

PR  
2217  
B5  
1868  
v.2

**Cornell University Library**

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME  
FROM THE  
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND  
THE GIFT OF  
**Henry W. Sage**  
1891

A-123796

1573/1879

The date shown when this volume was taken.

C. F. P. 1000

No. and give

**D 24 '36** DATE DUE

**Aug 8 '36**

**D - 8 '36**

**Aug 10 '36**

**AUG 20 1948 JR**

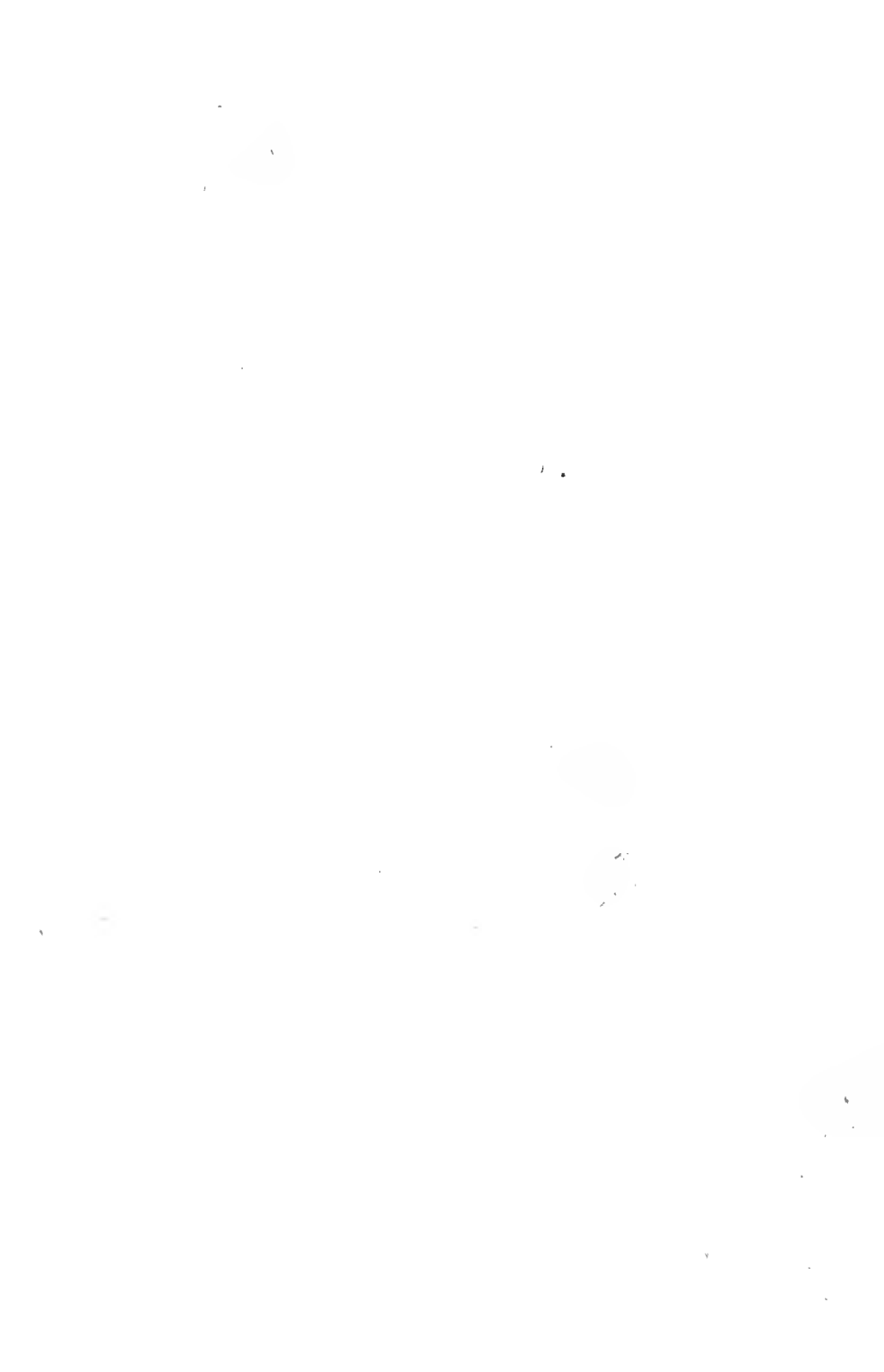
~~Aug 27 1936 L I~~

~~Aug 27 1936~~

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

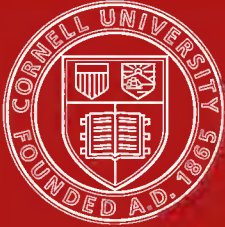


3 1924 064 950 706



THE WHOLE WORKS OF

**William Browne.**



Cornell University  
Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924064950706>

THE  
WHOLE WORKS OF WILLIAM BROWNE,

OF TAVISTOCK, AND OF THE INNER TEMPLE;

NOW FIRST COLLECTED AND EDITED,

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE POET,

AND NOTES,

BY W. CAREW HAZLITT,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

THE SECOND VOLUME.



PRINTED FOR THE ROXBURGHE LIBRARY.

M.D.CCC.LXIX.

CORNELL  
UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY

10

A.123790

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,  
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY  
CORNELL





## CONTENTS.

	Page
BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS . . . . .	1
THE SHEPHERDS PIPE . . . . .	165
THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE . . . . .	239

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

	Page		Page
<b>I. LOVE POEMS.</b>			
Loue who will, for Ile loue none	263	An Epistle occasioned by the most	
On a Faire Ladyes Yellow Haire		intollerable Jangling of the	
powdred with White . . . . .	264	Papist's Bells on All Saints'	
Not longe agone a youthfull swayne	265	Night . . . . .	292
Shall I loue againe . . . . .	265	An Epistle throwne into a Riuer,	
Deepe are the wounds which		in a Ball of Wax . . . . .	294
strike a vertuous name . . . . .	266	An Epistle . . . . .	295
Poore filly foole ! . . . . .	266	Fido: an Epistle to Fidelia . . . . .	298
Wellcome, wellcome, doe I sing	267	<b>IV. ELEGIES.</b>	
Ye merry birds . . . . .	268	An Elegye on Mr. William	
A Sigh from Oxford . . . . .	270	Hopton . . . . .	305
A haples shepherd on a daye . . . . .	276	An Elegie on the Countesse Dow-	
Cœlia is gone . . . . .	276	ager of Pembroke . . . . .	307
<b>II. ODES, SONGS, AND SONNETS.</b>		On an Infant vnborne, & the	
An Ode . . . . .	278	Mother dyeing in Trauell . . . . .	312
A Rounde . . . . .	280	On the R. H. Charles Lord Her-	
Vnhappy Muse . . . . .	281	bert of Carrdiff & Sherland . . . . .	313
Thirsis' Praise of his Mistrresse . . . . .	282	An Epiced on Mr. Fishbourne . . . . .	314
Sonnets to Cœlia . . . . .	283	An Elegye on S' Thomas Over-	
<b>III. EPISTLES.</b>		bvrye . . . . .	317
An Epistle . . . . .	291	An Elegie on the untimelye Death	
		of Mr. Thomas Ayleworth . . . . .	319
		An Elegye . . . . .	321

	Page		Page
On a Twin at two Yeares old dead of a Consumption . . .	324	On the Countesse Dowager of Pembroke . . . . .	342
An Elegie on the bewailed Death of Henry, Prince of Wales . .	325	On the R. H. Sufan, Countesse of Montgomerie . . . . .	343
V. VISIONS . . . . .	329	An Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Ayleworth . . . . .	343
VI. EPIGRAMS.		An Epitaph on Mrs. El: Y. . .	343
It hapned lately at a Fair . . .	333	On Mr. Turner of St. Mary-Hall.	344
On an Houre Glaffe . . . . .	334	On Goodman Hurst . . . . .	344
On the Countesse of Somersfets Picture . . . . .	334	Heere lyes kind Tom. . . . .	345
On John Tooth . . . . .	334	VIII. PARAPHRASES, ETC.	
To Don Antonio, king of Portugall	334	Tell me, Pyrrha . . . . .	346
[Man] . . . . .	335	The Happy Life . . . . .	347
Give me three kiffes, Phillis . .	335	In Urbem Romam qualis est hodie . . . . .	348
On one borne Blynde, and foe Dead	335	[The Tranflation]. . . . .	349
On a Rope-maker Hang'd . . .	336	IX. MISCELLANECUS PIECES.	
VII. EPITAPHS.		On a Dreame . . . . .	350
An Epitaph on Mr. John Smyth	337	Lidford Journey . . . . .	352
On Mrs. Anne Prideaux . . . .	337	[Religious Verfes]. . . . .	356
An Epitaph on Mr. W <sup>m</sup> . Hopton	338	X. COMMENDATORY VERSES.	
An Epitaph on Sr John Prowde	338	To his Worthy and Ingenious Friend the Author . . . . .	357
In Obitum M. S. x <sup>o</sup> Maij, 1614	338	To my Honor'd Friend Mr. Drayton . . . . .	358
On Mr. Vaux, the Physitian . .	339	Vpon this Worke of his beloued Friend the Avthor . . . . .	359
On One drowned in the Snowe	339	The Authors Friend to the Reader	361
On Mr. John Deane, of New Colledge . . . . .	340	INDEX AND NOTES . . . . .	363
An Epitaph . . . . .	340		
On Mr. Francis Lee of the Temple, Gent. . . . .	341		
My Owne Epitaph . . . . .	341		
On his Wife an Epitaph . . . .	342		

## THE SECOND SONG.



### THE ARGUMENT.

*What Shepheards on the Sea were seene  
To entertaine the Oceans Queene,  
Remond in search of Fida gone,  
And for his loue yong Doridon,  
Their meeting with a wofull Swaine,  
Mute, and not able to complaine  
His metamorphos'd Mistresse wrong ;  
Is all the subiect of this Song.*



THE MUSES friend (gray-eyde *Aurora*) yet  
Held all the Meadows in a cooling sweat,  
The milke-white *Gossamores* not vpwads  
fnow'd,  
Nor was the sharpe and vsfull steering goad  
Laid on the srong-neckt Oxe ; no gentle bud  
The *Sun* had dride ; the cattle chew'd the cud  
Low leuel'd on the graffe ; no Flies quicke sting  
Inforc'd the Stonehorse in a furious ring  
To teare the passiuē earth, nor lash his taile  
About his buttockes broad ; the slimy Snail  
Might on the waincot (by his many mazes  
Winding *Meanders* and selfe-knitting traces)

Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime  
 Not yet wip't off. It was so early time,  
 The carefull *Smith* had in his footy forge  
 Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers vрге  
 His neighbours patience: *Owles* abroad did flye,  
 And day as then might plead his infancy.  
 Yet of faire *Albion* all the westerne Swaines  
 Were long since vp, attending on the Plaines  
 When *Nereus* daughter with her mirthfull hoast  
 Should summon them, on their declining coast.

But since her stay was long: for feare the Sun  
 Should finde them idle, some of them begun  
 To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre;  
 Some from the company remoued are,  
 To meditate the songs they meant to play,  
 Or make a new *Round* for next *Holiday*:  
 Some tales of loue their loue-ficke fellows told:  
 Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.  
 This, all alone was mending of his Pipe:  
 That, for his lassè fought fruits most sweet most ripe.  
 Here (from the rest) a louely shepherds boy  
 Sits piping on a hill, as if his ioy  
 Would still endure, or else that ages frost  
 Should neuer make him thinke what he had lost.  
 Yonder a shepherdesse knits by the springs,  
 Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:  
 Or seening, by her song, those fairest hands  
 Were comforted in working. Neere the sands  
 Of some sweet Riuer sits a musing lad,  
 That moanes the losse of what he sometime had,  
 His Loue by death bereft: when fast by him  
 An aged Swaine takes place, as neere the brim  
 Of's graue as of the Riuer; shewing how  
 That as those floods, which passe along right now  
 Are follow'd still by others from their spring,  
*And in the Sea haue all their burying:*

Right fo our times are knowne, our ages found,  
 (Nothing is permanent within this *Round* :)  
 One age is now, another *that* fucceeds,  
 Extirping all things which the former breeds :  
 Another followes that, doth new times raife,  
 New years, new months, new weeks, new houres, new  
     daies,  
 Mankinde thus goes like Riuers from their spring,  
*And in the Earth haue all their burying.*  
 Thus fate the old man counselling the young ;  
 Whilst, vnderneath a tree which ouer-hung  
 The filuer streame (as some delight it tooke  
 To trim his thicke boughes in the Cryfall Brooke)  
 Were set a iocund crew of youthfull Swaines,  
 Wooing their sweetings with delicious straines.  
 Sportiue *Oreades* the hills descended,  
 The *Hamadryades* their hunting ended,  
 And in the high woods left the long-liu'd *Harts*  
 To feed in peace, free from their winged Darts ;  
 Floods, Mountains, Vallies, Woods, each vacant lies  
 Of *Nymphs* that by them danc'd their *Haydigyes* :  
 For all those *Powers* were ready to embrace  
 The present meanes, to giue our Shepherds grace.  
 And vnderneath this tree (till *Thetis* came)  
 Many reforted ; where a Swaine, of name  
 Lesse, then of worth : (and we doe neuer owne  
 Nor apprehend him best, that most is knowne.)  
*Fame* is vncertaine, who so swiftly flies  
 By th' vnregarded *shed* where *Vertue* lies :  
 Shee (ill inform'd of *Vertues* worth) pursu'th  
 (In haste) *Opinion* for the simple *Truth*.  
*True Fame* is euer likened to our shade,  
 He soonest misseth her, that most hath made  
 To ouer-take her ; who so takes his wing,  
 Regardlesse of her, shee'll be following :  
 Her true proprietie she thus discouers,

“Loues her contemners, and contemnes her louers.  
 Th’ applause of common people neuer yet  
 Pursu’d this Swaine ; he knew’t the counterfeit  
 Of setled praise, and therefore at his songs,  
 Though all the Shepherds and the gracefull throngs  
 Of Semigods compar’d him with the best  
 That euer touch’d a Reed, or was adrest  
 In shepherds coat, he neuer would approue  
 Their Attributes, giuen in sincerest loue ;  
 Except he truly knew them as his merit.  
 Fame giues a second life to such a spirit.

This Swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,  
 That with intertwined armes lay round about  
 The tree ’gainst which he lean’d. (So haue I seene  
*Tom Piper* stand vpon our village greene,  
 Backt with the *May-pole*, whilst a iocund crew  
 In gentle motion circularly threw  
 Themselues about him.) To his fairest Ring  
 Thus ’gan in numbers well according sing :

**V**ENUS *by Adonis side*  
*Crying kist, and kissing cride,*  
*Wrung her hands and tore her haire,*  
*For Adonis dying there.*

*Stay (quoth shee) ô stay and liue !*  
*Nature surely doth not giue*  
*To the Earth her sweetest flowres*  
*To be seene but some few houres.*

*On his face, still as he bled*  
*For each drop a teare she shed,*  
*Which she kist or wip’t away,*  
*Else had drown’d him where he lay.*

*Faire Proserpina (quoth shee)  
Shall not haue thee yet from mee ;  
Nor thy soule to flie begin  
While my lips can keepe it in.*

*Here she clos'd againe. And some  
Say Apollo would haue come  
To haue cur'd his wounded lym,  
But that shee had smother'd him.*

Looke as a *Traueller* in Summers day  
Nye choakt with dust, and molt with *Titans* ray,  
Longs for a spring to coole his inward heat,  
And to that end, with vowes, doth heauen intreat,  
When going further, finds an Apple-tree,  
(Standing as did old *Hospitalitie*,  
With ready armes to succour any needs :)  
Hence plucks an Apple, tastes it, and it breeds  
So great a liking in him for his thirst,  
That vp he climbs, and gathers to the first  
A second, third ; nay, will not cease to pull  
Till he haue got his cap and pockets full.  
“ Things long desir'd so well esteemed are,  
“ That when they come we hold them better farre.  
“ There is no meane 'twixt what we *loue* and *want*,  
“ *Desire*, in men, is so predominant.  
No lesse did all this quaint assembly long  
Then doth the *Traueller* : this Shepherds Song  
Had so ensnar'd each acceptable eare,  
That but a second, nought could bring them cleare  
From an affected snare ; had *Orpheus* beene  
Playing, some distance from them, he had seene  
Not one to stirre a foot for his rare straine,  
But left the *Thracian* for the *English Swaine*.  
Or had suspicious *Iuno* (when her *Ioue*

\* *Io*. Into a Cowe transform'd his fairest\* Loue)  
 Great *Inachus* sweet *Stem* in durance giuen

† *Mercury*. To this young Lad ; the † Messenger of heauen  
 (Faire *Maia's* off-spring) with the depth of Art  
 That euer *Ioue* to *Hermes* might impart,  
 In fingring of a Reed, had neuer won  
 Poore *Iö's* freedome. And though *Arctors* son  
 (Hundred-ey'd *Argus*) might be lull'd by him,  
 And loose his pris'ner : yet in euery lym  
 That God of wit had felt this Shepherds skill,  
 And by his charmes brought from the *Muses* hill  
 Inforc'd to sleepe ; then, rob'd of Pipe and Rod,  
 And vanquish'd so, turne Swaine, this Swaine a God.  
 Yet to this Lad not wanted Enuies sting,  
 (" He's not worth ought, that's not worth enuying )  
 Since many at his praise were seene to grutch.  
 For as a *Miller* in his boulting *hutch*  
 Driues out the pure meale neerly (as he can)  
 And in his *sifter* leaues the courser *bran* :  
 So doth the *canker* of a *Poets* name  
 Let slip such *lines* as might inherit *Fame*,  
 And from a *Volume* culls some small *amisse*,  
 To fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his.  
 Yet, as a man that (by his Art) would bring  
 The ceaselesse current of a Crystall Spring  
 To ouer-looke the lowly flowing head,  
 Sinkes by degrees his soder'd Pipes of Lead,  
 Beneath the Fount, whereby the water goes  
 High, as a *Well* that on a mountaine flowes :  
 So when *Detraction* and a *Cynnick's* tongue  
 Haue sunke *Desert* vnto the depth of wrong,  
 By that, the eye of skill, *True Worth* shall see  
 To braue the Stars, though low his passage be.

But, here I much digresse, yet pardon, Swaines :  
 For as a Maiden gath'ring on the Plaines  
 A sentfull Nofegay (to set neere her pap,



Or as a fauour for her Shepherds cap)  
 Is feene farre off to stray, if she haue spide  
 A Flower that might increafe her Pofies pride :  
 So if to wander I am fometimes preft,  
 'Tis for a fraine that might adorne the reft.

Requests, that with deniall could not meet,  
 Flew to our Shepherd, and the voices sweet  
 Of faireft *Nymphes*, intreating him to fay  
 What wight he lou'd ; he thus began his *lay* :

**S**HALL I tell you whom I loue ?  
 Hearken then a while to me ;  
 And if such a woman moue,  
 As I now shall versifie ;  
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none  
 That I loue, and loue alone.

*Nature did her so much right,*  
*As she scornes the helpe of Art,*  
*In as many Vertues dight*  
*As e'er yet imbrac'd a heart.*  
*So much good so truly tride,*  
*Some for lesse were deifide.*

*Wit she hath without desire*  
*To make knowne how much she hath ;*  
*And her anger flames no higher*  
*Then may fitly sweeten wrath.*  
*Full of pittty as may be,*  
*Though perhaps not so to me.*

*Reason masters euery sense,*  
*And her vertues grace her birth*  
*Louely as all excellence,*  
*Modest in her most of mirth :*

Likelihood enough to proue,  
Onely worth could kindle Loue.

Such she is : and if you know  
Such a one as I haue sung ;  
Be she browne, or faire, or so,  
That she be but somewhile young ;  
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none  
That I loue, and loue alone.

*Eous, Py-  
roeis, Ae-  
thon, and  
Phlegon,*  
were fained  
to be the  
horses of  
the Sunne.

*Eous* and his fellowes in the teame,  
(Who, since their wating in the Westerne streame,  
Had run a furious iourney to appease  
The night-sicke eyes of our *Antipodes*.)  
Now (sweating) were in our *Horizon* seene  
To drinke the cold dew from each flowry greene :  
When *Tritons* Trumpet (with a shrill command)  
Told siluer-footed *Thetis* was at hand.

As I haue seene when on the brest of *Thames*  
A heauenly beauty of sweet *English Dames*,  
In some calme Eu'ning of delightfull *May*,  
With *Musicke* giue a farewell to the *day*,  
Or as they would (with an admired tone)  
Greet *Nights* ascension to her *Eben Throne*,  
Rapt with their melodie, a thousand more  
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore :  
So ran the Shepherds, and with hasty feet  
Stroue which should first increase that happy fleet.

*Dolphins.*

The true \* presagers of a coming storme,  
Teaching their fins to steere them to the forme  
Of *Thetis* will, like Boats at Anchor stood,  
As ready to conuay the *Muses* brood  
Into the brackish *Lake*, that seem'd to swell,  
As proud so rich a burden on it fell.

Ere their ariually *Astrophel* had done  
His shepherds lay, yet equaliz'd of none.

Th'admired mirrour, glory of our *Iste*,  
 Thou far-far-more then mortall man, whose stile  
 Strucke more men dumbe to hearken to thy song,  
 Then *Orpheus* Harpe, or *Tuilies* golden tongue.  
 To him (as right) for wits deepe quinteffence,  
 For honour, valour, vertue, excellence,  
 Be all the Garlands, crowne his toombe with Bay,  
 Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.

Happy *Arcadia*! while such louely straines  
 Sung of thy Vallies, Riuers, Hills and Plaines;  
 Yet most vnhappy other ioyes among,  
 That neuer heard't his *Musicke* nor his *Song*.  
 Deafe men are happy so, whose *Vertues* praise  
 (Vnheard of them) are fung in tunefull layes.  
 And pardon me ye *Sisters* of the *Mountaine*,  
 Who waile his losse from the *Pegasian* Fountaine,  
 If (like a man for portraiture vnable)  
 I fet my Pencill to *Apelles* table;  
 Or dare to draw his *Curtaine*, with a will  
 To shew his true worth, when the *Artists* skill  
 Within that *Curtaine* fully doth expresse  
 His owne Arts-Mastry my vnableness.

He sweetly touched, what I harshly hit,  
 Yet thus I glory in what I haue writ;  
*Sidney* began (and if a wit so meane  
 May taste with him the dewes of *Hippocrene*)  
 I fung the *Past'rall* next; his *Muse*, my mouer:  
 And on the Plaines full many a pensiue louer  
 Shall sing vs to their loues, and praising be  
 My humble lines: the more, for praising thee.  
 Thus we shall liue with them, by Rocks, by Springs,  
 As well as *Homer* by the death of Kings.

Then in a straine beyond an Oaten Quill  
 The learned \* Shepherd of faire *Hitching* hill  
 Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*,  
 In lines so worthy life, that I imploy

*M. Chapman*

My Reed in vaine to ouertake his fame.  
All praiseful tongues doe wait vpon that name.

Our second *Ouid*, the most pleasing *Muse*  
That heau'n did e're in mortals braine infuse,  
All-loued *Draiton*, in soule-raping straines,  
A genuine noat, of all the *Nymphish* traines  
Began to tune; on it all eares were hung  
As sometime *Dido's* on *Æneas* tongue.

*Johnson* whose full of merit to reherse  
Too copious is to be confinde in verse;  
Yet therein onely fittest to be knowne,  
Could any write a line which he might owne.  
One, so iudicious; so well knowing; and  
A man whose least worth is to vnderstand;  
One so exact in all he doth preferre  
To able censure; for the *Theater*  
Not *Seneca* transcends his worth of praise;  
Who writes him well shall well deserue the *Bayes*.

Well-languag'd *Danyel: Brooke*, whose polisht lines  
Are fittest to accomplish high designs,  
Whose pen (it seemes) still young *Apollo* guides;  
Worthy the forked *Hill*, for euer glides  
Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time shall see  
Thee honour'd by thy Verse, and it by thee.  
And when thy *Temples* well-deseruing *Bayes*,  
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,  
As in a Crystall glasse, fill'd to the ring  
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring,  
A steady hand may very safely drop  
Some quantity of gold, yet o're the top  
Not force the liquor run: although before  
The Glasse (of water) could containe no more:  
Yet so, all-worthy *Brooke*, though all men found  
With plummets of iust praise thy skill profound,  
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take,  
And not apparent ostentation make,

That any fecond can thy vertues raise,  
Striuing as much to hide as merit praise.

