunne so merrily,
in the Sunne so cherily,
Sing forth thy Songs, and let thy rimes runne
Downe to the Dales, to the hills aboue:
both sing and say; No life to loue.

E

Iolly

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Jolly Shepheard, Shepheard in the shade,
in the shade so merrily,
in the shade so cherily,
Ioy in thy life, life of Shepheards trade,
Ioy in thy loue, loue full of glee:
both sing and say; Sweet Loue for me.

Jolly Shepheard, Shepheard here or there,
here or there so merrily,
here or there so cherily,
Or in thy chat, either at thy cheere,
In euery ligge, in euery Lay:
both sing and say; Loue lasts for aye.

Jolly Shepheard, Shepheard *Daphnis* Loue,
Daphnis loue so merrily,
Daphnis loue so cherily,
Let thy fancie neuer more remoue,
Fancie be fixt, fixt not to fleete,
still sing and say; Loues yoake is sweet.

FINIS.

John Wootton.

¶ Montanus praise of his faire Phæbe.

PHæbe fate,
Sweet she fate,
sweet fate *Phæbe* when I saw her,
White her brow
Coy her eye,
brow and eye, how much you please me?
Words

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Words I spent,
Sighs I sent,
 sighs and words could neuer draw her,

Oh my Loue,
Thou art lost,
 since no sight could euer ease thee.

Phæbe fate
By a Fount,
 sitting by a Fount I spide her,
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voyce,
 touch and voyce, what may distaine you?

As she sung,
I did sigh,
 And by sighs whilst that I tride her,

Oh mine eyes
You did loose,
 her first sight whose want did paine you.

Phæbes Flocks
White as wooll,
 yet were *Phæbes* lookes more whiter,

Phæbes eyes
Doue-like mild,
 Doue-like eyes both mild and cruell,

Montane sweares
In your Lamps,
 he will die for to delight her,

Phæbe yeeld
Or I die,
 shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

F I N I S.

Thom. Lodge.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The complaint of Thestylis the forsaken Shepheard.

THestilis a silly Swaine, when Loue did him forsake,
In mournfull wise amid the Woods, thus gan his plaint to
Ah wofull man (quoth he) false is thy lot to mone, (make.
And pine away with careful thoughts, unto thy Loue unknowne.
Thy Nymph forsakes thee quite, whom thou didst honour so:
That eye to her thou wert a friend, but to thy selfe a foe.
Ye Louers that haue lost your hearts-desired choyce:
Lament with me my cruell hap, and helpe my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that stood so great in Fortunes grace,
Nor with his sweat (alas too deere) possessest so high a place:
As I whose simple heart, aye thought himselfe still sure,
But now I see high springing tides, they may not aye endure.
She knowes my guiltlesse heart, and yet she lets it pine:
Of her vnrue professed loue, so feeble is the twine.
What wonder is it then, if I berent my haire:
And craving death continually, doe bathe my selfe in teares?
When Cræsus King of Lide, was cast in cruell bands,
And yeelded goods and life into his enemies hands:
What tongue could tell his woe? yet was his grieffe much lesse
Then mine, for I haue lost my Loue, which might my woe redresse.
Ye Woods that shroud my limbs, giue now your hollow sound:
That ye may helpe me to bewaile, the cares that me confound.
Ye Riuer rest a while, and stay your streames that runne:
Rue Thestylis, the wofulst man that rests vnder the Sunne.
Transport my sighs ye winds, unto my pleasant foe:
My trickling teares shall witnes beare, of this my cruell woe:
Oh happy man were I, if all the Gods agreed:
That now the Sisters three should cut in twaine my fat all threed.
Till life with loue shall end, I here resigne all ioy,
Thy pleasant sweet I now lament, whose lacke breeds mine annoy.

Farewell,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Farewell my deere therefore, farewell to me well knowne,
If that I die, it shall be said: that thou hast slaine thine owne.

FINIS.

L. T. Howard, E. of Surrie.

To Phillis the faire Shepherdesse.

MY *Phillis* hath the morning Sunne,
at first to looke vpon her:
And *Phillis* hath morne-waking birds,
her risings still to honour.
My *Phillis* hath prime-featherd flowres,
that smile when she treads on them:
And *Phillis* hath a gallant Flocke,
that leapes since she doth owne them.
But *Phillis* hath too hard a bart,
alas that she should haue it:
It yeelds no mercie to desert,
nor grace to those that craue it.
Sweet Sunne, when thou look'st on,
pray her regard my moane.
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
to yeeld some pittie, woo her,
Sweet flowers that she treads on,
tell her, her beauty deads one.
And if in life her loue she nill agree me:
Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

of The Shepheard Dorons ligge.

THrough the shrubs as I can crack,
for my Lambs pretty ones,
mongst many little ones,
Nimphs I meane, whose haire was black

As the Crow.

Like as the Snow

Her face and browes shin'd I weenes

I saw a little one,

a bonny pretty one,

As bright, buxome, and as sheene :

As was shee

On her knee

That lull'd the God, whose arrowes warms

such merry little ones,

such faire-fac'd pretty ones,

As dally in Loues chiefest harmes.

Such was mine,

Whose gray eyne

Made me loue: I gan to wooe

this sweet little one,

this bonny pretty one.

I wooed hard a day or two,

Till she bad,

Be not sad,

Wooe no more, I am thine owne,

thy dearest little one,

thy truest pretty one.

Thus was faith and firme loue showne,

As behooues

Shepherds Loues.

F I N I S.

Ro. Greene.

of Astrophell

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Astrophell *his Song of Phillida and Coridon.*

FAire in a morne, (O fairest morne)
was neuer morne so faire :
There shone a Sunne, though not the Sunne,
that shineth in the ayre.
For the earth, and from the earth,
(was neuer such a creature :)
Did come this face, (was neuer face,)
that carried such a feature.
Vpon a hill, (O blessed hill,
was neuer hill so blessed)
There stoode a man, (was neuer man
for woman so distressed.)
This man beheld a heauenly view,
which did such vertue giue :
As cleares the blinde, and helps the lame,
and makes the dead man liue.
This man had hap, (O happy man
more happy none then hee ;)
For he had hap to see the hap,
that none had hap to see.
This silly Swaine, (and silly Swaines
are men of meanest grace :)
Had yet the grace, (O gracious guest)
to hap on such a face.
He pittie cried, and pittie came,
and pittied so his paine :
As dying, would not let him die,
but gaue him life againe.
For ioy whereof he made such mirth,
as all the Woods did ring :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And *Pan* with all his Swaines came forth,
to heare the Shepherds sing.
But such a Song sung neuer was,
nor shall be sung againe :
Of *Phillida* the Shepherds Queene,
and *Coridon* the Swaine.
Faire *Phillis* is the Shepherds Queene,
(was neuer such a Queene as shee,)
And *Coridon* her onely Swaine,
(was neuer such a Swaine as he.)
Faire *Phillis* hath the fairest face,
that euer eye did yet behold :
And *Coridon* the constant'st faith,
that euer yet kept Flock in fold.
Sweet *Phillis* is the sweetest sweet,
that euer yet the earth did yeeld :
And *Coridon* the kindest Swaine,
that euer yet kept Lambs in field.
Sweet *Philomell* is *Phillis* bird,
though *Coridon* be he that caught her :
And *Coridon* doth heare her sing,
though *Phillida* be she that taught her.
Poore *Coridon* doth keepe the fields,
though *Phillida* be she that owes them :
And *Phillida* doth walke the Meades,
though *Coridon* be he that mowes them.
The little Lambs are *Phillis* Loue,
though *Coridon* is he that feedes them :
The Gardens faire are *Phillis* ground,
though *Coridon* be he that weedes them.
Since then that *Phillis* onely is,
the onely Shepherds onely Queene :

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And *Coridon* the onely Swaine,
that onely hath her Shepheard beene.
Though *Phyllis* keepe her bower of state,
shall *Coridon* consume away?
No Shepheard no, worke out the weeke,
and Sunday shall be holy-day

FINIS.

N. Breton.

g The passionate Shepherds Song.

ON a day, (alack the day,)
Loue whose moneth was euer May:
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre.
Through the veluet leaues the winde,
All vnseene gan passage finde:
That the Shepheard (sicke to death,)
Wish'd himselfe the Heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow:
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alas, my hand hath sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy thorne.
Vow (alack) for youth vnmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom *Ioue* would sweare,
Iuno but an Æthiope were,
And deny himselfe for *Ioue*,
Turning mortall for my Loue.

FINIS.

W. Shakeſpeare.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The unknowne Shepherds complaint.

MY Flocks feed not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rammes speed not, all is amisse:
Loue is denying, Faith is defying,
Harts renying, causer of this.

All my merry Iigges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is lost God wot,
Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac'd without remoue.

One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
O frowning Fortune, cursed fickle Dame,
For now I see, inconstancie
More in women then in men remaine.

In blackemourne I, all feares scorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
My Shepherds pipe can sound no deale,
My Weathers bell rings dolefull knell.
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
Playes not at all, but seemes afraide.

With sighs so deepe, procures to weepe,
In howling-wise, to see my dolefull plight:
How sighs resound, through hartlesse ground.
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare Wels spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die:
Heards stand weeping, Flocks all sleeping,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Nymphs backe peeping fearefully.
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore Swaines,
All our merry meeting on the Plaines.
All our euening sports from vs are fled,
All our loue is lost, for Loue is dead.

Farewell sweet Loue, thy like nere was,
For sweet content, the cause of all my moane:
Poore *Coridon* must liue alone,
Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

F I N I S.

Ignoto.

Another of the same Shepheards.

AS it fell vpon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Mirtles made.
Beasts did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring.
Euery thing did banish moane,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
She poore Bird, as all forlorne,
Lean'd her breast against a thorne,
And there sung the dolefull'st Ditty,
That to heare it was great pittie.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she crie
Tern, Tern, by and by.
That to heare her so complaine,
Scarfe I could from teares refraine.

For

ENGLANDS HELICON.

For her griefes so liuely showne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mourn'st in vaine,
None takes pittie on thy paine.
Sencelesse trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthlesse beasts, they will not cheare thee.
King *Pandion* he is dead,
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow birds doe sing,
Carelesse of thy sorrowing.
Euen so poore bird like thee,
None a-liue will pittie mee.

F I N I S.

Ignoto.

*g The Shepheards allusion of his owne amarous
infelicitie, to the offence of Actæon.*

A *Actæon* lost in middle of his sport
Both shape and life, for looking but awry :
Diana was afraid he would report
What secrets he had seene in passing by.
To tell but truth, the selfe same hurt haue I :
By viewing her for whom I daily die.
I leese my wonted shape, in that my minde
Doth suffer wracke vpon the stonie rock
Of her disdain, who contrary to kinde
Doth beare a breast more hard then any stock ;
And former forme of limbes is changed quite :
By cares in loue, and want of due delight.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I leese my life, in that each secret thought,
Which I conceaue through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say, that life auaieth nought,
Where seruice cannot haue a due reward.

I dare not name the Nymph that workes my smart,
Though Loue hath grau'n her name within my
(hart.

F I N I S.

T. Watson.

¶ Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phæbe. †

A Turtle fate vpon a leauelesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,
With sad and sorrie cheare.
About her wondring stood,
The Citizens of wood.
And whilest her plumes she rents,
And for her Loue laments:
The stately trees complaine them,
The birds with sorrow paine them.
Each one that doth her view,
Her paines and sorrowes rue.
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouer-thrownè:
Oh how would *Phæbe* sigh, if she did looke on mee?

The loue-sicke *Polipheme* that could not see,
Who on the barren shoare,
His fortunes did deplore:
And melteth all in mone,
For *Galatea* gone,
And with his cries

Afflicts

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Afflicts both earth and skies,
And to his woe betooke,
Doth breake both pipe and hooke.
For whom complains the morne,
For whom the Sea-Nymphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought,
For were my woe but thought:
Oh how would *Phæbe* sigh, if she did looke on me?

Beyond compare my paine,
yet glad am I:
If gentle *Phæbe* daine,
to see her *Montane* die.

F I N I S. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ *Phæbes Sonnet, a reply to Montanus passion.*

DOWNE a downe,
Thus *Phillis* sung,
By fancy once distressed:
Who so by foolish Loue are stung
are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

When Loue was first begot,
And by the mothers will:
Did fall to humane lot,
His solace to fulfill,
Deuoid of all deceit,
A chaste and holy fire:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Did quicken mans conceit,
And womens breasts inspire.
The Gods that saw the good,
That mortals did approue:
With kinde and holy moode,
Began to talke of Loue.

Downe a downe,

Thus *Phillis* sung

By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare:
Whilest Loue in deed and word,
Most faithfull did appeare;
False semblance came in place,
By lealoufie attended:
And with a double face,
Both loue and fancie blended.
Which made the Gods forsake,
And men from fancie flie:
And Maydens scorne a make,
Forsooth and so will I.

Downe a downe,

Thus *Phillis* sung,

By fancie once distressed:

Who so by foolish Loue are stung,

Are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

F I N I S.

Thom. Lodge.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ Coridons *supplication* to Phillis.

Sweet *Phillis*, if a silly Swaine,
may sue to thee for grace:
See not thy louing Shepheard slaine,
with looking on thy face.
But thinke what power thou hast got,
vpon my Flocke and mee:
Thou seest they now regard me not,
but all doe follow thee.
And if I haue so farre presum'd,
with prying in thine eyes:
Yet let not comfort be consum'd,
that in thy pittie lyes.
But as thou art that *Phillis* faire,
that Fortune fauour giues:
So let not Loue dye in despaire,
that in thy fauour liues.
The Deere doe brouse vpon the bryer,
the Birds doe picke the Cherries:
And will not Beautie graunt Desire,
one handfull of her berries?
If it be so that thou hast sworne,
that none shall looke on thee:
Yet let me know thou dost not scorne,
to cast a looke on mee.
But if thy beautie make thee proud,
thinke then what is ordain'd:
The heauens haue neuer yet alow'd,
that Loue should be disdain'd.
Then lest the Fates that fauour Loue,
should curse thee for vnkinde:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let me report for thy behooue,
the honour of thy minde,
Let *Coridon* with full consent,
set downe what he hath seene :
That *Phillida* with Loues content,
is sworne the Shepherds Queene.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ *Damætas Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis*

TVne on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
Loue faire and bright :
Fill earth with sound, and ayrie heauens aboue,
heauen's *Ioues* delight,
with *Daphnis* prayse.

To pleasant *Tempe* Groues and Plaines about,
Plaines, Shepherds pride :
Resounding Ecchoes of her praise ring out,
ring farre and wide
my *Daphnis* praise,

When I begin to sing, begin to sound,
sounds loud and shrill :
Doe make each note vnto the skies rebound,
skies calme and still,
with *Daphnis* praise.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Her tresses are like wiers of beaten gold,
Gold bright and sheene :
Like *Nisus* golden haire that *Scilla* pold,
Scill, ore-seene
through *Minos* loue.

Her eyes like shining Lamps in midst of night,
Night darke and dead :
Or as the Starres that giue the Sea-men light,
Light for to lead
their wandring Ships.

Amidst her cheeks the Rose and Lilly striue,
Lilly, snow white :
When their contend doth make their colour thriue.
Colour too bright
for Shepherds eyes.

Her lips like Scarlet of the finest die,
Scarlet blood-red :
Teeth white as Snow, which on the hills doth lie,
Hills ouer-spread
by Winters force.

Her skinne as soft as is the finest silke,
Silke soft and fine :
Of colour like vnto the whitest milke,
Milke of the Kine
of *Daphnis* Heard.

As swift of foote as is the pretty Roc,
Roe swift of pace :

When

ENGLANDS HELICON.

When yelping Hounds pursue her to and fro,
Hounds fierce in chase,
to reave her life.

Cease tongue to tell of any more compares,
Compares too rude :

Daphnis deserts and beautie are too rare,
Then heere conclude
faire *Daphnis* praise.

FINIS.

I. Wootton.

¶ Dorons description of his faire Shepheardesse *Samela*.

Like to *Diana* in her Sommer weede,
Girt with a Crimson roabe of brightest die:
goes faire *Samela*.

Whiter then be the flocks that stragling feed,
When wash'd by *Arethusa*, faint they lie.
is faire *Samela*.

As faire *Aurora* in her morning gray,
Deckt with the ruddy glister of her loue:
is faire *Samela*.

Like louely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
When as her brightnes *Neptunes* fancies moue.
shines faire *Samela*.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glasse streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are Iuorie:
of faire *Samela*.

Her cheekes like Rose and Lilly yeeld forth gleames,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Her browes bright arches fram'd of Ebonie,
thus faire *Samela*

Passeth faire *Venus* in her brightest hew,
And *Iuno* in the shew of Maiestie:

for she's *Samela*.

Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
yeeld to *Samela*.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ Wodenfrides Song in praise of Amargana.

THe Sunne the season in each thing
Reuiues new pleasures, the sweet Spring
Hath put to flight the Winter keene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The pathes where *Amargana* treads,
With flowrie tap'stries *Flora* spreads.
And nature cloathes the ground in greene:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Groaues put on their rich aray,
With Hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay,
And sweet perfum'd with Eglantine:
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The silent Riuer staves his course,
Whilst playing on the christall source,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The siluer scaled fish are seene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Woods at her faire sight reioyces,
The little Birds with their loud voyces,
In confort on the bryers beene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The fleecie Flockes doe scud and skip,
The wood-Nimphs, Fawnes, and Satires trip,
And daunce the Mirtle trees betweene :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

Great *Pan* (our God) for her deere sake,
This feast and meeting bids vs make,
Of Shepherds, Lads, and Lasses sheene :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

And euery Swaine his chaunce doth proue,
To winne faire *Amarganaes* loue,
In sporning strifes quite voide of spleene :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

All happines let Heauen her lend,
And all the Graces her attend.
Thus bid me pray the Muses nine,
Long liue our louely Sommer Queene.

FINIS.

W.H.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Another of the same.

Happy Shepherds sit and see,
with ioy,
The peerelesse wight :
For whose sake *Pan* keeps from ye
annoy,
And giues delight,
Blessing this pleasant Spring,
Her praises must I sing.
Lift you Swaines, list to me :
The whiles your Flocks feeding be.

First her brow a beauteous Globe
I deeme,
And golden haire ;
And her cheeke *Auroraes* roabe
doth seeme,
But farre more faire.
Her eyes like starres are bright,
And dazle with their light,
Rubies her lips to see,
But to taste, Nectar they be.

Orient pearles her teeth, her smile
doth linke
The Graces three :
Her white necke doth eyes beguile
to thinke
it Iuorie.
Alas her Lilly hand,
How it doth me commaund ?

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Softer silke none can be:
And whiter milke none can see.

Circes wand is not so strait,
as is
Her body small:
But two pillers beare the waight
of this
maiesticke Hall.
Those be I you assure,
Of Alabaster pure,
Polish'd fine in each part:
Ne're Nature yet shewed like Art.

How shall I her pretty tread
expresse
when she doth walke?
Scarfe she doth the Primerose head
depreffe,
or tender stalke
Of blew-veind Violets,
Whereon her foote she sets.
Vertuous she is, for we finde,
In body faire, a beaut'ous minde.

Liue faire *Amargana* still
extold
In all my rime:
Hand want Art, when I want will
t'vnfold
her worth diuine.
But now my Muse doth rest,
Despaire clos'd in my brest,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Of the valour I sing :
Weake faith that no hope doth bring.

FINIS.

W. H.

g An excellent Pastorall Dittie.

A Carefull Nimph, with carelesse greefe opprest,
Vnder the shadow of an Athen tree :
With Lute in hand did paint out her vnrest,
vnto a Nimph that bare her company.
No sooner had she tuned euery string :
But sob'd and sigh'd, and thus began to sing.

Ladies and Nimphs, come listen to my plaint,
on whom the cheerefull Sunne did neuer rise :
If pitties stroakes your tender breasts may taint,
come learne of me to wet your wanton eyes.
For Loue in vaine the name of pleasure beares :
His sweet delights are turned into feares.

The trustlesse shewes, the frights, the feeble ioyes,
the freezing doubts, the guilefull promises :
The feigned lookes, the shifts, the subtill toyes,
the brittle hope, the stedfast heauines.
The wished warre in such vncertaine peace :
These with my woe, my woes with these increase.

Thou dreadfull God, that in thy Mothers lap
do'st lye, and heare the crie of my complaint,

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And seest, and smilest at my fore mishap,
that lacke but skill my sorrowes here to paint:
Thy fire from heauen before the hurt I spide,
Quite through mine eyes into my brest did glide.

My life was light, my blood did spirt and spring,
my body quicke, my heart began to leape:
And euery thornie thought did prick and sting,
the fruit of my desired ioyes to reape.
But he on whom to thinke, my soule still tyers:
In bale forsooke, and left me in the bryers.

Thus Fancie strung my Lute to layes of Loue,
and Loue hath rock'd my wearie Muse a-sleepe:
And sleepe is broken by the paines I proue,
and euery paine I feele doth force me weepe.
Then farewell fancie, loue, sleepe, paine, and sore:
And farewell weeping, I can waile no more.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.

¶ *Phillidaes Lone-call to her Coridon, and his replying.*

Phil. **C**oridon, arise my Coridon,
Titan shineth cleare:

Cor. Who is it that calleth Coridon,
who is it that I heare?

Phil. *Phillida* thy true-Loue calleth thee,
arise then; arise then;

arise

ENGLANDS HELICON.

arise and keepe thy Flock with me :

Cor. Phillida my true-Loue, is it she ?

I come then, I come then,

I come and keepe my flocke with thee.