*Davies* and *Wither*, by whose *Muses* power  
A naturall day to me seemes but an houre,  
And could I euer heare their learned layes,  
Ages would turne to artificiall dayes.  
These sweetly chanted to the *Queene of Waues*,  
She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue depraves.  
Then base contempt (vnworthy our report)  
Fly from the *Muses* and their faire resort,  
And exercise thy spleene on men like thee:  
Such are more fit to be contemn'd then wee.  
'Tis not the rancour of a cankred heart  
That can debase the excellence of Art;  
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,  
Since we haue lines farre more esteem'd then they.  
For there is hidden in a *Poets* name  
A *Spell* that can command the wings of *Fame*,  
And maugre all *Obliuions* hated birth,  
Begin their immortalitie on earth;  
When he that gainst a *Muse* with hate combines,  
May raise his *Tombe* in vaine to reach our *lines*.

Thus *Thetis* rides along the narrow seas  
Encompast round with lovely *Naides*,  
With gaudy Nymphs, and many a skilfull Swaine,  
Whose equals earth cannot produce againe,  
But leaue the times and men that shall succeed them  
Enough to praise that age which so did breed them.

Two of the quaintest Swaines that yet haue beene,  
Fail'd their attendance on the Oceans *Queene*:  
*Remond* and *Doridon*, whose haplesse Fates  
Late feuer'd them from their more happy mates.  
For (gentle Swaines) if you remember well,  
When last I fung on brim of yonder dell,  
And as I ghesse it was that funny morne,  
When in the groue thereby my sheepe were shorne,

I weene I told you, while the Shepherds yong  
 Were at their Past'rall and their rurall Song,  
 The shrikes of some poore Maid, fallen in mischance,  
 Inuok't their aid, and drew them from their dance :  
 Each ran a feuerall way to helpe the Maid ;  
 Some tow'rds the Vallie, some the green wood fraid :  
 Here one the thicket beats, and there a Swaine  
 Enters the hidden Caues ; but all in vaine.  
 Nor could they finde the wight whose shrikes and cry  
 Flew through the gentle ayre so heuily,  
 Nor see or man or beaft, whose cruell teene  
 Would wrong a Maiden or in graue or greene.  
 Backe then return'd they all to end their sport  
 But *Doridon* and *Remond*, who resort  
 Backe to those places which they erst had fought,  
 Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought  
 In such a web, so intricate, and knit  
 So strong with Bryers, but they would enter it.  
*Remond* his *Fida* calls ; *Fida* the woods  
 Resound againe, and *Fida* speake the floods,  
 As if the Riuers and the Hills did frame  
 Themselues no small delight, to heare her name.  
 Yet she appeares not. *Doridon* would now  
 Haue call'd his Loue too, but he knew not how :  
 Much like a man who, dreaming in his sleepe  
 That he is falling from some Mountaine steepe  
 Into a souldlesse Lake, about whose brim  
 A thousand *Crocodiles* doe wait for him,  
 And hangs but by one bough, and should that breake  
 His life goes with it, yet to cry or speake,  
 Though faine he would, can moue nor voyce nor tongue :  
 So when he *Remond* heard the woods among  
 Call for his *Fida*, he would gladly too  
 Haue call'd his fairest Loue, but knew not who,  
 Or what to call ; poore Lad, that canst not tell,  
 Nor speake the name of her thou lou'ft so well.

*Remond* by hap neere to the Arbour found,  
 Where late the *Hynd* was flaine, the hurtleffe ground  
 Befmear'd with blood; to *Doridon* he cride,  
 And tearing then his haire, ô hapleffe tide  
 (Quoth he), behold! some curfed hand hath tane  
 From *Fida* this; ô what infernall bane,  
 Or more then hellifh fiend inforced this!  
 Pure as the ftream of aged *Symoïs*,  
 And as the spotleffe *Lilly* was her foule!  
 Yee facred Powers that round about the *Pole*  
 Turne in your *Spheares*! ô could you fee this deed,  
 And keep your motion? If the eldeft feed  
 Of chained *Saturne* hath fo often beene  
 In Hunters and in Shepherds habit feene  
 To trace our Woods, and on our fertile Plains  
 Wooe Shepherds Daughters with melodious ftrains,  
 Where was he now, or any other Powre?  
 So many feu'rall Lambes haue I each howre  
 And crooked horned Rams brought to your  
 Shrines,

And with Perfumes clouded the Sun that fhines,  
 Yet now forfaken? to an vncouth ftate  
 Muft all things run, if fuch will be ingrate.

Ceafe *Remond* (quoth the Boy) no more complaine,  
 Thy faireft *Fida* liues; nor doe thou ftaine  
 With vile reproaches any power aboue,  
 They all as much as thee haue beene in loue:  
*Saturne* his *Rhea*; *Jupiter* had ftore,  
 As *Iö*, *Leda*, *Euröpa*, and more;  
*Mars* entred *Vulcans* bed; pertooke his ioy:  
*Phæbus* had *Daphne*, and the\* sweet-fac'd Boy;  
*Venus*, *Adonis*; and the God of *Wit*  
 In chafteft bonds was to the *Mufes* knit,  
 And yet remaines fo, nor can any feuer  
 His loue, but brother-like affects them euer;  
 Pale-changefull *Cinthia* her *Endimion* had,

\* *Hyacinth.*

And oft on *Latmus* sported with that Lad :  
 If these were subiect (as all mortall men)  
 Vnto the golden shafts, they could not then  
 But by their owne affections rightly ghesse  
 Her death would draw on thine ; thy wretchednesse  
 Charge them respectlesse ; since no Swaine then thee  
 Hath offred more vnto each *Deitie*.

But feare not, *Remond*, for those sacred Powres  
 Tread on obliuion ; no desert of ours  
 Can be intoomb'd in their celestiall brefts ;  
 They weigh our offrings, and our solemne feasts,  
 And they forget thee not : *Fida* (thy deere)  
 Treads on the earth, the blood that's sprinkled here  
 Ne're fill'd her veynes, the *Hynd* possesse this gore,  
 See where the *Coller* lyes she whilome wore ;  
 Some Dog hath slaine her, or the griping *Carle*  
 That spoiles our Plaines in digging them for *Marle*.

Looke, as two little Brothers who, adrest  
 To searche the hedges for a *Thrushes* nest,  
 And haue no fooner got the leauy Spring,  
 When mad in lust with fearefull bellowing  
 A strong-neckt *Bull* pursues throughout the field,  
 One climbs a tree, and takes that for his shield,  
 Whence looking from one pasture to another,  
 What might betide to his much-loued Brother,  
 Further then can his ouer-drowned eyes  
 Aright perceiue, the furious beast he spies  
 Toffe something on his hornes, he knowes not what,  
 But one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it that ;  
 When comming nigher he doth well discerne  
 It of the wondrous-one-night-feeding *Ferne*  
 Some bundle was : yet thence he home-ward goes  
 Pensue and fad, nor can abridge the throes  
 His feare began, but still his minde doth moue  
 Vnto the worst : *Mistrust* goes still with *Loue*.  
 So far'd it with our Shepherd : though he saw



Not ought of *Fida's* rayment, which might draw  
A more suspicion; though the Coller lay  
There on the grasse, yet goes he thence away  
Full of mistrust, and vowes to leaue that Plaine,  
Till he embrace his chafest Loue againe.  
Loue-wounded *Doridon* intreats him then  
That he might be his partner, since no men  
Had cases liker; he with him would goe,  
Weepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so:  
I (quoth the Boy) will sing thee songs of loue,  
And as we sit in some all-shady groue,  
Where *Philomela* and such sweetned throats  
Are for the mastery tuning various notes,  
I'll striue with them, and tune so sad a Verse,  
That whilst to thee my fortunes I rehearse,  
No Bird but shall be mute, her note decline,  
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine.  
I'll tell thee tales of loue, and shew thee how  
The Gods haue wandred as we Shepherds now,  
And when thou plain'st thy *Fida's* losse, will I  
Eccho the same, and with mine owne supply  
Know, *Remond*, I doe loue, but, well-a-day!  
I know not whom; but as the gladfome *May*  
Shee's faire and louely, as a *Goddesse* she  
(If such as hers a *Goddesse* beauty be)  
First stood before me, and inquiring was  
How to the Marish she might soonest passe,  
When rusht a Villaine in, hell be his lot,  
And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,  
Nor know I where to search; but if thou please  
'Tis not a Forrest, Mountaine, Rockes, or Seas  
Can in thy iourney stop my going on.  
Fate so may smile on haplesse *Doridon*,  
That he rebleft may be with her faire sight,  
Though thence his eyes possesse eternall night.  
*Remond* agreed, and many weary dayes

They now had spent in vnfrequented wayes :  
 About the Riuers, Vallies, Holts and Craggs,  
 Among the Ozyers and the wauing Flags  
 They neerly pry, if any dens there be,  
 Where from the Sun might harbour crueltie:  
 Or if they could the bones of any spy,  
 Or torne by beafts, or humane tyranny.  
 They close inquiry make in cauernes blinde,  
 Yet what they looke for would be death to finde.  
 Right as a curious man that would descric  
 (Lead by the trembling hand of *Iealoufie*),  
 If his faire wife haue wrong'd his bed or no,  
 Meeteth his torment if he finde her so.

One Eu'n, e're *Phæbus* (neere the golden shore  
 Of *Tagus* streame) his iourney gan giue o're ;  
 They had ascended vp a woody hill,  
 (Where oft the *Fauni* with their Bugles shrill  
 Wakened the *Eccho*, and with many a shout  
 Follow'd the fearefull Deere the woods about,  
 Or through the Brakes that hide the craggy rockes,  
 Digd to the hole where lyes the wily Fox.)  
 Thence they beheld an vnder-lying Vale,  
 Where *Flora* set her rarest flowres at sale,  
 Whither the thriuing *Bee* came oft to sucke them,  
 And fairest *Nymphes* to decke their haire did plucke them.  
 Where oft the *Goddeesses* did run at base,  
 And on white Harts begun the *Wilde-goose-chase* :  
 Here various *Nature* seem'd adorning this,  
 In imitation of the fields of blisse ;  
 Or as she would intice the soules of men  
 To leaue *Elizium*, and liue here agen.  
 Not *Hybla* mountaine in the iocund *prime*  
 Vpon her many bushes of sweet *Thyme*  
 Shewes greater number of industrious *Bees*,  
 Then were the *Birds* that sung there on the trees.  
 Like the trim windings of a wanton Lake,

That doth his passage through a Meadow make,  
 Ran the delightfull Vally 'twene two Hills:  
 From whose rare trees the precious Balme distils,  
 And hence *Apollo* had his simples good  
 That cur'd the Gods, hurt by the *Earths ill brood*.  
 A Cryfall Riuer on her bosome slid,  
 And (passing) seem'd in fullen muttrings chid  
 The *artlesse Songsters*, that their Musicke still  
 Should charme the sweet Dale and the wistfull Hill:  
 Not suffering her shrill waters, as they run  
 Tun'd with a whistling gale in *Vnison*  
 To tell as high they priz'd the brodred Vale  
 As the quicke *Lennet* or sweet *Nightingale*.  
 Downe from a steepe Rocke came the water first,  
 (Where lusty *Satyres* often quench'd their thirst)  
 And with no little speed seem'd all in haste,  
 Till it the louely bottome had embrac'd:  
 Then as intranc'd to heare the sweet Birds sing,  
 In curled whirlpooles she her course doth bring,  
 As loth to leaue the fongs that lull'd the Dale,  
 Or waiting time, when she and some soft gale  
 Should speake what true delight they did possesse  
 Among the rare flowres which the Vally dresse.  
 But since those quaint *Musitians* would not stay,  
 Nor suffer any to be heard but they:  
 Much like a little Lad who gotten new  
 To play his part amongst a skilfull crew  
 Of choise *Musitians* on some softer string  
 That is not heard, the others fingering  
 Drowning his Art, the Boy would gladly get  
 Applause with others that are of his *Set*,  
 And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best,  
 And often descants when his fellowes rest;  
 That to be heard (as vsuall fingers doe)  
 Spoiles his owne Musicke and his partners too:  
 So at the further end the waters fell

From off an high bancke downe a lowly *Dell*,  
As they had vow'd, ere passing from that ground,  
The Birds should be inforc'd to heare their sound.

No small delight the Shepherds tooke to see

\* Vally.

† According  
to that of *Silius*  
*lib. 13.*  
*Punicor.*  
—*Itur in a-*  
*gros Diues*  
*ubi ante om-*  
*nes colitur*  
*Feronia luco.*

A \*coombe so dight in *Flora's* liuery,  
Where faire *Feronia*† honour'd in the Woods,  
And all the *Deities* that haunt the floods,  
With powrefull *Nature* stroue to frame a plot,  
Whose like the sweet *Arcadia* yeelded not.

Downe through the arched wood the Shepherds wend,  
And seeke all places that might helpe their end,  
When comming neere the bottome of the hill,  
A deepe fetch'd sigh (which seem'd of power to kill  
The brest that held it) pierc'd the listning wood,  
Whereat the carefull Swaines no longer stood  
Where they were looking on a tree, whose rinde  
A Loue-knot held, which two ioyn'd hearts intwinde ;  
But searching round, vpon an aged root  
Thicke linde with mosse which (though to little boot)  
Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene  
Against cold Winters stormes and wreakfull teene :  
Or clad the stocke in Summer with that hue  
His withered branches not a long time knew :  
For in his hollow truncke and perish'd graine  
The *Cuckow* now had many a Winter laine,  
And thriuing *Pismires* laid their egges in store :  
The *Dormouse* slept there, and a many more.  
Here fate the Lad, of whom I thinke of old  
*Virgils* prophetique spirit had foretold,  
Who whilst Dame *Nature* for her cunnings fake  
A male or female doubted which to make,  
And to adorne him more than all affaid  
This pritty youth was almost made a Maid.  
Sadly he fate, and (as would griebe) alone,  
As if the Boy and Tree had beene but one,  
Whilst downe neere boughs did drops of *Amber* creepe,

As if his forrow made the trees to weepe.  
 If euer this were true in *Ouids* Verse  
 That teares haue powre an *Adamant* to pierce,  
 Or moue things void of sense, 'twas here approu'd:  
 Things, vegetatiue once, his teares haue mou'd.  
 Surely the stones might well be drawne in pittie  
 To burst that he should mone, as for a Ditty  
 To come and range themselues in order all,  
 And of their owne accord raise *Thebes* a wall.  
 Or else his teares (as did the others song)  
 Might haue th' attractiue power to moue the throng  
 Of all the Forrests Citizens and Woods,  
 With eu'ry Denizon of Ayre and Floods,  
 To sit by him and grieue: to leaue their iarres,  
 Their strifes, dissentions, and all ciuill warres;  
 And though else disagreeing, in this one  
 Mourning for him should make an *Vnion*.  
 For whom the heauens would weare a fable sute,  
 If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones were mute.  
 His eyes were fixed (rather fixed Starres)  
 With whom it seem'd his teares had beene in warres,  
 The diff'rence this (a hard thing to descry)  
 Whether the drops were clearest, or his eye.  
 Teares fearing conquest to the eye might fall,  
 An inundation brought and drowned all.  
 Yet like true Vertue from the top of State  
 (Whose hopes vile *Enuie* hath seene ruinate),  
 Being lowly cast, her goodnesse doth appeare  
 (Vncloath'd of greatnesse) more apparant cleere:  
 So though deiected, yet remain'd a feature,  
 Made forrow sweet plac'd in so sweet a creature.  
 "The test of misery the truest is,  
 "In that none hath but what is surely his.  
 His armes a crosse, his sheepe-hooke lay beside him:  
 Had *Venus* pass'd this way, and chanc'd t' haue spide him,  
 With open brest, locks on his shoulders spred,

She would haue sworne (had she not seene him dead)  
*It was Adonis*; or if e're there was  
 Held transmigration by *Pithagoras*  
 Of soules, that certaine then, her lost-loues spirit  
 A fairer body neuer could inherit.  
 His Pipe which often went vpon the Plaine  
 To sound the *Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian* straine,  
 Lay from his Hooke and Bagge cleane cast apart,  
 And almost broken like his Masters heart.  
 Yet till the two kinde Shepherds neere him stept,  
 I finde he nothing spake but that he wept.  
 Cease gentle Lad (quoth *Remond*), let no teare  
 Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appeare;  
 Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,  
 And will not leaue thee till thy selfe art gone?  
 Thou maist haue grieffe, when other things are rest thee:  
 All else may slide away, this still is left thee;  
 And when thou wantest other company,  
 Sorrow will euer be embracing thee.  
 But fairest Swaine what cause hast thou of woe?  
 Thou hast a well-fleec'd flocke feed to and fro  
 (His sheepe along the Vally that time fed  
 Not farre from him, although vnfollowed).  
 What, doe thy Ewes abortiues bring? or Lambs  
 For want of milke seeke to their fellowes Dams?  
 No gryping Land-lord hath inclof'd thy walkes,  
 Nor toyling Plowman furrow'd them in balkes.  
*Ver* hath adorn'd thy Pastures all in greene  
 With Clouer-grasse as fresh as may be seene:  
 Cleare gliding Springs refresh thy Meadows heat,  
 Meads promise to thy charge their winter-meat,  
 And yet thou grieu'st. O! had some Swains thy store,  
 Their Pipes should tell the Woods they ask'd no more.  
 Or haue the *Parcæ* with vnpartiall knife  
 Left some friends body tenantlesse of life,  
 And thou bemoan'st that *Fate* in his youths morne

Ore-cast with clouds his light but newly borne ?

“ Count not how many yeares he is bereau'd,

“ But those which he possest and had receiu'd ;

“ If I may tread no longer on this stage,

“ Though others thinke me young ; it is mine age :

“ For who so hath his Fates full period told,

“ He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old.

May be that *Auarice* thy minde hath crost,

And so thy sighes are for some trifle lost.

Why shouldst thou hold that deare the world throwes on  
thee ?

“ Thinke nothing good which may be taken from thee. /

Look as some pondrous weight or massie pack,

Laid to be carried on a Porters back,

Doth make his strong ioynts cracke, and forceth him

(Maugre the helpe of euery nerue and lim)

To straggle in his gate, and goeth double,

Bending to earth, such is his burdens trouble :

So any one by *Auarice* ingirt,

And prest with wealth, lyes groueling in the dirt.

His wretched minde bends to no point but this,

That who hath most of wealth hath most of blisse.

Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique forth

And passages through the congealed *North*,

Who when their haire with *Isicles* are hung,

And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their tongue,

Shew them a glitt'ring stone, will streightwaies say,

If paines thus prosper, oh, what fooles would play ?

Yet I could tell them (as I now doe thee)

“ In getting wealth we lose our libertie. /

“ Besides, it robs vs of our better powres, /

“ And we should be our selues, were these not ours.

“ He is not poorest that hath least in store,

“ But he which hath enough, yet asketh more :

“ Nor is he rich by whom are all possest,

“ But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.

" If thou a life by *Natures* leading pitch,  
 " Thou neuer shalt be poore, nor euer rich  
 " Led by *Opinion*; for their states are such,  
 " *Nature* but little seekes, *Opinion* much.  
 Amongst the many buds proclaiming *May*,  
 (Decking the fields in holy-dayes aray,  
 Striuing who shall surpasse in brauery)  
 Marke the faire blooming of the *Hawthorne-tree*  
 Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,  
 Feeds full the wanton eye with *May's* delight;  
 Yet for the brauery that she is in  
 Doth neither handle *Card* nor *Wheele* to spin,  
 Nor changeth robes but twice: is neuer seene  
 In other colours then in white or greene.  
 Learne then content, young Shepherd, from this tree,  
 Whose greatest wealth is *Natures* liuery;  
 And richest ingots neuer toyle to finde,  
 Nor care for pouerty but of the minde,

This spoke young *Remond*: yet the mournfull Lad  
 Not once replyde; but with a smile, though sad,  
 He shooke his head, then crost his armes againe,  
 And from his eyes did showres of salt teares raine;  
 Which wrought so on the Swains, they could not smother  
 Their sighes, but spent them freely as the other.  
 Tell vs (quoth *Doridon*) thou fairer farre

\* *Hippolitus*.

Then\* he whose chastity made him a Starre,  
 More fit to throw the wounding shafts of Loue,  
 Then follow sheepe, and pine here in a Groue.  
 O doe not hide thy sorrowes, shew them briefe;  
 " He oft findes ayde that doth disclose his griefe.  
 If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;  
 " No man can sorrow very much and long:  
 For thus much louing *Nature* hath dispos'd,  
 That 'mongst the woes that haue vs round inclos'd,  
 This comfort's left (and we should blesse her for't)  
 That we may make our griefes be borne, or short.



Beleeue me, Shepherd, we are men no lesse  
 Free from the killing throes of heauineffe  
 Then thou art here, and but this diff'rence sure,  
 That vs<sup>e</sup> hath made vs apter to endure.  
 More he had spoke, but that a Bugle shrill  
 Rung through the Vally from the higher Hill,  
 And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hartning found,  
 A gallant Stag, as if he scorn'd the ground,  
 Came running with the winde, and bore his head  
 As he had beene the King of forrests bred.  
 Not fwifter comes the *Messenger* of Heauen,  
 Or winged vessell with a full gale driuen,  
 Nor the swift *Swallow* flying neere the ground,  
 By which the ayres distemp'rate is found:  
 Nor *Mirrhā's* course, nor *Daphne's* speedy flight,  
 Shunning the daliance of the God of light,  
 Thus<sup>1</sup> seem'd the Stag, that had no sooner crost them,  
 But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.

The weeping *Swaine* ne're mou'd, but as his eyes  
 Were onely giuen to shew his miseries,  
 Attended those; and could not once be won  
 To leaue that obiect whence his teares begun.

O had that\* man, who (by a Tyrants hand)  
 Seeing his childrens bodies strew the sand,  
 And he next morne for torments prest to goe,  
 Yet from his eyes let no one small teare flow,  
 But being ask'd how well he bore their losse,  
 Like to a man affliction could not crosse,  
 He stoutly answer'd: *Happier sure are they  
 Then I shall be by space of one short day.*  
 No more his griefe was. But had he beene here,  
 He had beene flint, had he not spent a teare.  
 For still that man the perfecter is knowne,  
 Who others forrowes feeles more then his owne.

*Remond* and *Doridon* were turning then  
 Vnto the most disconfolate of men,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *then*.

\* *Phion*.

But that a gallant Dame, faire as the morne  
 Or louely bloomes the Peach-tree that adorne,  
 Clad in a changing filke, whose lustre shone  
 Like yellow flowres and grasse farre off in one:  
 Or like the mixture *Nature* doth display  
 Vpon the quaint wings of the *Popiniay*,  
 Her horne about her necke with siluer tip,  
 Too hard a metall for so soft a lip:  
 Which it no oftner kist, then *Ioue* did frowne,  
 And in a mortals shape would faine come downe  
 To feed vpon those dainties, had not hee  
 Beene still kept back by *Iuno's* ieaousie.  
 An Iuory dart she held of good command,  
 White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;  
 Of many peeces was it neatly fram'd,  
 But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.  
 Vpon her head a greene light silken cap:  
 A peece of white Lawne shadow'd either pap,  
 Betweene which hillocks many *Cupids* lay,  
 Where with her necke or with her teats they play,  
 Whilst her quicke heart will not with them dispençe,  
 But heaues her breasts as it would beat them thence:  
 Who, fearing much to lose so sweet repaire,  
 Take faster hold by her disheuell'd haire.  
 Swiftly she ran; the sweet Bryers to receiue her  
 Slipt their embracements, and (as loth to leaue her)  
 Stretch'd themselues to their length; yet on she goes.  
 So great *Diana* frayes a heard of *Roes*  
 And speedy followes: *Arethusa* fled  
 So from the\* *Riuer*, that her rauished.

\* \* *Alpheus*.

When this braue *Huntresse* neere the *Shepherds* drew,  
 Her Lilly arme in full extent she threw,  
 To plucke a little bough (to fan her face)  
 From off a thicke-leau'd *Ash* (no tree did grace  
 The low *Groue* as did this, the branches spread  
 Like *Neptune's Trident* vpwads from the head).

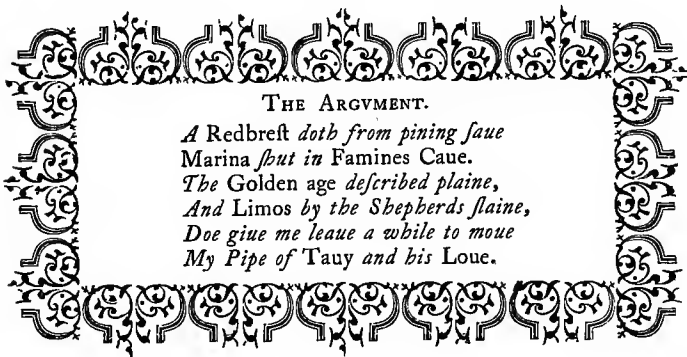
No sooner did the griued Shepherd see  
The *Nymphs* white hand extended tow'rds the tree,  
But rose and to her ran, yet she had done  
Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone ;  
Yet now approach'd the bough the *Huntresse* tore,  
He suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're  
A hundred times, and softly gan it binde  
With Dock-leaues, and a slip of Willow rinde.  
Then rou'd the trunk he wreaths his weakned armes,  
And with his scalding teares the smooth bark warms,  
Sighing and groaning, that the Shepherds by  
Forgot to helpe him, and lay downe to cry :  
“ For 'tis impossible a man should be  
“ Grieu'd to himselfe, or faile of company.  
Much the two Swaines admir'd, but pittid more  
That he no powre of words had, to deplore  
Or shew what sad misfortune 'twas befell  
To him, whom *Nature* (seem'd) regarded well.