Phil. Here are cherries ripe my *Coridon*,
eat them for my sake :

Cor. Here's my Oaten pipe my louely one,
sport for thee to make.

Phil. Here are threds my true-Loue, fine as silke,
to knit thee, to knit thee
a paire of stockings white as milke.

Cor. Here are Reedes my true-Loue, fine and neate,
to make thee, to make thee
a Bonnet to with-stand the heate.

Phil. I will gather flowers my *Coridon*,
to set in thy Cap :

Cor. I will gather Peares my louely one,
to put in thy lap.

Phil. I will buy my true-Loue Garters gay,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about his legges so tall :

Cor. I will buy my true-Loue yellow Say,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about her middle small.

Phil. When my *Coridon* sits on a hill,
making melodie :

Cor. When my louely one goes to her wheele
singing cherily.

Phil. Sure me thinks my true-Loue doth excell

ENGLANDS HELICON.

for sweetnesse, for sweetnesse,
our *Pan* that old Arcadian Knight:

Cor. And me thinks my true-Loue beares the bell
for clearenesse, for clearenesse,
beyond the Nymphs that be so bright.

Phil. Had my *Coridon*, my *Coridon*,
beene (alack) my Swaine:

Cor. Had my louely one, my louely one;
beene in *Ida* plaine.

Phil. *Cynthia Endimion* had refus'd,
preferring, preferring
my *Coridon* to play with-all:

Cor. The Queene of Loue had beene excus'd,
bequeathing, bequeathing,
my *Phillida* the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my Mother, *Coridon*,
whether shall I flie?

Cor. Vnder yonder Beech my louely one,
while she passeth by.

Phil. Say to her thy true-Loue was not here,
remember, remember,
to morrow is another day:

Cor. Doubt me not, my true-Loue, doe not feare,
farewell then, farewell then,
heauen keepe our loues alway.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *The Shepherds solace.*

P*Hæbus* delights to view his Laurell tree,
The Poplar pleaseth *Hercules* alone:
Melissa mother is and faultrix to the Bee,
Pallas will weare the Oliue branch alone.

Of Shepherds and their Flocks *Pales* is Queene:
And *Ceres* ripes the Corne was lately greene.

To *Chloris* euery flower belongs of right,
The *Dryade* Nymphs of Woods make chiefe account:
Orcades in hills haue their delight,
Diana doth protect each hubling Fount.

To *Hebe* louely kissing is assign'd:

To *Zephire* euery gentle-breathing wind.

But what is Loues delight? To hurt each where
He cares not whom, with Darts of deepe desire:
With watchfull ieaousie, with hope, with feare,
With nipping cold, and secret flames of fire.

O happy houre, wherein I did forgoe:
This little God, so great a cause of woe.

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ *Syrenus Song to Euerius.*

LEt now the goodly Spring-tide make vs merrie,
And fields, which pleasant flowers doe adorne:
And Vales, Meads, Woods, with liuely colours flow
Let plenteous flocks the Shepherds riches nourish, (rishi,
Lea

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let hungry Wolues by dogges to death be torne,
And Lambes reioyce, with passed Winter wearie.

Let euery Riuer Ferrie

In waters flow, and siluer streames abounding,
And fortune, ceaselesse wounding.

Turne now thy face, so cruell and vnstable,

Be firme and fauourable.

(ces:

And thou that kill'st our soules with thy preten-
Molest not (wicked Loue) my inward senses.

Let Country plainenesse liue in ioyes not ended,

In quiet of the desert Meades and mountaines,

And in the pleasure of a Country dwelling

Let Shepherds rest, that haue distilled fountaines

Of teares: proue not thy wrath, all paines excelling,

Vpon poore soules, that neuer haue offended.

Let thy flames be incended

In haughty Courts, in those that swim in treasure,

And liue in ease and pleasure.

And that a sweetest scorne (my wonted sadnes)

A perfect rest and gladnes

And hills and Dales, may giue me: with offences

Molest not (wicked Loue) my inward senses.

In what law find'st thou, that the freest reason

And wit, vnto thy chaines should be subiected,

And harmelesse soules vnto thy cruell murder?

O wicked Loue, the wretch that flieth further

From thy extreames, thou plagu'st. O false, suspected,

And carelesse boy, that thus thy sweets doost season,

O vile and wicked treason.

Might not thy might suffice thee, but thy fuell

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Of force must be so cruell?
To be a Lord, yet like a Tyrant minded,
Vaine Boy with error blinded.
Why do'st thou hurt his life with thy offences:
That yeelds to thee his soule and inward sences?

He erres (alas) and foulely is deceiued
That calls thee God, being a burning fire:
A furious flame, a playning grieve and clamorous,
And *Venus* sonne (that in the earth was amorous,
Gentle, and mild, and full of sweet desire)
Who calleth him, is of his wits bereaued.
And yet that she conceaued
By prooffe, so vile a sonne and so vnruely:
I say (and yet say truly)
That in the cause of harmes, that they haue framed,
Both iustly may be blamed:
She that did breed him with such vile pretences,
He that doth hurt so much our inward sences.

The gentle Sheepe and Lambs are euer flying
The rauinous Wolues & beasts, that are pretending
To glut their mawes with flesh they teare asunder.
The milke-white Doues at noyse of fearefull thunder
Fly home a-maine, themselues frō harme defending.
The little Chick, when Puttocks are a crying.
The Woods and Meadowes dying
For raine of heauen (if that they cannot haue it)
Doe neuer cease to craue it.
So euery thing his contrary resisteth,
Onely thy thrall persisteth

ENGLANDS HELICON.

In suffering of thy wrongs without offences :
And lets thee spoile his heart and inward fences.

A publique passion, Natures lawes restrayning,
And which with words can neuer be declared,
A soule twixt loue, and feare, and desperation,
And endlesse plaint, that shunnes all consolation.
A spendlesse flame, that neuer is impaired,
A friendlesse death, yet life in death maintaining,
A passion, that is gaining
On him that loueth well, and is absented,
Whereby it is augmented.
A ieaousie, a burning griefe and sorrow,
These fauours Louers borrow
Of thee fell Loue, these be thy recompences :
Consuming still their soule and inward fences.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *The Shepheards Arfileus reply to Syrenus Song.*

O Let that time a thousand moneths endure,
Which brings from heauen the sweet & siluer show-
And ioyes the earth (of comfort late depriued,) (ers,
With graisse and leaues, fine buds, and painted flowers,
Ecchoe, returne vnto the woods obscure,
Ring forth. the Shepheards Songs in loue contriued.
Let old Loues be reuiued,
Which angry Winter buried but of late,
And that in such a state

My

ENGLANDS HELICON.

My soule may haue the full accomplishment
Of ioy and sweet content. (troule :
And since fierce paines and griefes thou do'st con-
Good Loue, doe not forsake my inward soule.

Presume not (Shepherds) once to make you merrie,
With springs, and flowers, or any pleasant Song,
(Vnlesse mild Loue possesse your amorous breasts)
If you sing not to him, your Songs doe wearie,
Crown him with flowers, or else ye do him wrong,
And consecrate your Springs to his behests.
I to my Shepherdesse
My happy Loues with great content doe sing,
And flowers to her doe bring.
And sitting neere her by the Riuer side,
Enioy the braue Spring-tide.
Since then thy ioyes such sweetnesse doth enroule:
Good Loue, doe not forsake my inward soule.

The wise (in ancient time) a God thee nam'd,
Seeing that with thy power and supream might,
Thou didst such rare and mighty wonders make :
For thee a heart is frozen and inflam'd,
A foole thou mak'st a wise man with thy light,
The coward turnes couragious for thy sake.
The mighty Gods did quake
At thy command : To birds & beasts transformed,
Great Monarchs haue not scorned
To yeeld vnto the force of beauties lure :
Such spoiles thou do'st procure
With thy braue force, which neuer may be tould :
With which (sweet loue) thou cōquer'st euery soule
In

ENGLANDS HELICON.

In other times obscurely I did liue
But with a drowlie, base, and simple kinde
Of life, and onely to my profit bend me:

To thinke of Loue my selfe I did not giue,
Or for good grace, good parts, and gentle minde,
Neuer did any Shepherdesse commend me.

But crowned now they send me

A thousand Garlands, that I wone with praise,
In wrastling dayes by dayes,
In pitching of the Barre with arme most strong,
And singing many a Song.

After that thou didst honour, and take hold
Of my (sweet Loue) and of my happy soule.

What greater ioy can any man desire,

Then to remaine a Captiue vnto Loue:

And haue his heart subiected to his power?

And though sometimes he tast a little sower
By suffering it, as mild as gentle Doue
Yet must he be, in lieu of that great hire

Whereto he doth aspire:

If Louers liue afflicted and in paine,

Let them with cause complaine
Of cruell fortune, and of times abuse,

And let not them accuse

Thee (gentle-Loue) that doth with blisse enfold
Within thy sweetest ioyes each liuing soule.

Behold a faire sweet face, and shining eyes,

Resembling two most bright and twinkling starres,

Sending vnto the soule a perfect light:

Behold the rare perfections of those white

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And Iuorie hands, from griefes most surest barres
That minde wherein all life and glory lyes,
That ioy that neuer dyes,
That he doth feele, that loues and is beloued,
And my delights approued,
To see her pleas'd, whose loue maintaines me here,
All those I count so deere, (troule :
That though sometimes Loue doth my ioyes con-
Yet am I glad he dwels within my soule.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *A Shepherds dreame.*

A Silly Shepheard lately fate
among a Flock of Sheepe :
Where musing long on this and that,
at last he fell a sleepe.
And in the slumber as he lay,
he gaue a pitteous groane :
He thought his sheepe were runne away,
and he was left alone.
He whoopt, he whistled, and he call'd,
but not a sheepe came neere him :
Which made the Shepheard fore appall'd,
to see that none would heare him.
But as the Swaine amazed stood,
in this most solemne vaine :
Came *Phillida* forth of the Wood,
and stood before the Swaine.

Whom

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Whom when the Shepheard did behold,
 he straight began to weepe:
And at the heart he grew a cold,
 to thinke vpon his sheepe.
For well he knew, where came the Queene,
 the Shepheard durst not stay:
And where that he durst not be seene,
 the sheepe must needs away.
To aske her if she saw his Flock,
 might happen patience moue:
And haue an answere with a mock,
 that such demanders proue.
Yet for because he saw her come
 alone out of the Wood:
He thought he would not stand as dombe,
 when speech might doe him good,
And therefore falling on his knees,
 to aske but for his sheepe:
He did awake, and so did leese
 the honour of his sleepe.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

¶ The Shepherds Ode.

Nights were short, and dayes were long,
 Blossomes on the Hawthorne hong,
Philomell (Night-Musiques King),
Told the comming of the Spring:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Whose sweet-siluer-sounding-voyce,
Made the little birds reioyce,
Skipping light from spray to spray,
Till *Aurora* shew'd the day.
Scarfe might one see, when I might see
(For such chances sudden be.)
By a Well of Marble-stone,
A Shepheard lying all alone.
Weepe he did, and his weeping
Made the fading flowers spring.
Daphnis was his name I weene,
Youngest Swaine of Summers *Queene*.
When *Aurora* saw t'was he
Weepe she did for companie:
Weepe she did for her sweet Sonne,
That (when antique Troy was wonne)
Suffer'd death by lucklesse Fate,
Whom she now laments too late:
And each morning (by Cocks crewe)
Showers downe her siluer dewe,
Whose teares falling from their spring,
Giue moisture to each liuing thing
That on earth encrease and grow,
Through power of their friendly foe.
Whose effect when *Flora* felt,
Teares, that did her bosome melt,
(For who can resist teares often,
But she whom no teares can soften?)
Peering strait about the banks,
Shew'd her selfe to giue her thanks,
Wondring thus at Natures worke
(Wherein many meruailes lurke)

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Me thought I heard a dolefull noyse,
Conforted with a mounfull voyce,
Drawing neere, to heare more plaine,
Heare I did, vnto my paine,
(For who is not pain'd to heare
Him in griefe whom heart holds deere ?
Silly Swaine with griefe ore-gone
Thus to make his pitteous mone.
Loue I did, alas the while,
Loue I did, but did beguile
My deere Loue with louing so,
Whom as then I did not know.
Loue I did the fairest Boy
That these fields did ere enioy.
Loue I did faire *Ganimede*,
Venus darling, beauties bed :
Him I thought the fairest creature,
Him the quintessence of Nature.
But yet (alas) I was deceau'd,
(Loue of reason is bereau'd.)
For since then I saw a Lasse,
Lasse that did in beauty passe,
Passe faire *Ganimede* as farre
As *Phabus* doth the smallest starre,
Loue commanded me to loue,
Fancie bad me not remoue
My affection from the Swaine
Whom I neuer could obtaine :
(For who can obtaine that fauour
Which he cannot grant the crauer ?)
Loue at last (though loth) preuail'd,
Loue that so my heart assail'd,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Wounding me with her faire eyes,
Ah how Loue can subtillize?
And deuise a thousand shifts
How to worke men to his drifts,
Her it is, for whom I mourne,
Her, for whom my life I scorne.
Her, for whom I weepe all day,
Her, for whom I sigh, and say
Either she, or else no creature
Shall enioy my loue: whose feature
Though I neuer can obtaine,
Yet shall my true-loue remaine:
Till (my body turn'd to clay)
My poore soule must passe away,
To the heauens; where I hope
It shall finde a resting scope:
Then since I loued thee alone,
Remember me when I am gone.
Scarfe had he these last words spoken,
But me thought his heart was broken,
With great griefe that did abound,
(Cares and griefe the heart confound.)
In whose heart thus riu'd in three,
Eliza written I might see
In Characters of crimson blood,
Whose meaning well I vnderstood.
Which, for my heart might not behold:
I hied me home my Sheepe to fold.

FINIS.

Rich. Barneficke.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The Shepheards commendation of his Nimph.

WHat Shepheard can expresse
The fauour of her face?

To whom in this distresse

I doe appeale for grace.

A thousand *Cupids* flye

About her gentle eye.

From which each throwes a Dart

That kindleth soft sweet fire

Within my sighing hart,

Possessed by desire.

No sweeter life I trie

Then in her loue to die.

The Lilly in the field,

That glories in his white:

For purenesse now must yeeld

And render vp his right.

Heauen pictur'd in her face,

Doth promise ioy and grace.

Faire *Cynthiaes* siluer light,

That beates on running streames:

Compares not with her white,

Whose haire are all Sun-beames.

So bright my Nimph doth shine

As day vnto my eyne.

With this there is a red,

Exceedes the Damaske-Rose:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Which in her cheekes is spred,
Whence euery fauour growes.
In Skiethere is no starre,
But she surmounts it farre.

When *Phabus* from the bed
Of *Thetis* doth arise:
The morning blushing red,
In faire *Carnation* wife:
He shewes in my *Nimphs* face,
As *Queene* of euery grace.

This pleasant Lilly white,
This taint of *Roseate* red:
This *Cynthiaes* siluer light,
This sweet faire *Dea* spred,
These Sun-beames in mine eye,
These beauties make me die.

FINIS.

Earle of Oxenford.

¶ *Coridon* to his *Phillis*.

As my heart, mine eye hath wronged thee,
Presumptuous eye, to gaze on *Phillis* face:
Whose heauenly eye no mortall man may see,
But he must die, or purchase *Phillis* grace. (thee:
Poore *Coridon*, the *Nimph* whose eye doth moue
Doth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

Hcr

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Her beautie, Natures pride, and Shepherds praise,
Her eye, the heauenly Planet of my life :
Her matchlesse wit and grace, her fame displaies,
As if that *Ioue* had made her for his wife.

Onely her eyes shoot fierie darts to kill :
Yet is her hart as cold as *Caucase* hill.

My wings too weake to flye against the Sunne,
Mine eyes vnable to sustaine her light :
My hart doth yeeld that I am quite vndone,
Thus hath faire *Phillis* slaine me with her sight.

My bud is blasted, withred is my leafe :
And all my Corne is rotted in the sheafe.

Phillis, the golden fetter of my minde,
My fancies Idoll, and my vitall power :
Goddesse of Nymphs, and honour of thy kinde,
This ages *Phœnix*, beauties richest bower.

Poore *Coridon* for loue of thee must die :

Thy beauties thrall, and conquest of thine

Leaue *Coridon* to plough the barren field, (eye.

Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace :

For *Phillis* lookes no hartly loue doe yeeld,

Nor can she loue, for all her louely face.

Die *Coridon*, the spoile of *Phillis* eye :

She cannot loue, and therefore thou must die.

FINIS. S. E. Dyer.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The Shepherds description of Loue.

Melibens. Shepheard, what's Loue, I pray thee tell?

Faustus. It is that Fountaine, and that Well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell.

It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That toules all into heauen or hell,
And this is loue as I heard tell,

Meli. Yet what is Loue, I pre-thee say?

Faust. It is a worke on holy-day,

It is December match'd with May,

When lustie-bloods in fresh aray,

Heare ten months after of the play,

And this Loue, as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Shepheard faine?

Faust. It is a Sun-shine mixt with raine,

It is a tooth-ach, or like paine,

It is a game, where none doth gaine,

The Lasse saith no, and would full faine:

And is Loue, as I heare faine.

Meli. Yet Shepheard, what is Loue, I pray?

Faust. It is a yea, it is a nay,

A pretty kind of sporting fray,

It is a thing will soone away,

Then *Nymphs* take vantage while ye may:

And this is Lone as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Shepheard show?

Faust. A thing that creepes, it cannot goe,

A prize that passeth to and fro,

A thing for one, a thing for moe,

And he that prooues shall finde it so;

And Shepheard this is loue I trow.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

g To

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g To his Flockes.

FEede on my Flockes securely,
Your Shepheard watched surely,
Runne about my little Lambs,
Skip and wanton with your Dammes,
Your louing Heard with care will tend ye:
Sport on faire flocks at pleasure,
Nip *Vasæes* flowring treasure,
I my selfe will duely harke,
When my watchfull dogge doth barke,
From Woolfe and Foxe I will defend ye.

FINIS.

H. C.

g A Roundelay betweene two Shepheards.

1. *Shep.* **T**ELL me thou gentle Shepheards Swaine,
Whose younder in the Vale is set?
2. *Shep.* Oh it is she, whose sweetes doe staine
The Lilly, Rose, the Violet.
1. *Shep.* Why doth the Sunne against his kind,
Fixe his bright Chariot in the skies?
2. *Shep.* Because the Sunne is strooken blinde,
With looking on her heauenly eyes.
1. *Shep.* Why doe thy flockes forbear their food,
Which sometime were thy chiefe delight?

2. *Shep.*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

2. *Shep.* Because they need no other good,
That liue in presence of her light.

1. *Shep.* Why looke these flowers so pale and ill,
That once attir'd this goodly Heath?

2. *Shep.* She hath rob'd Nature of her skill,
And sweetens all things with her breath.

1. *Shep.* Why slide these brookes so slow away,
Whose bubling murmur pleas'd thine care?

2. *Shep.* Oh meruaile not although they stay,
When they her heauenly voyce doe heare.

1. *Shep.* From whence come al these Shepheards Swains,
And louely Nimphs attir'd in greene?

2. *Shep.* From gathering Garlands on the Plaines,
To crowne our faire the Shepheards Queene.

Both. The Sunne that lights this world below,
Flocks, flowers, and brookes will witnesse beare:
These Nimphs and Shepheards all doe know,
That it is she is onely faire.

FINIS.

Michael Drayton.

The solitarie Shepheards Song.

O Shadie Vale, O faire enriched Meades,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, & rising mountaines

O

ENGLANDS HELICON.

O painted flowers, greenē hearbs where *Flora* treads,
Refresh't by wanton winds and watry fountaines.

O all you winged *Queristers* of wood,
that perch't aloft, your former paines report :
And straite againe recount with pleasant moode,
your present ioyes in sweet and seemely sort.

O all you creatures whosoever thriue
on mother Earth, in Seas, by Ayre, by Fire :
More blest are you then I heere vnder Sunne,
loue dies in me, when as hee doth reuiue
In you, I perish vnder beauties ire,
where after stormes, winds, frosts, your life is won.

F I N I S.

Thom. Lodge.

¶ The Shepherds resolution in loue.

IF *Ioue* him-selfe be subiect vnto Loue.
And range the woods to finde a mortall pray.
If *Neptune* from the Seas him-selfe remoue,
And seeke on sands with earthly wights to play :
Then may I loue my Shepheardesse by right,
Who farre excels each other mortall wight ?
If *Pluto* could by Loue be drawne from hell,
To yeeld him-selfe a silly virgins thrall.
If *Phabus* could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,
To winne a rusticke Mayde vnto his call :
Then how much more should I adore the sight,
Of her in whom the heauens them-selues delight ?
If

ENGLANDS HELICON.

If Countrie *Pan* might follow Nimphs in chase,
And yet through loue remaine deuoide of blame,
If *Satires* were excus'd for seeking grace,
To ioy the fruits of any mortall Dame :
My Shepheardesse, why should not I loue still.
On whom nor Gods nor men can gaze their fill ?

FINIS.

Thom. Watson.

¶ Coridons Hymne in praise of Amarillis.

WOuld mine eyes were christall Fountaines,
Where you might the shadow view
Of my greefes, like to these mountaines
Swelling for the losse of you.

Cares which curelesse are alas,
Helpelesse, haplesse for they grow ;
Cares like tares in number passe,
All the feedes that loue doth sow.
Who but could remember all
Twinkling eyes still representing ?
Starres which pierce me to the gall,
Cause they lend no more contenting.

And you Nectar-lips, alluring
Humane sence to taste of heauen :
For no Art of mans manuring,
Finer silke hath euer weauen.
Who but could remember this,
The sweet odours of your fauour ?
When I smeld I was in blisse.