As thus they lay, and while the speechlesse Swaine  
His teares and fighes spent to the woods in vaine,  
One like a wilde man ouer-growne with haire,  
His nailes long growne, and all his body bare,  
Sawe that a wreath of Iuy twist did hide  
Those parts which Nature would not haue discride,  
And the long haire that curled from his head  
A grassie garland rudely couered.

But Shepherds I haue wrong'd you, 'tis now late,  
For see our Maid stands hollowing on yond gate,  
'Tis supper-time, withall, and we had need  
Make haste away, vnlesse we meane to speed  
With those that *kisse the Hares foot* : *Rhumes* are bred,  
Some say, by going supperlesse to bed,  
And those I loue not ; therefore cease my rime,  
And put my Pipes vp till another time.



## THE THIRD SONG.



## THE ARGUMENT.

*A Redbreſt doth from pining ſaue  
 Marina ſhut in Famines Caue.  
 The Golden age deſcribed plaine,  
 And Limos by the Shepherds ſlaine,  
 Doe giue me leaue a while to moue  
 My Pipe of Taue and his Loue.*



**A**LAS that I haue done ſo great a wrong  
 Vnto the faireſt *Maiden* of my Song,  
 Diuine *Marina*, who in *Limos* Caue  
 Lyes euer fearefull of a liuing graue,  
 And night and day vpon the hardned ſtones  
 Reſts, if a reſt can be amongſt the mones  
 Of dying wretches ; where each minute all  
 Stand ſtill afraid to heare the Deaths-man call.

Thrice had the golden *Sun* his hot Steeds waſht  
 In the *Weſt Maine*, and thrice them ſmartly laſht  
 Out of the *Baulmy Eaſt*, ſince the ſweet Maid  
 Had in that diſmall *Caue* beene ſadly laid.  
 Where hunger pinch'd her ſo, ſhe need not ſtand  
 In feare of murdring by a ſecond hand :  
 For through her tender ſides ſuch darts might paſſe  
 Gainſt which ſtrong wals of ſtone, thick gates of braſſe

Deny no entrance, nor the Campos of Kings,  
 Since foonest there they bend their flaggy wings.

But heauen that stands still for the best's auaille,  
 Lendeth his hand when humane helpings faile ;  
 For 'twere impossible that such as she  
 Should be forgotten of the Deitie ;  
 Since in the spacious *Orbe* could no man finde  
 A fairer face match'd with a fairer minde.

A little *Robin Red-brest*, one cleare morne,  
 Sate sweetly finging on a well-leau'd Thorne :  
 Whereat *Marina* rose, and did admire  
 He durst approach from whence all else retire :  
 And pittying the sweet Bird what in her lay,  
 She fully stroue to fright him thence away.  
 Poore harmeless wretch (quoth she) goe seeke some spring,  
 And to her sweet fall with thy fellowes sing ;  
 Fly to the well-replenish'd Groues, and there  
 Doe entertaine each Swaines harmonious eare,  
 Trauerse the winding branches ; chant so free,  
 That euery louer fall in loue with thee ;  
 And if thou chance to see that louely Boy  
 (To looke on whom the *Silvans* count a ioy) :  
 He whom I lou'd no sooner then I lost,  
 Whose body all the Graces hath ingroft,  
 To him vnfold (if that thou dar'st to be  
 So neare a neighbour to my Tragedie)  
 As farre as can thy voyce, (in plaints so sad,  
 And in so many mournfull accents clad,  
 That as thou sing'st vpon a tree there by  
 He may some small time weepe, yet know not why),  
 How I in death was his, though Powres diuine  
 Will not permit that he in life be mine.  
 Doe this, thou louing Bird ; and haste away  
 Into the woods : but if so be thou stay  
 To doe a deed of charity on me,  
 When my pure foule shall leaue mortalitie,

By cou'ring this poore body with a sheet  
 Of greene leaues, gath'ed from a vally sweet ;  
 It is in vaine : these harmeleffe lims must haue  
 Then in the *Caitifes* wombe no other graue.  
 Hence then, sweet *Robin* ; left in staying long  
 At once thou chance forgoe both life and song.  
 With this she husht him thence, he sung no more,  
 But (fraid the second time) flew tow'rds the shore.

Within as short time as the swiftest Swaine  
 Can to our *May-pole* run and come againe,  
 The little *Redbreſt* to the prickled thorne  
 Return'd, and sung there as he had before :  
 And faire *Marina* to the loope-hole went,  
 Pittying the pretty Bird, whoſe puniſhment  
*Limos* would not deferre if he were fpide.  
 No ſooner had the bird the *Maiden* eyde,  
 But leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough,  
 He takes a Cherry vp (which he but now  
 Had thither brought, and in that place had laid  
 Till to the cleft his ſong had drawne the Maid),  
 And flying with the ſmall ſtem in his bill,  
 (A choiſer fruit, then hangs on *Bacchus*\* hill)  
 In faire *Marina's* boſome tooke his reſt,  
 A heauenly feat fit for ſo ſweet a gueſt :  
 Where *Citherea's* *Doues* might billing ſit,  
 And Gods and men with *Enuie* looke on it ;  
 Where roſe two mountaines, whoſe rare ſweets to crop  
 Was harder then to reach *Olympus* top :  
 For thoſe the Gods can ; but to climb theſe hills  
 Their powres no other were then mortall wils.  
 Here left the Bird the Cherry, and anone  
 Forfooke her boſome, and for more is gone,  
 Making ſuch ſpeedy flights into the *Thicke*,  
 That ſhe admir'd he went and came ſo quicke.  
 Then left his many Cherries ſhould diſtaſt,  
 Some other fruit he brings then he brought laſt.

\* *Cithæron*  
 in *Beotia*.

Sometime of Strawberries a little stem,  
 Oft changing colours as he gath'ed them :  
 Some greene, some white, some red on them infus'd,  
 These lou'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so vs'd.  
 The Peascod greene oft with no little toyle  
 Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'ft soile,  
 And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,  
 And in her bosome for acceptance woove her.  
 No Berry in the Groue or Forrest grew,  
 That fit for nourishment the kinde Bird knew,  
 Nor any powrefull herbe in open field  
 To serue her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,  
 But with his vtmost industry he sought it,  
 And to the Caue for chaste *Marina* brought it.  
 So from one well-stor'd garden to another,  
 To gather *Simples* runs a carefull mother,  
 Whose onely childe lies on the shaking bed  
 Grip'd with a *Feuer* (sometime honoured  
 In *Rome* as if a\* God) nor is she bent  
 To other herbes then those for which she went.

The feathred houres fise times were ouer-told,  
 And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold  
 The small sands out and in, since faire *Marine*  
 (For whose long losse a hundred Shepherds pine)  
 Was by the charitable *Robin* fed :  
 For whom (had she not so beene nourished)  
 A hundred Doues would search the Sun-burnt hills,  
 Or fruitfull Vallies lac'd with siluer rils,  
 To bring her Oliues. Th' *Eagle* strong of fight  
 To Countries farre remote would bend her flight,  
 And with vnwearied wing strip through the skie  
 To the choise plots of *Gaule* and *Italy*,  
 And neuer lin till home-ward she escape  
 With the *Pomgranat*, *Lemmon*, *Orange*, *Grape*,  
 Or the lou'd *Citron*, and attain'd the Caue.  
 The well-plum'd *Goshawke* (by th' *Egyptians* graue

\* *Febrem ad minus nocendum templis colebant, ait Val. Maximus. Vide Tullium in tertio de Nat. Deorum, et secundo de Legibus.*

Vs'd in their mysticke Characters for speed)  
 Would not be wanting at so great a need,  
 But from the well-flor'd Orchards of the Land  
 Brought the sweet Peare (once by a curf'd hand  
 At \**Swinsted* vs'd with poyson, for the fall  
 Of one who on these Plaines rul'd Lord of all.)  
 The sentfull *Osprey* by the Rocke had fish'd  
 And many a prettie Shrimp in Scallops dish'd,  
 Some way conuay'd her ; no one of the shole  
 That haunt the waues, but from his lurking hole  
 Had pull'd the *Cray-fish*, and with much adoe  
 Brought that the *Maid*, and *Perywinckles* too.  
 But these for others might their labours spare,  
 And not with *Robin* for their merits share.  
 Yet as a Herdesse in a *Summers* day,  
 Heat with the glorious Suns all-purging ray,  
 In the calme Euening (leauing her faire flocke)  
 Betakes her selfe vnto a froth-girt Rocke,  
 On which the head-long *Tauy* throws his waues,  
 (And foames to see the stones neglect his braues :)  
 Where sitting to vndoe her Buskins white,  
 And wash her neat legs, (as her vse each night)  
 Th' inamour'd flood, before she can vnlace them,  
 Rowles vp his waues as hast'ning to imbrace them,  
 And though to helpe them some small gale doe blow,  
 And one of twenty can but reach her so ;  
 Yet will a many little surges be  
 Flashing vpon the rocke full busily,  
 And doe the best they can to kisse her feet,  
 But that their power and will not equall meet :  
 So as she for her Nurse look'd tow'rds the land,  
 (And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,  
 Then looks vpon a hill whose sliding sides  
 A goodly flocke (like winters cou'ring) hides,  
 And higher on some stone that iutteth out,  
 Their carefull master guiding his trim rout

\* One writes  
 that K. *Iohn*  
 was poison'd  
 at *Swinsted*,  
 with a dish  
 of peares :  
 Others,  
 there, in a  
 cup of wine :  
 Some that  
 he died at  
*Newark* of  
 the Flux. A  
 fourth by  
 the distem-  
 perature of  
*Peaches* eate-  
 ten in his fit  
 of an *Ague*.  
 Among so  
 many  
 doubts, I  
 leaue you to  
 beleue the  
*Author* most  
 in credit  
 with our  
 best of *Anti-  
 quaries*.



By fending forth his Dog (as Shepherds doe),  
Or piping fate, or clowting of his shooe.)  
Whence, nearer hand drawing her wandring sight  
(So from the earth steales the all-quickning light)  
Beneath the rocke, the waters high, but late,  
(I know not by what fluce or emptying gate)  
Were at a low ebbe; on the sand she spies  
A busie Bird that to and fro still flies,  
Till pitching where a heatfull Oyster lay,  
Opening his close iawes, (closer none then they  
Vnlesse the griping fist, or cherry lips  
Of happy Louers in their melting sips.)  
Since the decreasing waues had left him there  
Gaping for thirst, yet meets with nought but ayre,  
And that so hot; ere the returning tyde,  
He in his shell is likely to be fride;  
The wary Bird a prittie pibble takes  
And claps it twixt the two pearle-hiding flakes  
Of the broad yawning Oyster, and she then  
Securely pickes the fish out (as some men  
A tricke of policie thrust tweene two friends,  
Seuer their powres), and his intention ends.  
The Bird thus getting that, for which she stroue,  
Brought it to her: to whom the *Queene of Loue*  
Seru'd as a foyle, and *Cupid* could no other,  
But flie to her mistaken for his Mother.  
*Marina* from the kinde Bird tooke the meat,  
And (looking downe) she saw a number great  
Of Birds, each one a pibble in his bill,  
Would doe the like, but that they wanted skill:  
Some threw it in too farre, and some too short;  
This could not beare a stone fit for such sport,  
But, harmelesse wretch, putting in one too small,  
The Oyster shuts and takes his head withall.  
Another bringing one too smooth and round,  
(Vnhappy Bird that thine owne death hast found)

Layes it so little way in his hard lips,  
 That with their sodaine close, the pibble slips  
 So strongly forth (as when your little ones  
 Doe twixt their fingers slip their Cherry-stones),  
 That it in passage meets the brest or head  
 Of the poore wretch, and layes him there for dead.  
 A many striu'd, and gladly would haue done  
 As much or more then he which first begun,  
 But all in vaine: scarce one of twenty could  
 Performe the deed, which they full gladly would.  
 For this not quicke is to that act he go'th,  
 That wanteth skill, this cunning, and some both:  
 Yet none a will, for (from the caue) she sees  
 Not in all-louely *May* th'industrious Bees  
 More busie with the flowres could be, then these  
 Among the shell-fish of the working Seas.

*Limos* had all this while beene wanting thence,  
 And but iust heau'n preferu'd pure innocence  
 By the two Birds, her life to ayre had flit,  
 Ere the curst *Caytife* should haue forced it.

The first night that he left her in his den,  
 He got to shore, and neere th'abodes of men  
 That liue as we by tending of their flockes,  
 To enterchange for *Ceres* golden lockes,  
 Or with the Neat-herd for his milke and creame,  
 Things we respect more then the Diademe:  
 His choise made-dishes. O! the golden age  
 Met all contentment in no surplufage  
 Of dainty viands, but (as we doe still)  
 Dranke the pure water of the crystall rill,  
 Fed on no other meats then those they fed,  
 Labour the salad that their stomacks bred.  
 Nor fought they for the downe of siluer Swans,  
 Nor those Sow-thistle lockes each small gale fans,  
 But hydes of Beasts, which when they liu'd they kept,  
 Seru'd them for bed and cou'ring when they slept.

If any softer lay, 'twas (by the losse  
 Of some rocks warmth) on thicke and spungy moffe,  
 Or on the ground: some simple wall of clay  
 Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.  
 And on such pallats one man clipped then  
 More golden slumbers then this age agen.  
 That time *Physitians* thriu'd not: or, if any,  
 I dare say all: yet then were thrice as many  
 As now profess't, and more; for euery man  
 Was his owne *Patient* and *Physitian*.  
 None had a body then so weake and thin,  
 Bankrout of natures store, to feed the sinne  
 Of an insatiate female, in whose wombe  
 Could nature all hers past, and all to come  
 Infuse, with vertue of all drugs beside,  
 She might be tyr'd, but neuer satisfied.  
 To please which *Orke* her husbands weakned peece  
 Must haue his *Cullis* mixt with *Amber-greece*:  
*Pheasant* and *Partridge* into jelly turn'd,  
 Grated with gold, seuen times refin'd and burn'd  
 With dust of Orient Pearle, richer the East  
 Yet ne're beheld: (O *Epicurian* feast!)  
 This is his breakfast; and his meale at night  
 Possets no lesse prouoking appetite,  
 Whose deare ingredients valu'd are at more  
 Then all his Ancestors were worth before.  
 When such as we by poore and simple fare  
 More able liu'd, and di'd not without heire,  
 Sprung from our owne loines, and a spotlesse bed  
 Of any other powre vnseconed:  
 When th'others issue (like a man false sicke,  
 Or through the *Feuer*, *Gout*, or *Lunaticke*,  
 Changing his Doctors oft, each as his notion  
 Prescribes a feu'rall dyet, feu'rall potion,  
 Meeting his friend (who meet we now adayes  
 That hath not some receipt for each disease?)

He tels him of a plaister, which he takes ;  
 And finding after that, his torment flakes,  
 (Whether because the humour is out-wrought,  
 Or by the skill which his *Physitian* brought,  
 It makes no matter :) for he surely thinkes  
 None of their purges nor their diet drinkes  
 Haue made him sound ; but his beleefe is fast  
 That med'cine was his health which he tooke last.  
 So (by a mother) being taught to call  
 One for his Father, though a Sonne to all,  
 His mothers often scapes (though truly knowne)  
 Cannot diuert him ; but will euer owne  
 For his begetter him, whose name and rents  
 He must inherit. Such are the descents  
 Of these men ; to make vp whose limber heyre  
 As many as in him must haue a share ;  
 When he that keeps the last yet least adoe,  
 Fathers the peoples childe, and gladly too.

Happier those times were, when the Flaxen clew  
 By faire *Arachne's* hand the *Lydians* knew,  
 And sought not to the worme for silken threds,  
 To rowle their bodies in, or dresse their heads.  
 When wife *Minerua* did th' *Athenians* learne  
 To draw their milke-white fleeces into yarne ;  
 And knowing not the mixtures which began  
 (Of colours) from the *Babylonian*,  
 Nor wooll in *Sardis* dyde, more various knowne  
 By hues, then *Iris* to the world hath showne :  
 The bowels of our mother were not ript  
 For *Mader-pits*, nor the sweet meadowes stript  
 Of their choise beauties, nor for *Ceres* load  
 The fertile lands burd'ned with needlesse *Wood*.  
 Through the wide Seas no winged Pine did goe  
 To Lands vnknowne for staining *Indico* ;  
 Nor men in scorching clymates moar'd their Keele  
 To traffique for the costly *Coucheneele*.

Vnknowne was then the *Phrygian* brodery,  
 The *Tyrian* purple, and the Scarlet dye,  
 Such as their sheepe clad, such they woue and wore,  
 Ruffet or white, or those mixt, and no more :  
 Except sometmes (to brauery inclinde)  
 They dide them yellow caps with *Alder* rinde.  
 The *Græcian* mantle, *Tuscan* robes of state,  
*Tissue*, nor *Cloth of gold* of highest rate,  
 They neuer saw ; onely in pleasant woods,  
 Or by th' embrodered margin of the floods,  
 The dainty *Nymphs* they often did behold  
 Clad in their light filke robes, fitcht oft with gold.  
 The Arras hangings round their comely Hals  
 Wanted the *Cerites* web and minerals :  
 Greene boughes of trees which fatning Acornes lade,  
 Hung full with flowres and Garlands quaintly made,  
 Their homely *Cotes* deck'd trim in low degree,  
 As now the *Court* with richest *Tapistry*.  
 In stead of Cushions wrought in windowes laine,  
 They pick'd the *Cockle* from their fields of Graine,  
 Sleepe-bringing *Poppy*, by the Plow-men late  
 Not without cause to *Ceres* consecrate,  
 For being round and full at his halfe birth  
 It signifi'd the perfect *Orbe* of earth ;  
 And by his inequalities when blowne,  
 The earths low Vales and higher Hills were showne.  
 By multitude of graines it held within,  
 Of men and beafts the number noted bin ;  
 And she since taking care all earth to please,  
 Had in her \**Theismophoria* offred these.  
 Or cause that seed our Elders vs'd to eat,  
 With honey mixt (and was their after meat)  
 Or since her Daughter that she lou'd so well  
 By him that in th' infernall shades doth dwell,  
 And on the *Stygian* bankes for euer raignes  
 (Troubled with horrid cries and noyse of chaines)

\* Θεσμoφό-  
 ρια and Δη-  
 μήτρια were  
 sacrifices  
 peculiar to  
*Ceres*, the  
 one for being  
 a Lawgiuer,  
 the other as  
 Goddesse of  
 the grounds.

(Fairest *Proserpina*) was rapt away ;  
 And she in plaints the night in teares the day  
 Had long time spent, when no high Power could giue  
 her

\* *Vide Seru-  
 uum in Virg.  
 Georg. 1.*

Any redresse ; the \**Poppy* did releuee her :  
 For eating of the feeds they sleepe procur'd,  
 And so beguil'd those griefes she long endur'd.  
 Or rather since her Loue (then happy man)  
*Micon* (ycleep'd) the braue *Athenian*,  
 Had beene transform'd into this gentle Flowre,  
 And his protection kept from *Flora's* powre.  
 The *Daizy* scattred on each *Mead* and *Downe*,  
 A golden tuft within a siluer Crowne :  
 (Faire fall that dainty flowre ! and may there be  
 No Shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee !)  
 The *Primrose*, when with six leaues gotten grace  
 Maids as a *True-loue* in their bosomes place :  
 The spotlesse *Lilly*, by whose pure leaues be  
 Noted the chaste thoughts of virginities ;  
*Carnations* sweet with colour like the fire,  
 The fit *Impresa's* for inflam'd desire :  
 The *Hare-bell* for her stainelesse azur'd hue  
 Claimes to be worne of none but those are true :  
 The *Rose*, like ready youth, inticing stands,  
 And would be cropt if it might choose the hands.  
 The yealow *King cup* *Flora* them assign'd  
 To be the badges of a ieaious minde ;  
 The Oringe-tawny *Marigold* : the night  
 Hides not her colour from a searching fight.  
 To thee then, dearest Friend (my songs chiefe mate),  
 This colour chiefly I appropriate,  
 That spight of all the mists Obluion can  
 Or enuious frettings of a guilty man,  
 Retain'st thy worth ; nay, mak'st it more in prife,  
 Like *Tennis-bals*, throwne downe hard, higheft rise.  
 The *Columbine* in tawny often taken,

Is then ascrib'd to such as are *forsaken* ;  
*Flora's* choise buttons of a ruffet dye  
 Is *Hope* euen in the depth of misery.  
 The *Pansie*, *Thistle*, all with prickles set,  
 The *Cowslip*, *Honisuckle*, *Violet*,  
 And many hundreds more that grac'd the Meads,  
 Gardens and Groues, (where beautiful *Flora* treads)  
 Were by the Shepherds Daughters (as yet are  
 Vs'd in our Cotes) brought home with special care :  
 For bruising them they not alone would quell  
 But rot the rest, and spoile their pleasing smell.  
 Much like a Lad, who in his tender prime  
 Sent from his friends to learne the vse of time,  
 As are his mates or good or bad, so he  
 Thriues to the world, and such his actions be.

As in the *Rainbowes* many coloured hew,  
 Here see we watchet deepned with a blew :  
 There a darke tawnie with a purple mixt,  
 Yealow and flame, with streakes of greene betwixt,  
 A bloody streame into a blushing run,  
 And ends still with the colour which begun ;  
 Drawing the deeper to a lighter staine,  
 Bringing the lightest to the deep'st againe,  
 With such rare Art each minglenth with his fellow,  
 The blew with watchet, greene and red with yealow ;  
 Like to the changes which we daily see  
 About the Doues necke with varietie,  
 Where none can fay (though he it strict attends)  
 Here one begins, and there the other ends :  
 So did the Maidens with their various flowres  
 Decke vp their windowes, and make neat their bowres :  
 Vsing such cunning as they did dispose  
 The ruddy *Piny* with the lighter *Rose*,  
 The *Moncks-hood* with the *Buglosse*, and intwine  
 The white, the blew, the flesh-like *Columbine*  
 With *Pinckes*, *Sweet-Williams* : that farre off the eye

Could not the manner of their mixtures spye.

Then with those flowres they most of all did prife,  
(With all their skill, and in most curious wise  
On tufts of Hearbs and Rushes) would they frame  
A dainty border round their Shepherds name.

Or *Poesies* make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,  
As if the *Muses* onely liued there :

And that the after world should striue in vaine  
What they then did, to counterfeit againe.

Nor will the Needle nor the Looome e're be  
So perfect in their best embroderie,

Nor such composures make of filke and gold,  
As theirs, when *Nature* all her cunning told.

The word of *Mine* did no man then bewitch,  
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.

And to the couetous did wish no wrong  
But what himselfe desir'd : *to liue here long.*

As of their Songs, so of their liues they deem'd :  
Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd.

They thought that heauen to him no life did giue,  
Who onely thought vpon the meanes to liue.

Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to liue here euer,  
But as life was ordain'd they might perfeuer.

O happy men ! you euer did possesse  
No wisdome but was mixt with simpleness ;

So wanting malice and from folly free,  
Since reason went with your simplicitie,

You search'd your selues if all within were faire,  
And did not learne of *others* what *you* were.

Your liues the patternes of those vertues gaue,  
Which *adulation* tels men now they haue.

With pouerty in loue we onely close,  
Because our Louers it most truely shoves :

When they who in that blessed *age* did moue,  
Knew neither pouerty, nor want of loue.