Neuer

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Neuer felt I sweeter sauour,
And your harmelesse hart annointed,
As the custome was of Kings:
Shewes your sacred soule appointed,
To be prime of earthly things.
Ending thus remember all,
Cloathed in a mantle greene:
'Tis enough I am your thrall,
Leaue thinke what eye hath seene.
Yet the eye may not so leaue,
Though the thought doe still repine:
But must gaze till death bequeath,
Eyes and thoughts vnto her shrine,
Which if *Amarillis* chaunce,
Hearing to make haste to see:
To life death she may aduance.
Therefore eyes and thoughts goe free.

F I N I S.

T. B.

¶ *The Shepheard Carillo his Song.*

Guarda mi las Vaccas

Carillo, por tu fe,

Besa mi Primero,

Yo te las guardare.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I Pre-thee keepe my Kine for me
Carillo, wilt thou? Tell,
First let me haue a kisse of thee.
And I will keepe them well.

If to my charge or them to keepe,
Thou doest commend thy Kine or Sheepe,
for thee I doe suffise:
Because in this I haue beene bred,
But for so much as I haue fed
By viewing thee, mine eyes;
Command not me to keepe thy beast:
Because my selfe I can keepe least.

How can I keepe, I pre-thee tell,
Thy Kie, my selfe that cannot well
defend, nor please thy kinde
As long as I haue serued thee?
But if thou wilt giue vnto me
a kisse to please my minde:
I aske no more for all my paine,
and I will keepe them very faine.

For thee, the gift is not so great
That I doe aske, to keepe thy Neate,
but vnto me it is
A guerdon, that shall make me liue.
Disdaine not then to lend, or giue
so small a gift as this,
But if to it thou canst not frame:
Then giue me leaue to take the same.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But if thou dost (my sweet) denie
To recompence me by and by,
thy promise shall relent me :
Here-after some reward to finde,
Behold how I doe please my minde,
and fauours doe content me,
That though thou speak'st it but in iest :
I meane to take it at the best.

Behold how much loue workes in me,
And how ill recompenc'd of thee
that with the shadow of
Thy happy fauours (though delay'd)
I thinke my selfe right well appay'd,
although they proue a scoffe.
Then pittie me, that haue forgot,
My selfe for thee that carest not.

O in extreame thou art most faire,
And in extreame vniust despaire
thy crueltie maintaines :
Oh that thou wert so pittifull
Vnto these torments that doe pull
my soule with sencelesse paines,
As thou shew'st in that face of thine :
Where pittie and mild grace should shine.

If that thy faire and sweetest face
Assureth me both peace and grace,
thy hard and cruell hart :
Which in that white breast thou do'st beare,
Doth make me tremble yet for feare
thou wilt not end my smart.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

In contraries of such a kinde:
Tell me what succour shall I finde?

If then yong Shepheardesse thou craue
A Heards-man for thy beast to haue,
with grace thou maist restore
Thy Shepheard from his barren loue,
For neuer other shalt thou proue,
that seekes to please thee more:
And who to serue thy turne, will neuer shun,
The nipping frost, and beames of parching Sun.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Corins *dreame of his faire Chloris.*

WHAT time bright *Titan* in the *Zenith* sat,
And equally the fixed poales did heate:
When to my flocke my daily woes I chat,
And vnderneath a broad Beech tooke my seate.
The dreaming God which *Morpheus* Poets call
Augmenting fuell to my *Aetnaes* fire,
With sleepe possessing my weake sences all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
Me thought I saw the Nimph I would embrace,
With armes abroad comming to me for helpe:
A lust-led Satire hauing her in chase,
Which after her about the fields did yelpe,
I seeing my Loue in such perplexed plight,

ENGLANDS HELICON

A sturdie bat from off an Oake I rest:
And with the Rauisher continued fight,
Till breathlesse I vpon the earth him left.
Then when my coy Nimph saw her breathlesse foe,
With kisses kinde she gratifies my paine:
Protesting rigour neuer more to show,
Happy was I this good hap to obtaine.
But drowsie slumbers flying to their Cell,
My sudden ioy conuerted was to bale:
My wonted sorrowes still with me doe dwell,
I looked round about on Hill and Dale:
But I could neither my faire *Chloris* view,
Nor yet the Satire which yer-while I flew.

F I N I S.

W.S.

The Shepheard Damons passion.

AH trees, why fall your leaues so fast?
Ah Rockes, where are your roabes of molle?
Ah Flocks, why stand you all agast?
Trees, Rocks, and Flocks, what, are ye penfue for my
(losse?)

The birds me thinkes tune naught but moane,
The windes breath naught but bitter plaint:
The beafts forsake their dennes to groane,
Birds, Windes, and Beastes, what, doth my losse your
(powers attaint?)
Floods

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Floods weepe their Springs about their bounds,
And Eccho wailes to see my woe:
The roabe of ruth doth cloath the grounds,
Floods, Eccho, grounds, why doe ye all these teares
(bestow?)
The Trees, the Rocks and Flocks replie,
The Birds, the Windes, the Beasts report:
Floods, Eccho, grounds for sorrow crie, (fort.
Wee greeue since *Phyllis* nill kinde *Damons* loue con-

F I N I S. *Thom. Lodge.*

¶ *The Shepheard Musidorus his complaint.*

Come Shepheards weedes, become your Masters mind,
Yeeld outward shew, what inward change hee tries:
Nor be abash'd, since such a guest you finde,
Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lies.
Come Shepheards weedes, attend my wofull cries,
Disuse your selues from sweet *Menalcas* voyce:
For other be those tunes which sorrow ties,
From those cleare notes which freely may reioice.

Then poure out plaint, and in one word say this:
Helpelesse his plaints, who spoiles him selfe of blisse.

F I N I S. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ The Shepheards braule, one halfe answering the other.

1. **V**VE loue, and haue our loues rewarded?
2. We loue, and are no whit regarded.
1. We finde most sweet affections snare:
2. That sweet but sower dispairefull care.
1. Who can dispaire, whom hope doth beare?
2. And who can hope, that feeles dispaire?
- All.* As without breath no pipe doth moue,
No Musique kindly without loue.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ Dorus his comparisons.

MY Sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide & serue,
Their pasture is faire hills of fruitlesse loue:
On barren sweetes they feede, and feeding sterue,
I waile their lot, but will not other proue.
My Sheepe-hooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds:
My weedes, desires, cut out in endlesse folds,
What wooll my Sheepe shall beare, while thus they
In you it is, you must the iudgement giue. (liue:

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

of The Shepheard Faustus his Song.

*A fayre Maid wed to prying Ielousie.
One of the fairest as euer I did see :
If that thou wilt a secret Louer take,
(Sweet life) do not my secret loue forsake.*

ECclipsed was our Sunne,
And faire *Aurora* darkened to vs quite,
Our morning starre was done,
And Shepheards star lost cleane out of our sight,
When that thou didst thy faith in wedlock plight.
Dame Nature made thee faire,
And ill did carelesse Fortune marry thee,
And pittie with despaire
It was, that this thy haplesse hap should be,
A fayre Maid wed to prying Iealousie.

Our eyes are not so bold
To view the Sun, that flies with radiant wing :
Vnlesse that we doe hold
A glasse before them, or some other thing.
Then wisely this to passe did Fortune bring
To couer thee with such a vaile :
For heretofore, when any viewed thee,
Thy sight made his to faile,
For (sooth) thou art: thy beautie telleth me,
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Thy

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Thy graces to obscure,

With such a froward husband, and so base

She meant thereby most sure

That *Cupids* force, & loue thou should'st embrace,

For 'tis a force to loue, no wondrous case.

Then care no more for kin,

And doubt no more, for feare thou must forsake,

To loue thou must begin,

And from hence-forth this question neuer make,

If that thou should'st a secret Louer take.

Of force it doth behooue

That thou should'st be belou'd, and that againe

(Faire Mistresse) thou should'st loue,

For to what end, what purpose, and what gaine,

Should such perfections serue? as now in vaine

My loue is of such art,

That (of it selfe) it well deserues to take

In thy sweet loue a part:

Then for no Shepheard, that his loue doth make,

(Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Another of the same, by Firmius the Shepheard.

IF that the gentle winde

doth moue the leaues with pleasant sound,

If that the Kid behinde

Is left, that cannot finde

her Dam, runnes bleating vp and downe :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Bagpipe, Reede, or Flute,
onely with ayre if that they touched be,
With pittie all salute,
And full of loue doe brute
thy name, and sound *Diana*, seeing thee:
A faire Mayd wed to prying Ielousie.

The fierce and sauage beasts
(beyond their kinde and nature yet)
With pitteous voyce and brest,
In mountaines without rest
the selfe same Song doe not forget.
If that they stay'd at (*Faire*)
and had not passed to prying *Icalousie*,
With plaints of such despaire
As mou'd the gentle ayre
to teares: The Song that they did sing, should bee
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Mishap, and fortunes play,
ill did they place in Beauties brest:
For since so much to say,
There was of beauties way,
they had done well to leaue the rest.
They had enough to doe,
if in her praise their wits they did awake:
But yet so must they too,
And all thy loue that woe,
thee not too coy, nor too too proud to make,
If that thou wilt a secret Louer take.

For if thou hadst but knowne

the

ENGLANDS HELICON.

the beautie, that they heere doe touch,

Thou would'st then loue alone

Thy selfe, nor any one,

onely thy selfe accounting much.

But if thou do'st conceaue

this beauty, that I will not publique make,

And mean'st not to bereaue

The world of it, but leaue

the same to some (which neuer peere did take,)

(Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Damelus Song to his Diaphenia.

Diaphenia like the Daffa-down-dilly,
White as the Sunne, faire as the Lilly,
heigh hoe, how I doe loue thee?

I doe loue thee as my Lambs

Are beloued of their Dams,

how blest were I if thou would'st proue me?

Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses,
faire sweet how I doe loue thee?

I doe loue thee as each flower,

Loues the Sunnes life-giuing power,

for dead, thy breath to life might moue me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are exprested,

deare

ENGLANDS HELICON.

deare Ioy, how I doe loue thee?
As the birds doe loue the Spring:
Or the Bees their carefull King,
then in requite, sweet Virgin loue me.

FINIS.

H. C.

g The Shepheard Eurymachus to his faire Shep-
hearresse Mirimida.

When *Flora* proud in pompe of all her flowers
late bright and gay:
And gloried in the dewe of *Iris* showers,
and did display
Her mantle checquer'd all with gaudie greene,
Then I
alone
A mournfull man in *Ericine* was seene.

With folded armes I trampled through the grasse,
Tracing as he
That held the Throne of Fortune brittle glasse,
And loue to be
Like Fortune fleeting, as the restlesse winde
Mixed
with mists
Whose dampe doth make the clearest eyes grow blinde.

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame,
I cast my sight,
And sawe where blithely bathing in the same
With great delight

A worne

ENGLANDS HELICON.

A worne did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate :
And yet
twas strange,
It carelesse lay, and shrunk not at the heate.

I stood amaz'd, and wondring at the sight,
while that a dame,
That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,
Discourst the same,
And said, My friend, this worne within the fire :
Which lyes
content,
Is *Venus* worne, and represents desire.

A Salamander is this princely beast,
Deck'd with a Crowne,
Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous creast,
Gainst Fortunes frowne.
Content he lyes, and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
not forth,
For why, he cannot liue without the same.

As he, so Louers liue within the fire
Of feruent loue :
And shrinke not from the flame of hote desire,
Nor will not moue
From any heate that *Venus* force imparts :
But lie
content,
Within a fire, and waste away their harts.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Vp flew the Dame, and vanish'd in a cloud,
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my minde did shroud
My loue: for why
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
And yet
as did
The Salamander, twas my whole desire.

FINIS.

R^o. Greene.

g The Shepheard Firmius his Song.

SHepheards giue eare, and now be still,
Vnto my passions, and their cause,
and what they be:
Since that with such an earnest will,
And such great signes of friendships lawes,
you aske it me.

It is not long since I was whole,
Nor since I did in euery part
free-will resigne:
It is not long since in my sole
Possession, I did know my hart,
and to be mine.

It is not long, since euen and morrow,
All pleasure that my heart could finde,
was in my power:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

It is not long, since grieffe and sorrow,
My louing heart began to binde,
and to deuoure.

It is not long, since companie
I did esteeme a ioy indeede
still to frequent :

Nor long, since solitarilie
I liu'd, and that this life did breede
my sole content.

Desirous I (wretched) to see,
But thinking not to see so much
as then I saw :

Loue made me know in what degree,
His valour and braue force did touch
me with his law.

First he did put no more nor lesse
Into my heart, then he did view
that there did want :

But when my breast in such excesse
Of liuely flames to burne I knew,
then were so scant.

My ioyes, that now did so abate,
(My selfe estranged euery way
from former rest :)

That I did know, that my estate,
And that my life was euery day,
in Deaths arrest.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I put my hand into my side,
To see what was the cause of this
vnwonted vaine :

Where I did finde, that torments hied
By endlesse death to preiudice
my life with paine.

Because I saw that there did want
My heart, wherein I did delight,
my dearest hart :

And he that did the same supplant,
No iurisdiction had of right
to play that part.

The Iudge and Robber, that remaine
Within my soule, their 'cause to trie,
are there all one :

And so the giuer of the paine,
And he that is condemn'd to die
or I, or none.

To die I care not any way,
Though without why, to die I greeue,
as I doe see :

But for because I heard her say,
None die for loue, for I beleue
none such there be.

Then this thou shalt beleue by me
Too late, and without remedie
as did in briebe :

Anaxerete, and thou shalt see,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The little she did satisfie
with after grieffe.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ The Shepheards praise of his sacred Diana.

Praised be *Dianæs* faire and harmelesse light,
Praised be the dewes, wherwith she moistes the ground:
Praised be her beames, the glory of the night,
Prais'd be her power, by which all powers abound.

Prais'd be her Nymphs, with whom she decks the Woods,
Prais'd be her Knights, in whom true honour liues:
Prais'd be that force, by which she moues the floods,
Let that *Diana* shine which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the Spheares,
She Mistresse-like makes all things to be pure.
Eternity in her oft change she beares,
She beauty is, by her the faire endure.

Time weares her not, she doth his Chariot guide,
Mortality below her Orbe is plast:
By her the vertue of the starres downe slide.
In her is Vertues perfect Image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her woorth to know:
With *Circes* let them dwell, that thinke not so.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

¶ The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The Shepherds dumpe.

Like defart Woods, with darksome shades obscured,
Where dreadful beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth.
Such is my wounded heart, whom sorrow paineth.

The Trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my heart maintaineth,
To whet my grieffe, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wadge me warre, whilst heart no succour gaineth.
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs, by cares procured,
Which forth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth,
To coole the heate the helpelesse heart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, sighs, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for their paines awarded,
Your Shepherds loue might be by you regarded.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

g The Nymph Dianaes Song.

When that I poore soule was borne,
I was borne vnfortunate:
Presently the Fates had sworne,
To fore-tell my haplesse state.

ENGLANDS HELICONIAE

Titan his faire beames did hide,
Phabe' clips'd her siluer light:
In my birth my Mother died,
Young and faire in heauie plight.

And the Nurse that gaue me suck,
Haplesse was in all her life:
And I neuer had good luck,
Being mayde or married wife.

I lou'd well, and was belou'd,
And forgetting, was forgot:
This a haplesse marriage mou'd,
Greeuing that it kills me not.

With the earth would I were wed,
Then in such a graue of woes
Daily to be buried,
Which no end nor number knowes.

Young my Father married me,
Forc'd by my obedience:
Syrenus, thy faith, and thee
I forgot without offence.

Which contempt I pay so farre,
Neuer like was paid so much:
Iealousies doe make me warre,
But without a cause of such.

I doe goe with ieaious eyes,
To my Folds, and to my Sheepe:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And with ieaiousie I rise,
When the day begins to peepe.

At his Table I doe eate,
In his bed with him I lie:
But I take no rest, nor meate,
Without cruell ieaiousie.

If I aske him what he ayles,
And whereof he ieaious is?
In his answere then he failes,
Nothing can he say to this.

In his face there is no cheere,
But he euer hangs the head:
In each corner he doth peere,
And his speech is sad and dead.

Ill the poore soule liues ywis:
That so hardly married is.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Rowlands Madrigall.

FAire Loue rest thee heere,
Neuer yet was morne so cleere,
Sweet be not vnkinde,
Let me thy fauour finde,
Or else for loue I die.

Harke

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Harke this pretty bubling spring,
How it makes the Meadowes ring,
Loue now stand my friend,
Here let all sorrow end,

And I will honour thee.

See where little *Cupid* lyes,
Looking babies in her eyes.

Cupid help me now,
Lend to me thy bowe,

to wound her that wounded me.

Here is none to see or tell,
All our Flocks are feeding by,
This banke with Roses spred,
Oh it is a dainty bed,
fit for my Loue and me.

Harke the birds in yonder Groaue,
How they chaunt vnto my Loue,
Loue be kinde to me,
As I haue beene to thee,

for thou hast wonne my hart.

Calme windes blow you faire,
Rock her thou sweet gentle ayre,
O the morne is noone,

The euening comes too soone,
to part my Loue and me.

The Roses and thy lips doe meete,

Oh that life were halfe so sweet,

Who would respect his breath,

That might die such a death,

oh that life thus might die.

All the bushes that be neere,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

With sweet Nightingales beset,
Hush sweet and be still,
Let them sing their fill,
there's none our ioyes to let.

Sunne why do'st thou goe so fast?
Oh why do'st thou make such hast?
It is too earely yet,
So soone from ioyes to flit,
why art thou so vnkinde?
See my little Lambkins runne,
Looke on them till I haue done,
Hast not on the night,
To rob me of her sight,
that liue but by her eyes.

Alas, sweet Loue, we must depart,
Harke, my dogge begins to barke,
Some bodie's comming neere,
They shall not finde vs heere,
for feare of being chid.
Take my Garland and my Glouc,
Weare it for my sake my Loue,
To morrow on the greene,
Thou shalt be our Shepherds **Queene**,
crowned with Roses gay.

FINIS.

Michael Drayton.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *Alanius the Shepheard, his dolefull Song, complaining
of Ismeniaes crueltie.*

NO more (O cruell Nymph,) now hast thou prayed
Enough in thy reuenge, proue not thine ire
On him that yeelds, the fault is now appayed
Vnto my cost: Now mollifie thy dire
Hardnes, and brest of thine so much obdured:
And now raise vp (though lately it hath erred,)
A poore repenting soule, that in the obscured
Darknes of thy obliuion lyes entered.

For it falls not in that, that should commend thee:
That such a Swaine as I may once offend thee.

If that the little Sheepe with speed is flying
From angry Shepheard (with his words afrayed)
And runneth here and there with fearefull crying,
And with great grieffe is from the Flock estrayed:
But when it now perceiues that none doth follow,
And all alone, so farre estraying mourneth,
Knowing what danger it is in, with hollow
And fainting bleates, then fearefull it returneth
Vnto the Flock, meaning no more to leaue it:
Should it not be a iust thing to receaue it?

Lift vp those eyes (*Ismenia*) which so stately
To view me, thou hast lifted vp before me,
That liberty, which was mine owne but lately,
Giue me againe, and to the same restore me:
And that mild heart, so full of loue and pittie,
Which thou didst yeeld to me, and euer owe me;

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Behold (my Nymph) I was not then so wittie
To know that sincere loue that thou didst shew me:
Now wofull man, full well I know and rue it,
Although it was too late before I knew it.

How could it be (my enimie?) say, tell me,
How thou (in greater fault and error being
Then euer I was thought) should'st thus repell me?
And with new league and cruell title seeing
Thy faith so pure and worthy to be changed?
And what is that *Ismenia*, that doth bind it
To loue, whereas the same is most estranged,
And where it is impossible to finde it?
But pardon me, if herein I abuse thee:
Since that the cause thou gau'st me doth excuse me.

But tell me now, what honour hast thou gayned,
Auenging such a fault by thee committed,
And there-vnto by thy occasion trayned?
What haue I done, that I haue not acquitted?
Or what excesse that is not amply payed,
Or suffer more, that I haue not endured?
What cruell minde, what angry breast displayed,
With sauage heart, to fiercenesse so adiuured?
Would not such mortall griefe make milde & tender:
But that, which my fell Shepherdesse doth render?

Now as I haue perceiued well thy reasons,
Which thou hast had, or hast yet to forget me,
The paines, the griefes, the guilts of forced treasons,
That I haue done, wherein thou first didst set me:
The passions, and thine eares and eyes refusing

ENGLANDS HELICON.

To peare and see me, meaning to vndoe me:
Canst thou to know, or be but once perusing
Th'vnfought occasions, which thou gau'st vnto me:
Thou should'st not haue where-with to more torment
Nor I to pay the fault my rashnesse lent me. (me:

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Montana the Shepheard, his loue to Aminta.*

I Serue *Aminta*, whiter then the snowe,
Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the glasse:
More fine in trip, then foote of running Roe,
More pleasant then the field of flowring grasse.
More gladsome to my withering ioyes that fade:
Then Winters Sunne, or Summers cooling shade,

Sweeter then swelling Grape of ripest wine,
Softer then feathers of the fairest Swan:
Smoother then Iet, more stately then the Pine,
Fresher then Poplar, smaller then my span.
Clearer then *Phabus* fierie pointed beame:
Or Icie crust of Christals frozen streame,

Yet is she curster then the Beare by kinde,
And harder harted then the aged Oake:
More glib then Oyle, more fickle then the winde,
More stiffe then steele, no sooner bent but broake.
Loethus my seruice is a lasting fore:
Yet will I serue, although I die therefore.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonic.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ The Shepherds sorrow for his Phæbes disdain.

OH Woods vnto your walkes my body hies,
To loose the trayterous bonds of tyring Loue,
Where trees, where hearbs, where flowers,
Their natiue moifture poures
From forth their tender stalkes, to helpe mine eyes,
Yet their vnited teares may nothing moue.

When I behold the faire adorned tree,
Which lightnings force and Winters frost resists,
Then *Daphnes* ill betide,
And *Phæbus* lawlesse pride
Enforce me say, euen such my sorrowes be :
For selfe-disdain in *Phæbes* heart consists.

If I behold the flowers by morning teares
Looke louely sweet : Ah then forlorne I crie
Sweet showers for *Memnon* shed,
All flowers by you are fed.
Whereas my pitteous plaint that still appears,
Yeelds vigour to her scornes, and makes me die.

When I regard the pretty glee-full bird,
With teare-full (yet delightfull) notes complaine :
I yeeld a terror with my teares,
And while her musicke wounds mine eares,
Alas say I, when will my notes afford
Such like remorse, who still be-weepe my paine?

When I behold vpon the leafelesse bough
The haplesse bird lament her Loues depart :

I draw

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I draw her biding nigh,
And sitting downe I sigh,
And sighing say : Alas, that birds auow
A setled faith, yet *Phabe* scornes my smart.

Thus wearie in my walke, and wofull too,
I spend the day, fore-spent with daily grieffe :
Each obiect of distresse
My sorrow doth expresse.
I doate on that which doth my hart vndoe :
And honour her that scornes-to yeeld reliefe.

FINIS.

I. F.

¶ *Espilus and Therion, their contention in Song
for the May-Lady.*

Espilus. **T**Vne vp my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceit, the Song must needs be hie:
More high then stars, more firme then flintie field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue and die.
Sweet soule to whom I vowed am a slaue :
Let not wild woods so great a treasure haue.

Therion. The highest note comes oft from basest minde,
As shallow Brookes doe yeeld the greatest sound:
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde,
Thy starres be falne, plowed is thy flinty ground:
Sweet soule, let not a wretch that serueth sheep
Among his Flock so sweet a treasure keep.

Espilus.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Esopus. Two thousand Sheepe I haue as white as milke,
Though not so white as is thy louely face :
The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as silke,
All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace.
But still take heed, lest thou thy seife submit :
To one that hath no wealth, & wants his wit.

Therion. Two thousand Deere in wildest woods I haue,
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold :
He is not poore who can his freedome saue,
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.
But take this beast, if beasts you feare to misse:
For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.

Both kneeling to her Maiestie.

Esopus. Iudge you, to whom all beauties force is lent :

Therion. Iudge you of loue, to whom all loue is bent.

This Song was sung before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, in Wansted Garden : as a contention betweene a Forrester and a Shepheard for the May-Ladie.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

g Olde Melibeus Song, courting his Nimph.

LOues Queene long waiting for her true-Loue,
Slaine by a Boare which he had chased,
Left off her teares, and me embraced,

She

ENGLANDS HELICON.

She kist me sweet, and call'd me new-Loue,
With my siluer haire she toyed,
In my stayed lookes she ioyed.
Boyes (shee sayd) breede beauties sorrow:
Olde men cheere it euen and morrow.

My face she nam'd the seate of fauour,
All my defects her tongue defended,
My shape she prais'd, but most commended

My breath, more sweete then Balme in fauour.
Be old man with me delighted,
Loue for loue shall be requited.
With her toys at last she wone me:
Now she coyes that hath vndone me.

g The Shepheard Syluanus his Song.

MY life (young Shepheardesse) for thee
Of needs to death must post:
But yet my grieffe must stay with me,
After my life is lost.

The grieuous ill, by death that cured is,
Continually hath remedy at hand:
But not that torment that is like to this,
That in slow time, and Fortunes meanes doth
(stand.

And if this sorrow cannot be
Ended with life (at most:)

What

ENGLANDS HELICON.

What then doth this thing profit me)
A sorrow wonne or lost ?

Yet all is one to me, as now I trie
a flattering hope, or that that had not beene yet ;
For if to day for want of it I die,
Next day I do no lesse for hauing seene it.

Faine would I die, to end and free
This grieefe, that kills me most :
If that it might be lost with me,
Or die when life is lost.

F I N I S.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Coridons Song.*

A Blithe and bonny Country-Lasse,
heigh hoe bonny-Lasse,
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,
and weeping said : will none come wooe me ?
A smicker Boy, a lither Swaine :
heigh hoe a smicker Swaine :
That in his loue was wanton faine,
with smiling lookes straight came vnto her.

When as the wanton Wench espied,
heigh hoe when she espied,
The meanes to make her selfe a Bride,
she simpred smooth like bonnie-bell :

The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Swaine that saw her squint-eyed kinde,
heigh hoe squint-eyed kinde,
His armes about her body twin'd
and said, Faire Lasse, how fare ye, well?

The Countrie-Kit said, well forsooth,
heigh hoe well forsooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie :

Alas (said he) what garres thy grieffe,
heigh hoe what garres thy grieffe?
A wound (quoth she) without reliefe,
I feare a mayd that I shall die.

If that be all, the Shepheard sayd,
heigh hoe the Shepheard sayd,
Ile make thee wiue it gentle Mayde,
and so recure thy maladie :

Hereon they kist with many an oath,
heigh hoe many an oath,
And fore God *Pan* did plight their troath,
so to the Church apace they hie.

And God send euery pretty peate,
heigh hoe the pretty peate,

That feares to die of this conceit,
so kinde a friend to helpe at last:

Then Maydes shall neuer long againe,
heigh hoe to long againe.

When they finde ease for such a paine,
thus my Roundelay is past.

F I N I S. Thom. Lodge.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ The Shepherds Sonnet.

My fairest Ganimede disdain me not,
Though silly Shepheard I, presume to loue thee,
Though my harsh Songs and Sonnets cannot moue
Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot: (thee:
Apollo, Ioue, and many Gods beside (Swaines,
S'dain'd not the name of Country Shepheard
Nor want we pleasures, though we take some paines.
We liue contentedly: A thing call'd pride
Which so corrupts the Court and euery place,
(Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
And yet of late, euen learnings selfe's infected,)
I know not what it meanes in any case.
We onely (when Molorchus gins to peepe,)
Learne for to fold, and to unfold our Sheepe.

F I N I S.

Rich. Barnefield.

¶ Seluagia and Siluanus, their Songs to Diana.

Sel. I See thee iolly Shepheard merrie,
And firme thy faith, and sound as a berry.

Sil. Loue gaue me ioy, and Fortune gaue it,
As my desire could wish to haue it.

Sel. What didst thou wish, tell me (sweet Louer,)
Whereby thou might'st such ioy recouer?

Sil.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

- Sil.* To loue where loue should be inspired?
Since there's no more to be desired.
- Sel.* In this great glory, and great gladnes,
Thinkst thou to haue no touch of sadnes?
- Sil.* Good Fortune gaue me not such glory:
To mock my Loue, or make me sorrie.
- Sel.* If my firme loue I were denying,
Tell me, with sighs would'st thou be dying?
- Sil.* Those words (in ieast) to heare thee speaking:
For very griefe this hart is breaking.
- Sel.* Yet would'st thou change, I pre-thee tell me,
In seeing one that did excell me?
- Sil.* O no, for how can I aspire,
To more, then to mine owne desire?
- Sel.* Such great affection do'st thou beare me:
As by thy words thou seem'st to sweare me?
- Sil.* Of thy deserts, to which a debter
I am, thou maist demaund this better.
- Sel.* Sometimes me thinks, that I should sweare it,
Sometimes me thinks, thou should'st not beare it.
- Sil.* Onely in this my hap doth grieue me,
And my desire, not to beleue me.
- Sel.* Imagine that thou do'st not loue mine,
But some braue beautie that's aboue mine.
- Sil.* To such a thing (iweet) doe not will me,
Where fayning of the same doth kill me.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sol. I see thy firmenesse gentle Louer,
More then my beautie can discouer.

Sil. And my good fortune to be higher
Then my desert, but not desire.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Montanus his Madrigall.

IT was a Vallie gawdie greene,
Where *Dian* at the Fount was seene,

Greene it was,

And did passe

All other of *Dianaes* bowers,

In the pride of *Floraes* flowers.

A Fount it was that no Sunne sees,

Cirkled in with Cipres trees,

Set so nie,

As *Phabus* eye

Could not doe the *Virgins* scathe,

To see them naked when they bathe.

She fate there all in white,

Colour fitting her delight,

Virgins so

Ought to goe:

For white in *Armorie* is plasse.

To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taffata Cassock you might see,

Tucked vp aboue her knee,

Which

ENGLANDS HELICON

Which did show
There below
Legges as white as Whales bone,
So white and chaste was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie:
Fie on *Venus* flattering eye.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witleffe, and a boy,
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent from on hie,
To pester men with miserie.

As thus the Virgins did disdain
Louers ioy and Louers paine,
Cupid nie
Did espie

Greewing at *Dianaes* Song,
Slily stole these Maides among.

His bow of steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straite flies
In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ranne from eye to hart.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Calisto strait suppos'd *Ioue*,
Was faire and frolique for to loue.

Dian she,
Scap'd not free,
For well I wote heere vpon,
She lou'd the Swaine *Endimion*.

Clitia, *Phabus*, and *Chloris* eye
Thought none so faire as *Mercurie*.

Venus thus
Did discusse
By her Sonne in darts of fire:
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her Maydes,
Blushing thus at Loues braides,

With sighs all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging thence, pronounc'd this law:
What so strong as Loues sweet law?

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

¶ *Astrophell* to *Stella*, his third Song.

IF Orpheus voyce had force to breathe such musiques loue
Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue:
If stones good measure daunc'd, the Thebanewalls to build
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphyons Lyre did yeeld:
More cause a like effect at least-wise bringeth,
O stones, O trees, learne hearing, *Stella* singeth.

If

ENGLANDS HELICON.

If Loue might sweet'n so a boy of Shepheards broode,
To make a Lizard dull to taste Lones daintie food :
If Eagle fierce could so in Grecian Mayde delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night :
Earth gane that Loue, hea'n I trow Loue defineth,
O Beasts, O Birds, looke, Loue, loe, Stella shineth.

The birds, stones, and trees, feele this, and feeling Loue,
And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue :
Nor beasts, nor birds doe come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue doth amaze.
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmed?

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

A Song betweene Syrenus and Syluanus.

Syrenus. **VV** Ho hath of Cupids cates & dainties praied,
May feed his stomach with them at his plea-
If in his drinke some ease he hath assayed, (sure :
Then let him quench his thirsting without measure :
And if his weapons pleasant in their manner,
Let him embrace his standard and his banner.
For being free from him, and quite exempted :
Ioyfull I am, and prouid, and well contented.

Syluanus. Of Cupids daintie cates who hath not prayed,
May be deprined of them at his pleasure :
If wormewood in his drinke he hath assayed,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*Let him not quench his thirsting without measure :
And if his weapons in their cruell manner,
Let him abiure his standard and his banner :
For I not free from him, and not exempted,
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.*

*Syrenus. Loue's so expert in giuing many a trouble,
That now I know not why he should be praised :
He is so false, so changing, and so double,
That with great reason he must be dispraised.
Loue in the end is such a iarring passion,
That none should trust vnto his peeuish fashion,
For of all mischiefe he's the onely Master :
And to my good a torment and disaster.*

*Syluanus. Loue's so expert in giuing ioy, not trouble,
That now I know not but he should be praised :
He is so true, so constant, neuer double,
That in my minde he should not be dispraised.
Loue in the end is such a pleasing passion,
That euery one may trust vnto his fashion.
For of all good he is the onely Master :
And foe vnto my harmes, and my disaster.*

*Syrenus. Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
He knowes that doth not loue, nor is beloved :
Now nights and dayes I rest, as I desire,
After I had such grieffe from me remoued.
And cannot I be glad, since thus estranged,
My selfe from false Diana I haue changed ?
Hence, hence, false Loue, I wil not entertaine thee :
Since to thy torments thou do'st seeke to traine me.*
Syluanus.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sylvanus. *Not in these sayings to be prou'd a lyer,
He knowes that loues, and is againe beloued:
Now nights and dayes I rest in sweet desire,
After I had such happy fortune proued:
And cannot I be glad, since not estranged,
My selfe into Seluagia I haue changed?
Come, come, good Lone, and I will entertaine thee.
Since to thy sweet content thou seek'st to traine me.*

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.*

SWell *Ceres* now, for other Gods are shrinking,
Pomona pineth,
Fruitleffe her tree:
Faire Phabus shineth
Onely on me.

Conceit doth make me smile whilst I am thinking,
How euery one doth read my storie,
How euery bough on *Ceres* lowreth,
Cause heauen plenty on me powreth,
And they in leaues doe onely glory,
All other Gods of power bereauen,
Ceres onely Queene of heauen.

With roabes and flowers let me be dressed,
Cinthia that shineth
Is not so cleare:
Cinthia declineth
When I appeare.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Yet in this Isle she raignes as blessed,
And euery one at her doth wonder,
And in my eares still fond fame whispers
Cinthia shall be *Ceres* Mistres,
But first my Carre shall riue in sunder.
Helpe *Phæbus* helpe, my fall is suddaine :
Cinthia, *Cinthia* must be Soueraigne.

*This Song was sung before her Maiestie, at
Bilsam, the Lady Russels, in prograce.
The Authors name vnknowne to me.*

g A Pastorall Ode to an honourable friend.

AS to the blooming prime,
Bleake Winter being fled :
From compasse of the clime,
Where Nature lay as dead,
The Riuers dull'd with time,
The Greene leaues withered.
Fresh *Zephyri* (the Westerne brethren) be :
So th'honour of your fauour is to me.

For as the Plaines reuiue,
And put on youthfull Greene :
As plants begin to thriue,
That disfattir'd had beene :
And Arbours now aliue,
In former pompe are seene.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

So if my Spring had any flowers before:
Your breath *Fanonius* hath encreast the store.

FINIS. *E. B.*

g A Nimphs disdain of Loue.

Hey downe a downe did *Dian* sing,
amongst her Virgins sitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing,
for Maydens most vnfitting,
And so thinke I, with a downe downe derrie.

When women knew no woe,
but liu'd them-selues to please:
Mens fayning guiles they did not know,
the ground of their disease.
Vnborne was false suspect,
no thought of ieaousie:
From wanton toyes and fond affect,
the Virgins life was free.
Hey down a down did *Dian* sing, &c

At length men vsed charmes,
to which what Maides gaue care:
Embracing gladly endlesse harmes:
anone enthralled were.
Thus women welcom'd woe,
disguis'd in name of loue:
A ieaous hell, a painted show,
so shall they finde that proue.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Hey downe a downe did *Dian* sing,
amongst her Virgins sitting:
Then loue there is no vainer thing,
for Maidens most vnfitting.
And so thinke I, with a downe downe derrie.

FINIS.

Ignote.

of Apollos Loue-Song for faire Daphne.

MY heart and tongue were twins, at once conceaued,
The eldest was my heart, borne dumbe by destinie:
The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaued,
Yet strung and tun'd, to play harts harmonie.
Both knit in one, and yet a-sunder placed,
What hart would speake, the tongue doth still discouer:
What tongue doth speake, is of the heart embraced,
And both are one, to make a new-found Louer.
New-found, and onely found in Gods and Kings,
Whose words are deeds, but deeds not words regarded:
Chaste thoughts doe mount, and flie with swiftest wings,
My loue with paine, my paine with losse rewarded.
Engrauē vpon this tree *Daphnes* perfection:
That neither men nor Gods can force affection.

*This Dittie was sung before her Maiestie, at the
right honourable, the Lord Chandos, at Sudley
Castell, at her last being there in prograce. The
Author thereof vnknowne.*

of The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

of The Shepheard Delicius his Dittie.

NEuer a greater foe did Loue disdain,
Or trode on grasse so gay,
Nor Nymph Greene leaues with whiter hand hath rent,
More golden haire the wind did neuer blow,
Nor fairer Dame hath bound in white attire,
Or hath in Lawne more gracious features tied,
Then my sweet Enemye.

Beautie and chastitie one place refraine,
In her beare equall sway:
Filling the world with wonder and content.
But they doe giue me paine and double woe,
Since loue and beautie kindled my desire,
And cruell chastitie from me denied
All fence of iollitie.

There is no Rose, nor Lilly after raine,
Nor flower in moneth of May,
Nor pleasant meade, nor Greene in Sommer sent,
That seeing them, my minde delighteth so,
As that faire flower which all the heauens admire,
Spending my thoughts on her, in whom abide
All grace and gifts on hie.

Me thinks my heauenly Nymph I see againe
Her neck and breast display:
Seeing the whitest Ermine to frequent
Some plaine, or flowers that make the fairest show.
O Gods, I neuer yet beheld her nier,

Or

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Or farre, in shade, or Sunne, that satisfied
I was in passing by.

The Meade, the Mount, the Riuer, Wood, and Plaine,
With all their braue array,
Yeeld not such sweet, as that faire face that's bent
Sorrowes and ioy in each soule to bestow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire
Beauty and Loue in her their force haue tried,
to blind each humane eye.

Each wicked mind & will, which wicked vice doth staine,
her vertues breake and stay:
All ayres infect by ayre are purg'd and spent,
Though of a great foundation they did grow.
O body, that so braue a soule do'st hire,
And blessed soule, whose vertues euer pried
about the starrie skie.

Onely for her my life in ioyes I traine
my soule sings many a Lay:
Musing on her, new Seas I doe inuent
Of soueraigne ioy, wherein with pride I rowe.
The deserts for her sake I doe require,
For without her, the Springs of ioy are dried
and that I doe desie.

Sweet Fate, that to a noble deede do'st straine,
and lift my heart to day:
Sealing her there with glorious ornament,
Sweet seale, sweet grieffe, and sweetest ouerthrow.
Sweet miracle, whose fame cannot expire,

Sweet

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sweet wound, and golden shaft, that so espied
· such heavenly companie
Of beauties graces in sweet vertues died,
As like were neuer in such yeares descried.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Amintas for his Phillis.

A Vrora now began to rise againe,
From watry couch, and from old Tithons side:
In hope to kisse upon Acteian plaine
Young Cephalus, and through the golden glide
On Easterne coast he cast so great a light,
That Phæbus thought it time to make retire
From Thetis bower, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heavenly fire.

No sooner gan his winged Steedes to chase
The Stigian night, mantled with duskie vale:
But poore Amintas hasteth him a pace,
In deserts thus, to weepe a wofull tale.
You silent shades, and all that dwell therein,
As birds, or beasts, or wormes that creepe on ground:
Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin
To rue the grieffe of mine eternall wound.

And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light,
Come seate your selues with me on eu'ry side:
And while I die for want of my delight,

Lament

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*Lament the woes through fancie me betide,
Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
My cause of loue, and shipwrack of my ioyes,
Phillis is gone that set my heart on fire,
That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.*

*Phillis is fled, and bides I wote not where,
Phillis (alas) the praise of woman-kinde:
Phillis the Sunne of this our Hemisphere,
Whose beames made me, and many others blinde.
But blinded me (poore Swaine) about the rest,
That like olde Oedipus I liue in thrall:
Still feele the woorst, and neuer hope the best,
My mirth in moane, and honey drown'd in gall.*

*Her faire, but cruell eyes, bewicht my sight,
Her sweet, but fading speech enthrall'd my thought:
And in her deedes I reaped such delight,
As brought both will and libertie to nought.
Therefore all hope of happinesse adiew,
Adiew desire, the source of all my care:
Despaire tells me, my weale will nere renue,
Till thus my soule doth passe in Charons Crare.*

*Meane time my minde must suffer Fortunes scorne,
My thoughts still wound, like wounds that still are greene:
My weakened limbs be layd on beds of thorne,
My life decayes, although my death's fore-seene.
Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but Seas of teares,
Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest:
Where loue did place desire, twixt hope and feares;
(I say) desire, the Authour of vnrest.*

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

'And would to Cod, Phillis where ere thou be,
Thy soule did see the sower of mine estate :
My ioyes ecclips'd, for onely want of thee
My being with my selfe at foule debate.
My humble vomes, my sufferance of woe,
My sobs and sighs, and euer-watching eyes:
My plaintiue teares, my wandring to and fro,
My will to die, my neuer-ceasing cries.

No doubt but then these sorrowes would perswade,
The doome of death, to cut my vit all twist :
That I with thee amidst th'infernall shade,
And thou with me might sport vs as we list.
Oh if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine,
And hearest Orpheus neere th'Elizian springs:
Entreate thy Queene to free thee thence againe,
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings.

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

¶ Faustus and Firmius sing to their Nymph by turnes.