The *hatred* which they bore was onely this,



That euery one did hate to doe amiffe.  
 Their fortune still was subiect to their will :  
 Their *want* (ô happy !) was the want of *ill*.  
 Ye trueſt, faireſt, louelyeſt *Nymphes* that can  
 Out of your eyes lend fire *Promethian*,  
 All-beautious Ladies, loue-alluring Dames,  
 That on the banckes of *Iſca*, *Humber*, *Thames*,  
 By your encouragement can make a Swaine  
 Climbe by his Song where none but foules attaine :  
 And by the gracefull reading of our lines  
 Renew our heat to further braue deſignes.  
 (You, by whoſe meanes my *Muſe* thus boldly ſayes :  
 Though ſhe doe ſing of Shepherds loues and layes,  
 And ſtagging weakly low gets not on wing  
 To ſecond that of *Hellens* rauiſhing :  
 Nor hath the loue nor beauty of a *Queene*  
 My ſubiect grac'd, as other workes haue beene ;  
 Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong,  
 Though *Queenes*, nay *Goddesses* fam'd *Homers* ſong) :  
 Mine hath beene tun'd and heard by beauties more  
 Then all the *Poets* that haue liu'd before.  
 Not cauſe it is more worth, but it doth fall  
 That *Nature* now is turn'd a prodigall,  
 And on this age ſo much perfection ſpends,  
 That to her laſt of treaſure it extends ;  
 For all the ages that are ſlid away  
 Had not ſo many beauties as this day.  
 O what a rapture haue I gotten now!  
 That age of gold, this of the louely brow  
 Haue drawne me from my Song ! I onward run  
 Cleane from the end to which I firſt begun.  
 But ye, the heauenly creatures of the *Weſt*  
 In whom the vertues and the graces reſt,  
 Pardon ! that I haue run aſtray ſo long,  
 And grow ſo tedious in ſo rude a ſong,  
 If you your ſelues ſhould come to adde one grace

Vnto a pleafant Groue or fuch like place,  
Where here the curious cutting of a hedge :  
There, by a pond, the trimming of the fedge :  
Here the fine fetting of well shading trees :  
The walkes there mounting vp by fmall degrees,  
The grauell and the greene fo equall lye,  
It, with the reft, drawes on your lingring eye :  
Here the sweet fmels that doe perfume the ayre,  
Arifing from the infinite repaire  
Of odoriferous buds and herbs of price,  
(As if it were another Paradice)  
So pleafe the fmelling fenfe, that you are faine  
Where laft you walk'd to turne and walke againe.  
There the fmall Birds with their harmonious notes  
Sing to a Spring that fmileth as ſhe floats :  
For in her face a many dimples ſhow,  
And often ſkips as it did dancing goe :  
Here further downe an ouer-arched Alley  
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,  
You ſpie at end thereof a ſtanding Lake,  
Where ſome ingenious Artiſt ſtriuies to make  
The water (brought in turning pipes of Lead  
Through Birds of earth moſt liuely fashioned)  
To counterfeit and mocke the Siluans all,  
In ſinging well their owne ſet Madrigall.  
This with no ſmall delight retaines your eare,  
And makes you think none bleſt but who liue there.  
Then in another place the fruits that be  
In gallant cluſters decking each good tree,  
Inuite your hand to crop ſome from the ſtem,  
And liking one, taſte euery ſort of them :  
Then to the arbours walke, then to the bowres,  
Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,  
Then to the Birds, and to the cleare ſpring thence,  
Now pleaſing one, and then another ſenſe.  
Here one walkes oft, and yet anew begin'th,

As if it were some hidden *Labyrinth* ;  
 So loath to part, and so content to stay,  
 That when the *Gardner* knocks for you away,  
 It grieues you so to leaue the pleasures in it,  
 That you could wish that you had neuer seene it :  
 Blame me not then, if while to you I told  
 The happinesse our fathers clipt of old,  
 The meere imagination of their blisse  
 So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amisse.  
 And still the more they ran on those dayes worth,  
 The more vnwilling was I to come forth.  
 O! if the apprehension ioy vs so,  
 What would the action in a humane show ?  
 Such were the Shepherds (to all goodnesse bent)  
 About whose \**Thorps* that night curs'd *Limos* went.  
 Where he had learn'd that next day all the Swaines,  
 That any sheepe fed on the fertill plaines,  
 The feast of *Pales* Goddesse of their grounds  
 Did meane to celebrate. Fitly this founds,  
 He thought, to what he formerly intended,  
 His stealth should by their absence be befriended :  
 For whilst they in their offerings busied were,  
 He 'mongst the flocks might range with lesser feare.  
 How to contriue his stealth he spent the night.

\* Villages.

The *Morning* now in colours richly dight  
 Stept o're the *Easterne* thresholds, and no lad  
 That ioy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,  
 But for the holy rites himselfe address't  
 With necessaries proper to that feast.

The *Altars* euery where now smoaking be  
 With *Beane-stalkes*, *Sauine*, *Laurell*, *Rosemary*,  
 Their *Cakes* of *Grummell-seed* they did preferre,  
 And *Pailles* of *milke* in sacrifice to her.  
 Then *Hymnes* of praise they all deuoutly fung  
 In those *Palilia* for increase of young.  
 But ere the ceremonies were halfe past

One of their Boyes came downe the hill in hafte,  
 And told them *Limos* was among their sheepe;  
 That he, his fellowes, nor their dogs could keepe  
 The Rau'ner from their flocks; great store were kild,  
 Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his panch not fild.  
 O hasten then away! for in an houre  
 He will the chiefeft of your fold deuoure.

With this most ran (leauing behinde some few  
 To finish what was to faire *Pales* due),  
 And as they had ascended vp the hill,  
*Limos* they met, with no meane pace and skill  
 Following a well-fed Lambe; with many a shout  
 They then pursu'd him all the plaine about.  
 And either with fore-laying of his way,  
 Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,  
 Before he could recouer downe the strand,  
 No Swaine but on him had a fastned hand.

Reioycing then (the worst Wolfe to their focke  
 Lay in their powres), they bound him to a Rocke  
 With chaines tane from the plow, and leauing him  
 Return'd backe to their Feast. His eyes late dim  
 Now sparkle forth in flames, he grindes his teeth,  
 And striues to catch at euery thing he seeth;  
 But to no purpose: all the hope of food  
 Was tane away; his little flesh, lesse bloud,  
 He suck'd and tore at last, and that denide,  
 With fearefull shrikes most miserably dyde.

Vnfortunate *Marina*, thou art free  
 From his iawes now, though not from misery.  
 Within the Caue thou likely art to pine,  
 If (ô may neuer) faile a helpe diuine,  
 And though such aid thy wants doe still supply,  
 Yet in a prison thou must euer lye.  
 But heau'n that fed thee, will not long defer  
 To send thee thither some deliuerer:  
 For then to spend thy sighes there to the maine

Thou fitter wert to honour *Thetis* traine :  
 Who so farre now with her harmonious crew  
 Scour'd through the Seas (ô who yet euer knew  
 So rare a comfort?) she had left behinde  
 The *Kentish, Suffex* shores, the \* *Iſle* affigne  
 To braue *Vespafians* conquest, and was come  
 Where the shrill Trumpet and the ratling Drum  
 Made the waues tremble (ere befell this chance)  
 And to no softer Musicke vs'd to dance.

\* *Victa quam*  
*Vespafianus*  
*a Claudio*  
*missus subiugavit.* *Vide*  
*Bed. in Hist.*  
*Ecc. lib. 1.*  
*ca. 3.*

Haile, thou my natiue soile! thou blessed plot  
 Whose equall all the world affordeth not!  
 Shew me who can so many crystill Rils,  
 Such sweet-cloath'd Vallies or aspiring Hills :  
 Such Wood-groūd, Pastures, Quarries, welthy Mines :  
 Such Rocks in whom the Diamond fairely shines :  
 And if the earth can shew the like agen,  
 Yet will she faile in her Sea-ruling men.  
 Time neuer can produce men to ore-take  
 The fames of *Greenuil, Dauies, Gilbert, Drake,*  
 Or worthy *Hawkins*, or of thousands more  
 That by their powre made the *Deuonian* shore  
 Mocke the proud *Tagus*; for whose richest spoyle  
 The boasting *Spaniard* left the *Indian* soyle  
 Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost  
 By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

As oft the *Sea-Nymphs* on her strand haue set  
 Learning of *Fisher-men* to knit a net,  
 Wherein to winde vp their disheuel'd haire,  
 They haue beheld the frolicke *Mariners*  
 For exercise (got early from their beds)  
 Pitche bars of siluer, and cast golden sleds.

At *Ex* a louely Nymph with *Thetis* met :  
 She singing came, and was all round beset  
 With other watry powres, which by her song  
 She had allur'd to float with her along.  
 The *Lay* she chanted she had learn'd of yore,

\* *Ioseph of Excester* writ a Poem of the *Troian* War according to *Dares* the *Phrigians* story, but fally attributed to *Cornelius Nepos*, as it is printed. He liued in the time of *Hen. 2.* and *Rich. 1.* See the Illustrations of my most worthy friend *M. Selden* vpon *M. Draisons Polyolbion*, pag. 98.

Taught by a \* skilfull *Swaine*, who on her shore  
Fed his faire flocke: a worke renown'd as farre  
As *His* braue subiect of the *Troian* warre.

When she had done, a prettie Shepherds boy  
That from the neare Downs came (though he smal ioy  
Tooke in his tunefull Reed, since dire neglect  
Crept to the brest of her he did affect,  
And that an euer-busie-watchfull eye  
Stood as a barre to his felicitie,)  
Being with great intreaties of the Swaines,  
And by the faire Queene of the liquid plaines  
Woo'd to his Pipe, and bade to lay aside  
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde,  
And that he now some merry note should raise,  
To equall others which had sung their laies:  
He shooke his head, and knowing that his tongue  
Could not belye his heart, thus sadly sung:

**A** *S new-borne babes salute their ages morne  
With cries vnto their wofull mother hurld:  
My infant Muse that was but lately borne  
Began with watry eyes to wooe the world.  
She knowes not how to speake, and therefore weepes  
Her woes exceffe,  
And striues to moue the heart that senslesse sleepes,  
To heauinesse;  
Her eyes inuail'd with sorrowes clouds  
Scarce see the light,  
Disdaine hath wrapt her in the shrowds  
Of loathed night.  
How should she moue then her grief-laden wing,  
Or leaue my sad complaints, and Pæans sing?  
Six Pleyads liue in light, in darknesse one.  
Sing mirthfull Swaines, but let me sigh alone.*

*It is enough that I in silence sit,*

*And bend my skill to learne your laies aright ;  
Nor strue with you in ready straines of wit,  
Nor moue my hearers with so true delight.  
But if for heauy plaints and notes of woe*

*Your eares are prest ;  
No Shepherd liues that can my Pipe out-goe  
In such vnrest.*

*I haue not knowne so many yeeres  
As chances wrong,  
Nor haue they knowne more floods of teares  
From one so yong.*

*Faine would I tune to please as others doe,  
Wert not for faining Song and numbers too.  
Then (since not fitting now are songs of mone)  
Sing mirthfull Swaines, but let me sigh alone.*

*The Nymphs that float vpon these watry plaines  
Haue oft beene drawne to listen to my Song,  
And Sirens left to tune dissembing straines  
In true bewailing of my sorrowes long.  
Vpon the waues of late a siluer Swan  
By me did ride ;*

*And thrilled with my woes forthwith began  
To sing, and dide.*

*Yet where they should, they cannot moue.  
O haplesse Verse !*

*That fitter then to win a Loue  
Art for a Herse.*

*Hence-forward silent be ; and ye my cares  
Be knowne but to my selfe, or who despaires ;  
Since pittie now lyes turned to a stone.  
Sing mirthfull Swaines ; but let me sigh alone.*

The fitting accent of *His* mournfull lay  
So pleas'd the pow'rfull Lady of the Sea,  
That she intreated him to sing againe ;  
And he obeying tun'd this second straine :

**B**ORNE to no other comfort then my teares,  
 Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deepe,  
 I cannot rightly waile my haplesse yeeres,  
 Nor moue a passion that for me might weepe.

*Nature alas too short hath knit*

*My tongue to reach my woe :*

*Nor haue I skill sad notes to fit*

*That might my sorrow show.*

*And to increase my torments ceaselesse sting,  
 There's no way left to shew my paines,  
 But by my pen in mournfull straines,  
 Which others may perhaps take ioy to sing.*

As (woo'd by *Mays* delights) I haue beene borne  
 To take the kinde ayre of a wistfull morne  
 Neere *Tauies* voicefull streame (to whom I owe  
 More straines then from my Pipe can euer flowe) :  
 Here haue I heard a sweet Bird neuer lin  
 To chide the Riuer for his clam'rous din ;  
 There seem'd another in his song to tell,  
 That what the faire streame did he liked well ;  
 And going further heard another too,  
 All varying still in what the others doe ;  
 A little thence, a fourth with little paine  
 Con'd all their lessons, and them sung againe ;  
 So numberlesse the Songsters are that sing  
 In the sweet Groues of the too-carelesse Spring,  
 That I no sooner could the hearing lose  
 Of one of them, but straight another rose,  
 And perching deftly on a quaking spray,  
 Nye tyr'd her selfe to make her hearer stay,  
 Whilst in a bush two Nightingales together  
 Shew'd the best skill they had to draw me thither :  
 So (as bright *Thetis* past our cleeuues along)  
 This shepherds lay pursu'd the others song,  
 And scarce one ended had his skilfull stripe,



But freight another tooke him to his Pipe.

By that the younger Swaine had fully done,  
*Thetis* with her braue company had won  
 The mouth of *Dert*, and whilst the *Tritons* charme  
 The dancing waues, passing the cryfall *Arme*  
 Sweet *Yalme* and *Plim*; ariu'd where *Thamar* payes  
 Her daily tribute to the westerne Seas.  
 Here sent she vp her *Dolphins*, and they plide  
 So bufily their *fares* on euery side,  
 They made a quicke returne, and brought her downe  
 A many *Homagers* to *Thamars* crowne,  
 Who in themfelues were of as great command  
 As any meaner Riuers of the Land.  
 With euery *Nymph* the *Swaine* of most account  
 That fed his white sheepe by her clearer fount:  
 And euery one to *Thetis* sweetly fung.

Among the rest a Shepherd (though but young,  
 Yet hartned to his Pipe) with all the skill  
 His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.  
 By *Tauies* speedy streame he fed his flocke,  
 Where when he fate to sport him on a rocke,  
 The *Water-nymphs* would often come vnto him,  
 And for a dance with many gay gifts wooe him.  
 Now posies of this flowre, and then of that;  
 Now with fine shels, then with a rushie hat,  
 With Corrall or red stoncs brought from the deepe  
 To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe:  
 WILLY he hight. Who by the *Oceans Queene*  
 More cheer'd to sing then such young Lads had beene,  
 Tooke his best framed Pipe, and thus gan moue  
 His voyce of *Walla*, *Tauy's* fairest Loue.

**F** AIRE was the day, but fairer was the Maid  
 Who that daies morn into the green-woods straid.  
 Sweet was the ayre, but sweeter was her breathing,  
 Such rare perfumes the *Roses* are bequeathing.

Bright shone the Sun, but brighter were her eyes,  
 Such are the Lampes that guide the Deities ;  
 Nay such the fire is, whence the *Pythian* Knight  
 Borrowes his beames, and lends his *Sister* light.  
 Not *Pelop's* shoulder whiter then her hands,  
 Nor snowie Swans that iet on *Isca's* sands.  
 Sweet *Flora*, as if rauisht with their fight,  
 In emulation made all *Lillies* white :  
 For as I oft haue heard the Wood-nimphs say,  
 The dancing *Fairies*, when they left to play,  
 Then blacke did pull them, and in holes of trees  
 Stole the sweet honey from the painfull Bees ;  
 Which in the flowre to put they oft were seene,  
 And for a banquet brought it to their Queene.  
 But she that is the *Goddesse* of the flowres  
 (Inuited to their groues and shady bowres)  
 Mislik'd their choise. They said that all the field  
 No other flowre did for that purpose yeeld ;  
 But quoth a nimble *Fay* that by did stand :  
 If you could giue't the colour of yond hand ;  
 (*Walla* by chance was in a meadow by  
 Learning to 'sample earths embroidery)  
 It were a gift would *Flora* well besit,  
 And our great Queene the more would honour it.  
 She gaue consent ; and by some other powre  
 Made *Venus Doues* be equall'd by the flowre,  
 But not her hand ; for *Nature* this prefers :  
 All other *whites* but *shadowings* to hers.  
 Her haire was rowl'd in many a curious fret,  
 Much like a rich and artfull Coronet,  
 Vpon whose arches twenty *Cupids* lay,  
 And were or tide, or loath to flye away.  
 Vpon her bright eyes *Phæbus* his inclinde,  
 And by their radience was the God stroke blinde,  
 That cleane awry th' *Ecclipticke* then he stript,  
 And from the milky way his horses whipt ;

So that the Easterne world to feare begun  
Some stranger droue the *Chariot* of the *Sun*.  
And neuer but that once did heauens bright eye  
Bestow one looke on the *Cymmerij*.  
A greene filke frock her comely shoulders clad,  
And tooke delight that such a feat it had,  
Which at her middle gath' red vp in pleats,  
A loue-knot Girdle willing bondage threats.  
Not *Venus Ceston* held a brauer peece,  
Nor that which girt the fairest flowre of *Greece*.  
Downe from her waste, her mantle loofe did fall,  
Which *Zephyre* (as afraid) still plaid withall,  
And then tuck'd vp somewhat below the knee  
Shew'd searching eyes where *Cupids columnes* be.  
The inside lin'd with rich *Carnation* filke,  
And in the midst of both, *Larone* white as milke.  
Which white beneath the red did seeme to shroud,  
As *Cynthia's* beautie through a blushing cloud,  
About the edges curious to behold  
A deepe fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,  
So on the greene marge of a cryfall brooke  
A thousand yealow flowres at fishes looke;  
And such the beames are of the glorious Sun,  
That through a tuft of grasse disperfed run.  
Vpon her leg a paire of Buskins white,  
Studded with orient *Pearle* and *Chrysolite*,  
And like her Mantle sticht with gold and greene,  
(Fairer yet neuer wore the Forrests Queene)  
Knit close with ribands of a party hue,  
A knot of *Crimson* and a tuft of blew,  
Nor can the *Peacocke* in his spotted traine  
So many pleasing colours shew againe;  
Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,  
Except the heau'nly *Roses* in her face.  
A filuer *Quiuer* at her backe she wore,  
With *Darts* and *Arrowes* for the *Stag* and *Boare*,

But in her eyes she had such darts agen  
 Could conquer Gods, and wound the hearts of men.  
 Her left hand held a knotty Brafill Bow,  
 Whose strength with teares she made the red Deere know.  
 So clad, so arm'd, so drest to win her will  
*Diana* neuer trode on *Latmus* hill.

*Walla*, the fairest Nimph that haunts the woods,  
*Walla*, belou'd of *Shepherds*, *Faunes* and *Floods*,  
*Walla*, for whom the frolike *Satyres* pine,  
*Walla*, with whose fine foot the flowrets twine,  
*Walla*, of whom sweet Birds their ditties moue,  
*Walla*, the earths delight, and *Tauy's* loue.

This fairest *Nimph*, when *Tauy* first preuail'd  
 And won affection where the *Siluan*s fail'd,  
 Had promis'd (as a fauour to his streame)  
 Each weeke to crowne it with an *Anadem*:  
 And now *Hyperion* from his glitt'ring throne  
 Seu'n times his quickning rayes had brauely showne  
 Vnto the other world, since *Walla* last  
 Had on her *Tauy's* head the Garland plac'd ;  
 And this day (as of right) she wends abroad  
 To ease the Meadows of their willing load.  
*Flora*, as if to welcome her, those houres  
 Had beene most lauish of her choifest flowres,  
 Spreading more beauties to intice that morne  
 Then she had done in many daies before.

Looke as a Maiden sitting in the shade  
 Of some close Arbour by the *Wood-binde* made,  
 With-drawne alone where vndiscride she may  
 By her most curious Needle giue assay  
 Vnto some Purse (if so her fancy moue)  
 Or other token for her truest Loue,  
 Varietie of filke about her pap,  
 Or in a box she takes vpon her lap,  
 Whose pleasing colours wooing her quicke eye,  
 Now this she thinkes the ground would beautifie,

And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best ;  
When spying others, she is straight posselt  
Those fittest are ; yet from that choice doth fall  
And she resolves at last to use them all :  
So *Walla*, which to gather long time stood,  
Whether those of the field, or of the wood ;  
Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay ;  
But then the blossomes which enrich'd each spray  
Allur'd her looke ; whose many coloured graces  
Did in her Garland challenge no meane places :  
And therefore she (not to be poore in plenty)  
From Meadows, springs, woods, spraires, culls some one  
dainty,

Which in a scarfe she put, and onwards set  
To finde a place to dresse her *Coronet*.

A little Groue is seated on the marge  
Of *Tauy's* streame, not ouer-thicke nor large,  
Where euery morne a quire of Siluans sung,  
And leaues to chattring winds feru'd as a tongue,  
By whom the water turnes in many a ring,  
As if it faine would stay to heare them sing ;  
And on the top a thousand young Birds flye,  
To be instructed in their harmony.

Neere to the end of this all-ioysome Groue  
A dainty circled plot seem'd as it stroue  
To keepe all Bryers and bushes from inuading  
Her pleasing compasse by their needleffe shading,  
Since it was not so large, but that the store  
Of trees around could shade her brest and more.  
In midst thereof a little swelling hill,  
Gently disburd'ned of a crystall rill  
Which from the greenside of the flowrie banke  
Eat down a channell ; here the Wood-nymphs drank,  
And great *Diana* hauing slaine the Deere,  
Did often use to come and bathe her here.  
Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day

They meant to hunt ; here did the shepherds play,  
 And many a gaudy Nymph was often seene  
 Imbracing shepherds boyes vpon this greene.  
 From hence the spring hafts downe to *Tauy's* brim,  
 And paies a tribute of his drops to him.

Here *Walla* rests the rising mount vpon,  
 That seem'd to swell more since she fate thereon,  
 And from her scarfe vpon the grasse shooke downe  
 The smelling flowres that should her *Riuier* crowne :  
 The Scarfe (in shaking it) she brushed oft,  
 Whereon were flowres so fresh and liuely wrought,  
 That her owne cunning was her owne deceit,  
 Thinking those true which were but counterfeit.

Vnder an *Aldar* on his sandy marge  
 Was *Tauy* set to view his nimble charge,  
 And there his Loue he long time had expected:  
 While many a rose-cheekt *Nymph* no wile neglected  
 To wooe him to imbraces ; which he scorn'd,  
 As valling more the beauties which adorn'd  
 His fairest *Walla*, then all *Natures* pride  
 Spent on the cheekes of all her sexe beside.  
 Now would they tempt him with their open brefts,  
 And sweare their lips were Loues assured *Tests* :  
 That *Walla* sure would giue him the deniall  
 Till she had knowne him true by such a triall,  
 Then comes another, and her hand bereaues  
 The soone slipt *Alder* of two clammy leaues,  
 And clapping them together, bids him see  
 And learne of loue the hidden mystery.  
 Braue *Flood* (quoth she) that hold'ft vs in suspence,  
 And shew'ft a God-like powre in abstinence,  
 At this thy coldnesse we doe nothing wonder,  
 These leaues did so, when once they grew asunder ;  
 But since the one did taste the others blisse,  
 And felt his partners kinde partake with his,  
 Behold how close they ioyne ; and had they power

To speake their now content, as we can our,  
They would on *Nature* lay a hainous crime  
For keeping clofe such sweets vntill this time.  
Is there to such men ought of merit due,  
That doe abstaine from what they neuer knew?  
No: then as well we may account him wise  
For speaking nought, who wants those faculties.  
Taste thou our sweets; come here and freely sip  
Diuineſt *Nectar* from my melting lip;  
Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-infusing beames  
Haue power to melt the Icy Northerne streames,  
And so inflame the *Gods* of those bound Seas  
They should vnchaine their virgin passages,  
And teach our *Mariners* from day to day  
To bring vs *Jewels* by a neerer way.  
Twine thy long fingers in my shining haire,  
And thinke it no disgrace to hide them there;  
For I could tell thee how the *Paphian* Queene  
Met me one day vpon yond pleafant Greene,  
And did intreat a flip (though I was coy)  
Wherewith to fetter her lasciuious *Boy*.  
Play with my teates that swell to haue imprefſion;  
And if thou please from thence to make digrefſion,  
Paſſe thou that *milkie way* where great *Apollo*  
And higher powres then he would gladly follow.  
When to the full of these thou shalt attaine,  
It were some maſtry for thee to refraine;  
But since thou know'ſt not what such pleasures be  
The world will not commend but laugh at thee.  
But thou wilt say, thy *Walla* yeelds such store  
Of ioyes, that no one Loue can raise thee more;  
Admit it so, as who but thinkes it strange?  
Yet shalt thou finde a pleasure more, in change,  
If that thou lik'ſt not, gentle *Flood*, but heare  
To proue that ſtate the best I neuer feare.  
Tell me wherein the ſtate and glory is

Of thee, of *Auon*, or braue *Thamesis* ?  
 In your owne Springs ? or by the flowing head  
 Of some such Riuer onely seconded ?  
 Or is it through the multitude that doe  
 Send downe their waters to attend on you ?  
 Your mixture with lesse Brookes addes to your fames,  
 So long as they in you doe loofe their names :  
 And comming to the *Ocean*, thou dost see,  
 It takes in other Floods as well as thee ;  
 It were no sport to vs that hunting loue  
 If we were still confinde to one large Groue.  
 The water which in one Poole hath abiding  
 Is not so sweet as Rillets euer gliding.  
 Nor would the brackish waues in whom you meet  
 Containe that state it doth, but be lesse sweet,  
 And with contagious streames all mortals smother,  
 But that it moues from this shore to the other.  
 There's no one season such delight can bring,  
 As *Summer*, *Autumne*, *Winter*, and the *Spring*.  
 Nor the best *Flowre* that doth on earth appeare  
 Could by it selfe content vs all the yeere.  
 The *Salmons*, and some more as well as they,  
 Now loue the freshet, and then loue the Sea.  
 The fitting *Fowles* not in one coast doe tarry,  
 But with the yeere their habitation vary.  
 What *Musicke* is there in a Shepherds quill  
 (Plaid on by him that hath the greatest skill)  
 If but a stop or two thereon we spy ?  
*Musicke* is best in her varietie.  
 So is discourse, so ioyes ; and why not then  
 As well the liues and loues of Gods as men ?  
 More she had spoke, but that the gallant *Flood*  
 Replide : ye wanton *Rangers* of the wood,  
 Leaue your allurements ; hye ye to your chafe ;  
 See where *Diana* with a nimble pace  
 Followes a strucke Deere : if you longer stay



Her frowne will bend to me another day.  
Harke how she winds her Horne ; she some doth call  
Perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.