Firmius. **O**F mine owne selfe I doe complaine,
And not for louing thee so much,
But that in deede thy power is such
That my true loue it doth restraine,
And onely this doth giue me paine,
For faine I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

Faustus.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Faustus. Thou do'st obserue who doth not see,
To be belou'd a great deale more:
But yet thou shalt not finde such store
Of loue in others as in me:
For all I haue I giue to thee,
Yet faine I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Firminus. O trie no other Shepheard Swaine,
And care not other Loues to proue,
Who though they giue thee all their loue:
Thou canst not such as mine obtaine.
And would'st thou haue in loue more gaine?
O yet I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. Impossible it is (my friend)
That any one should me excell
In loue, whose loue I will refell,
If that with me he will contend:
My loue no equall hath, nor end.
And yet I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

Firminus. Behold how Loue my soule hath charm'd,
Since first thy beauties I did see,
(Which is but little yet to me,)
My freest senses I haue harm'd
(To loue thee) leauing them vnarm'd:
And yet I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Faustus. I euer gaue, and giue thee still
Such store of loue, as Loue hath lent me;
And therefore wel thou maist content thee;
That Loue doth so enrich my fill:
But now behold my chiefest will,
That faine I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Sireno a Shepheard, having a locke of his faire Nimphs
haire, wrapt about with greene silke, mournes
thus in a Love-Dittie.*

WHat chang's here, O haire,
I see since I saw you?
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due?
In deede I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare:
No other Shepheard should haue scope
Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire, how many dayes,
My *Dian* made me show,
With thousand prettie childish plays,
If I ware you or no?
Alas, how oft with teares,
(Oh teares of guilefull brest:)
She seemed full of iealous feares,
Whereat I did but iest?

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Tell me O haire of gold,
If I then faultie be:
That trust those killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me?
Haue you not seene her moode,
What streames of teares she spent:
Till that I sware my faith so stood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beautie seene,
In one that changeth so?
Or where one loues, so constant beene,
Who euer saw such woe?
Ah haire, you are not grieu'd,
To come from whence you be:
Seeing how once you saw I liu'd,
To see me as you see.

On sandie banke of late,
I saw this woman sit:
Where, *Sooner die then change my state,*
She with her finger writ.
Thus my beliefe was stay'd,
Behold Loues mighty hand
On things, were by a woman say'd,
And written in the sand.

*Translated by S. Phil. Sidney, out of
Diana of Montmaior.*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*A Song betweene Taurisius and Diana, answering
verse for verse.*

- Taurisius.* **T**He cause why that thou do'st denie
To looke on me, sweet foe impart ?
- Diana.* Because that doth not please the eye.
Which doth offend and grieue the hart.
- Taurisius.* What woman is, or euer was,
That when she looketh, could be mou'd ?
- Diana.* She that resolues her life to passe,
Neither to loue, nor to be lou'd.
- Taurisius.* There is no heart so fierce and hard
That can so much torment a soule :
- Diana.* Nor Shepheard of so small regard,
That reason will so much controule.
- Taurisius.* How falls it out Loue doth not kill
Thy crueltie with some remorse ?
- Diana.* Because that Loue is but a will,
And free-will doth admit no force.
- Taurisius.* Behold what reason now thou hast,
To remedie my louing smart :
- Diana.* The very same bindes me as fast,
To keepe such danger from my hart.
- Taurisius.* Why do'st thou thus torment my minde,
And to what end thy beautie keepe ?
- Diana.* Because thou call'st me still vnkinde,
And pittilese when thou do'st weepe.
- Taurisius.* Is it because thy crueltie
In killing me doth neuer end ?
- Diana.* Nay, for because I meane thereby,
My heart from sorrow to defend.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Taurisus. Be bold so foule I am no way
As thou do'st thinke, faire Sheheardesse:
Diana. With this content thee, that I say,
That I beleue the same no lesse.
Taurisus. What, after giuing me such store
Of passions, do'st thou mock me too?
Diana. If answeres thou wilt any more,
Goe seeke them without more adoo.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

g Another Song before her Maiestie at Oxford, sung by a
comely Sheheard, attended on by sundry other
Shehearads and Nimphs.

H Earbs, words, and stones, all maladies haue cured,
Hearbs, words, and stones, I vsed when I loued:
Hearbs smells, words winde, stones hardnes haue procured,
By stones, nor words, nor hearbs her minde was moued.
I ask'd the cause: this was a womans reason,
Mongst hearbs are weedes, and thereby are refused:
Deceite as well as truth speakes words in season,
False stones by foiles haue many one abused.
I sigh'd, and then she said, my fancie smoaked,
I gaz'd, she said, my lookes were follies glancing:
I sounded dead, she said, my loue was choaked,
I started up, she said, my thoughts were dancing.
Oh sacred Lone, if thou haue any Godhead:
Teach other rules to winne a maydenhead:

FINIS.

Anonimus.

ENGLANDS HELICON. M. B.

g The Shepherds Song: a Caroll or Himne
for Christmas.

Sweet Musicke, sweeter farre
Then any Song is sweet:
Sweet Musicke heauenly rare,
Mine eares (O peeres) doth greeate.

You gentle Flocks, whose fleeces pearld with dewe,
Resemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright:
Listen, O listen, now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night.

But voyces most diuine,
Make blisfull Harmonie:
Voyces that seeme to shine,
For what else cleares the skie?

Tunes can we heare, but not the Singers see:
The tunes diuine, and so the Singers be.

Loe how the firmament,
Within an azure fold:
The flock of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.

Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their Christals such reflection giue:
What then doth make the Element so bright?
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.

But harken to the Song,
Glory to glories King:
And peace all men among,
These Queristers doe sing.

Angels they are, as also (Shepherds) hee,
Whom in our feare we doe admire to see.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let not amazement blinde
Your soules (said he) annoy :
To you and all mankinde,
My message bringeth ioy.

For loe the worlds great Shepheard now is borne
Ablest Babe, an Infant full of power :
After long night, vp-risen is the morne,
Renowing *Bethlem* in the Sauour.

Sprung is the perfect day,
By Prophets scene a farre :
Sprung is the mirthfull May,
Which Winter cannot marre.

In *Dauids* Citie doth this Sunne appeare :
Clouded in flesh, yet Shepherds sit we here.

FINIS.

E. B.

¶ *Arfileus his Caroll, for ioy of the new mariage,
betweene Syrenus and Diana.*

LEt now each Meade with flowers be depainted,
Of sundry colours sweetest odours glowing :
Roses yeeld forth your smels so finely tainted,
Calme windes the greene leaues moue with gentle
The Christall Riuers flowing. (blowing,
With waters be encreas'd :
And since each one from sorrow now hath ceased,
From mournfull plaints and sadnes. (gladnes.
Ring forth faire Nimphs your ioyfull Songs for

Let

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Let Springs and Meades all kinde of sorrow banish,
And mournfull harts the teares that they are bleeding:
Let gloomie cloudes with shining morning vanish,
Let euery bird reioyce that now is breeding.

And since by new proceeding,
With mariage now obtained,
A great content by great contempt is gained,
And you deuoyd of sadnes, (gladnes.
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for

Who can make vs to change our firme desires,
And soule to leaue her strong determination,
And make vs freeze in Ice, and melt in fires,
And nicest hearts to loue with emulation,
Who rids vs from vexation,
And all our minds commandeth?
But great *Felicia*, that his might withstandeth
That fill'd our hearts with sadnes, (gladnes.
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for

Your fields with their distilling fauours cumber
(Bridegroome and happy Bride) each heauenly power
Your Flocks, with double Lambs increas'd in number,
May neuer tast vnfauorie grasse and sower.

The Winters frost and shower
Your Kids (your pretie pleasure)
May neuer hurt, and blest with so much treasure,
To driue away all sadnes: (gladnes.
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for

Of that sweet ioy delight you with such measure,
Betweene you both faire issue to ingender:

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Longer then *Nestor* may you liue in pleasure,
The Gods to you such sweet content surrender,
That may make mild and tender
The beasts in euery mountaine,
And glad the fields, and Woods, and euery Foun-
Abiuring former sadnes, (taine,
Ring forth faire Nimphs, your ioyfull Songs for (gladnes.
Let amorous birds with sweetest notes delight you,
Let gentle windes refresh you with their blowing:
Let fields and Forrests with their good requite you,
And *Flora* decke the ground where you are going.
Roses and Violets strowing,
The Iasmine and the Gilliflower,
With many more, and neuer in your bower,
To tast of household sadnes:
Ring forth faire Nimphs your ioyfull Songs for
(gladnes.
Concord and peace hold you for aye contented,
And in your ioyfull state liue you so quiet:
That with the plague of ielousie tormented
You may not be, nor fed with Fortunes diet.
And that your names may flie yet,
To hills ynknowne with glorie.
But now because my breast so hoarce, and sorrie
It faints, may rest from singing:
End Nimphs your Songs, that in the clouds are
(ringing.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ *Philistus farewell to false Clorinda.*

Clorinda false adiew, thy loue torments me :
Let *Thirsis* haue thy heart, since he contents thee.

Oh grieft and bitter anguish,

For thee I languish,

Faine I (alas) would hide it,

Oh, but who can abide it?

I can, I cannot I abide it.

Adiew, adiew then,

Farewell,

Leaue my death now desiring :

For thou hast thy requiring.

Thus spake *Philistus*, on his hooke relying :

And sweetly fell a dying.

FINIS. *Out of M. Morleys Madrigalls.*

¶ *Rosalindes Madrigall.*

Loue in my bosome like a Bee,

doth sucke his sweet :

Now with his wings, he playes with me,

now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,

His bed amidst my tender brest,

My kisses are his daily feast,

And yet he robs me of my rest.

Ah wanton will ye ?

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And if I sleepe, then pierceth he,
with prettie flight :
And makes his pillow of my knee,
the liue-long night.
Strike I my Lute, he tunes the string,
He musicke playes if I but sing,
He lends me euery louely thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting.
Whilst wanton, still ye.

Else I with Roses euery day
will whip ye hence :
And binde ye when ye long to play,
for your offence.
Ile shut mine eyes to keepe ye in,
Ile make you fast it for your sinne,
Ile count your power not woorth a pin.
Alas, what hereby shall I winne
If he gaine-say me ?

What if I beate the wanton Boy
with many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy
because a God.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be :
Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O *Cupid*, so thou pittie me,
Spare not, but play thee.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g A Dialogue Song betweene Syluanus and Arsilus.

Syl. Shepheard, why do'st thou holde thy peace?
Sing, and thy ioy to vs report :

Arfil. My ioy (good Shepheard) should be lesse,
If it were tolde in any fort.

Syl. Though such great fauours thou do'st winne,
Yet daigne thereof to tell some part :

Arfil. The hardest thing is to begin,
In enterprizes of such Art.

Syl. Come make an end, no cause omit,
Of all the ioyes that thou art in :

Arfil. How should I make an end of it,
That am not able to begin ?

Syl. It is not iust, we should consent,
That thou shoul'dst not thy ioyes recite :

Arfil. The soule that felt the punishment,
Doth onely feele this great delight.

Syl. That ioy is small, and nothing fine,
That is not tolde abroad to many :

Arfil. If it be such a ioy as mine,
It neuer can be tolde to any.

Syl. How can this hart of thine containe
A ioy, that is of such great force ?

Arfil. I haue it, where I did retaine
My passions of so great remorse.

Syl. So great and rare a ioy is this;
No man is able to with-hold :

Arfil. But greater that a pleasure is,
The lesse it may with words be told.

Syl. Yet

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Syl. Yet haue I heard thee heretofore,
Thy ioyes in open Songs report :
Arfil. I said, I had of ioy some store,
But not how much, nor in what fort.
Syl. Yet when a ioy is in excelle,
It selfe it will oft-times vnfolde :
Arfil. Nay such a ioy would be the lesse,
If but a word thereof were tolde.

F I N I S.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Montanus Sonnet.

When the dogge
Full of rage
With his irefull eyes
Frownes amidst the skies:
The Shepheard to allwage
The furie of the heate,
Himselfe doth safely seate
By a Fount
Full of faire,
Where a gentle breath
Mounting from beneath,
tempereth the ayre.
There his flocks
Drinke their fill,

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And with ease repose,
While sweet sleepe doth close

Eyes from toyling ill,

But I burne,

Without rest,

No defensiuē power

Shields from *Phœbus* lower,

sorrow is my best.

Gentle Loue

Lower no more,

If thou wilt inuade

In the secret shade,

Labour not so fore,

I my selfe

And my flocks,

They their Loue to please,

I my selfe to ease,

Both leaue the shadie Oakes,

Content to burne in fire,

Sith Loue doth so desire.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

¶ The Nymph Seluagia her Song.

Shepherd, who can passe such wrong,
And a life in woes so deepe,

Which

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Which to liue is too long,
As it is too short to weepe,

Griuous sighs in vaine I waste,
Leefing my affiance, and
I perceauē my hope at laſt,
with a candle in the hand.

What time then to hope among
bitter hopes that neuer ſleepe ?
When this life is too too long,
as it is too ſhort to weepe.

This grieſe which I feele ſo riſe,
(wretch) I doe deſerue as hire :
Since I came to put my life
in the hands of my deſire.

Then ceaſe not my complaints ſo ſtrong,
for (though life her courſe doth keepe :)
It is not to liue ſo long,
as it is too ſhort to weepe.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

g The Heard-mans happie life.

WHat pleaſure haue great Princes,
more daintie to their choice,

Then

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Then Heardmen wilde, who carelesse,
in quiet life reioyce?
And Fortunes Fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in Sommer morning.

Their dealings plaine and rightfull
are voyd of all deceit:
They neuer know how spightfull,
it is to kneele and waite;
On fauourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their rest:
More quiet then who sendeth
his ship into the East;
Where Gold and Pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

For Lawyers and their pleading,
they'steeme it not a straw:
They thinke that honest meaning,
is of it selfe a law;
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
They spend no money vainely.

Oh happy who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold:
With cloathing which sufficeth,
to keepe him from the cold.

Though

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Though poore and plaine his diet :
Yet merry it is and quiet.

F I N I S.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

¶ *Cinthia the Nymph, her Song to faire Polydora.*

NEere to the Riuer bankes, with greene
And pleasant trees on euery side,
Where freest minds'would most haue beene,
That neuer felt braue *Cupids* pride,
To passe the day and tedious howers :
Amongst those painted meades and flowers.

A certaine Shepheard full of woe,
Syrenus call'd, his flocks did feede :
Not sorrowfull in outward shew,
But troubled with such griefe indeed
As cruell Loue is wont t'impart.
Vnto a painefull louing hart.

This Shepheard euery day did die,
For loue he to *Diana* bare :
A Shepheardesse so fine perdie,
So liuely, young, and passing faire,
Excelling more in beauties feature :
Then any other humane creature.

Who

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Who had not any thing, of all
She had, but was extreame in her,
For meanelly wise none might her call,
Nor meanelly faire, for he did erre
If so he did : but should deuise
Her name of passing faire and wife.

Fauours on him she did bestow,
Which if she had not, then be sure
He might haue suffered all that woe
Which afterward he did endure
When he was gone, with lesser paine,
And at his comming home againe.

For when indeed the hart is free
From suffering paine or torment smart :
If wisdome doth not ouer-see
And beareth not the greatest part ;
The smallest grieffe and care of minde :
Doth make it captiue to their kinde.

Neere to a Riuer swift and great,
That famous *Ezla* had to name :
The carefull Shepheard did repeate
The feares he had by absence blame,
Which he suspect where he did keepe :
And feede his gentle Lambs and Sheepe.

And now sometimes he did behold
His Shepheardesse, that there about
Was on the mountaines of that old
And auncient *Leon*, seeking out

From

ENGLANDS HELICON.

From place to place the pastures best.
Her Lambes to feede, her selfe to rest.

And sometime musing, as he lay
When on those hils shee was not seene :
Was thinking of that happy day,
When *Cupid* gaue him such a Queene
Of beautie, and such cause of ioy :
Wherein his minde he did imploy.

Yet said (poore man) when he did see
Himselfe so funke in sorrowes pit :
The good that Loue hath giuen me,
I onely doe imagine it,
Because this neereft harme and trouble :
Hereafter I should suffer double.

The Sunne for that it did decline,
The carelesse man did not offend
With fierie beames, which scarce did shine
But that which did of loue depend,
And in his hart did kindle fire :
Of greater flames and hote desire.

Him did his passions all inuite,
The greene leaues blowne with gentle winde :
Christaline streames with their delight,
And Nightingales were not behinde,
To helpe him in his louing verse :
Which to himselfe he did rehearse.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

g The

¶ The Shepheard to the Flowers.

S*weet Violets (Lones Paradise) that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
Within your palie faces :*

*Upon the gentle wing of some calme-breathing-winde
That playes amidst the Plaine,
If by the fauour of propitious starres you gaine
Such grace as in my Ladies bosome place to finde :
Be proud to touch those places.*

*And when her warmth your moysture forth doth weare,
Whereby her daintie parts are sweetly fed:
Your honours of the flowrie Meades I pray.
You pretty daughters of the Earth and Sunne:
With milde and seemely breathing straite display
My bitter sighs, that haue my hart vndone.*

*Vermillion Roses, that with new dayes rise
Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,
Whose radiant bright, disgraces
The rich adorned rayes of roseate rising morne,
Ah if her Virgins hand
Doe pluck your pure, ere Phœbus view the land,
And vaile your gracious pompe in louely Natures scorne.
If chaunce my Mistresse traces
Fast by your flowers to take the Sommers ayre:
Then mosfull blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
To spread their teares, Adonis death reporting,*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*And tell Loues torment, sorrowing for her friend:
Whose drops of bloud within your leaues consorting,
Report faire Venus moanes to haue no end.*

*Then may remorse, in pittying of my smart:
Drie up my teares, and dwell within her hart.*

FINIS.

Ignoto.

g The Shepheard Arfilius his Song to his Rebeck.

NOW Loue and Fortune turne to me againe,
And now each one enforceth and assures
A hope, that was dismayed, dead, and vaine:
And from the harbour of mishaps assures
A hart that is consum'd in burning fire,
With vnexpected gladnesse, that admires
My soule to lay a-side her mourning tire,
And senses to prepare a place for ioy,
Care in obliuion endlesse shall expire.
For euery grieve of that extreame annoy (alas)
Which when my torment raign'd, my soule
Did feele, the which long absence did destroy,
Fortune so well appayes, that neuer was
So great the torment of my passed ill,
As is the ioy of this same good I passe.
Returne my hart, surfaulted with the fill
Of thousand great vnrests, & thousand feares:
Enioy thy good estate, if that thou will.

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And wearied eyes, leaue off your burning teares,
For soone you shall behold her with delight,
For whom my spoiles with glory *Cupid* beares.
Senses which seeke my starre so cleare and bright,
By making here & there your thoughts estrays:
Tell me, what will you feele before her sight?
Hence solitarinesse, torments away,
Felt for her sake, and wearied members cast
Off all your paine, redeem'd this happy day.
O stay not time, but passe with speedy hast,
And Fortune hinder not her comming now.
O God, betides me yet this grieffe at last?
Come my sweet Shepheardesse, the life which thou
(Perhaps) didst thinke was ended long agoe,
At thy commaund is readie still to bow.
Comes not my Shepheardesse desired so?
O God, what if she's lost, or if she stray
Within this wood, where trees so thicke doe
Or if this Nymph that lately went away, (grow?
Perhaps forgot to goe and seeke her out:
No, no, in (her) obliuion neuer lay.
Thou onely art my Shepheardesse, about (and rests
Whose thoughts my soule shall finde her ioy
Why comm'st not then to assure it fró doubt?
O seest thou not the Sunne passe to the West?
And if it passe, and I behold thee not:
Then I my wonted torments will request,
And thou shalt waile my hard and heauie lot.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

M 2

Another

ENGLANDS HELICON.

J Another of Astrophell to his Stella.

IN a Groue most rich of shade,
Where Birds wanton musique made;
May, then young, his pyed weedes showing,
New perfum'd, with flowers fresh growing.

Astrophell with Stella sweet,
Did for mutuall'comfort meet
Both within them-selues oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoake bare:
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoake did vanish.
Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares them-selues did smile.
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woes, were glad sighs mixt,
With armes crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.
Their eares hungry of each word,
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake,
Loue did set his lips a-funder,
Thus to speake in loue and wonder.

Stella,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Stella Soueraigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella, starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, Loadstarre of desire.

Stella, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of *Cupids* skies,
Whose beames where they once are darterd,
Loue there-with is strait imparted.

Stella, whose voyce when it speakes,
Sences all afunder breakes,

Stella, whose voyce when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each Character of blisse,
Whose face all, all beautie passeth,
Sauethy minde, which it surpasseth.

Graunt, O graunt: but speech alas
Failes me, fearing on to passe.

Graunt, O me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)

That not I, but since I loue you,
Time and place for me may moue you.

Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it.

Smiling ayre allowes my reason,
The birds sing, now vs the season.

This small winde, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaues doth kilse,

Each tree in his best attyring

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sence of loue to loue inspiring.
Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sinke :
And if dumbethings be so wittie,
Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech, faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine.
But her hands, his hands repelling :
Gauerepulse, all grace excelling.
Then she spake; her speech was such,
As not eares, but hart did touch :
While such wise she loue denied,
As yet loue she signified.

Astrophell, said she, my Loue,
Cease in these effects to proue.
Now be still, yet still belecue me,
Thy grieffe more then death doth grieue mee,
If that any thought in me,
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me feede with hellish anguish,
Ioylesse, helplesse, endlesse languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
Halfe so deere as you to me :
Let me home returne starke blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.
If to secret of my hart
I doe any wish impart :
Where thou art not formost placed ;
Be both with and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say
All my blisse on thee I lay.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

If thou loue, my loue content thee,
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.
Trust me, while I thee denie,
In my selfe the smart I trie.
Tirant, honour doth thus vsethee,
Stellaes selfe might not refuse thee.