With this they left him. Now he wonders much  
Why at this time his *Walla's* stay was such,  
And could haue wish'd the *Nymphs* back, but for feare  
His Loue might come and chance to finde them there.  
To passe the time at last he thus began  
(Vnto a Pipe ioynd by the art of *Pan*)  
To praise his Loue : his hafty waues among  
The frothed Rocks, bearing the Vnder-song.

*A* *S* carefull Merchants doe expecting stand  
(After long time and merry gales of winde)  
Vpon the place where their braue Ship must land :  
So waite I for the vessell of my minde.

Upon a great aduenture is it bound,  
Whose safe returne will vallu'd be at more  
Then all the wealthy prizes which haue crown'd  
The golden wishes of an age before.

Out of the East Iewels of worth she brings,  
Th' vnualu'd Diamond of her sparkling Eye  
Wants in the Treasures of all Europe's Kings,  
And were it mine they nor their crownes should buy

The Saphires ringed on her panting brest,  
Run as rich veines of Ore about the mold,  
And are in sicknesse with a pale possesse,  
So true ; for them I should disualue gold.

The melting Rubies on her cherry lip  
Are of such powre to hold ; that as one day  
Cupid flew thirsty by, he stoop'd to sip  
And fast'ned there could neuer get away.

*The sweets of Candie are no sweets to me  
When hers I taste ; nor the Perfumes of price  
Rob'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,  
As her sweet breath, so powrefull to intice.*

*O hasten then ! and if thou be not gone  
Vnto that wish'd trafficke through the Maine,  
My powrefull sighes shall quickly driue thee on,  
And then begin to draw thee backe againe.*

*If in the meane rude waues haue it opprest,  
It shall suffice I venter'd at the best.*

Scarce had he giuen a period to his Lay  
When from a Wood (wherein the *Eye of day*  
Had long a stranger beene, and *Phæbe's* light  
Vainly contended with the shades of night.)  
One of those wanton *Nymphs* that woo'd him late  
Came crying tow'rds him ; O thou most ingrate  
Respectlesse Flood ! canst thou here idely sit,  
And loofe desires to loofer numbers fit ?  
Teaching the ayre to court thy carelesse Brooke,  
Whil't thy poore *Walla's* cries the hils haue shooke  
With an amazed terror : heare ! ô heare !  
A hundred *Eccho's* shriking euerie where !  
See how the frightfull Heards run from the Wood !  
*Walla*, alas, as she, to crowne her Flood,  
Attended the composure of sweet flowres,  
Was by a lust-fir'd *Satyre* 'mong our bowres  
Well-neere surpriz'd, but that she him discride  
Before his rude imbracement could betide.  
Now but her feet no helpe, vnlesse her cries  
A needfull aid draw from the *Deities*.

It needlesse was to bid the *Flood* pursue :  
Anger gaue wings ; waies that he neuer knew  
Till now, he treads ; through dells and hidden brakes  
Flies through the Meadows, each where ouertakes

Streames swiftly gliding, and them brings along  
To further iust reuenge for so great wrong,  
His current till that day was neuer knowne,  
But as a Meade in *Iuly*, which vnmowne  
Beares in an equall height each bent and stem,  
Vnlesse some gentle gale doe play with them.  
Now runs it with such fury and such rage,  
That mightie Rocks oppofing vassalage,  
Are from the firme earth rent and ouer-borne  
In *Fords* where pibbles lay secure before.  
Low'd *Cataracts*, and fearefull roarings now  
Affright the Passenger; vpon his brow  
Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,  
And where (as now and then) he makes short stops  
In little pooles drowning his voice too hie,  
'Tis where he thinkes he heares his *Walla* cry.  
Yet vaine was all his haste, bending a way,  
Too much declining to the Southerne Sea,  
Since she had turned thence, and now begun  
To crosse the braue path of the glorious *Sun*.

There lyes a Vale extended to the North  
Of *Tauy's* streame, which (prodigall) fends forth  
In *Autumne* more rare fruits then haue beene spent  
In any greater plot of fruitfull *Kent*.  
Two high brow'd rocks on either side begin,  
As with an arch to close the valley in:  
Vpon their rugged fronts short writen Oakes  
Vntouch'd of any fellers banefull stroakes:  
The *Iuy* twisting round their barkes hath fed  
Past time *wilde Goates* which no man followed.  
Low in the Valley some small Heards of Deere,  
For head and footmanship withouten peere,  
Fed vndisturb'd. The Swaines that thereby thriu'd  
By the tradition from their *Sires* deriu'd,  
Call'd it sweet *Ina's Coombe*: but whether she  
Were of the earth or greater progeny

Iudge by her deedes ; once this is truely knowne  
 She many a time hath on a Bugle blowne,  
 And through the Dale purfu'd the iolly Chase,  
 As she had bid the winged windes a *base*.

Pale and distracted hither *Walla* runs,  
 As closely follow'd as she hardly shuns ;  
 Her mantle off, her haire now too vnkinde  
 Almost betrai'd her with the wanton winde.  
 Breathlesse and faint she now some drops discloses,  
 As in a *Limbeck* the kinde sweat of Roses,  
 Such hang vpon her brest, and on her cheekes ;  
 Or like the Pearles which the tand *Æthiop* seekes.  
 The *Satyre* (spur'd with lust) still getteth ground,  
 And longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd.

As when a *Greyhound* (of the rightest straine)  
 Let slip to some poore *Hare* vpon the plaine ;  
 He for his prey striues, th' other for her life ;  
 And one of these or none must end the strife.  
 Now seemes the Dog by speed and good at bearing  
 To haue her sure ; the other euer fearing  
 Maketh a fodaine turne, and doth deferre  
 The Hound a while from so neere reaching her :  
 Yet being fetcht againe and almost tane,  
 Doubting (since touch'd of him) she scapes her bane :  
 So of these two the minded races were,  
 For *Hope* the one made swift, the other *Fear*.

O if there be a powre (quoth *Walla* then  
 Keeping her earnest course) o'reswaying men  
 And their desires ! ô let it now be showne  
 Vpon this *Satyre* halfe part earthly knowne.  
 What I haue hitherto with so much care  
 Kept vndefiled, spotlesse, white and faire,  
 What in all speech of loue I still referu'd,  
 And from it's hazard euer gladly sweru'd ;  
 O be it now vntouch'd ! and may no force  
 That happy Iewell from my selfe deuorce !

I that haue euer held all women be  
 Void of all worth if wanting chafitie ;  
 And who fo any lets that beft flowre pull,  
 She might be faire, but neuer beautifull :  
 O let me not forgoe it ! ftrike me dead !  
 Let on thefe Rocks my limbs be fcattered !  
 Burne me to afhes with fome powrefull flame,  
 And in mine owne duft bury mine owne name,  
 Rather then let me liue and be defil'd.

Chafteft *Diana!* in the Deferts wilde,  
 Haue I fo long thy trueft handmaid beene ?  
 Vpon the rough rocke-ground thine arrowes keene,  
 Haue I (to make thee crownes) beene gath'ring ftill  
 Faire-cheekt *Etefia's* yealow *Cammomill* ?  
 And fitting by thee on our flowrie beds  
 Knit thy torne *Buck-ftals* with well twifted threds,  
 To be forfaken ? O now present be,  
 If not to faue, yet helpe to ruine me !

If pure *Virginitie* haue heretofore  
 By the *Olympicke* powres beene honour'd more  
 Then other ftates ; and Gods haue beene dispos'd  
 To make them knowne to vs, and ftill difclos'd  
 To the chafte hearing of fuch *Nymphs* as we  
 Many a fecret and deepe mifterie ;  
 If none can lead without celeftiall aid  
 Th'immaculate and pure life of a Maid,  
 O let not then the Powres all-good diuine  
 Permit vile luft to foile this brest of mine !

Thus cride ſhe as ſhe ran : and looking backe  
 Whether her hot purfuer did ought flacke  
 His former ſpeed, ſhe ſpies him not at all,  
 And ſomewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall  
 Her nye fled hopes : yet fearing he might lye  
 Neere ſome croſſe path to worke his villanie,  
 And being weary, knowing it was vaine  
 To hope for ſafety by her feet againe,

She fought about where she her selfe might hide.

A hollow vaulted Rocke at last she spide,  
 About whose sides so many bushes were,  
 She thought securely she might rest her there.  
 Farre vnder it a Caue, whose entrance streight  
 Clos'd with a stone-wrought dore of no mean weight ;  
 Yet from it selfe the *gemels* beaten so  
 That little strength could thrust it to and fro.  
 Thither she came, and being gotten in  
 Barr'd fast the darke Caue with an iron pin.

The *Satyre* follow'd, for his cause of stay  
 Was not a minde to leaue her, but the way  
 Sharpe ston'd and thornie, where he pass'd of late,  
 Had cut his clouen foot, and now his gate  
 Was not so speedy, yet by chance he fees  
 Through some small glade that ran between the trees  
 Where *Walla* went. And with a slower pace  
 Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.

When like a fearefull *Hare* within her *Forme*,  
 Hearing the Hounds come like a threatning storme,  
 In full cry on the walke where last she trode,  
 Doubts to stay there, yet dreads to goe abroad :  
 So *Walla* far'd. But since he was come nie,  
 And by an able strength and industry  
 Sought to breake in, with teares anew she fell  
 To vrge the Powres that on *Olympus* dwell.  
 And then to *Ina* call'd: O if the roomes,  
 The Walkes and Arbours in these fruitfull coombes  
 Haue famous beene through all the Westerne Plaines  
 In being guiltlesse of the lasting staines  
 Pour'd on by lust and murther: keepe them free!  
 Turne me to stone, or to a barked tree,  
 Vnto a Bird, or flowre, or ought forlorne ;  
 So I may die as pure as I was borne.  
 " Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,  
 " That take their wing from hearts so pure and chaste.

" And what we aske of Heauen it still appears  
 " More plaine to it in mirrours of our teares.  
 Approu'd in *Walla*. When the *Satyre* rude  
 Had broke the doore in two, and gan intrude  
 With steps prophane into that sacred Cell,  
 Where oft (as I haue heard our Shepherds tell)  
 Faire *Ina* vs'd to rest from *Phæbus* ray :  
 She or some other hauing heard her pray,  
 Into a Fountaine turn'd her ; and now rise  
 Such streames out of the caue, that they surprise  
 The *Satyre* with such force and so great din,  
 That quenching his lifes flame as well as sin,  
 They roul'd him through the Dale with mighty rore  
 And made him flye that did pursue before.

Not farre beneath i' the Valley as she trends  
 Her siluer streame, some *Wood-nymphs* and her friends  
 That follow'd to her aide, beholding how  
 A Brooke came gliding, where they saw but now  
 Some Herds were feeding, wondring whence it came :  
 Vntill a Nymph that did attend the game  
 In that sweet Valley, all the proceffe told,  
 Which from a thicke-leau'd-tree she did behold :  
 See, quoth the *Nymph*, where the rude *Satyre* lies  
 Cast on the grasse ; as if she did despise  
 To haue her pure waues soyl'd with such as he :  
 Retaining still the loue of puritie.

To *Tauy's* Cryfall streame her waters goe,  
 As if some secret power ordained so,  
 And as a Maid she lou'd him, so a Brooke  
 To his imbracements onely her betooke.  
 Where growing on with him, attain'd the state  
 Which none but *Hymens* bonds can imitate.

On *Walla's* brooke her sisters now bewaile,  
 For whom the Rocks spend teares when others faile,  
 And all the Woods ring with their piteous mones :  
 Which *Tauy* hearing as he chid the stones,

That stopt his speedy course, raising his head  
 Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered :  
*Walla* is now no more. Nor from the hill  
 Will she more plucke for thee the Daffadill,  
 Nor make sweet *Anadems* to gird thy brow,  
 Yet in the Groues she runs, a *Riuier* now.

\* *Sentida.*

Looke as the feeling\* Plant (which learned Swaines  
 Relate to grow on the *East Indian* Plaines)  
 Shrinks vp his dainty leaues, if any sand  
 You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand :  
 So with the chance the heauy *Wood-nymphs* told,  
 The *Riuier* (inly touch'd) began to fold  
 His armes acrosse, and while the torrent raues,  
 Shrunke his graue head beneath his filuer waues.

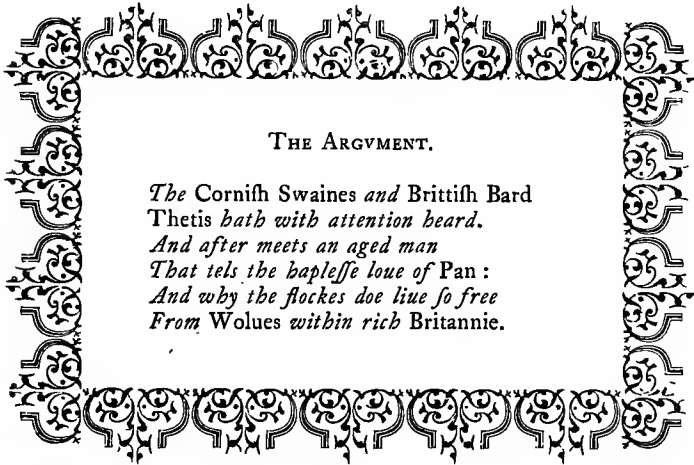
Since when he neuer on his bankes appears  
 But as one franticke : when the clouds spend teares  
 He thinks they of his woes compassion take,  
 (And not a Spring but weepes for *Walla's* sake)  
 And then he often (to bemone her lacke)  
 Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,  
 And euery Brooke attending in his way,  
 For that time meets him in the like aray.

Here *WILLY* that time ceas'd ; and I a while :  
 For yonder's *Roget* comming o're the stile,  
 'Tis two daies since I saw him (and you wonder,  
 You'le say, that we haue beene so long afunder).  
 I thinke the louely Heardeffe of the Dell  
 That to an Oaten Quill can sing so well,  
 Is she that's with him : I must needs goe meet them,  
 And if some other of you rise to greet them  
 'Twere not amisse, the day is now so long  
 That I ere night may end another Song.





## THE FOURTH SONG.



## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Cornish Swaines and Brittish Bard  
Thetis hath with attention heard.  
And after meets an aged man  
That tels the haplesse loue of Pan :  
And why the flockes doe liue so free  
From Wolues within rich Britannie.*



LOOKE as a *Louer* with a lingring kisse  
About to part with the best halfe that's his,  
Faine would he stay but that he feares to  
doe it,  
And curseth time for so fast hastning to it :  
Now takes his leaue, and yet begins anew  
To make lesse vowes then are esteemed true :  
Then saies he must be gone, and then doth finde  
Something he should haue spoke that's out of minde ;  
And whilst he stands to look for't in her eyes,  
Their sad-sweet glance so tye his faculties  
To thinke from what he parts, that he is now  
As farre from leauing her, or knowing how,

As when he came ; begins his former straine,  
 To kisse, to vow, and take his leaue againe :  
 Then turns, comes back, sighes, parts, & yet doth go,  
 Apt to retire, and loath to leaue her fo.  
 Braue Streame, so part I from thy flowrie banke,  
 Where first I breath'd, and (though vnworthy) dranke  
 Those sacred waters which the *Muses* bring  
 To wooe *Britannia* to their ceaselesse spring,  
 Now would I on, but that the crytall Wels,  
 The fertill Meadows and their pleasing smels,  
 The Woods delightfull and the scatt'ed Groues,  
 (Where many *Nymphs* walk with their chaster Loues)  
 Soone make me stay : And think that *Ordgar's*\* son  
 (Admonish'd by a heauenly vision)  
 Not without cause did that apt fabricke reare,  
 (Wherein we nothing now but *Eccho's* heare  
 That wont with heauenly *Anthemes* daily ring  
 And duest praises to the greatest King)  
 In this choise plot. Since he could light vpon  
 No place so fit for contemplation.  
 Though I a while must leaue this happy soyle,  
 And follow *Thetis* in a pleasing toyle,  
 Yet when I shall returne, Ile striue to draw  
 The *Nymphs* by *Thamar*, *Tauy*, *Ex* and *Tau*,  
 By *Turridge*, *Otter*, *Ock*, by *Dert* and *Plym*,  
 With all the *Nayades* that fish and swim  
 In their cleare streames, to these our rising Downes,  
 Where while they make vs chaplets, wreaths and crowns,  
 Ile tune my Reed vnto a higher key,  
 (And haue already cond some of the *Lay*)  
 Wherein (as *Mantua* by her *Virgils* birth  
 And *Thames* by him that sung her Nuptiall mirth)  
 You may be knowne (though not in equall pride)  
 As farre as *Tiber* throws his swelling Tide.  
 And by a Shepherd (feeding on your plaines)  
 In humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder straines,

*Vide de amœ-  
 nitate loci.  
 Malmelb. 2.  
 lib. de gest.  
 Pontif. fo.  
 146.*

\* *Ordulphus.*

Heare your worths challenge other floods among,  
To haue a period equall with their song.

Where *Plym* and *Thamar* with imbraces meet,  
*Thetis* weighes ancor now, and all her Fleet :  
Leauing that spacious\* *Sound*, within whose armes  
I haue those Vessels seene, whose hot alarmes  
Haue made *Iberia* tremble, and her towres  
Prostrate themselues before our iron showres  
While their proud builders hearts haue been inclinde  
To shake (as our braue Ensignes) with the winde.  
For as an *Eyerie* from their *Seeges* wood  
Led o're the Plaines and taught to get their food :  
By seeing how their *Breeder* takes his prey  
Now from an Orchard doe they scare the *Iey*,  
Then o're the Corne-fields as they swiftly flye,  
Where many thousand hurtfull *Sparrowes* lye  
Beating the ripe graine from the bearded eare,  
At their approach, all (ouer-gone with feare)  
Seeke for their safetie : some into the dike,  
Some in the hedges drop, and others like  
The thick-growne corne as for their hiding best,  
And vnder turfes or grasse most of the rest ;  
That of a flight which couer'd all the graine,  
Not one appears, but all or hid, or flaine :  
So by *Heröes* were we led of yore,  
And by our drums that thundred on each shore,  
Stroke with amazement Countries farre and neere ;  
Whilst their Inhabitants like Heards of *Deere*,  
By kingly *Lyons* chas'd, fled from our Armes.  
If any did oppose, instructed swarmes  
Of men immail'd ; *Fate* drew them on to be  
A greater *Fame* to our got Victory.

But now our Leaders want ; those Vessels lye  
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry ;  
And on their *Masts* where oft the *Ship-boy* stood,  
Or siluer *Trumpets* charm'd the brackish *Flood*,

\* *Plym-*  
*mouth.*

Some wearied Crow it fet; and daily feene  
 Their sides instead of pitch calk'd o're with greene:  
 Ill hap (alas) haue you that once were knowne  
 By reaping what was by *Iberia* sowne.  
 By bringing yealow sheaues from out their plaine,  
 Making our *Barnes* the *store-house* for their graine:  
 When now as if we wanted land to till,  
 Wherewith we might our vfelesse Souldiers fill:  
 Vpon their Hatches where halfe-pikes were borne,  
 In euery chinke rise stems of bearded corne:  
 Mocking our idle times that so haue wrought vs,  
 Or putting vs in minde what once they brought vs.  
 Beare with me Shepherds if I doe digresse,  
 And speake of what our selues doe not professe:  
 Can I behold a man that in the field,  
 Or at a breach hath taken on his Shield  
 \* *M. Scena.* More Darts then euer \* *Roman*; that hath spent  
 Many a cold *December* in no *Tent*  
 But such as *Earth* and *Heauen* make; that hath beene  
 Except in *Iron Plates* not long time seene;  
 Vpon whose body may be plainly told  
 More wounds then his lanke purse doth *almes-deeds* hold.  
 O! can I see this man (aduentring all)  
 Be onely grac'd with some poore *Hospitall*,  
 Or may be worse, intreating at his doore  
 For some reliefe whom he secur'd before,  
 And yet not shew my grieffe? First may I learne  
 To see, and yet forget how to discerne;  
 My hands neglectfull be at any need,  
 Or to defend my body, or to feed,  
 Ere I respect those times that rather giue him  
 Hundreds to punish, then one to relieue him.  
 As in an Euening when the gentle ayre  
 Breathes to the fullen night a soft repaire,  
 I oft haue set on *Thames* sweet banke to heare  
*My Friend* with his sweet touch to charme mine eare,

When he hath plaid (as well he can) some straine  
That likes me, freight I aske the same againe,  
And he as gladly granting, strikes it o're  
With some sweet relish was forgot before :  
I would haue beene content if he would play  
In that one straine to passe thenight away ;  
But fearing much to doe his patience wrong,  
Vnwillingly haue ask'd some other song.  
So in this differing *Key*, though I could well  
A many houres but as few minutes tell,  
Yet left mine owne delight might iniure you  
(Though loath so soone) I take my Song anew.

Yet as when I with other Swaines haue beene  
Invited by the Maidens of our greene  
To wend to yonder Wood, in time of yeare  
When Cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,  
He that with wreathed legs doth vpwards goe,  
Pluckes not alone for those which stand below ;  
But now and then is seene to picke a few  
To please himselfe as well as all his crew :  
Or if from where he is he doe espie  
Some *Apricocke* vpon a bough thereby,  
Which ouerhangs the tree on which he stands,  
Climbs vp and striues to take it with his hands :  
So if to please my selfe I somewhat sing,  
Let it not be to you lesse pleasuring.  
No thirst of glory tempts me : for my straines  
Besit poore Shepherds on the lowly Plaines ;  
The hope of riches cannot draw from me  
One line that tends to seruile flatterie,  
Nor shall the most in titles on the earth  
Blemish my *Muse* with an adulterate birth,  
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground  
Where nought substantiall can be euer found.  
No ; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit,  
With attributes fit for the most of merit,

Cloud their free *Muse* ; as when the *Sun* doth shine  
 On straw and durt mixt by the sweating *Hyne*,  
 It nothing gets from heapes so much impure  
 But noysome steames that doe his light obscure.

My free-borne *Muse* will not like *Danae* be,  
 Won with base drosse to clip with flauery ;  
 Nor lend her choiser Balme to worthlesse men,  
 Whose names would dye but for some hired pen.  
 No : if I praise, Vertue shall draw me to it,  
 And not a base procurement make me doe it.  
 What now I sing is but to passe away  
 A tedious houre, as some *Musitians* play ;  
 Or make another my owne griefes bemone ;  
 Or to be least alone when most alone.  
 In this can I as oft as I will choose,  
 Hug sweet content by my retired *Muse*,  
 And in a study finde as much to please  
 As others in the greatest *Pallaces*.  
 Each man that liues (according to his powre)  
 On what he loues bestowes an idle houre ;  
 In stead of *Hounds* that make the woodded hils  
 Talke in a hundred voyces to the Rils,  
 I like the pleasing cadence of a line  
 Strucke by the consort of the sacred *Nine*.  
 In lieu of *Hawkes*, the raptures of my soule  
 Transcend their pitch and baser earths controule.  
 For *running Horses*, Contemplation flies  
 With quickest speed to win the greatest prize.  
 For courtly *dancing* I can take more pleasure  
 To heare a Verse keepe time and equall measure.  
 For winning *Riches*, seeke the best directions  
 How I may well subdue mine owne affections.  
 For raising stately piles for heires to come,  
 Here in this *Poem* I erect my toombe.  
 And time may be so kinde in these weake lines  
 To keepe my *Name* enroll'd past his that shines

In guilded Marble, or in brazen leaves :  
 Since Verse preferres, when Stone & Braffe deceives.  
 Or if (as worthless) *Time* not lets it liue  
 To those full dayes which others *Muses* giue,  
 Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung  
 Of most seuerest eld, and kinder young  
 Beyond my daies ; and, maugre *Enuies* strife,  
 Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.

Such of the *Muses* are the able powres,  
 And since with them I spent my vacant houres,  
 I finde nor Hawke, nor Hound, nor other thing,  
 Turnies nor Reuels, pleasures for a King,  
 Yeeld more delight ; for I haue oft posselt  
 As much in this as all in all the rest,  
 And that without expence, when others oft  
 With their vndoings haue their pleasures bought.

On now, my loued *Muse*, and let vs bring  
*Thetis* to heare the *Cornish Michael* sing ;  
 And after him to see a Swaine vnfold  
 The Tragedie of *DRAKE* in leaves of gold.  
 Then heare another *GREENVILS* name relate,  
 Which times succeeding shall perpetuate,  
 And make those two the *Pillars* great of *Fame*,  
 Beyond whose worths shall neuer sound a Name,  
 Nor *Honour* in her euerlasting story  
 More deeper graue for all ensuing glory.

Now *Thetis* staies to heare the Shepherds tell  
 Where *Arthur* met his death, and *Mordred* fell :)  
 Of holy *Vrfula* (that fam'd her age)  
 With other Virgins in her pilgrimage :  
 And as she forwards steeres is showne the *Rocke*  
*Maine-Amber*, to be shooke with weakest shocke,  
 So equall is it poiz'd ; but to remoue  
 All strength would faile, and but an infants proue.  
 Thus while to please her some new Songs deuise,  
 And others *Diamonds* (shaped angle-wife,

And smooth'd by *Nature*, as she did impart  
 Some willing time to trim her selfe by *Art*)  
 Sought to present her and her happy crew :  
 She of the *Gulfe* and *Syllies* tooke a view.  
 And doubling then the point, made on away  
 Tow'rds goodly *Seuerne* and the *Irish Sea*,  
 There meets a Shepherd that began sing o're  
 The *Lay* which aged\* *Robert* sung of yore,  
 In praise of *England* and the deeds of Swaines  
 That whilome fed and rul'd vpon our plaines.  
 The *Brittish Bards* then were not long time mute,  
 But to their sweet *Harps* sung their famous *Brute* :  
 Striuing in spight of all the mists of eld,  
 To haue his *Story* more authenticke held.

\* *Robert* of  
*Glocester*.

Why should we enuy them those wreaths of *Fame* :  
 Being as proper to the *Troian* name,  
 As are the dainty flowres which *Flora* spreads  
 Vnto the *Spring* in the discoloured Meads ?  
 Rather afford them all the worth we may,  
 For what we giue to them adds to our Ray.  
 And, *Brittons*, thinke not that your glories fall,  
 Deriued from a meane originall ;  
 Since lights that may haue powre to check the darke,  
 Can haue their lustre from the smallest sparke.  
 " *Not from Nobilitie doth Vertue spring,*  
 " *But Vertue makes fit Nobles for a King.*  
 " *From highest nests are croaking Rauens borne,*  
 " *When sweetest Nightingales sit in the Thorne.*  
 From what low Fount soe're your beings are  
 (In softer peace and mighty brunts of warre)  
 Your owne worths challenge as triumphant *Bayes*  
 As euer *Troian* hand had power to raise.  
 And when I leaue my Musiques plainer ground,  
 The world shall know it from *Bellona's* found.  
 Nor shall I erre from *Truth* ; for what I write  
 She doth peruse, and helps me to indite.



The small conuerse which I haue had with some,  
 Branches which from those gallant trees haue come,  
 Doth what I sing in all their acts approue,  
 And with more daies increase a further loue.

As I haue seene the *Lady of the May*  
 Set in an Arbour (on a *Holy-day*)  
 Built by the *May-pole*, where the iocund Swaines  
 Dance with the Maidens to the *Bagpipes* straines,  
 When enuious Night commands them to be gone,  
 Call for the merry youngsters one by one,  
 And for their well performance soone disposes:  
 To this a Garland interwoue with Roses.  
 To that a carued Hooke or well-wrought Scrip,  
 Gracing another with her cherry lip:  
 To one her Garter, to another then  
 A Hand-kerchiefe cast o're and o're agen:  
 And none returneth emptie that hath spent  
 His paines to fill their rurall merriment:  
 So *Nereus* Daughter, when the Swaines had done  
 With an vnsparing, liberall hand begun  
 To giue to euery one that fung before,  
 Rich orient *Pearles* brought from her hidden store,  
 Red branching *Corrall*, and as precious *Iems*  
 As euer beautifide the *Diadems*:  
 That they might liue what chance their sheepe betide,  
 On her reward, yet leaue their heires beside.  
 Since when I think the world doth nothing giue them  
 As weening *Thetis* euer should relieue them.  
 And *Poets* freely spend a golden showre,  
 As they expected *Her* againe each houre.

Then with her thanks and praises for their skill  
 In tuning numbers of the sacred *Hill*.  
 She them dismist to their contented Coates;  
 And euery Swaine a feuerall passage floates  
 Vpon his *Dolphin*. Since whose safe repaire,  
 Those Fishes like a well composed ayre.

And (as in loue to men) are euer seene  
 Before a tempests rough regardlesse teene,  
 To swim high on the waues : as none should dare  
 Excepting fishes to aduenture there.

When these had left her, she draue on in pride  
 Her prouder Coursers through the swelling tyde,  
 To view the *Cambrian* Cliffes, and had not gone  
 An houres full speede, but neere a Rocke (whereon  
 Congealed frost and snow in *Summer* lay,  
 Seldome dissolued by *Hyperions* ray)  
 She saw a troope of people take their seat,  
 Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did beat  
 Their troubled breasts, in signe of mickle woe,  
 For those are actions grieffe inforceth to.  
 Willing to know the cause, somewhat neere hand  
 She spies an aged man sit by the strand,  
 Vpon a greene hill side (not meanly crown'd  
 With golden flowres, as chiefe of all the ground) :  
 By him a little Lad, his cunning heire,  
 Tracing greene Rushes for a Winter Chaire.  
 The old man while his sonne full neatly knits them  
 Vnto his worke begun, as trimly fits them.  
 Both so intending what they first propounded,  
 As all their thoughts by what they wrought were boüded.

To them *She* came, and kindly thus bespake :  
 Ye happy creatures, that your pleasures take  
 In what your needes inforce, and neuer aime  
 A limitleesse desire to what may maime  
 The settled quiet of a peacefull state,  
 Patience attend your labours ! And when Fate  
 Brings on the restfull night to your long daies,  
 Wend to the fields of blisse ! Thus *Thetis* prayes.

Faire *Queene*, to whom all dutious praise we owe,  
 Since from thy spacious *Cesterne* daily flow  
 (Repli'd the Swaine) refreshing streames that fill  
 Earth's dugs (the hillocks) so preferuing still

The infant grasse, when else our *Lambs* might bleat  
In vaine for fuke, whose *Dams* haue nought to eat :  
For these thy praiers we are doubly bound,  
And that these Cleeues should know ; but (ô) to sound  
My often mended Pipe presumption were,  
Since *Pan* would play if thou wouldst please to heare.  
The louder blasts which I was wont to blow  
Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know  
To touch halfe part those merry tunes I had.  
Yet if thou please to grace my little *Lad*  
With thy attention, he may somewhat strike  
Which thou from one so young maist chance to like.  
With that the little Shepherd left his taske,  
And with a blush (the *Roses* onely maske)  
Deni'd to sing. Ah father (quoth the Boy),  
How can I tune a seeming note of ioy ?  
The worke which you command me, I intend  
Scarce with a halfe bent minde, and therefore spend  
In doing little, now, an houre or two,  
Which I in lesfer time could neater doe.  
As oft as I with my more nimble ioints  
Trace the sharpe *Rushes* ends, I minde the points  
Which *Philocel* did giue ; and when I brush  
The prittie tuft that growes beside the rush,  
I neuer can forget (in yonder layre)  
How *Philocel* was wont to stroake my haire.  
No more shall I be tane vnto the Wake,  
Nor wend a fishing to the winding Lake,  
No more shall I be taught on siluer strings  
To learne the measures of our banquettings :  
The twisted Collers and the ringing Bels :  
The *Morrice Scarfes* and cleanest drinking shels  
Will neuer be renew'd by any one ;  
Nor shall I care for more when he is gone.  
See ! yonder hill where he was wont to sit,  
A cloud doth keepe the golden *Sun* from it,

And for his feat (as teaching vs) hath made  
 A mourning couering with a scowling shade.  
 The dew on euery flowre this morne hath laine  
 Longer then it was wont, this side the plaine ;  
 Belike they meane, since my best friend must die,  
 To shed their siluer drops as he goes by.  
 Not all this day here, nor in comming hither,  
 Heard I the sweet Birds tune their Songs together,  
 Except one *Nightingale* in yonder *Dell*  
 Sigh'd a sad *Elegie* for *Philocel* ;  
 Neere whom a *Wood-Doue* kept no small adoe,  
 To bid me in her language *Doe so too*,  
 The *Weathers* bell that leads our flocke around  
 Yeelds as me thinkes this day a deader found.  
 The little *Sparrowes* which in hedges creepe,  
 Ere I was vp did seeme to bid me weepe.  
 If these doe so, can I haue feeling lesse,  
 That am more apt to take and to expresse ?  
 No : let my owne tunes be the *Mandrakes* grone  
 If now they tend to mirth when all haue none.

My pritty Lad (quoth *Thetis*) thou dost well  
 To feare the losse of thy deere *Philocel*.  
 But tell me, *Sire*, what may that Shepherd be ?  
 Or if it lye in vs to set him free,  
 Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe  
 Vnder the selfe same load of sorrow goe.

Faire *Queene* (replide the Swaine) one is the cause  
 That moues our grieffe, & those kind shepherds draws  
 To yonder rocke. Thy more then mortall spirit  
 May giue a good beyond our power to merit.  
 And therefore please to heare while I shall tell  
 The haplesse *Fate* of hopelesse *Philocel*.

Whilome, great *Pan*, the Father of our flocks  
 Lou'd a faire lasse so famous for her locks,  
 That in her time all women first begun  
 To lay their loofer tresses to the *Sun*.

And theirs whose hew to hers was not agreeing,  
Were still roll'd vp as hardly worth the seeing.  
Fondly haue some beene led to thinke, that Man  
*Musiques* invention first of all began  
From the dull Hammers stroke; since well we know  
From sure tradition that hath taught vs so,  
*Pan* fitting once to sport him with his *Fayre*  
Mark'd the intention of the gentle ayre,  
In the sweet found her chaste words brought along,  
Fram'd by the repercussion of her tongue:  
And from that harmony begun the *Art*  
Which others (though vniustly) doe impart  
To bright *Apollo* from a meaner ground:  
A *sledge* or *parched nerues*; meane things to found  
So rare an Art on; when there might be giuen  
All earth for matter with the *gyre* of heauen.  
To keepe her slender fingers from the Sunne,  
*Pan* through the pastures oftentimes hath run  
To plucke the speckled *Fox-gloues* from their stem,  
And on those fingers neatly placed them.  
The *Hony-suckles* would he often strip,  
And lay their sweetnesse on her sweeter lip:  
And then as in reward of such his paine,  
Sip from those cherries some of it againe.  
Some say that *Nature*, while this louely Maid  
Liu'd on our plaines, the teeming earth araid  
With *Damaske Roses* in each pleasant place,  
That men might liken somewhat to her face.  
Others report: *Venus*, afraid her *sonne*  
Might loue a *mortall* as he once had done,  
Preferr'd an earnest fute to highest *Ioue*,  
That he which bore the winged shafts of loue,  
Might be debarr'd his fight, which *fute* was sign'd,  
And euer since the *God of Loue* is blinde.  
Hence is't he shoots his shafts so cleane awry:  
Men learne to loue when they should learne to dye.

And women, which before to loue began  
Man without wealth, loue wealth without a man.

Great *Pan* of his kinde *Nymph* had the imbracing  
Long, yet too short a time. For as in tracing  
These pithfull *Rushes*, such as are aloft  
By those that rais'd them presently are brought  
Beneath vnseene: So in the loue of *Pan*  
(For Gods in loue doe vndergoe as man),  
She whose affection made him raise his song,  
And (for her sport) the *Satyres* rude among  
Tread wilder measures then the frolike guests,  
That lift their light heeles at *Lyæus* feasts:  
*Shee* by the light of whose quick-turning eye  
He neuer read but of felicitie:  
She whose assurance made him more than *Pan*,  
Now makes him farre more wretched then a man.  
For mortals in their losse haue death a friend,  
When gods haue losses, but their losse no end.

It chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray,  
And blushing oft as rising to betray)  
Intic'd this louely Maiden from her bed  
(So when the *Roses* haue discovered  
Their taintlesse beauties, flies the early *Bee*  
About the winding *Allies* merrily.)  
Into the Wood, and 'twas her vsuall sport,  
Sitting where most harmonious Birds resort,  
To imitate their warbling in a quill  
Wrought by the hand of *Pan*, which she did fill  
Halfe full with water: and with it hath made  
The *Nightingale* (beneath a fullen shade)  
To chant her vtmost *Lay*, nay, to inuent  
New notes to passe the others instrument,  
And (harmelesse soule) ere she would leaue that strife,  
Sung her last song, and ended with her life.  
So gladly chusing (as doe other some)  
Rather to dye then liue and be o're come.

But as in *Autumne* (when birds cease their noates,  
 And stately Forrests d'on their *yealow coates* :  
 When *Ceres* golden locks are nearely shorne  
 And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne),  
 A little Lad set on a banke to fhale  
 The ripened Nuts pluck'd in a woody Vale,  
 Is frighted thence (of his deare life afeard)  
 By some wilde Bull lowd bellowing for the heard :  
 So while the *Nymph* did earnestly contest  
 Whether the Birds or she recorded best,  
 A Rauenous *Wolfe*, bent eager to his prey  
 Rush'd from a theeuish brake; and making way,  
 The twined Thornes did crackle one by one,  
 As if they gaue her warning to be gone.  
 A rougher gale bent downe the lashing boughes,  
 To beat the beast from what his hunger vowes.  
 When she (amaz'd) rose from her haplesse seat  
 (Small is resistance where the feare is great),  
 And striuing to be gone, with gaping iawes  
 The Wolfe pursues, and as his rending pawes  
 Were like to seise, a *Holly* bent betweene ;  
 For which good deed his leaues are euer greene.

Saw you a lusty *Mastine* at the *stake*,  
 Throwne from a cunning *Bull*, more fiercely make  
 A quicke returne? yet to prevent the goare  
 Or deadly bruize which he escap'd before,  
 Winde here and there, nay creepe if rightly bred,  
 And proffring otherwhere, fight still at head :  
 So though the stubborn boughes did thrust him back,  
 (For *Nature*, loath so rare a *Jewels* wracke,  
 Seem'd as she here and there had plash'd a tree,  
 If possible to hinder *Destiny*.)  
 The sauage Beast foaming with anger flies  
 More fiercely then before, and now he tries  
 By sleights to take the Maid; as I haue seene  
 A nimble *Tumbler* on a burrow'd greene,

Bend cleane awry his course, yet giue a checke  
 And throw himselfe vpon a *Rabbets* necke.  
 For as he hotly chas'd the Loue of *Pan*,  
 A heard of Deere out of a thicket ran,  
 To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant  
 To leaue the Maid, but when she swiftly bent  
 Her race downe to the Plaine, the swifter Deere  
 He soone forfooke. And now was got so neere  
 That (all in vaine) she turned to and fro  
 (As well she could) but not preuailing so,  
 Breathlesse and weary calling on her Loue  
 With fearefull shrikes that all the *Ecchoes* moue  
 (To call him to) she fell downe deadly wan,  
 And ends her sweet life with the name of *Pan*.

A youthfull *Shepherd* of the neighbour *Wold*,  
 Missing that morne a sheepe out of his *Fold*,  
 Carefully seeking round to finde his *stray*,  
 Came on the instant where this *Damsell* lay.  
 Anger and pittie in his manly brest  
 Vrge yet restraine his teares. Sweet Maid, posselt  
 (Quoth he) with lasting sleepe, accept from me  
 His end, who ended thy hard destinie!  
 With that his strong Dog of no dastard kinde  
 (Swift as the *Foales* conceiued by the winde)  
 He sets vpon the *Wolfe*, that now with speed  
 Flies to the neighbour-wood; and left a deed  
 So full of ruth should vnreuenged be,  
 The Shepherd followes too, so earnestly  
 Chearing his Dog, that he ne're turn'd againe  
 Till the curst Wolfe lay strangled on the plaine.

The ruin'd temple of her purer soule  
 The Shepherd buries. All the *Nymphs* condole  
 So great a losse, while on a *Cypresse* graffe  
 Neere to her graue they hung this *Epitaph*:



**L** East loathed age might spoile the worke in whom  
 All earth delighted, Nature tooke it home.  
 Or angry all hers else were carelesse deem'd,  
 Here did her best to haue the rest esteem'd.  
 For feare men might not thinke the Fates so crosse,  
 But by their rigour in as great a losse;  
 If to the graue there euer was assign'd  
 One like this Nymph in body and in minde,  
 We wish her here in balme not vainly spent,  
 To fit this Maiden with a Monument.  
 For Brass and Marble were they seated here.  
 Would fret or melt in teares to lye so neere.

Now *Pan* may fit and tune his Pipe alone  
 Among the wish'd shades, since she is gone,  
 Whose willing care allur'd him more to play,  
 Then if to heare him should *Apollo* stay.  
 Yet happy *Pan*! and in thy Loue more blest,  
 Whom none but onely death hath dispossess't;  
 While others loue as well, yet liue to be  
 Lesse wrong'd by Fate then by inconstancie.

The fable mantle of the silent night  
 Shut from the world the euer-iouysome light;  
 Care fled away, and softest slumbers please  
 To leaue the Court for lowly Cottages;  
 Wilde beasts forsooke their dens on wooddy hills,  
 And sleightfull *Otters* left the purling Rils;  
*Rookes* to their Nests in high woods now were flung  
 And with their spread wings shield their naked yong.  
 When theeues from thicketts to the crosse-ways stir,  
 And terror frights the loanely passenger.  
 When nought was heard but now & then the howle  
 Of some vilde Curre, or whooping of the Owle.  
*Pan*, that the day before was farre away  
 At shepherds sports, return'd; and as he lay

Within the bowre wherein he most delighted,  
 Was by a gasty vifion thus affrighted :  
 Heart-thrilling grones first heard he round his bowre,  
 And then the Schrich-owle with her vtmost powre  
 Labour'd her loathed note, the forrests bending  
 With winds, as *Hecate* had beene ascending.  
 Hereat his curled hayres on end doe rise,  
 And chilly drops trill o're his staring eyes.  
 Faine would he call, but knew not who, nor why,  
 Yet getting heart at last would vp and try  
 If any diuellish Hag were come abroad  
 With some kinde Mothers late deliuer'd load,  
 A ruthlesse bloody facrifice to make  
 To those infernall Powres that by the Lake  
 Of mighty *Styx* and blacke *Cocytus* dwell,  
 Aiding each Witches Charme and misticke Spell.  
 But as he rais'd himselfe within his bed,  
 A sudden light about his lodging spread,  
 And therewithall his *Loue*, all ashie pale  
 As euening mist from vp a watry Vale,  
 Appear'd ; and weakly neere his bed she prest,  
 A rauell'd wound distain'd her purer brest  
 (Brefts softer farre then tufts of vnwrought filke):  
 Whence had she liu'd to giue an infant milke,  
 The vertue of that liquor (without ods)  
 Had made her babe immortall as the Gods.  
*Pan* would haue spoke, but him she thus preunts :  
 Wonder not that the troubled Elements  
 Speake my approach ; I draw no longer breath,  
 But am inforced to the shades of death.  
 My exequies are done, and yet before  
 I take my turne to be transported o're  
 The neather floods among the shades of *Dis*  
 To end my journey in the fields of blisse :  
 I come to tell thee that no humane hand  
 Made me seeke waftage on the *Stygian* strand ;

It was an hungry *Wolfe* that did imbrue  
Himselfe in my last blood. And now I fue  
In hate to all that kinde, and shepherds good  
To be reuenged on that curfed brood.

*Pan* vow'd, and would haue clipt her, but she fled,  
And as she came, so quickly vanished.

Looke as a well-growne stately headed *Bucke*  
But lately by the *Wood-mans* arrow strucke,  
Runs gadding o're the Lawnes, or nimble fraies  
Among the combrous Brakes a thousand wayes,  
Now through the high-wood scowres, then by the brooks,  
On euery hill side, and each vale he looks,  
If 'mongst their store of simples may be found  
An hearbe to draw and heale his smarting wound,  
But when he long hath fought, and all in vaine,  
Steales to the Couert closely backe againe,  
Where round ingirt with Ferne more highly sprung,  
Striues to appease the raging with his tongue,  
And from the speckled Heard absents him till  
He be recouer'd somewhat of his ill:  
So wounded *Pan* turnes in his restlesse bed,  
But finding thence all ease abandoned,  
He rose, and through the wood distracted runs:  
Yet carries with him what in vaine he shuns.  
Now he exclaim'd on Fate: and wisht he ne're  
Had mortall lou'd, or that he mortall were.  
And sitting lastly on an Oakes bare trunke  
(Where raine in Winter stood long time vnfunke)  
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light  
That through the boughes flew from the Queene of night,  
(As giuing him occasion to repine)  
Bewraid an *Elme* imbraced by a *Vine*,  
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to be  
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one tree,  
Her boughes his armes, his leaues so mixt with hers,  
That with no winde he mou'd, but streight she stirs.

As shewing all should be, whom loue combinde :  
 In motion one, and onely two in kinde.  
 This more afflicts him while he thinketh most  
 Not on his losse, but on the substance lost.  
 O haplesse *Pan*, had there but beene one by,  
 To tell thee (though as poore a Swaine as I)  
 Though (whether casuall meanes or death doe moue)  
 " We part not without grieffe things held with loue :  
 " Yet in their losse some comfort may be got  
 " If we doe minde the time we had them not.  
 This might haue lessen'd somewhat of thy paine,  
 Or made thee loue as thou mightst loofe againe.  
 If thou the best of women didst forgoe,  
 Weigh if thou foundst her, or did'st make her so ;  
 If she were found so, know there's more then one ;  
 If made, the *Worke-man* liues, though she be gone.  
 Should from mine eyes the light be tane away,  
 Yet night her pleasures hath as well as day ;  
 And my desires to heauen yeeld lesse offence,  
 Since blindnesse is a part of Innocence.  
 So though thy Loue sleepe in eternall night,  
 Yet there's in loannesse somewhat may delight.  
 Instead of dalliance, partnership in woes  
 It wants, the care to keepe, and feare to lose.  
 For ieaalousies and fortunes baser pelfe,  
 He rest inioyes that well inioyes himselfe.

Had some one told thee thus, or thou bethought thee  
 Of inward helpe, thy sorrow had not brought thee  
 To weigh misfortune by anothers good :  
 Nor leaue thy feat to range about the wood.  
 Stay where thou art, turne where thou wert before,  
 Light yeelds small comfort, nor hath darknesse more.

A woody hill there stood, at whose low feet  
 Two goodly streames in one broad channell meet,  
 Whose fretfull waues beating against the hill,  
 Did all the bottome with soft muttrings fill.

Here in a nooke made by another mount,  
 (Whose stately Oakes are in no lesse account  
 For height or spreading, then the proudest be  
 That from *Oëta* looke on *Theffaly*)  
 Rudely o'rehung there is a vaulted Caue,  
 That in the day as fullen shadowes gaue,  
 As Euening to the woods. An vncouth place,  
 (Where Hags and Goblins might retire a space)  
 And hated now of Shepherds, since there lies  
 The corps of one (lesse louing Deities  
 Then we affected him) that neuer lent  
 His hand to ought but to our detriment.  
 A man that onely liu'd to liue no more,  
 And di'd still to be dying. Whose chiefe store  
 Of vertue was, his hate did not pursue her,  
 Because he onely heard of her, not knew her;  
 That knew no good, but onely that his sight  
 Saw euery thing had still his opposite;  
 And euer this his apprehension caught,  
 That what he did was best, the other naught;  
 That alwaies lou'd the man that neuer lou'd,  
 And hated him whose hate no death had mou'd;  
 That (politique) at fitting time and season  
 Could hate the Traitor, and yet loue the Treafon;  
 That many a wofull heart (ere his decease)  
 In peeces tore to purchase his owne peace;  
 Who neuer gaue his almes but in this fashion,  
 To salue his credit, more then for saluation;  
 Who on the names of good-men euer fed,  
 And (most accurfed) sold the poore for bread.  
 Right like the *Pitch-tree*, from whose any limbe  
 Comes neuer twig, shall be the seed of him.  
 The *Muses* scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,  
 And neuer will vouchsafe to speake his Name.  
 Let no man for his losse one teare let fall,  
 But perish with him his memorial!