Therefore (deere) this no more moue,
Least, though I leaue not thy loue,
Which too deepe in me is framed :
I should blush when thou art named.
There-with-all, away she went,
Leauing him to passion rent :
With what she had done and spoken,
That there-with my Song is broken.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

¶ *Syrenus his Song to Dianaes Flockes.*

PAssed contents,
Oh what meane ye?
Forfake me now, and doe not wearie me.
Wilt thou heare mee O memorie?
My pleasant dayes, and nights againe,
I haue appai'd with seauen-fold paine.
Thou hast no more to aske me why,
For when I went, they all did die,
As thou do'st see:
O leaue me then, and doe not wearie me.
Greene field, and shadowed valley, where

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Sometime my chiefest pleasure was,
Behold what I did after passe.
Then let me rest, and if I beare
Not with good cause continuall feare :

Now doe you see,
O leaue me then, and doe not trouble mee.

I saw a hart changed of late,
And wearied to assure mine :
Then I was forced to recure mine
By good occasion, time and fate,
My thoughts that now such passion hate,

O what meane ye?
Forfake me now, and doe not wearie mee.

You Lambes and Sheepe that in these Laves,
Did sometime follow me so glad :
The merry houres, and the sad
Are passed now, with all those dayes.

Make not such mirth and wonted playes.
As once did ye.

For now no more, you haue deceaued me.

If that to trouble me you come,
Or come to comfort me indeed :

I haue no ill for comforts need.
But if to kill me : Then (in some)

Now my ioyes are dead and dombe,
Full well may ye
Kill me, and you shall make an end of me.

FINIS. Bar. Yong.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g To Amarillis.

THough *Amarillis* dance in greene,
Like Fairie Queene,
And sing full cleere,
With smiling cheere.
Yet since her eyes make heart so sore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

My Sheepe are lost for want of foode
And I so wood
That all the day:

I sit and watch a Heard-mayde gay,
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore:
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
Is such delight,
That all in vaine:

I loue to like, and loose my gaine,
For her that thanks me not therefore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
And cause of woes,
Your sweet desire

Breedes flames of Ice, and freeze in fire.
You scorne to see me weepe so sore:
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Loue

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Since I will liue, and neuer show,
Then die not, for my loue I will not giue
For I will neuer haue thee loue me so,
As I doe meane to hate thee while I liue.

That since the Louer so doth proue
His death, as thou do'st see:
Be bold I will not kill with loue,
Nor loue shall not kill me.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

g His answere to the Nymphs Song.

IF to be lou'd it thee offend,
I cannot choose but loue thee still :
And so thy griefe shall haue no end,
Whiles that my life maintaines my will.

O let me yet with griefe complaine,
since such a torment I endure :
Or else fulfill thy great disdain,
to end my life with death most sure.
For as no credite thou wilt lend,
and as my loue offends thee still :
So shall thy sorrowes haue no end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

If that by knowing thee, I could
leauē off to loue thee as I doe:
Not to offend thee, then I would
leauē off to like and loue thee too.
But since all loue to thee doth tend,
and I of force must loue thee still:
Thy grieffe shall neuer haue an end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ Her present answere againe to him.

ME thinks thou tak'st the worser way,
(Enamour'd Shepheard) and in vaine
That thou wilt seeke thine owne decay,
To loue her, that doth thee disdaine.

For thine owne selfe, thy wofull hart
Keepe still, else art thou much to blame:
For she to whom thou gau'st each part
Of it, disdaines to take the same.

Follow not her that makes a play,
And iest of all thy grieffe and paines:
And seeke not (Shepheard) thy decay.
To loue her that thy loue disdaines.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

¶ His

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Loue ye who list, I force him not,

Sith God itwot

The more I waile :

The lesse my sighs and teares preuaile.

What shall I doe, but say therefore,

hey hoe, chill loue no more ?

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

¶ *Cardenia the Nymph, to her false Shep-
heard Faustus.*

F*Austus*, if thou wilt reade from me

These few and simple lines,
By them most clearly thou shalt see,

How little should accounted be

Thy faigned words and signes.

For noting well thy deedes vnkinde,

Shepherd, thou must not scan :

That euer it came to my minde,

To praise thy faith like to the winde,

Or for a constant man.

For this in thee shall so be found,

As smoake blowne in the aire :

Or like Quick-siluer turning round,

Or as a house built on the ground

Of sands that doe impaire.

To firmenesse thou art contrarie,

More

ENGLANDS HELICON.

More flipp'rie then the Ecle:
Changing as Weather-cocke on hie,
Or the Camelion on the die,
Or Fortunes turning wheele.

Who would beleue thou wert so free,
To blaze me thus each houre?
My Shepherdesse, thou liu'ft in me,
My soule doth onely dwell in thee,
And every vitall power.

Pale *Atropos* my vitall string
Shall cut, and life offend:
The streames shall first turne to their spring.
The world shall end, and every thing,
Before my loue shall end.

This loue that thou didst promise me,
Shepherd, where is it found?
The word and faith I had of thee,
O tell me now, where may they be,
Or where may they resound?
Too soone thou did'st the title gaine
Of giuer of vaine words:
Too soone my loue thou did'st obtaine,
Too soone thou lou'dst *Diana* in vaine,
That nought but scornes affords.

But one thing now I will thee tell,
That much thy patience moues:
That though *Diana* doth excell
In beautie, yet shee keeps not well

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Her faith, nor loyall proues,
Thou then hast chofen, each one faith,
Thine equall, and a shrow :
For if thou hast vndone thy faith,
Her Loue and Louer she betrayeth,
So like to like may goe.

If now this Sonnet which I send
Will anger thee : Before
Remember *Faustus* (yet my friend,
That if these speeches doe offend,
Thy deedes doe hurt me more.
Thus let each one of vs amend,
Thou deedes, I words so spent :
For I confesse I blame my pen,
Doe thou as much, so in the end,
Thy deedes thou doe repent.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

uide,
re fine deface :
ile,
in secret place.
inde,
art, for loue dismaid :
ued rinde,
ll words he said.
faire,
my brest :
dispaire,
e I liked best.
eth not God wot :
rt, on tree to blot.

tt of M. Birds set Songs.

ne of her Shep-
llus.

e, and moue

Since

Whom thou (faire Mi

If viewing thee, I saw thee not
And seeing thee, I coul
Dying, I should not liue (God
Nor liuing, should to a

But it is well that I doe finde
My life so full of tormen
All kinde of ills doe fit his min
Whom thou (faire Miss

In thy obliuion buried now
My death I haue before
And hereto hate my selfe I vow
As (cruell) thou do'st m

Contented euer thou didst finde
Me with thy scornes, th
To say the truth) I ioyed in min
After thou didst my lou

F I N I S.

¶ *Philon the Shepheard, his Song.*

WHile that the Sunne with his beames hot,
Scorched the fruites in vale and mountaine:

Philon the Shepheard late forgot,
Sitting besides a Christall Fountaine:

In shaddow of a greene Oake-tree,
Vpon his Pipe this Song plaid hee.

Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue,
Vntrue Loue, vntrue Loue, adiew Loue:
Your minde is light, soone lost for new loue.

So long as I was in your sight,
I was your heart, your soule, and treasure:

And euermore you sob'd and sigh'd,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.

Three dayes endur'd your loue to me:
And it was lost in other three.

Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue, &c.

Another Shepheard you did see,
To whom your heart was soone enchained:

Full soone your loue was leapt from me,
Full soone my place he had obtained.

Soone came a third; your loue to win:
And we were out, and he was in.

Adiew Loue, &c.

Sure you haue made me passing glad,
That you your minde so soone remoued:

Before that I the leasure had,
To choofe you for my best beloued.

For all your loue was past and done:

Two dayes before it was begun.

Adiew Loue,&c.

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

¶ Lycoris the Nymph, her sad Song.

IN dewe of Roses, steeping her louely cheekes,

Lycoris thus fate weeping.

Ah Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me,

And now vnkinde hast left me.

Heare alas, oh heare me,

Aye me, aye me,

Cannot my beautie moue thee?

Pitty, yet pittie me,

Because I loue thee.

Ayeme, thou scorn'st, the more I pray thee:

And this thou do'st, and all to slay me.

Why doe then,

Kill me, and vaunt thee:

Yet my Ghost

Still shall haunt thee.

FINIS.

Out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls.

ENGLANDS HELICON,

To his Flockes.

Burst forth my teares, assist my forward griefe,
And shew what paine imperious Loue pronokes
Kinde tender Lambs lament Loues scant reliefe,
And pine, since pensive care my freedome yoakes,
Oh pine, to see me pine, my tender Flockes.

Sad pining care, that neuer may haue peace,
At Beauties gate, in hope of pittie knocks:
But mercie sleeps, while deepe disdaines encrease,
And Beautie hope in her faire bosome yoakes:
Oh griene to heare my griefe, my tender Flockes.

Like to the windes my sighs haue winged beene.
Yet are my sighs and sutes repaide with mockes:
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene,
O ruthlesse rigour, harder then the Rockes,
That both the Shepheard kills, and his poore Flockes.

F I N I S.

To his Loue.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
The golden morning breakes:
All the earth, all the ayre,
Of loue and pleasure speakes.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Teach thine armes then to embrace,
And sweet Rosie lips to kisse:
And mixe our soules in mutuall blisse.
Eyes were made for beauties grace,
Viewing, ruing, Loues long paine:
Procur'd by beauties rude disdain.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
The golden morning wafts:
While the Sunne from his Sphere
His fierie arrowes casts,
Making all the shadowes flie,
Playing, staying in the Groaue:
To entertaine the stealth of loue.
Thither sweet Loue let vs hie
Flying, dying in desire:
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
Do not in vaine adorne
Beauties grace that should rise
Like to the naked morne,
Lillies on the Riuers side,
And faire *Cyprian* flowers new blowne,
Desire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is Nurse of pride,
Pleasure, measure, Loues delight:
Hast then sweet Loue our wished flight.

FINIS.

J Another

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Another of his Cynthia.

AWay with these selfe-louing-Lads,
Whom *Cupids* arrowe neuer glads.
Away poore foules that sigh and weepe,
In loue of them that lie and sleepe,
For *Cupid* is a Meadow God:
And forceth none to kisse the rod.

God *Cupids* shaft like destinie,
Doth either good or ill decree.
Desert is borne out of his bowe,
Reward vpon his feete doth goe.
What fooles are they that haue not knowne,
That Loue likes no lawes but his owne?

My Songs they be of *Cynthias* praise,
I weare her Rings on Holy-dayes,
On euery Tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the same.
Where Honour, *Cupids* riuall is:
There miracles are seene of his.

If *Cynthia* craue her Ring of mee,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt doe darken things held deere:
Then wel-fare nothing once a yeere.
For many runne, but one must win:
Fooles onely hedge the Cuckoe in.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The worth that worthinesse should moue,
Is loue, which is the due of loue.

And loue as well the Shepheard can,
As can the mightie Noble man.

Sweet Nymph tis true, you worthy be,
Yet without loue, nought worth to me.

FINIS.

J Another to his Cynthia.

MY thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with
Mount loue vnto the Moon in clearest night: (loue,
And say, as she doth in the heauens moue,
On earth so waines and wexeth my delight.

And whisper this but softly in her cares :

Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shed teares

And you my thoughts that some mistrust doe carrie,
If for mistrust my Mistresse doe you blame :

Say, though you alter, yet you doe not varie.

As she doth change, and yet remaine the same.

Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,

And loue is sweetest, seasoned with suspect.

If she for this, with cloudes doe maske her eyes,

And make the heauens darke with her disdain :

With windie sighs dispierce them in the skies,

Or with thy teares dissolue them into raine.

Thoughts,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Thoughts, hopes, and loue, returne to me no more,
Till *Cynthia* shine, as she hath done before,

FINIS.

*¶ These three Ditties were taken out of Maister
Iohn Dowlands Booke of Tableture for the
Lute, the Authours names not there set downe,
and therefore left to their owners.*

Montanus Sonnet in the Woods.

ALas, how wander I amidst these Woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde access?
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarm'd of reason, spoyl'd of Natures goods,
Without redresse to saluemy heauinesse
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,)
with endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.

My silent tongue assail'd by secret feare,
My trayterous eyes imprison'd in their ioy:
My fatall peace deuour'd in fained cheere,
My heart enforc'd to harbour in annoy.
My reason rob'd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinions, slaue to euery ioy.
Oh Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way:
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*The Shepherds sorrow, being disdain-
ned in loue.*

MVses help me, sorrow swarmeth,
Eyes are fraught with Seas of languish :
Haplesse hope my solace harmeth,
Mindes repast is bitter anguish.

Eye of day regarded neuer,
Certaine trust in world vntrustie :
Flattering hope beguileth euer,
Wearie old, and wanton lustie.

Dawne of day beholds enthroned,
Fortunes darling proud and dreadlesse :
Darksome night doth heare him moaned,
Who before was rich and needlesse.

Rob the Spheare of lines vnited,
Make a suddaine voide in nature :
Force the day to be benighted,
Reaue the cause of time and creature.

Ere the world will cease to varie,
This I weepe for, this I sorrow :
Muses, if you please to tarie,
Further help I meane to borrow.

Courted once by Fortunes fauour,
Compast now with Enuiers curses :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

All my thoughts of forrowes fauour, I had seen I did
Hopes runne fleeting like the Sourses.

Aye me, wanton scorne hath maimed
All the ioyes my heart enjoyed :
Thoughts their thinking haue disclaimed,
Hate my hopes haue quite annoyed.

Scant regard my weale hath scanted,
Looking coy, hath forc'd my lowring;
Nothing lik'd, where nothing wanted,
Weds mine eyes to ceaselesse showring.

Former loue was once admired,
Present fauour is estraunged :
Loath'd the pleasure long desired,
Thus both men and thoughts are changed.

Louely Swaine with luckie speeding,
Once, but now no more so friended :
You my Flocks haue had in feeding,
From the morne, till day was ended.

Drinke and fodder, foode and folding
Had my Lambs and Ewes together :
I with them was still beholding,
Both in warmth and Winter weather.

Now they languish, since refused,
Ewes and Lambes are pain'd with pining :

ENGLANDS HELICON!

I with Ewes and Lambs confused,
All vnto our deaths declining.

Silence, leaue thy Caue obscured,
Daigne a dolefull Swaine to tender:
Though disdaines I haue endured.
Yet I am no deepe offender.

Phillips Sonne can with his finger
Hide his scarre, it is so little:
Little sinne a day to linger,
Wife men wander in a tittle.

Trifles yet my Swaine haue turned,
Though my Sunne he neuer showeth:
Though I weepe, I am not mourned,
Though I want, no pittie groweth.

Yet for pittie, loue my Muses,
Gentle silence be their couer:
They must leaue their wonted vses,
Since I leaue to be a Louer.

They shall liue with thee enclosed,
I will loath my Pen and Paper:
Art shall neuer be supposed,
Sloth shall quench the watching Taper.

Kisse them silence, kisse them kindly,
Though I leaue them, yet I loue them:
Though my wit haue led them blindly,
Yet a Swaine did once approue them.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I will trauaile soiles remoued,
Night and morning neuer merrie:
Thou shalt harbour that I loued,
I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchance the Shepheard strayeth,
In thy walkes and shades vnhaunted:
Tell the teene my hart betrayeth,
How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

*A Pastorall Song betweene Phillis and Amarillis, two
Nymphs, each answering other line for line.*

Fie on the sleights that men deuise,
heigh hoe silly sleights:
When simple Maides they would entice,
Maides are yong mens chiefe delights.
Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
eyes like beames of burning Sunne:
And men once caught, they soone despise,
so are Shepherds oft vndone.

If any young man win a maide,
happy man is hee:
By trusting him she is betraide,
sie vpon such treacherie.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

If Maides win young men with their guiles,
 heigh hoe guilefull greefe :
They deale like weeping Crocodiles,
 that murder men without releefe.

I know a simple Countrie Hinde,
 heigh hoe fillie Swaine :
To whom faire *Daphne* proued kinde,
 was he not kinde to her againe?
He vowed by *Pan* with many an oath,
 heigh hoe Shepherds God is he :
Yet since hath chang'd, and broke his troath,
 troth-plaint broke, will plagued be.

She had deceiued many a Swaine,
 fie on false deceit :
And plighted troth to them in vaine,
 there can be no grieffe more great.
Her measure was with measure paide,
 heigh hoe, heigh hoe equall meede :
She was beguild that had betraide,
 so shall all deceiuers speede.

If euery Maide were like to mee,
 heigh hoe hard of hart :
Both loue and louers scorn'd should be,
 scorners shall be sure of smart.
If euery Maide were of my minde,
 heigh hoe, heigh hoe louely sweet :
They to their Louers should proue kinde,
 kindnes is for Maidens meet.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Me thinkes loue is an idle toy,
 heigh hoe busie paine :
Both wit and sense it doth annoy,
 both sense and wit thereby we gaine.
Tush *Phyllis* cease, be not so coy,
 heigh hoe, heigh hoe coy disdain :
I know you loue a Shepherds boy,
 sie that Maydens so should faine.
Well *Amarillis*, now I yeeld,
 Shepherds pipe aloude :
Loue conquers both in towne and field,
 like a Tirant, fierce and proude.
The euening starre is vp yee see,
 Vesper shines, we must away :
Would euery Louer might agree,
 so we end our Roundelay.

FINIS.

H. C.

g The Shepherds Antheme.

NEcre to a banke with Roses set about,
Where prettie Turtles ioyning bill to bill :
And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out,
Washing the foote of pleasures sacred hill.
There little Loue sore wounded eyes,
his bow and arrowes broken :
Bedewde with teares from *Venus* eyes.
Oh that it should be spoken,

Bcare

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Bear him my hart, slaine with her scornfull eye,
Where sticks the arrow that poore hart did kill:
With whose sharpe pyle, yet will him ere hee die,
About my hart to write his latest will.

And bid him send it backe to mee,
at instant of his dying:
That cruell, cruell she may see,
my faith and her denying.

His Hearse shall be a mournfull Cypres shade,
And for a Chauntrie, Philomels sweet lay:
Where prayer shall continually be made,
By Pilgrime louers, passing by that way.

With Nimphs and Shepherds yeerely mone,
his timelesse death beweeeping:
And telling that my hart alone,
hath his last will in keeping.

FINIS

Mich. Drayton.

g The Countesse of Pembrokes Pastorall.

A Shepherd and a Shepherdesse,
fate keeping sheepe vpon the downes:
His lookes did gentle blood expresse,
her beautie was no foode for clownes.
Sweet louely twaine, what might you be?

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Two fronting hills bedeckt with flowers,
they chose to be each other seate:
And there they stole their amorous houres,
with sighs and teares, poore louers meate.
Fond Loue that feed' st thy seruants so.

Faire friend, quoth he, when shall I liue,
That am halfe dead, yet cannot die?
Can beautie such sharpe guerdon giue,
to him whose life hangs in your eye?
Beautie is milde, and will not kill.

Sweet Swaine, quoth shee, accuse not mee,
that long haue beene thy humble thrall:
But blame the angry destinie,
whose kinde consent might finish all.
Vngentle Fate, to crosse true Loue.

Quoth hee, let not our Parents hate,
disioyne what heauen hath linckt in one:
They may repent, and all too late
if childlesse they be left alone.
Father nor friend, should wrong true loue.

The Parents frowne, said shee, is death,
to children that are held in awe:
From them we drew our vitall breath,
they challenge dutie then by law,
Such dutie as kills not true Loue,

They haue, quoth hee, a kinde of sway,

ENGLANDS HELICON

on these our earthly bodies here:
But with our foules deale not they may,
the God of loue doth hold them deere.
He is most meet to rule true loue.

I know, said she, tis worfe then hell,
when Parents choise must please our eyes:
Great hurt comes thereby, I can tell,
forc'd loue in desperate danger dies.
Faire Maid, then fancie thy true loue.

If wee, quoth he, might see the houre,
of that sweet state which neuer ends.
Our heavenly gree might haue the power,
to make our Parents as deere friends.
All ranck our yeelds to foueraigne loue.

Then God of loue, said she, consent,
and shew some wonder of thy power:
Our Parents, and our owne content,
may be confirmde, by such an houre,
Graunt greatest God to further loue.

The Fathers, who did alwaies tend,
when thus they got their priuate walke,
As happy fortune chaunc'd to send,
vnknowne to each, heard all this talke,
Poore foules to be socroft in loue.

Behinde the hills whereon they fate,
they lay this while and listned all:

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And were so moued both thereat,
that hate in each began to fall.
Such is the power of sacred loue.

They shewed themselues in open sight,
poore Louers, Lord how they were mazde?
And hand in hand the Fathers plight,
whereat (poore harts) they gladly gazde.
Hope now begins to further loue.

And to confirme a mutuall band,
of loue, that at no time should cease:
They likewise ioyned hand in hand,
the Shepheard and the Shepheardesse.
Like fortune still befall true loue.

F I N I S.

Shep. Tonie.

Another of Astrophell.

THE Nightingale so soone as Aprill bringeth
Vnto her rested sense a perfect waking:
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her Song-booke making.
And mournefully bewailing
Her throate in tunes expresseth,
What griefe her breast oppresseth,
For *Tereus* force, on her chaft will preuailing.
O Oh

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Oh *Philomela* faire, oh take some gladnes,
That here is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes.
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth :
Thy throne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

Alas, she hath no other cause of languish
But *Tereus* loue, on her by strong hand wroken :
Wherein she suffering all her spirits languish,
Full woman-like complaines, her will was broken.

But I, who daily crauing,
Cannot haue to content me :
Haue more cause to lament me,
Sith wanting is more woe, then too much ha-
Oh *Philomela* faire, oh take some gladnes, (uing.
That heere is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes,
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth :
Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

An Iauedine against Loue.

ALl is not golde that shineth bright in show,
Not every flowre so good, as faire, to sight,
The deepest streames, aboue doe calmest flow,
And strongest poisons oft the taste delight,
The pleasant baite doth hide the harmfull hooke,
And false deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Loue is the gold whose outward hew doth passe,
Whose first beginnings goodly promise make
Of pleasures faire, and fresh as Sommers grasse,
Which neither Sunne can parch, nor winde can shake.:

But when the mould should in the fire be tride,
The gold is gone, the drosse doth still abide.