Into this caue the God of Shepherds went ;  
 The Trees in grones, the Rocks in teares lament  
 His fatall chance : the Brookes that whilome left  
 To heare him play while his faire Mistresse slept,  
 Now left their *Eddyes* and such wanton moods,  
 And with loud clamours fild the neighbring woods.  
 There spent he most of night: but when the day  
 Drew from the earth her pitchie vaile away,  
 When all the flowry plaines with Carols rung  
 That by the mounting Larke were shrilly fung,  
 When dusky mists rose from the crytall floods,  
 And darknesse no where raign'd but in the woods ;  
*Pan* left the Caue, and now intends to finde  
 The sacred place where lay his loue enshrinde :  
 A plot of earth, in whose chill armes was laid  
 As much perfection as had euer Maid ;  
 If curious *Nature* had but taken care  
 To make more lasting, what she made so faire.

Now wanders *Pan* the arched Groues, and hils  
 Where *Fayeries* often danc'd, and Shepherds quilts  
 In sweet contentions pass'd the tedious day :  
 Yet (being early) in his vnknowne way  
 Met not a Shepherd, nor on all the Plaine  
 A Flocke then feeding saw, nor of his traine  
 One iolly *Satyre* stirring yet abroad,  
 Of whom he might inquire ; this to the load  
 Of his affliction addes. Now he inuokes  
 Those \* *Nymphs* in mighty Forrests, that with *Oakes*  
 Haue equall *Fates*, each with her feuerall Tree  
 Receiuing birth, and ending Destinie :  
 Cals on all Powres, intreats that he might haue  
 But for his Loue the knowledge of her graue ;  
 That since the *Fates* had tane the *Iem* away,  
 He might but see the Caronet where it lay,  
 To doe fit right to such a part of mold,  
 Couering so rare a piece that all the *Gold*

\* *Hamadriades*.

Or *Diamond Earth* can yeeld, for value ne're  
Shall match the treafure which was hidden there !

A hunting *Nymph* awakned with his mone,  
(That in a bowre neere-hand lay all alone,  
Twining her small armes round her slender waste,  
That by no others vs'd to be imbrac'd)  
Got vp, and knowing what the day before  
Was guiltie of; she addes not to his store  
As many simply doe, whose friends so crost  
They more afflict by shewing what is lost.  
But bad him follow her. He, as she leads,  
Vrgeth her haft. So a kinde mother treads  
Earnest, distracted, where with bloud defil'd  
She heares lyes dead her deere and onely childe.  
Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,  
" For *Speed* comes euer lamely to *Desire*.

*Delays*, the *stones* that waiting *Suiters* grind,  
By whom at *Court* the poore mans *cause* is sign'd.  
Who to dispatch a *suit*, will not deferre  
To take death for a *ioynt Commissioner*.  
*Delay*, the *Wooers* bane, *Reuenges* hate,  
The plague to *Creditors* decaid estate,  
The *Test* of *Patience*, of our *Hopes* the *Racke*,  
That draws them forth so long vntill they cracke :  
Vertues best benefactor in our times,  
*One* that is fet to punish great mens crimes,  
*She* that had hindred mighty *Pan* a while,  
Now steps aside : and as ore-flowing *Nyle*  
Hid from *Clymene's* sonne his reeking head  
So from his rage all opposition fled,  
Giuing him way to reach the timelesse *Toombe*  
Of *Natures* glory, for whose ruthlesse doome  
(When all the *Graces* did for mercy pleade,  
And *Youth* and *Goodnesse* both did intercede)  
The *Sons of Earth* (if liuing) had beene driuen  
To heape on hils, and warre anew with heauen.

The Shepherds which he mist vpon the Downes  
 Here meets he with: for from the neighbring Townes  
 Maidens and Men resorted to the graue  
 To see a wonder more then time e're gaue.

The holy Priests had told them long agoe  
 Amongst the learned Shepherds there was *one*  
 So giuen to pietie, and did adore  
 So much the name of *Pan*, that when no more  
 He breath'd, those that to ope his heart began,  
 Found written there with gold the name of *Pan*.  
 Which vnbeleeuing man that is not mou'd  
 To credit ought, if not by reason prou'd,  
 And ties the ouer-working powre to doe  
 Nought otherwise then *Nature* reacheth to,  
 Held as most fabulous: Not inly seeing,  
 The hand by whom we liue, and All haue being,  
 No worke for admirable doth intend,  
 Which *Reason* hath the powre to comprehend,  
 And *Faith* no merit hath from heauen lent  
 Where humane reason yeelds experiment.  
 Till now they durst not trust the *Legend* old,  
 Esteeming all not true their *Elders* told,  
 And had not this last accident made good  
 The former, most in vnbeliefe had stood.

But *Fame* that spread the bruit of such a wonder,  
 Bringing the Swaine[s] of places farre a sunder  
 To this selected plot (now famous more  
 Then any Groue, Mount, Plaine, had bin before  
 By relicke, vision, buriall or birth  
 Of *Anchoreesse*, or *Hermit* yet on earth):  
 Out of the Maidens bed of endlesse rest  
 Shewes them a *Tree* new growne, so fairely drest  
 With spreading armes and curled top that *Ioue*  
 Ne're brauer saw in his *Dodonian* Groue;  
 The hart-like leaues oft each with other pyle,  
 As doe the hard scales of the *Crocodyle*;



And none on all the tree was seene but bore  
 Written thereon in rich and purest Ore  
 The name of *Pan*; whose lustre farre beyond  
 Sparkl'd, as by a Torch the *Dyamond*;  
 Or those bright *spangles* which, faire *Goddesse*, doe  
 Shine in the haire of these which follow you.

The Shepherds by direction of great *Pan*  
 Search'd for the root, and finding it began  
 In her true heart, bids them againe inclose  
 What now his eyes for euer, euer lose.

Now in the selfe-fame Spheare his thoughts must moue  
 With\* him that did the shady *Plane-tree* loue.

\* *Xerxes.*

Yet though no issue from her loines shall be  
 To draw from *Pan* a noble *peddgree*,  
 And *Pan* shall not, as other *Gods* haue done,  
 Glory in deeds of an heroicke Sonne,  
 Nor haue his Name in Countries neere and farre  
 Proclaim'd, as by his Childe the *Thunderer* :  
 If *Phæbus* on this Tree spread warming rayes,  
 And Northerne blasts kill not her tender sprayes,  
 His Loue shall make him famous in repute,  
 And still increase his Name, yet beare no fruit.

To make this sure (the God of Shepherds last,  
 When other Ceremonies were o're past),  
 And to performe what he before had vow'd  
 To dire Reuenge, thus spake vnto the crow'd :  
 What I haue lost, kinde Shepherds, all you know,  
 And to recount it were to dwell in woe :  
 To shew my passion in a *Funerall Song*,  
 And with my sorrow draw your sighes along.  
 Words, then, well plac'd might challenge somewhat due,  
 And not the cause alone, win teares from you.  
 This to preuent, I set *Orations* by  
 " For passion seldome loues formalitie.  
 What profits it a prisoner at the Barre,  
 To haue his iudgement spoken regular ?

Or in the prison heere it often read,  
 When he at first knew what was forfeited ?  
 Our griefes in others teares, like plates in water,  
 Seeme more in quantitie. To be relator  
 Of my mishaps, speaks weaknesse, and that I  
 Haue in my selfe no powre of remedy.

Once (yet that once too often) heretofore  
 The siluer *Ladon* on his sandy shore  
 Heard my complaints, and those coole groues that be  
 Shading the brest of louely *Arcady*

Witnesse the teares which I for *Syrinx* spent :  
*Syrinx* the faire, from whom the instrument  
 That fills your feasts with ioy (which when I blow  
 Drawes to the sagging dug milke white as snow),  
 Had his beginning. This enough had bene  
 To shew the *Fates* (my\* deemed sisters) teene.

\* *Pronapis*  
 in suo *Proto-*  
*cosmo.*

Here had they staid, this Adage had bene none :

“ That our disasters neuer come alone.  
 What boot is it though I am said to be  
 The worthy sonne of winged *Mercury* ?  
 That I with gentle *Nymphs* in Forrests high  
 Kist out the sweet time of my infancie ?  
 And when more yeeres had made me able growne,  
 Was through the Mountains for their leader known ?  
 That high-brow'd *Menalus* where I was bred,  
 And stony hils not few haue honoured  
 Me as protector by the hands of Swaines,  
 Whose sheepe retire there from the open plaines ?

† *Apollonius*  
*Smyrnæus.*

That I in Shepherds cups (†reiecting gold)  
 Of milke and honie measures eight times told  
 Haue offred to me, and the ruddy wine  
 Fresh and new pressed from the bleeding Vine ?  
 That gleeesome *Hunters* pleased with their sport  
 With sacrifices due haue thank'd me for't ?  
 That patient *Anglers* standing all the day  
 Neere to some shallow stickele or deepe bay,

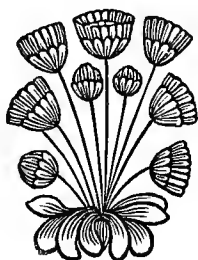
And *Fishermen* whose nets haue drawne to land  
 A shoale so great it well-nye hides the sand,  
 For such successe some *Promontories* head  
 Thrust at by waues, hath knowne me worshipped?  
 But to increase my grieffe, what profits this,  
 "Since still the losse is as the loofer is?"

The many-kernell-bearing *Pyne* of late  
 From all trees else to me was consecrate,  
 But now behold a root more worth my loue,  
 Equall to that which in an obscure Groue  
 Infernall *Iuno* proper takes to her:  
 Whose golden slip the *Troian wanderer*  
 (By sage *Cumæan Sybil* taught) did bring  
 (By *Fates* decreed) to be the warranting  
 Of his free passage, and a safe repaire  
 Through darke *Auernus* to the vpper ayre.  
 This must I succour, this must I defend,  
 And from the wilde Boares rooting euer shend.  
 Here shall the *Wood-pecker* no entrance finde,  
 Nor *Tiuy's Beuers* gnaw the clothing rinde,  
*Lambeders* Heard, nor *Radnors* goodly Deere  
 Shall neuer once be seene a browsing here.  
 And now, ye *Brittish* Swains (whose harmeleffe sheepe  
 Then all the worlds besides I ioy to keepe,  
 Which spread on euery Plaine and hilly Wold  
 Fleeces no lesse esteem'd then that of *Gold*,  
 For whose exchange one *Indy Iems* of price,  
 The other giues you of her choicest *spice*.  
 And well she may; but we vnwise the while  
 Lessen the glory of our fruitfull *Ile*,  
 Making those Nations thinke we foolish are  
 For baser Drugs to vent our richer ware,  
 Which (saue the bringer) neuer profit man  
 Except the *Sexton* and *Physitian*.  
 And whether change of *Clymes* or what it be  
 That proues our *Mariners* mortalitie,

Such expert men are spent for such bad *fares*  
 As might haue made vs *Lords* of what is *theirs*—  
 Stay, stay at home, ye Nobler spirits, and prise  
 Your liues more high then such base trumperies:  
 Forbeare to fetch, and they'le goe neere to sue,  
 And at your owne doores offer them to you;  
 Or haue their woods and plaines so ouergrowne  
 With poisonous weeds, roots, gums & seeds vnknown,  
 That they would hire such *Weeders* as you be  
 To free their land from such fertilitie.  
 Their Spices hot their nature best indures,  
 But 'twill impaire and much distemper yours.  
 What our owne soyle affords befits vs best,  
 And long, and long, for euer, may we rest  
 Needleffe of helpe! and may this *Ile* alone  
 Furnish all other Lands, and this Land none!

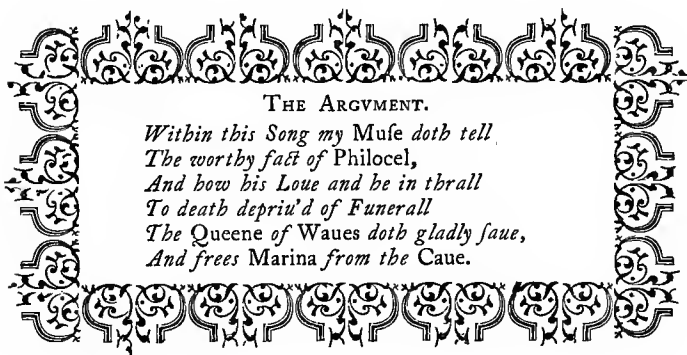
Excuse me, *Thetis*, quoth the aged man,  
 If passion drew me from the words of *Pan*,  
 Which thus I follow: You whose flocks, quoth he,  
 By my protection quit your industry,  
 For all the good I haue and yet may giue  
 To such as on the Plaines hereafter liue,  
 I doe intreat what is not hard to grant,  
 That not a hand rend from this holy Plant  
 The smallest branch; and who so cutteth this  
 Dye for th' offence; to me so hainous 'tis.  
 And by the *Floods infernall* here I sweare,  
 (An oath whose breach the greatest Gods forbeare)  
 Ere *Phæbe* thrice twelue times shall fill her hornes  
 No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes  
 Shall harbour *Wolfe*, nor in this Ile shall breed,  
 Nor liue one of that kinde: if what's decreed  
 You keepe inuiolate. To this they swore:  
 And since those beasts haue frightened vs no more.  
 But Swaine (quoth *Thetis*), what is this you tell,  
 To what you feare shall fall on *Philocel*?

Faire *Queene*, attend ; but oh I feare, quoth he,  
Ere I haue ended my fad Hiftorie,  
Vnftaying time may bring on his laft houre,  
And fo defraud vs of thy wifhed powre.  
Yond goes a Shepherd : giue me leaue to run  
And know the time of execution,  
Mine aged limbs I can a little fraine,  
And quickly come (to end the reft) againe.





## THE FIFTH SONG.



## THE ARGUMENT.

*Within this Song my Muse doth tell,  
 The worthy fact of Philocel,  
 And how his Loue and he in thrall  
 To death depriu'd of Funerall  
 The Queene of Waues doth gladly saue,  
 And frees Marina from the Caue.*



O soone as can a *Martin* from our Towne  
 Fly to the Riuer vnderneath the Down,  
 And backe returne with mortar in her bill,  
 Some little cranny in her nest to fill,  
 The Shepherd came. And thus began anew :  
 Two houres alas, onely two houres are due  
 From time to him, t'is sentenc'd so of those  
 That here on earth as *Destinies* dispose  
 The liues and deaths of men ; and that time past  
 He yeelds his iudgement leaue and breaths his last.  
 But to the cause. *Great Goddesse*, vnderstand  
 In *Mona-Ile* thrust from the *Brittish* land,  
 As (since it needed nought of others store)  
 It would intire be and a part no more,  
 There liu'd a *Maid* so faire, that for her sake  
 Since she was borne the Ile had neuer Snake,

Nor were it fit a deadly thing should be  
To hazard such admired *Symmetrie*:  
So many beauties so commixt in one,  
That all delight were dead if she were gone.  
Shepherds that in her cleare eyes did delight,  
Whilst they were open neuer held it night:  
And were they shut, although the morning gray  
Call'd vp the *Sun*, they hardly thought it day.  
Or if they call'd it so, they did not passe  
Withall to say that it eclipsed was.  
The *Roses* on her cheekes, such as each turne  
*Phæbus* might kisse, but had no powre to burne.  
From her sweet lips distill sweets sweeter doe,  
Then from a Cherry halfe way cut in two:  
Whose yeelding touch would, as *Promethian* fire,  
Lumps truly senslesse with a *Muse* inspire;  
Who praising her would youth's desire so firre,  
Each man in minde should be a rauisher.  
Some say the nimble-witted *Mercury*  
Went late disguis'd professing *Palmistrie*,  
And *Milk-maids* fortunes told about the Land,  
Onely to get a touch of her soft hand.  
And that a Shepherd walking on the brim  
Of a cleare streame where she did vse to swim,  
Saw her by chance, and thinking she had beene  
Of Chastitie the pure and fairest Queene,  
Stole thence dismaid, left he by her decree  
Might vndergoe *Aeteons* destinie.  
Did youths kinde heat inflame me (but the snow  
Vpon my head shewes it coold long agoe),  
I then could giue (fitting so faire a feature)  
Right to her fame, and fame to such a creature.  
When now much like a man the *Palse* shakes  
And spectacles befriend, yet vndertakes  
To limne a Lady, to whose red and white  
*Apelles* curious hand would owe some right:

His too vnsteady Pencil shadowes here  
 Somewhat too much, and giues not ouer cleere ;  
 His eye deceiu'd mingles his colours wrong,  
 There strikes too little, and here staies too long,  
 Does and vndoes, takes off, puts on (in vaine)  
 Now too much white, then too much red againe ;  
 And thinking then to giue some speciall grace,  
 He workes it ill, or so mistakes the place,  
 That she which fits were better pay for nought,  
 Then haue it ended, and so lamely wrought.  
 So doe I in this weake description erre ;  
 And struing more to grace, more iniure her.  
 For euer where true worth for praise doth call,  
 He rightly nothing giues that giues not all.  
 But as a Lad who learning to diuide,  
 By one small misse the whole hath falsified.  
*Cælia* men call'd, and rightly call'd her so :  
 Whom *Philocel* (of all the Swaines I know  
 Most worthy) lou'd : alas ! that Ioue should be  
 Subiect to fortunes mutabilitie !  
 What euer learned *Bards* to fore haue sung,  
 Or on the Plaines Shepherds and Maidens young,  
 Of sad mishaps in loue are set to tell,  
 Comes short to match the Fate of *Philocel*.

For as a *Labourer* toying at a *Bay*  
 To force some cleere streame from his wonted way,  
 Working on this side sees the water run  
 Where he wrought last, and thought it firmly done ;  
 And that leake stopt, heares it come breaking out  
 Another where, in a farre greater spout,  
 Which mended to, and with a turfe made trim,  
 The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brim :  
 Or in the banke the water hauing got,  
 Some Mole-hole, runs where he expected not :  
 And when all's done, still feares lest some great raine  
 Might bring a flood and throw all downe againe :



So in our Shepherds loue: one hazard gone,  
 Another still as bad was comming on.  
 This danger past, another doth begin,  
 And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.  
 For he that loues, and in it hath no stay,  
 Limits his blisse feld' past the Marriage day.

But *Philocels*, alas, and *Cælia's* too  
 Must ne're attaine so farre as others doe.  
 Else *Fortune* in them from her course should swerue,  
 Who most afflicts those that most good deserue.

Twice had the glorious *Sun* run through the *Signes*,  
 And with his kindly heat improu'd the Mines,  
 (As such affirme with certaine hopes that try  
 The vaine and fruitlesse Art of *Alchymie*)  
 Since our Swaine lou'd: and twice had *Phæbus* bin  
 In horned *Aries* taking vp his Inne,  
 Ere he of *Cælia's* heart possession won;  
 And since that time all his intentions done  
 Nothing to bring her thence. All eyes vpon her  
 Watchfull, as *Vertues* are on truest *Honour*:  
 Kept on the Ile as carefully of some,  
 As by the *Troians* their *Palladium*.

But where's the *Fortresse* that can *Loue* debar?  
 The *forces* to oppose when he makes war?  
 The *Watch* which he shall neuer finde asleepe?  
 The *Spye* that shall disclose his counsels deepe?  
 That *Fort*, that *Force*, that *Watch*, that *Spye* would be  
 A lasting stop to a *fifth Emperie*.  
 But we as well may keepe the heat from fire  
 As feuer hearts whom loue hath made intire.

In louely *May* when *Titans* golden raies  
 Make ods in houres betweene the nights and daies,  
 And weigheth almost downe the once-euen Scale  
 Where night and day by th' *Æquinoctiall*  
 Were laid in ballance, as his powre he bent  
 To banish *Cynthia* from her Regiment,

To *Latmus* stately *Hill*, and with his light  
 To rule the vpper world both day and night :  
 Making the poore *Antipodes* to feare  
 A like coniunction 'twixt great *Iupiter*  
 And some *Alc'mena* new, or that the *Sun*  
 From their *Horizon* did obliquely run :  
 This time the *Swaines* and *Maidens* of the *Ile*  
 The day with sportiue dances doe beguile,  
 And euery Valley rings with shepherds songs,  
 And euery *Eccho* each sweet noat prolongs,  
 And euery Riuer with vnusuall pride  
 And dimpled cheeke rowles sleeping to the tide ;  
 And lesser springs, which *ayrie*-breeding Woods  
 Preferre as hand-maids to the mighty floods,  
 Scarce fill vp halfe their channels, making haste  
 (In feare, as boyes) lest all the sport be past.

Now was the *Lord* and *Lady* of the *May*  
 Meeting the *May-pole* at the breake of day,  
 And *Cælia*, as the fairest on the Greene,  
 Not without some Maids enuy chosen *Queene*.  
 Now was the time com'n, when our gentle Swaine  
 Must inne his haruest or lose all againe.  
 Now must he plucke the *Rose* least other hands,  
 Or tempests, blemish what so fairely stands :  
 And therefore as they had before decreed,  
 Our shepherd gets a Boat, and with all speed  
 In night (that doth on Louers actions smile)  
 Arriued safe on *Mona's* fruitfull *Ile*.

Betweene two rocks (immortall, without mother)  
 That stand as if out-facing one another,  
 There ran a *Creeke* vp, intricate and blinde,  
 As if the waters hid them from the winde ;  
 Which neuer wash'd but at a higher tyde  
 The frizled coats which doe the Mountaines hide ;  
 Where neuer gale was longer knowne to stay  
 Then from the smooth waue it had swept away

The new diuorced leaues, that from each side  
 Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tide.  
 At further end the *Creeke*, a stately Wood  
 Gaue a kinde shadow (to the brackish Flood)  
 Made vp of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe  
 Then that sky-scaling *Pike of Tenerife*,  
 Vpon whose tops the *Hernesheew* bred her young,  
 And hoary mosse vpon their branches hung :  
 Whose rugged rindes sufficient were to shew  
 Without their height, what time they gan to grow.  
 And if dry eld by wrinckled skin appeares,  
 None could allot them lesse then *Nestor's* yeeres.  
 As vnder their command the thronged *Creeke*  
 Ran lessened vp. Here did the Shepherd seeke  
 Where he his little Boat might safely hide,  
 Till it was fraught with what the world beside  
 Could not outvalew ; nor giue equall weight  
 Though in the time when *Greece* was at her height.

The ruddy Horses of the *Rosie morne*  
 Out of the Easterne gates had newly borne  
 Their blushing *Mistresse* in her golden Chaire,  
 Spreading new light throughout our *Hemispheare*.  
 When fairest *Cælia* with a louelier crew  
 Of *Damsels* then braue *Latmus* euer knew  
 Came forth to meet the *Youngsters*, who had here  
 Cut downe an *Oake* that long withouten peere  
 Bore his round head imperiously about  
 His other Mates there, consecrate to *Ioue*.  
 The wished time drew on : and *Cælia* now  
 (That had the same for her white arched brow)  
 While all her louely fellowes busied were  
 In picking off the Iems from *Tellus* haire,  
 Made tow'rds the *Creeke*, where *Philocel* vnspide,  
 (Of Maid or Shepherd that their May-games plide)  
 Receiu'd his wish'd-for *Cælia*, and begun  
 To steere his Boat contrary to the *Sun*,

Who could haue wish'd another in his place  
 To guide the Carre of light, or that his race  
 Were to haue end (so he might blesse his hap)  
 In *Cælia's* bosome, not in *Thetis* lap.  
 The Boat oft danc'd for ioy of what it held :  
 The hoist-*vp* Saile, not quicke but gently sweld,  
 And often shooke, as fearing what might fall,  
 Ere she deliuer'd what she went withall.  
 Winged\* *Argestes*, faire *Aurora's* sonne,  
 Licenc'd that day to leaue his Dungeon,  
 Meekly attended and did neuer erre,  
 Till *Cælia* grac'd our Land and our Land her.  
 As through the waues their loue-fraught Wherry ran,  
 A many *Cupids*, each set on his *Swan*,  
 Guided with reines of gold and siluer twift  
 The spotlesse Birds about them as they list :  
 Which would haue fung a *Song* (ere they were gone),  
 Had vnkinde *Nature* giuen them more then one ;  
 Or in bestowing that had not done wrong,  
 And made their sweet liues forfeit one sad song.