Beautie the flowre so fresh, so faire, so gay,
So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and tast:

As seemes it should endure, by right, for aye,
And neuer be with any storme defast,

But when the baleful Southerne wind doth blow,
Gone is the glory which it erst did shew.

Loue is the streame, whose waues so calmly flow
As might intice mens minds to wade therein:

Loue is the poison mixt with sugar so,
As might by outward sweetnesse liking win,

But as the deepe ore flowing stops thy breath,
So poyson once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whose taste the fish deceiues,
And makes them swallow downe the choking hooke,

Loue is the face whose fairenesse iudgement reaues,
And makes thee trust a false and fained looke,

But as the hooke the foolish fish doth kill,
So flatt'ring lookes, the louers life doth spill.

F I N I S.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Faire Phillis and her Shepheard.

Shepheard, saw you not
my faire louely *Phillis*;
Walking on this Mountaine,
or on yonder plaine?

She is gone this way to *Dianaes Fountaine*,
and hath left me wounded,
with her high disdain.

Aye me, she is faire,
And without compare.

Sorrow come and fit with me:

Loue is full of feares,
Loue is full of teares,
Loue without these cannot be.

Thus my passions paine me,
For my loue hath slaine me,
Gentle Shepheard beare a part:

Pray to *Cupids* mother,
For I know no other

that can helpe to ease my smart.

Shepheard, I haue seene
thy faire louely *Phillis*
Where her flocks are feeding,
by the Riuers side:

Oh, I much admire
she so farre exceeding

In surpassing beautie,
should surpass in pride.

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But alas I finde,
They are all vnkinde
 Beautie knowes her power too well :
When they list they loue,
When they please they moue,
 thus they turne our heauen to hell.
For their faire eyes glauncing,
Like to *Cupids* dauncing,
 roule about still to deceaue vs :
With vaine hopes deluding,
Still dispraise concluding,
 Now they loue, and now they leaue vs.
Thus I doe despaire,
 haue her I shall neuer,
If shee be so coy,
 lost is all my loue :
But she is so faire
 I must loue her euer,
All my paine is ioy,
 which for her I proue,
If I should her trie,
And she should denie
 heauie hart with woe will breake:
Though against my will,
Tongue thou must be still,
 for she will not heare thee speake.
Then with sighs goe proue her,
Let them shew I loue her,
 gracious *Venus* be my guide :
But though I complaine me,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

yet doe not despaire.

She is full of pride,

Venus be my guide,

helpe a silly Shepherds speed,

Vse no such delay,

Shepherd, goe thy way,

venture man and doe the deed.

I will fore complaine me,

Say that loue hath slaine thee,

if her fauours doe not feede:

But take no deniall,

Stand vpon thy triall,

spare to speake, and want of speede.

FINIS.

g The Shepherds Song of *Venus* and *Adonis*.

V*enus* faire did ride,

siluer *Doues* they drew her,

By the pleasant lawnds

ere the *Sunne* did rise :

Vestaes beautie rich

opened wide to view her,

Philomel records

pleasing Harmonies.

Euery bird of spring

cheerefully did sing,

Paphos Goddesse they salute :

ENGLANDS HELICON. 8

Now Loues Queene so faire,
had of mirth no care,
for her Son had made her mute.

In her breast so tender
He a shaft did enter,
when her eyes beheld a boy :

Adonis was he named,
By his Mother shamed,
yet he now is *Venus* ioy.

Him alone shee met,
ready bound for hunting,

Him she kindly greetes,
and his iourney staves :

Him shee seekes to kisse
no deuises wanting.

Him her eyes still woøe,
him her tongue still prayes.

He with blushing red
Hangeth downe the head,
not a kisse can he afford :

His face is turn'd away,
Silence sayd her nay,
still she woo'd him for a word.

Speake she sayd thou fairest,
Beautie thou impairest,
see me, I am pale and wan :

Louers all adore mee,
I for loue implore thee,
christall teares with that downe ran.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Him here-with she forc'd
to come sit downe by her,

She his necke embrac'd
gazing in his face:

He like one transform'd
stir'd no looke to eye her

Euerie hearbe did woe him
growing in that place.

Each bird with a dittie,
prayed him for pittie
in behalfe of beauties. **Queene:**

Waters gentle murmur,
craued him to loue her,
yet no liking could be seene.

Boy she said, looke on mee,

Still I gaze vpon thee,
speake I pray thee my delight:

Coldly he replied,

And in brieue denied,
to bestow on her a sight.

I am now too young,
to be wonne by beauty,

Tender are my yeeres
I am yet a bud:

Faire thou art, she said,
then it is thy dutie,

Wert thou but a blössome
to effect my good.

Euerie beauteous flower,
boasteth in my power,

ENGLANDS HELICON

Birds and beasts my lawes effect:
Mirra thy faire mother,
most of any other,
did my louely hests respect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou shalt be requited,
every Nymph on thee shall tend:
All the Gods shall loue thee,
Man shall not reprove thee,
Loue himsele shall be thy friend.

Wend thee from me *Venus*,
I am not disposed,
Thou wring'st me too hard,
pre-thee let me goe:
Fie, what a paine it is
thus to be enclosed.
If loue begin with labour,
it will end in woe.
kisse me, I will leaue,
here a kisse receiue,
a short kisse I doe it finde:
Wilt thou leaue me so?
yet thou shalt not goe,
breathe once more thy balmie wind.
It smelleth of the *Mirrh-tree*,
That to the world did bring thee,
neuer was perfume so sweet:
When she had thus spoken,
She gaue him a token,
and their naked bosomes meet.

Now

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Now he said, let's goe,
harke, the Hounds are crying,

Grifly Boare is vp,
Huntf-men follow fast :

At the name of Boare,
Venus seemed dying,

Deadly coloured pale,
Roses ouer-cast.

Speake said she, no more,
of following the Boare,
thou vnfit for such a chase :

Course the fearefull Hare,
Venfon doe not spare,
if thou wilt yeeld *Venus* grace.

Shun the Boare I pray thee,
Else I still will stay thee,
herein he vow'd to please her mind,

Then her armes enlarged,
Loth she him discharged,
forth he went as swift as wind.

Thetis Phæbus Steedes
in the West retained,

Hunting sport was past,
Loue her loue did seeke :

Sight of him too soone
gentle *Queene* she gained,

On the ground he lay
blood had left his cheeke.

For an orped Swine,
smit him in the groyne,

deadly

ENGLANDS HELICON.

deadly wound his death did bring :
Which when *Venus* found,
she fell in a swoond,
and awak'd, her hands did wring,
Nymphs and Satyres skipping,
Came together tripping,
Eccho euery crie exprest :
Venus by her power,
Turn'd him to a flower,
which she weareth in her creast,

FINIS. H. C.

¶ *Thirsis the Shepheard his deaths Song.*

T*Hirsis* to die desired,
marking her eyes that to his heart was neereft :
And she that with his flame no lesse was fired,
said to him : Oh heart's loue deereft :
Alas, forbear to die now,
By thee I liue, by thee I wish to die to.

Thirsis that heate refrained,
wherewith to die poore Louer then he hasted,
Thinking it death while he his lookes maintained,
full fixed on her eyes, full of pleasure,
and louely Nectar sweet from them he tasted.
His daintie Nymph, that now at hand espied
the haruest of Loues treasure,

Said

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and wadded :
I die now,

The Shepheard then replied,
and I sweet life doe die to.

Thus these two Louers fortunately died,
Of death so sweet, so happy, and so desired :
That to die so againe their life retired.

FINIS. *Out of Maister N. Young
his Musica Transalpina.*

Another Stanza added after.

T *Hirsis* enjoyed the graces,
Of *Chloris* sweet embraces,
Yet both their ioyes were scantied :
For darke it was, and candle-light they wanted.
Wherewith kinde *Cynthia* in the heauen that shined,
her nightly vaile resigned,
and her faire face disclosed.
Then each from others lookes such ioy deriued :
That both with meere delight died, and reuiued.

FINIS. *Out of the same.*

Another

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Another Sonnet thence taken.

Zephirus brings the time that sweetly senteth
with flowers and hearbs, which Winters frost exileth:
Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth,
Flora the Garlands white and red compileth:
Fields doe reioyce, the frowning skie relenteth,
Ioue to behold his dearest daughter smileth:
The ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth,
each creature now to loue him reconcileth,
But with me wretch, the stormes of woe perseuer,
and heauie sighs which from my heart she straineth
That tooke the key thereof to heauen for euer,
so that singing of birds, and spring-times flowring:
And Ladies loue that mens affection gaineth,
are like a Desert, and cruell beasts denouring.

FINIS.

of The Shepherds slumber.

IN Pescod time, when Hound to home
giues eare till Buck be kild:
And little Lads with Pipes of corne,
late keeping beasts a field.
I went to gather Strawberies tho,
by Woods and Groaues full faire:

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And parcht my face with *Phœbus* so,
in walking in the ayre
That downe I layde me by a streame,
with boughs all ouer-clad:
And there I met the strangest dreame,
that euer Shepheard had.
Me thought I saw each Christmas game,
each reuell all and some:
And euery thing that I can name,
or may in fancie come,
The substance of the sights I saw,
in silence passe they shall:
Because I lacke the skill to draw,
the order of them all.
But *Venus* shall not passe my pen,
whose maydens in disdain:
Did feed vpon the hearts of men,
that *Cupids* bowe had slaine.
And that blinde Boy was all in blood,
be-bath'd vp to the eares:
And like a Conquerour he stood,
and scorned Louers teares.
I haue (quoth he) more hearts at call,
then *Cesar* could command:
And like the Deare I make them fall,
that runneth o're the lawnd.
One drops downe here, another there,
in bushes as they groane;
I bend a scornfull carelesse care,
to heare them make their moane.
Ah Sir (quoth *Honest Meaning*) then,

thy

ENGLANDS HELICON.

thy boy-like brags I heare:
When thou hast wounded many a man,
as Hunt-man doth the Deare.
Becomes it thee to triumph so?
thy Mother wills it not:
For she had rather breake thy bowe,
then thou should'st play the sot.
What faucie merchant speaketh now,
said *Venus* in her rage:
Art thou so blinde thou knowest not how
I gouerne euery age?
My Sonne doth shoote no shaft in wast,
to me the Boy is bound:
He neuer found a heart so chaste,
but he had power to wound,
Not so faire Goddesse (quoth *Free-will*),
in me there is a choise:
And cause I am of mine owne ill,
if I in thee reioyce.
And when I yeeld my selfe a slaue,
to thee, or to thy Sonne:
Such recompence I ought not haue,
if things be rightly done.
Why foole, stept forth *Delight*, and said,
when thou art conquer'd thus:
Then loe dame *Lust*, that wanton Maid,
thy Mistresse is iwis.
And *Lust* is *Cupids* darling deere,
behold her where she goes:
She creepes the milk-warme flesh so neere,
she hides her vnder close:

Where

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Where many priuie thoughts doe dwell,
a heauen here on earth:
For they haue neuer minde of hell,
they thinke so much on mirth.
Be still *Good Meaning*, quoth *Good Sport*,
let *Cupid* triumph make:
For sure his Kingdome shall be short
if we no pleasure take.
Faire *Beautie*, and her play-feares gay,
the virgins *Vestalles* to:
Shall sit and with their fingers play,
as idle people doe.
If *Honest Meaning* fall to frowne,
and I *Good Sport* decay:
Then *Venus* glory will come downe,
and they will pine away.
Indeede (quoth *Wit*) this your deuce,
with strangenessse must be wrought,
And where you see these women nice,
and looking to be sought:
With scowling browes their follies check,
and so giue them the Fig:
Let *Fancie* be no more at beck,
when *Beautie* lookes so big.
When *Venus* heard how they conspir'd,
to murder women so:
Me thought indeede the house was fier'd,
with stormes and lightning tho.
The thunder-bolt through windowes burst.
and in their steps a wight:
Which seem'd some soule or sprite accurst,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

so vgly was the sight.

I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
looke to your selues in hast :

For if that men so wilfull be,
and haue their thoughts so chaff;

That they can tread on *Cupids* brest,
and martch on *Venus* face :

Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest,
when you shall waile your case.

With that had *Venus* all in spight
stir'd vp the Dames to ire :

And *Lust* fell cold, and *Beautie* white
fate babling with *Desire*.

Whose mutt'ring words I might not marke,
much whispering there arose :

The day did lower, the Sunne wext darke,
away each Lady goes.

But whether went this angry flock ?
our Lord himselfe doth know :

Wherewith full lowdly crew the Cock,
and I awaked so.

A dreame (quoth I?) a dogge it is,
I take thereon no keepe :

I gage my head, such toyes as this,
doth spring from lacke of sleepe.

FINIS.

Dispraise

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Dispraise of Loue, and Louers follies.

IF Loue be life, I long to die,
Liue they that list forme :
And he that gaines the most thereby,
A foole at least shall be.
But he that fees the forest fits,
Scapes with no lesse then losse of wits,
Vnhappy life they gaine,
Which Loue doe entertaine.

In day by fained lookes they liue,
By lying dreames in night,
Each frowne a deadly wound doth giue,
Each smile a false delight.
If't hap their Lady pleasant seeme,
It is for others loue they deeme :
If void she seeme of ioy,
Disdaine doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that Louers finde,
Such is the life they leade.
Blowne here and there with euery winde
Like flowers in the Mead.
Now warre, now peace, now warre againe,
Desire, despaire, delight, disdaine,
Though dead in midst of life,
In peace, and yet at strife.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g Another Sonet.

IN wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,
Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise :
For in each thing whereto my minde doth range,
Part of my paine me seemes engraued lies.

The Rockes which were of constant minde, the marke
In climbing steepe, now hard refusall show :
The shading Woods seeme now my sunne to darke,
And stately hills disdaine to looke so low.

The restfull Caues, now restlesse visions giue,
In dales I see each way a hard assent :
Like late mowne Meades, late cut from ioy I liue,
Alas, sweet Brookes, doe in my teares augment.

Rocks, woods, hills, caues, dales, meades, brooks answer
Infected mindes infect each thing they see. (mee.)

F I N I S.

S. Phil. Sidney.

g Of disdainefull Daphne.

SHall I say that I loue you,
Daphne disdainfull ?
Sore it costs as I proue you,
louing is painefull.

Shall

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Shall I say what doth grieueme?

Louers lament it :

Daphne will not relieue me,
late I repent it.

Shall I die, shall I perish,
through her vnkindnesse?

Loue vntaught loue to cherish,
sheweth his blindnesse.

Shall the hills, shall the valleyes,
the fields, the Citie,
With the sound of my out-cries,
moue her to pittie?

The deepe falls of faire Riuers,
and the windes turning :
Are the true Musicke giuers
vnto my mourning.

Where my Flockes daily feeding,
pining for sorrow :
At their Maisters heart bleeding,
shot with Loues arrow.

From her eyes to my heart-string,
was the shaft launced :
It made all the Woods to ring
by which it glaunced.

When this Nymph had vs'd me so,
then she did hide her :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Haplesse I did *Daphne* know,
haplesse I spied her,

Thus Turtle-like I wail'd me,
for my Loues loosing :
Daphnes trust thus did faile me,
wce worth such choosing.

FINIS.

M. N. Howell.

¶ The passionate Shepheard to his Loue.

Come liue with me, and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, Groues, hills and fields,
Woods, or steepie mountaines yeelds.

And we will sit vpon the Rockes,
Seeing the Shepherds feede their Flockes,
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroydered all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull,

Faire

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Faire lined slippers for the cold:
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and Iuiebuds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with me and be my Loue.

The Shepheard Swaines shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy minde may moue;
Then liue with me, and be my Loue.

FINIS.

Chr. Marlow.

g The Nymphs reply to the Shepheard.

IF all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Shepherds tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy Loue.

Time driues the Flockes from field to fold,
When Riuers rage, and Rockes grow cold,
And *Philomell* becommeth dombe,
The rest complaines of cares to come.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The flowers doe fade, and wanton fields,
To wayward Winter reckoning yeelds,
A hony tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of Roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten:
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Iuic buds,
Thy Corall claspes and Amber studs,
All these in me no meanes can moue,
To come to thee, and be thy Loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breede,
Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then these delights my minde might moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy Loue.

F I N I S.

Ignoto.

g Another of the same nature, made since.

Come liue with me, and be my deere,
And we will reucll all the yeere,
In plaines and groues, on hills and dales:
Where fragrant ayre breedes sweetest gales.

There

ENGLANDS HELICON.

There shall you haue the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a Skreene :
Least *Phæbus* kisse my Sommers Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
Ouer some Riuer in a tree,
Where siluer sands, and pebbles sing,
Eternall ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands :
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heauenly tuned throtes,
Possesse woods Ecchoes with sweet notes,
Which to your senses will impart
A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Doues woings will prouoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doe no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight,
We will out-weare the silent night,
While *Flora* busie is to spread :
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,

ENGLANDS HELICON.

All to adorne and beautifie :
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
Lillies faire mixture with the Rose.
Whose nice perfections in loues play :
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and sing mellodious founds.

If these may serue for to entice,
Your presence to Loues Paradise,
Then come with me, and be my deare :
And we will strait begin the yeare.

F I N I S.

Ignoto.

g Two Pastorals, upon three friends meeting.

IOyne mates in mirth to me,
Grant pleasure to our meeting :
Let Pan our good God see,
How gratefull is our greeting.

Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be.

Make but one minde in bodies three.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Ye Hymnes and singing skill
Of God *Apolloes* giuing,
Be prest our reeds to fill,
With sound of musicke liuing.

Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Sweet *Orpheus* Harpe, whose sound
The stedfast mountaines moued,
Let here thy skill abound,
To ioyne sweet friends beloued.

Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
A happy blessed Trinitie,
As three most ioyntly set,
In firmest band of vnitie.

Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me, *E. D. F. G. P. S.*
The number best beloued,
Within my heart you be
In friendship vnremoued.

Ioyne hands, &c.

Giue leaue your flocks to range,
Let vs the while be playing,
Within the Elmy grange,
Your flocks will not be straying.

Ioyne hands, &c.

Cause all the mirth you can,

Since

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Since I am now come hither,
Who neuer ioy but when
I am with you together,
-Ioyne hands, &c.

Like louers doe their loue,
So ioy I in your seeing:
Let nothing me remoue
From alwaies with you being.
Ioyne hands, &c.

And as the turtle Doue
To mate with whom he liueth,
Such comfort, feruent loue
Of you to my heart giueth.
Ioyne hands, &c.

Now ioyned be our hands,
Let them be ne're afunder,
But linkt in binding bands
By metamorphoz'd wonder.
*So should our seuered bodies three
As one for euer ioyned be.*

FINIS.

S.Phil.Sidney.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The wood-mans walke.

THrough a faire Forrest as I went
vpon a Sommers day,
I met a Wood-man quaint and gent,
yet in a strange aray.
I marvail'd much at his disguise,
whom I did know so well :
But thus in tearmes both graue and wise,
his minde he gan to tell.
Friend, muse not at this fond aray,
but list a while to me :
For it hath holpe me to suruay
what I shall shew to thee.
Long liu'd I in this Forrest faire,
till wearie of my weale
Abroad in walkes I would repaire,
as now I will reueale.
My first dayes walke was to the Court,
where beautie fed mine eyes :
Yet found I that the Courtly sport,
did maske in slie disguise.
For falsehood sate in fairest lookes,
and friend to friend was coy :
Court-fauour fill'd but emptie bookes,
and there I found no ioy.
Desert went naked in the colde,
when crouching craft was fed :
Sweet words were cheaply bought and solde,
but none that stood in sted.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Wit was imployed for each mans owne,
 plaine meaning came too short :
All these deuises seene and knowne,
 made me forsake the Court.
Vnto the Cittie next I went,
 in hope of better hap :
Where liberally I lanch'd and spent,
 as set on Fortunes lap.
The little stock I had in store,
 me thought would nere be done :
Friends flockt about me more and more,
 as quickly lost as wone.
For when I spent, then they were kinde,
 but when my purse did faile :
The foremost man came last behinde,
 thus loue with wealth doth quaile.
Once more for footing yet I stroue,
 although the world did frowne :
But they before that held me vp,
 together troad me downe.
And least once more I should arise,
 they sought my quite decay :
Then got I into this disguise,
 and thence I stole away.
And in my minde (me thought) I said,
 Lord blesse mee from the Cittie :
Where simplenes is thus betraide,
 and no remorse or pittie.
Yet would I not giue ouer so,
 but once more trie my fate :

And

ENGLANDS HELICON.

And to the Country then I goe,
to liue in quiet state.
There did appeare no subtile showes,
but yea and nay went smoothly :
But Lord how Country-folkes can glose,
when they speake most vntruely ?
More craft was in a buttond cap,
and in old wiues raile :
Then in my life it was my hap,
to see on Downe or Dale.
There was no open forgerie,
but vnder-handed gleaning :
Whch they call Countrie pollicie,
but hath a worser meaning,
Some good bold-face beares out the wrong,
because he gaines thereby :
The poore mans backe is crackt ere long,
yet there he lets him lie.
And no degree among them all,
but had such close intending,
That I vpon my knees did fall,
and prayed for their amending.
Back to the woods I got againe,
in minde perplexed fore :
Where I found ease of all this paine,
and meane to stray no more.
There, Citty, Court, nor Country to,
can any way annoy me :
But as a wood-man ought to doe,
I freely may employ me.

There

ENGLANDS HELICON.

There liue I quietly alone,
and none to trip my talke :
Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
thinke on the Wood-mans walke.

F I N I S.

Shep. Tonie.

¶ *This is the Shepheard, to his Pipe.*

Like Desert woods, with darke some shades obscured,
Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth :
Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow paineth.

The trees are fat all shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my breast maintaineth.
To whet my grieffe, when as my sorrow waineth.

The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assures,
Which wage me warre, while hart no succour gaineth :
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning sighs by cares procured,
Which forth I send, whilest weeping eye complaineth :
To coole the heate, the helpelesse hart containeth.

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But shafts, but cares, but sighs, horrors unrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for these paines awarded:
My faithfull loue by her might be regarded.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

An Heroicall Poeme.

MY wanton Muse that whilome wont to sing,
Faire beauties praise and Venus sweet delight,
Of late had chang'd the tenor of her string
To higher tunes then serue for Cupids fight. (strong,
Shrill Trumpets sound, sharpe swords and Lances
Warre, bloud and death, were matter of her song.

The God of Loue by chance had heard thereof,
That I was prou'd a rebell to his crowne,
Fit words for warre, quoth he, with angry scoffe,
A likely man to write of Mars his frowne.
Well are they sped whose praises he shall write,
Whose wanton Pen can nought but loue indite.

This said, he whiskt his party-colour'd wings,
And downe to earth he comes more swift then thought,
Then to my heart in angry haste he flings,
To see what change these newes of warres had wrought.
He pries, and lookes, he ransacks eu'ry vaine,
Yet finds he nought, faue loue, and louers paine.

Q

Then

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Then I that now perceiu'd his needlesse feare;
With heauie smile began to plead my cause :
In vaine (quoth I) this endlesse grieffe I beare,
In vaine I striue to keepe thy grieuous Lawes,
If after prooffe, so often trusty found,
Vniust suspect condemne me as vnfound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithfull heart ?
Is this the hope on which my life is staide ?
Is this the ease of neuer-ceasing smart ?
Is this the price that for my paines is paide ?
Yet better serue fierce Mars in bloudie field,
Where death, or conquest, end or ioy doth yeeld.

Long haue I seru'd, what is my pay but paine ?
Oft haue I sude, what gaine I but delay ?
My faithfull loue is quited with disdaine,
My grieffe a game, my pen is made a play.
Yea loue that doth in other fauour finde,
In me is counted madnesse out of kinde.

And last of all, but grieuous most of all,
Thy selfe, sweet loue, hath kild me with suspect :
Could loue beleue, that I from loue would fall ?
Is warre of force to make me loue neglect.
No, Cupid knowes, my minde is faster set,
Then that by warre I should my loue forget.

My Muse indeed to warre enclines her minde,
The famous acts of worthy *Brute* to write :
To whom the Gods this Ilands rule assignde,
Which

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Which long he sought by Seas through Neptunes spight,
With such conceits my busie head doth swell.
But in my heart nought else but loue doth dwell.

And in this warre thy part is not the least,
Here shall my muse *Brutes* noble Loue declare.
Here shalt thou see thy double loue increast,
Of fairest twins that euer Lady bare :

Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright,
His conquerd armes shall be thy triumphs light.

As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue,
And I thy glory through the world will ring,
So by my paines, thou wilt vouchsafe to rue,
And kill despaire. With that he whis'kt his wing.
And bid me write, and promist wished rest,
But sore I feare false hope will be the best.

FINIS. *Ignoto.*

¶ An excellent Sonnet of a Nimph.

Vertue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight :
First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
His works, shoves, sutes, with wit, grace, and vovnes-might:

Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pearst, possesst, my iudgement, sence, and will ;

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

Then grieffe, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:

But ah, alas, (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine.

For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease:

Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

*A Report Song in a dreame, betweene a Shepheard
and his Nymph.*

Shall we goe daunce the hay? The hay?
Neuer pipe could euer play
better Shepherds Roundelay.

Shall we goe sing the Song? The Song?
Neuer Loue did euer wrong:
faire Maides holde hands all a-long.

Shall we goe learne to woo? To woo?
Neuer thought came euer to,
better deed could better doe.

Shall we goe learne to kisse? To kisse?
Neuer hart could euer misse
comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus

ENGLANDS HELICON.

g The Louers absence kils me, her presence kils me.

TH E frozen Snake opprest with heaped snow
By strugling hard gets out her tender head,
And spies farre off from where she lies below
The winter Sunne that from the North is fled.

But all in vaine she lookes vpon the light,
Where heate is wanting to restore her might.

What doth it helpe a wretch in prison pent,
Long time with biting hunger ouer-prest,
To see without, or smell within, the sent,
Of daintie fare for others tables drest?

Yet Snake and pris'ner both behold the thing,
The which (but not with sight) might comfort
(bring.

Such is my state, or worse if worse may be,
My heart opprest with heauie frost of care,
Debar'd of that which is most deere to me,
Kild vp with cold, and pinde with euill fare,

And yet I see the thing might yeeld reliefe,
And yet the sight doth breed my greater griefe.

So *This* she saw her Louer through the wall,
And saw thereby she wanted that she saw :
And so I see, and seeing want withall,
And wanting so, vnto my death I draw.

And so my death were twenty times my friend,
If with this verse my hated life might end.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

g The

ENGLANDS HELICON.

of The Shepherds conceit of Prometheus.

P*Prometheus*, when first from heauen hee,
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth vnscene:
Fond of delight, a Satyre standing by,
Gauc it a kisse, as it like sweet had beene.

Feeling forth-with the other burning power,
Wood with the smart, with shoutes and shrikinges shrill:
He sought his ease in Riuer, Field, and bower,
But for the time his grieue went with him still.

So silly I, with that vnwonted sight.
In humane shape, an Angell from aboue:
Feeding mine eyes, th'impression there did light,
That since I runne, and rest as pleaseth Loue,
The difference is, the Satires lips, my heart,
He for a while, I euermore haue smart.

F I N I S.

S. E. D.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Another of the same.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,
With sound of Horne, which he him-selfe did blow:
Fearing, and feared thus, from him-selfe hee fled,
deeming strange euill in that he did not know.

Such causelesse feares, when coward mindes doetake,
it makes them flie that which they faime would haue:
As this poore beast, who did his rest forsake,
thinking not why, but how him-selfe to saue.

Euen thus mought I, for doubts which I conceaue
of mine owne words, mine owne good hap betray:
And thus might I, for feare of may be, leaue
the sweet pursute of my desired pray.
Better like I thy Satire, dearest Dyer:
Who burnt his lips, to kisse faire shining fier.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Shepherds Sonne

FAire Nymphs, sit ye hereby me,
on this flowrie Greene:
While we this merrie day doe see,
some things but sildome seene.

Shepherds all, now come sit a round,
on yond checkquer'd plaine:

While from the Woods we here resound,
some comfort for Loues paine.

Euery bird fits on his bough,
As brag as he that is the best:
Then sweet Loue, reueale how
our mindes may be at rest.

Eccho thus replied to mee,
Sit vnder yonder Beechen tree,
And there Loue shall shew thee
how all may be redrest.

Harke, harke, harke the Nightingale,
in her mourning lay:

She tells her stories wofull tale,
to warne yee if she may.

Faire Maides, take yee heed of loue,
it is a perillous thing:

As *Philomell* her selfe did proue,
abused by a King.

If Kings play false, beleeu no men.

That make a seemely outward show:

But

ENGLANDS HELICON.

But caught once, beware then,
for then begins your woe.

They will looke babies in your eyes,
And speake so faire as faire may be :

But trust them in no wise,
example take by me.

Fie, fie, said the Threstle-cocke,
you are much too blame :

For one mans fault, all men to blot,
impairing their good name.

Admit you were vs'd amisse,
by that vngentle King,

It followes not that you for this,
should all mens honours wring.

There be good, and there be bad,
And some are false, and some are true :

As good choyse is still had
amongst vs men, as you.

Women haue faults as well as wee,
Some say for our one, they haue three.

Then smite not, nor bite not,
when you as faultie be.

Peace, peace, quoth Madge-Howlet then,
sitting out of sight :

For women are as good as men,
and both are good alike.

Not so, said the little Wrenne,
difference there may be :

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Cocke alway commands the Henne,
the men shall goe for me.

Then Robbin-Redbreft stepping in,
Would needes take vp this tedious strife,
Protesting, true louing,

In either lengthened life.

If I loue you, and you loue me,
Can there be better harmonie?

Thus ending, contending,

Loue must the vmpiere be.

Faire Nimphs, Loue must be your guide,
chast, vnspotted loue :

To such as doe your thralls beride,
resolu'd without remoue.

Likewise iolly Shepheard Swaines
if you doe respect,

The happy issue of your paines,
true loue must you direct.

You heare the birds contend for loue,

The bubling springs doe sing sweet loue,

The Mountaines and Fountaines

doe Eccho nought but loue.

Take hands then Nimphes and Shepheards all

And to this Riuers musickes fall

Sing true loue, and chaste loue

begins our Festiuall.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonic.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

I Loue the onely price of loue.

THe fairest Pearles that Northerne Seas doe breed,
For precious stones from Easterne coasts are sold.
Nought yeelds the earth that from exchange is freed,
Gold values all, and all things value Gold.

Where goodnes wants an equall change to make,
There greatnesse serues, or number place doth take.

No mortall thing can beare so high a price,
But that with mortall thing it may be bought,
The corne of Sicill buies the Westerne spice,
French wine of vs, of them our cloath is sought.

No pearles, no gold, no stones, no corne, no spice.
No cloath, no wine, of loue can pay the price.

What thing is loue, which nought can counteruaile?
Nought saue it selfe, eu'n such a thing is loue.
All worldly wealth in worth as farre doth faile,
As lowest earth doth yeeld to heau'n aboue.

Diuine is loue, and scorneth worldly pelfe,
And can be bought with nothing, but with selfe.

Such is the price my louing heart would pay,
Such is the pay thy loue doth claime as due.

Thy due is loue, which I (poore I) assay,
In vaine assay to quite with friendship true:

True is my loue, and true shall euer be,
And truest loue is farre too base for thee.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Loue but thy selfe, and loue thy selfe alone,
For saue thy selfe, none can thy loue require;
All mine thou hast, but all as good as none,
My small defart must take a lower flight.

Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my heart such blisse,
Accept it for thy prisoner as it is.

FINIS

Ignoto.

¶ Colin the enamoured Shepheard, singeth this
passion of loue.

O Gentle Loue, vngentle for thy deede,
thou makest my heart,
a bloodie marke,
With piercing shot to bleede.

Shoote soft sweet Loue, for feare thou shoote amisse,
for feare too keene,
thy arrowes beene:
And hit the heart, where my beloued is.

Too faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
shall be so blest,
among the rest:
That loue shall ceaze on her by simpatic.

Then

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Then since with Loue my prayers beare no boote,
this doth remaine,
to ease my paine,
I take the wound, and die at *Venus* foote.

FINIS. *Geo. Peele.*

¶ *Oenones complaint in blanke verse.*

M*Elpomene* the Muse of tragicke Songs,
With mournfull tunes in stole of dismall hue,
Assist a silly Nymph to waile her woe,
And leaue thy lustie company behind.

This lucklesse wreathe becomes not me to weare,
The Poplar tree for triumph of my loue,
Then as my ioy, my pride of loue is left;
Bethou vncloathed of thy louely greene.

And in thy leaues my fortunes written be,
And then some gentle winde let blow abroad,
That all the world may see, how false of loue,
False *Paris* hath to his *Oenone* beene.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

¶ *The Shepherds Consort.*

HArke iolly Shepherds,
harke yond lustie ringing:
How cheerefully the Bells daunce,
the whilst the Lads are springing?
Goe we then, why sit we here delaying:
And all yond merrie wanton Lasses playing?
How gaily *Flora* leades it,
and sweetly treads it?
The Woods and Groues they ring,
louely resounding:
With Ecchoes sweet rebounding.

FINIS. Out of M. Morleys Madrigals.

¶ *Thirsis praise of his Mistresse.*

ON a hill that grac'd the plaine
Thirsis fate, a comely *Swaine*,
Comelier *Swaine* nere grac'd a hill:
Whilst his Flocke that wandred nie
Cropt the greene grasfe busilie,
Thus he tun'd his Oaten quill.

Ver hath made the pleasant field
Many feu'rall odours yeeld,

Odors aromaticall;

From

ENGLANDS HELICON.

From faire *Astra's* cherrie lip,
Sweeter smells for euer skip,
They in pleasing passen all.

Leaue Groues now mainly ring,
With each sweet birds sonnetting,
Notes that make the *Eccho's* long:
But when *Astra* tunes her voyce,
All the mirthfull birds reioyce,
And are list'ning to her Song.

Fairely spreads the *Damaske Rose*,
Whose rare mixture doth disclose
Beauties, pensils cannot faine:
Yet if *Astra* passe the bush,
Roses haue beene seene to blush,
She doth all their beauties staine.

Phœbus shining bright in skie
Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie,
With his beames all-quickning fire;
Astra's eyes, (most sparkling ones)
Strikes a heate in hearts of stones,
And enflames them with desire.

Fields are blest with flowrie wreath,
Ayre is blest when she doth breath,
Birds make happy euery Groue,
She each Bird when she doth sing,
Phœbus heate to earth doth bring,
She makes Marble fall in loue.

Those

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Those, *blessings of the earth, we Swaines doe call :*

Astra can blesse those blessings earth and all.

FINIS.

W. Browns.

A defiance to disdainefull Loue.

NOW haue I learn'd with much adoe at last,
By true disdain to kill desire,
This was the marke at which I shot so fast,
Vnto this height I did aspire.
Proud Loue, now doethy worst, and spare not,
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to moue my minde?
What life to quicken dead desire?
I count thy words and oathes as light as winde,
I feele no heate in all thy fire.
Goe change thy bow, and get a stronger,
Goe breake thy shafts, and buy thee longer.

In vaine thou bait'st thy hooke with beauties blaze,
In vaine thy wanton eyes allure.
These are but toyes, for them that loue to gaze,
I know what harme thy lookes procure:
Some strange conceit must be deuised,
Or thou and all thy skill despised.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

An Epithalamium; or a Nuptiall Song, applied
to the Ceremonies of Marriage.

Sunne ri-
sing.

AVrora's *Blush* (the *Ensigne of the Day*) (*bowre,*
Hath wak't the God of Light, from Tythons
Who on our Bride, and Bride-groome doth display
His golden Beames, auspicious to this Howre.

Strewing
of Flow-
ers.

Now busie Maydens strew sweet Flowres,
Much like our Bride in Virgin state;
Now fresh, then prest, soone dying,
The death is sweet, and must be yours,
Time goes on Crouches till that date,
Birds fledg'd, must needes be flying.
Leade on whiles Phœbus Lights, and Hymens Fires,
Enflame each Heart with Zeale to Loues Desires.

Chorus. *Io to Hymen, Pæans sing*
To Hymen, and my Muses King.

Going to
Church.
Bride
Boyes.

Forth honour'd Groome; behold, not farre behind
Your willing Bride; led by two strengthlesse Boyes;
For Venus Doves, or Thred but single twin'd
May draw a Virgin, light in Marriage Ioyes:
Vesta growes pale, her Flame expires
As yee come vnder Iunos Phane,
To offer at Ioues Shrine
The simpatheie of Hearts desires
Knitting the Knot, that doth containe
Two soules, in Gordian Twine.
The Rites are done; and now (as'tis the guise)
Loues Fast by Day, a Feast must solemnize.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

Chorus. Io to Hymen; Pæans sing,
To Hymen, and my Muses King.

The Board being spread, furnish't with various Plen- Dinner.
The Brides faire Obiect in the Middle plac'd; (ties;
While she drinks Nectar, eats Ambrosiall dainties,
And like a Goddesse is admir'd and grac'd:
Bacchus and Ceres fill their veines;
Each Heart begins to ope a vent;
And now the Healths goe round;
Their Bloods are warm'd; chear'd are their
All doe applaud their Lones Consent; (Brains
So Lone with Cheare is crown'd.

Let sensuall soules ioy in full Bowles, sweet Dishes;
True Hearts, and Tongues, accord in ioyfull wishes.

Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Now whiles slow Howres doe feede the Times delay, After-
Confus'd discourse, with Musicke mixt among, Noone
Fills vp the semy-circle of the Day; Mulicke.

Now drawes the date our Louers wish'd so long.
A bounteous Hand the Board hath spread; Supper.
Lyeus stirres their Bloods a-new;
All Ioniall full of cheare;
But Phœbus see, is gon to Bed; Sunne set.
Loe Hesperus appeares in view,
And twinckles in his sphere.

Now ne plus vltra; end, as you begin;
Yee waste good Howres; Time lost in Lone, is sin.

Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

*Breake off your Complement ; Musick, be dombe,
And pull your Cases o're your Fiddles eares ;
Cry not, a Hall, a Hall ; but Chamber-roome ;
Dauncing is lame ; Youth's, old at twentie yeares.*

Going to
Bed.

*Matrons ; yee know what followes next ;
Conduct the shame-fac'd Bride to Bed,
(Though to her little rest)*

*Yee well can comment on the Text,
And in Loues learning deeply read,
Advise, and teach the best.*

*Forward's the Word ; y'are all so in this Arrant ;
Wines give the Word ; their Husbands give the War-
Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.* (rant.

Modestie
in the
Bride.

*Now droopes our Bride, and in her Virgin state,
Scemes like Electra 'mongst the Pleyades ;
So shrinkes a Mayde when her Herculean Mate
Must plucke the fruit in her Hesperides.*

*As she's a Bride, she glorious shines,
Like Cynthia, from the Sunnes bright Sphere,
Attracting all mens Eyes ;
But as she's Virgin, waines, and pines,
As to the Man she approacheth neere ;
So Mayden glory dies.*

*But Virgin Beames no reall brightnesse render ;
If they doe shine, in darke they shew their splendor.
Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.*

*Then let the darke Foyle of the Geniall Bed
Extend her brightnesse to his inward sight,
And by his sence he will be easly led*

ENGLANDS HELICON.

To know her vertue, by the absent light.
Youth's; take his Poynts; your wonted right;
And Maydens; take your due, her Garters;
Take hence the Lights; be gone;
Loue calls to Armes, Duell his Fight;
Then all remoue out of his Quarters,
And leaue them both alone:

Bride
Poynts.
Garters.

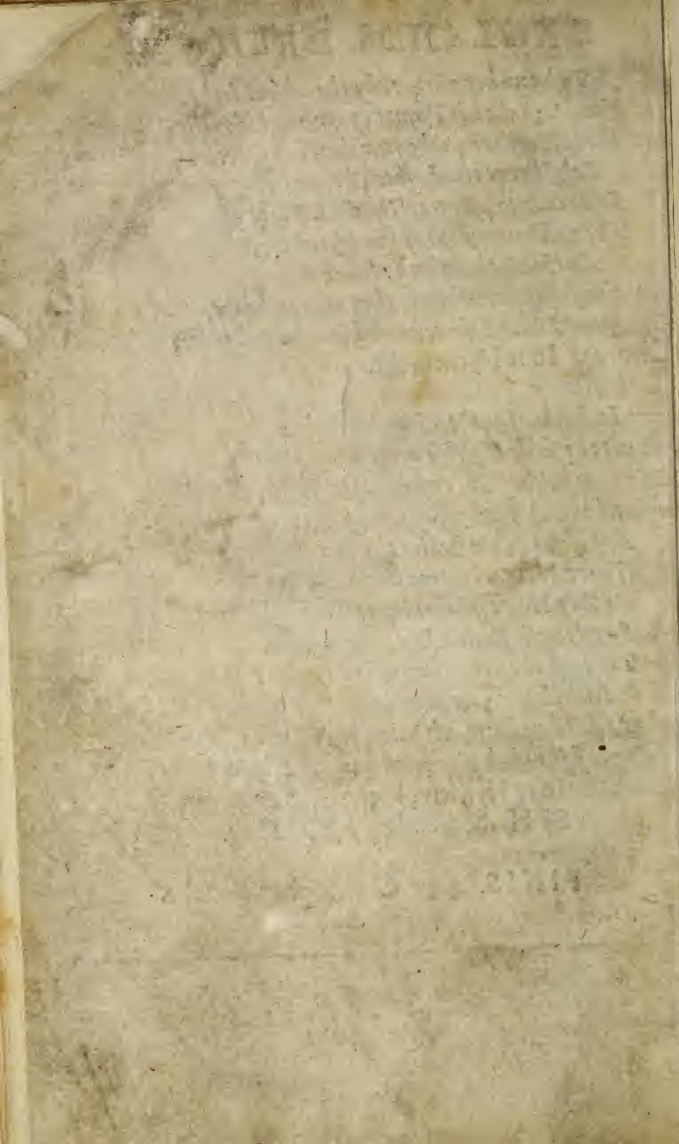
That with substantiall heate, they may embrace,
And know Loues Essence, with his outward grace.
Chorus. Io to Hymen, &c.

Hence Iealousie, Riuall to Loues delight;
Some not thy seede of strife in thesetwo Harts;
May neuer cold affect, or spleenefull spight,
Confound this Musicke of agreeing parts:
But Time (that steales the virtuall heate
Where Nature keepes the vitall fire)
(My Heart speakes in my Tongue)
Supply with Fewell Lifes chiefe seate,
Through the strong seruour of Desire;
Loue, luing; and line long.

And eu'n as Thunder riseth gainst the Winde;
So may yee fight with Age; and conquer Kinde
Chorus. Io to Hymen; Pæans sing
To Hymen, and my Muses King.

FINIS.

Christopher Brooke.











127/37

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