Yet that their happy Voyage might not be  
 Without *Times* shortner, *Heauen-taught Melodie*  
 (*Musicke* that lent feet to the stable Woods,  
 And in their currents turn'd the mighty Floods :  
 Sorrowes sweet Nurfe, yet keeping Ioy aliue :  
 Sad discontent's most welcome Corrasiuve :  
 The soule of Art, best lou'd when Loue is by :  
 The kinde inspirer of sweet *Poesie*,  
 Left thou should'ft wanting be, when Swans would faine  
 Haue fung one Song, and neuer fung againe)  
 The gentle Shepherd hasting to the shore  
 Began this *Lay*, and tim'd it with his Oare :

**N** Euer more let holy Dee  
 O're other Riuers braue,  
 Or boast how (in his iollitie)  
 Kings row'd vpon his waue.

\* The Westerne winde. And supposed (with the Starres) the birth of *Aurora* by *Astræa*, as *Apollodorus* :  
 'Ὁὕς δὲ καὶ Ἀστραίων ἀνεμοὶ καὶ ἄστρα.

*But silent be, and euer know  
That Neptune for my Fare would row.*

*Those were Captiues. If he say  
That now I am no other,  
Yet she that beares my prisons key  
Is fairer then Loues Mother ;  
A God tooke me, those, one lesse high :  
They wore their bonds, so doe not I.*

*Swell then, gently swell, yee Floods,  
As proud of what yee beare,  
And Nymphs, that in low corral Woods  
String Pearles vpon your haire,  
Ascend: and tell if ere this day  
A fairer prize was seene at Sea.*

*See, the Salmons leape and bound  
To please vs as we passe,  
Each Mermaid on the Rocks around,  
Lets fall her brittle glasse,  
As they their beauties did despise,  
And lou'd no mirrour but your eyes.*

*Blow, but gently blow, faire winde ;  
From the forsaken shore,  
And be as to the Halcyon kinde,  
Till we haue ferry'd o're :  
So maist thou still haue leaue to blow,  
And fan the way where she shall goe.*

*Floods, and Nymphs, and Winds, and all  
That see vs both together,  
Into a disputation fall,  
And then resolue me whether  
The greatest kindnesse each can show,  
Will quit our trust of you or no.*

Thus as a merry *Milke-maid* neat and fine,  
 Returning late from milking of her Kine,  
 Shortens the dew'd way which she treads along  
 With some selfe-pleasing-since-new-gotten Song,  
 The Shepherd did their passage well beguile.

And now the horned *Flood* bore to our *Ile*  
 His head more high then he had vs'd to doe,  
 Except by *Cynthia's* newnesse forced to.  
 Not *Ianuaries* snow dissolu'd in Floods  
 Makes *Thamar* more intrude on *Blanchden* Woods,  
 Nor the concourse of waters where they fleet  
 After a long Raine, and in *Seuerne* meet,  
 Rais'th her iraged head to root faire Plants,  
 Or more affright her nigh inhabitants,  
 (When they behold the waters rufully,  
 And saue the waters nothing else can see)  
 Then *Neptune's* subiect now, more then of yore :  
 As loth to set his burden soone on shore.

O *Neptune!* hadst thou kept them still with thee,  
 Though both were lost to vs and such as we,  
 And with those beautious birds which on thy breast  
 Get and bring vp, afforded them a rest,  
*Delos* that long time wandring peece of earth  
 Had not beene fam'd more for *Diana's* birth,  
 Then those few planks that bore them on the Seas,  
 By the blest issue of two such as these.

But they were landed: so are not our woes,  
 Nor euer shall, whil't from an eye there flowes  
 One drop of moisture; to these present times  
 We will relate, and some sad Shepherds rimes  
 To after ages may their *Fates* make knowne,  
 And in their depth of forrow drowne his owne.  
 So our Relation and his mournfull Verse  
 Of teares shall force such tribute to their *Herse*,  
 That not a priuate grieffe shall euer thriue  
 But in that deluge fall, yet this suruiue.

Two furlongs from the shore they had not gone,  
 When from a low-caft Valley (hauing on  
 Each hand a woody hill, whose boughes vnlopt  
 Haue not alone at all time sadly dropt,  
 And turn'd their stormes on her deiefted brest,  
 But when the fire of heauen is ready preft  
 To warme and further what it should bring forth,  
 For lowly Dales mate Mountaines in their worth,  
 The Trees (as screenlike *Greatneffe*) shades his raye,  
 As it should shine on none but such as they)—  
 Came (and full sadly came) a haplesse *Wretch*,  
 Whose walkes & pastures once were known to stretch  
 From *East* to *West* so farre that no dike ran  
 For noted *bounds*, but where the *Ocean*  
 His wrathful billowes thrust, and grew as great  
 In sholes of fish as were the others Neat :  
 Who now deiefted and depriu'd of all,  
 Longs (and hath done so long) for funerall.

For as with hanging head I haue beheld  
 A widow *Vine* stand in a naked field,  
 Vnhusbanded, neglected, all-forlorne,  
 Brouz'd on by *Deere*, by Cattle cropt and torne:  
 Vnpropt, vnfuccoured by stake or tree  
 From wreakfull stormes impetuous tyrannie,  
 When, had a willing hand lent kinde redresse,  
 Her pregnant *bunches* might from out the Presse  
 Haue sent a liquour both for taste and show  
 No lesse diuine then those of *Malligo* :  
 Such was this *wight*, and such she might haue beene.  
 She both th' extremes hath felt of *Fortunes* teene,  
 For neuer haue we heard from times of yore,  
 One sometime enuy'd and now pittid more.  
 Her object, as her state, is low as earth ;  
*Priuation* her companion ; thoughts of mirth  
 Irkesome ; and in one selfe-same circle turning,  
 With sodaine sports brought to a house of mourning.

Of others good *her* best beliefe is still  
 And constant to her owne in nought but ill.  
 The onely enemy and friend she knowes  
 Is Death who, though defers, must end her woes;  
 Her contemplation frightfull as the night;  
 She neuer lookes on any living wight  
 Without comparifon; and as the day  
 Gives vs, but takes the *Glowwormes* light away:  
 So the least ray of Blisse on others throwne  
 Deprives and blinds all knowledge of her owne.  
 Her comfort is (if for her any be)  
 That none can shew more cause of griefe then she.  
 Yet somewhat she of aduersè *Fate* hath won,  
 Who had vndone her were she not vndone.  
 For those that on the *Sea of Greatnesse* ride  
 Farre from the quiet shore, and where the tide  
 In ebbs and floods is ghes'd, not truly knowne;  
 Expert of all estates except their owne:  
 Keeping their station at the Helme of State  
 Not by their Vertues but auspicious *Fate*:  
 Subiect to calmes of fauour, stormes of rage,  
 Their actions noted as the common Stage:  
 Who, like a man borne blinde that cannot be  
 By demonstration shewne what 'tis to see,  
 Liue still in Ignorance of what they want,  
 Till *Misery* become the *Adamant*,  
 And touch them for that point, to which with speed  
 None comes so sure as by the hand of *Need*.  
 A *Mirroure* strange she in her right hand bore,  
 By which her friends from flatterers heretofore  
 She could distinguish well; and by her side  
 (As in her full of happinesse) vntide,  
 Vnforc'd and vncompell'd did sadly goe  
 (As if partaker of his *Mistresse* woe)  
 A louing *Spaniell*, from whose rugged backe  
 (The onely thing but death she moanes to lacke).



She plucks the haire, and working them in pleats  
 Furthers the fuit which *Modestie* intreats.  
 Men call her *Athliot*: who cannot be  
 More wretched made by *infelicitie*,  
 Vnlesse she here had an immortall breath,  
 Or liuing thus, liu'd timorous of death.

Out of her lowly and forsaken dell  
 She running came, and cri'd to *Philocel*:  
 Helpe! helpe! kinde shepherd helpe! see yonder, where  
 A louely *Lady* hung vp by the haire,  
 Struggles, but mildly struggles with the *Fates*,  
 Whose thread of life, spun to a thread that mates  
 Dame *Natures* in her haire, staies them to wonder,  
 While too fine twisting makes it breake in sunder.  
 So shrinks the *Rose* that with the flames doth meet;  
 So gently bowes the *Virgin* parchment sheet;  
 So rowle the waues vp and fall out againe,  
 As all her beautious parts, and all in vaine.  
 Farre, farre, aboue my helpe or hope in trying,  
 Vnknowne, and so more miserably dying,  
 Smothering her torments in her panting brest,  
 She meekly waits the time of her long rest.  
 Hasten! ô hasten then! kinde Shepherd, haste.

He went with her, And *Cælia* (that had grac'd  
 Him past the world besides) seeing the way  
 He had to goe, not farre, rests on the lay.

'Twas neere the place where *Pans* transformed Loue  
 Her gilded leaues displaid, and boldly stroue  
 For lustre with the *Sun*: a sacred tree  
 (Pal'd round) and kept from violation free:  
 Whose smallest spray rent off, we neuer prize  
 At lesse then life. Here, though her heauenly eyes  
 From him she lou'd could scarce afford a sight,  
 (As if for him they onely had their light)  
 Those kinde and brighter Stars were knowne to erre  
 And to all misery betrayed her.

For turning them aside, she (happleffe) spies  
 The *holy Tree*, and (as all *nouelties*  
 In tempting women haue small labour lost  
 Whether for value nought, or of more cost)  
 Led by the hand of vncontroll'd desire  
 She rose, and thither went. A wrested Bryre  
 Onely kept close the gate which led into it,  
 (Easie for any all times to vndoe it,  
 That with a pious hand hung on the tree  
 Garlands or raptures of sweet *Poesie*)  
 Which by her opened, with vnweeting hand  
 A little spray she pluckt, whose rich leaues fan'd  
 And chatter'd with the ayre, as who should say:  
 Doe not for once, ô doe not this bewray!  
 Nor giue sound to a tongue for that intent!  
 "Who ignorantly sinnes, dies innocent."

By this was *Philocel* returning backe,  
 And in his hand the *Lady*; for whose wrack  
*Nature* had cleane forsworne to frame a wight  
 So wholly pure, so truly exquisite:  
 But more deform'd and from a rough-hewne mold,  
 Since what is best liues seldome to be old.  
 Within their sight was fairest *Cælia* now;  
 Who drawing neere, the life-priz'd golden bough  
 Her Loue beheld. And as a Mother kinde  
 What time the new-cloath'd trees by gusts of winde  
 Vnmou'd, stand wistly listning to those layes  
 The feather'd Quiristers vpon their sprays  
 Chaunt to the merry *Spring*, and in the *Euen*  
 She with her little *sonne* for pleasure giuen,  
 To tread the fring'd bankes of an amorous flood,  
 That with her musicke courts a fullen wood,  
 Where euer talking with her onely *blisse*  
 That now before and then behinde her is,  
 She stoopes for flowres the choifest may be had,  
 And bringing them to please her prittie *Lad*,

Spies in his hand some banefull flowre or weed,  
Whereon he gins to smell, perhaps to feed,  
With a more earnest haste she runs vnto him,  
And puls that from him which might else vndoe him :  
So to his *Cælia* haftned *Philocel*,  
And raught the *bough* away: hid it: and fell  
To question if she broke it, or if then  
An eye beheld her? Of the race of men  
(Replide she), when I tooke it from the tree  
Assure your selfe was none to testifie,  
But what hath past since in your hand, behold,  
A fellow running yonder o're the *Wold*  
Is well inform'd of. Can there (*Loue*) insue,  
Tell me! oh tell me! any wrong to you  
By what my hand hath ignorantly done?  
(Quoth fearefull *Cælia*) *Philocel!* be won  
By these vnfained teares, as I by thine,  
To make thy greatest forrowes partly mine!  
Cleere vp these showres (my *Sun*), quoth *Philocel*,  
The ground it needs not. Nought is so from *Well*  
But that reward and kinde intreaties may  
Make smooth the front of wrath, and this allay.  
Thus wisely he suppress his height of woe,  
And did resolue, since none but they did know  
Truly who rent it: And the hatefull Swaine  
That lately past by them vpon the Plaine  
(Whom well he knew did beare to him a hate,  
Though vnderferued, so inueterate  
That to his vtmost powre he would assay  
To make his life haue ended with that day)  
Except in his had seene it in no hand,  
That *hee* against all throes of *Fate* would stand,  
Acknowledge it his deed, and so afford  
A passage to his heart for *Iustice* sword,  
Rather then by *her* losse the world should be  
Despiz'd and scorn'd for losing such as she.

Now (with a vow of secrecy from *both*)  
 Inforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th ;  
 And by the time the shades of mighty woods  
 Began to turne them to the *Easterne Floods*,  
 They thither got : where with vndaunted heart  
 He welcomes both, and freely doth impart  
 Such dainties as a Shepherds cottage yeelds,  
 Tane from the fruitfull woods and fertile fields :  
 No way diftracted nor disturb'd at all.  
 And to preuent what likely might befall  
 His truest *Cælia*, in his apprehending  
 Thus to all future care gaue finall ending :  
 Into their cup (wherein for such sweet Girles  
 Nature would *Myriades* of richest *Pearles*  
 Dissolue, and by her powrefull simples striue  
 To keepe them still on earth, and still aliue)  
 Our Swaine infus'd a powder which they dranke :  
 And to a pleasant *roome* (set on a banke  
 Neere to his Coat, where he did often vse  
 At vacant houres to entertaine his *Muse*)  
 Brought them and seated on a curious bed,  
 Till what he gaue in operation sped,  
 And rob'd them of his sight, and him of theirs,  
 Whose new inlightning will be quenched with teares.

The *Glasse* of *Time* had well-nye spent the *Sand*  
 It had to run, ere with impartiall hand  
*Iustice* must to her vpright *Ballance* take him :  
 Which he (afraid it might too soone forsake him)  
 Began to vse as quickly as perceiue,  
 And of his Loue thus tooke his latest leaue :

*Cælia!* thou fairest creature euer eye  
 Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie !  
*Cælia* that hast but iust so much of earth,  
 As makes thee capable of death ! Thou birth  
 Of euery Vertue, life of euery good !  
 Whose chastest sports and daily taking food

Is imitation of the higheft powres  
 Who to the earth lend feasonable showres,  
 That it may beare, we to their Altars bring  
 Things worthy their accept, our offering.  
 I the moft wretched creature euer eye  
 Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie,  
 Vnhappy *Philocel*, that haue of earth  
 Too much to giue my sorrowes endleffe birth,  
 The fpring of fad misfortunes; in whom lyes  
 No bliffe that with thy worth can fympathize,  
 Clouded with woe that hence will neuer flit,  
 Till deaths eternall night grow one with it:  
 I as a dying *Swan* that fadly fings  
 Her moanfull *Dirge* vnto the filuer fprings,  
 Which careleffe of her Song glide fleeping by  
 Without one murmure of kinde *Elegie*,  
 Now ftand by thee; and as a *Turtles mate*,  
 With lamentations inarticulate,  
 The neere departure from her loue bemones,  
 Spend thefe my bootleffe fighes and killing grones.  
 Here as a man (by *Iuftice* doome) exile  
 To Coafts vnknowne, to Defarts rough and wilde,  
 Stand I to take my lateft leaue of thee:  
 Whofe happy and heauen-making company  
 Might I enioy in *Libia's* Continent,  
 Were bleft fruition and not banifhment.  
 Firft of thofe *Eyes* that haue already tane  
 Their leaue of me: *Lamps* fitting for the *Phane*  
 Of heauens moft powre, & which might ne're expire  
 But be as facred as the *Veftall fire*:  
 Then of thofe plots, where halfe-Rof'd Lillies be,  
 Not one by *Art* but *Natures* induftry,  
 From which I goe as one excluded from  
 The taintleffe flowres of bleft *Elizium*:  
 Next from thofe *Lips* I part, and may there be  
 No one that fhall hereafter fecond me!

Guiltlesse of any kisses but their owne,  
 Their sweets but to themselues to all vnknowne :  
 For should our Swaines diuulge what sweets there be  
 Within the Sea-clipt bounds of *Britanie*,  
 We should not from inuasions be exempted,  
 But with that prize would all the world be tempted.  
 Then from her *heart* : ô no ! let that be neuer,  
 For if I part from thence I dye for euer.  
 Be that the *Record* of my loue and name !  
 Be that to me as is the *Phœnix* flame !  
 Creating still anew what *Iustice* doome  
 Must yeeld to dust and a forgotten toombe.  
 Let thy chaste loue to me (as shadowes run  
 In full extent vnto the setting Sun)  
 Meet with my fall ; and when that I am gone,  
 Backe to thy selfe retyre, and there grow one.  
 If to a second light thy shadow be,  
 Let him still haue his ray of loue from me ;  
 And if, as I, that likewise doe decline,  
 Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.  
 But know no other, nor againe be sped,  
 “ She dyes a virgin that but knowes one bed.”

And now from all at once my leaue I take  
 With this petition, that when thou shalt wake,  
 My teares already spent may serue for thine,  
 And all thy sorrowes be excus'd by mine !  
 Yea rather then my losse should draw on hers,  
 (Heare, Heauen, the suit which my sad soule prefers !)  
 Let this her slumber, like *Obliuions streame*,  
 Make her beleeuë our loue was but a dreame !  
 Let me be dead in her as to the earth,  
 Ere Nature lose the grace of such a birth.  
 Sleepe thou sweet soule from all disquiet free,  
 And since I now beguile thy destinie,  
 Let after patience in thy brest arise,  
 To giue his name a life who for thee dies.

He dyes for thee that worthy is to dye,  
 Since now in leauing that sweet harmonie  
 Which Nature wrought in thee, he drawes not to him  
 Enough of sorrow that might streight vndoe him.  
 And haue for meanes of death his parting hence,  
 So keeping Iustice still in Innocence.

Here staid his tongue, and teares anew began.  
 "Parting knowes more of grieffe then absence can,"  
 And with a backward pace and lingring eye  
 Left, and for euer left, their company.  
 By this the curs'd *Informer* of the *deede*  
 With wings of mischief (and those haue most speed)  
 Vnto the *Priests* of *Pan* had made it knowne ;  
 And (though with grieffe enough) were thither flown  
 With strict command the Officers that be  
 As hands of Iustice in her each decree.  
 Those vnto iudgement brought him : where, accus'd  
 That with vnhappy hand he had abus'd  
 The *holy Tree*, and by the oath of him  
 Whose eye beheld the separated limb,  
 All doubts dissolu'd, quicke iudgement was awarded,  
 (And but last night) that hither strongly guarded  
 This morne he should be brought, & from yond rock  
 (Where euerie houre new store of mourners focke)  
 He should be head-long throwne (too hard a doome)  
 To be depriu'd of life, and dead, of toombe.

This is the cause, faire *Goddesse*, that appeares  
 Before you now clad in an old mans teares,  
 Which willingly flow out, and shall doe more  
 Then many *Winters* haue seene heretofore.

But *Father* (quoth she), let me vnderstand  
 How you are sure that it was *Cælia's* hand  
 Which rent the branch ; and then (if you can) tell  
 What *Nymph* it was which neere the lonely *Dell*  
 Your shepherd succour'd. Quoth the good old man :  
 The last time in her *Orbe* pale *Cynthia* ran,

I to the prifon went, and from him knew  
 (Vpon my vow) what now is knowne to you.  
 And that the Lady which he found diftreft,  
 Is *Fida* call'd, a Maid not meanly bleft  
 By heauens endowments, and, alas ! but fee,  
 Kinde *Philocel*, ingirt with miferie  
 More ftrong then by his bonds, is drawing nigh  
 The place appointed for his tragedie !  
 You may walke thither and behold his fall ;  
 While I come neere enough, yet not at all.  
 Nor fhall it need I to my forrow knit  
 The grieffe of knowing with beholding it.

The *Goddeffe* went : (but ere ſhe came did ſhrowd  
 Her ſelfe from euery eye within a *cloud*)  
 Where ſhe beheld the *Shepherd* on his way,  
 Much like a *Bridegroom* on his marriage-day,  
 Increasing not his miferie with feare :  
 Others for him, but he ſhed not a teare.  
 His knitting finewes did not tremble ought,  
 Nor to vnufuall palpitation brought  
 Was or his heart or lyuer : nor his eye,  
 Nor tongue, nor colour ſhew'd a dread to dye.  
 His reſolution keeping with his ſpirit,  
 (Both worthy him that did them both inherit)  
 Held in ſubiection euery thought of feare,  
 Scorning ſo baſe an executioner.

Some time he ſpent in ſpeech, and then began  
 Submiſſely prayer to the name of *Pan*,  
 When ſodainly this cry came from the Plaines :  
 From guiltleſſe blood be free, ye *Brittiſh* Swaines !  
 Mine be thoſe bonds, and mine the death appointed !  
 Let me be head-long thrown, theſe limbs diſioynted !  
 Or if you needs muſt hurle him from that brim,  
 Except I dye there dyes but part of him.  
 Doe then right, *Iuſtice*, and performe your oath,  
 Which cannot be without the death of both !



*Wonder* drew thitherward their drowned eyes,  
 And *Sorrow Philocels*. Where he espies,  
 What he did onely feare, the beautiful Maid,  
 His wofull *Celia* whom (ere night araid  
 Last time the world in suit of mournfull blacke,  
 More darke then vse, as to bemone their wracke)  
 He at his cottage left in sleepes soft armes  
 By powre of simples and the force of charmes :  
 Which time had now dissolu'd, and made her know  
 For what intent her Loue had left her so.  
 She staid not to awake her *mate* in *sleep*,  
 Nor to bemone her *Fate*. She scorn'd to weepe,  
 Or haue the passion that within her lyes  
 So distant from her heart as in her eyes.  
 But rending of her haire, her throbbing brest  
 Beating with ruthlesse strokes, she onward prest  
 As an iraged furious Lionesse,  
 Through vncouth treadings of the wilderneffe,  
 In hot pursuit of her late missed brood.  
 The name of *Philocel* speakes euery wood,  
 And she begins to<sup>1</sup> still and still her pace :  
 Her face deckt anger, anger deckt her face.  
 So ran distracted *Hecuba* along  
 The streets of *Troy*. So did the people throng  
 With helplessse hands and heauy hearts to see  
 Their wofull ruine in her progenie.  
 And<sup>2</sup> harmlesse flocks of sheepe that neerely fed  
 Vpon the open plaines wide scattered,  
 Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earnest eye  
 (Not without teares) while thus she passed by.  
*Springs* that long time before had held no drop,  
 Now welled forth and ouer-went the top :  
*Birds* left to pay the Spring their wonted voves,  
 And all forlorne fate drooping on the boughes :  
 Sheep, Springs and Birds, nay trees' vnwonted grones  
 Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the stones.

<sup>1</sup> Both the eds. have *it*.<sup>2</sup> Both the eds. have *As*.

Thus came she to the place (where aged men,  
 Maidens and wiues, and youth and children  
 That had but newly learnt their Mothers name,  
 Had almost spent their teares before she came.)  
 And those her earnest and related words  
 Threw from her brest; and vnto them affords  
 These as the meanes to further her pretence:  
 Receiue not on your soules, by Innocence  
 Wrong'd, lasting stains which from a fluce the *Sea*  
 May still wash o're, but neuer wash away;  
 Turne all your wraths on me: for here behold  
 The hand that tore your sacred *Tree of gold*;  
 These are the feet that led to that intent;  
 Mine was th' offence, be mine the punishment.  
 Long hath he liu'd among you, and he knew  
 The danger imminent that would insue;  
 His vertuous life speakes for him, heare it then!  
 And cast not hence the miracle of men!  
 What now he doth is through some discontent,  
 Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!  
 What certaine death could neuer make him doe  
 (With *Cælia's* losse), her presence forc'd him to.  
 She that could cleere his greatest clouds of woes,  
 Some part of woman made him now disclose,  
 And shew'd him all in teares: And for a while  
 Out of his heart vnable to exile  
 His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiu'd;  
 But weighing what the world should be bereau'd,  
 He of his sighes and throbs some license wan,  
 And to the sad spectators thus began:  
 Hasten! ô haste! the houre's already gone,  
 Doe not deferre the execution!  
 Nor make my patience suffer ought of wrong!  
 'Tis nought to dye, but to be dying long!  
 Some fit of Frenzie hath possesst the Maid:  
 She could not doe it, though she had assaid,

No bough growes in her reach ; nor hath the tree  
 A spray so weake to yeeld to such as she.  
 To win her loue I broke it, but vnknowne  
 And vndesir'd of her ; Then let her owne  
 No touch of preiudice without consent,  
 Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment !

O ! who did euer such contention see  
 Where death stood for the prize of victory ?  
 Where loue and strife were firme and truly knowne,  
 And where the victor must be ouerthrowne ?  
 Where both persude, and both held equall strife  
 That life should further death, death further life.

Amazement strucke the multitude. And now  
 They knew not which way to performe their vow.  
 If onely *one* should be depriu'd of breath,  
 They were not certaine of th' offenders death ;  
 If *both* of them should dye for that offence,  
 They certainly should murder *Innocence* ;  
 If *none* did suffer for it, then there ran  
 Vpon their heads the wrath and curse of *Pan*.  
 This much perplex'd and made them to defer  
 The deadly hand of th' Executioner,  
 Till they had sent an Officer to know  
 The *Judges* wils (and those with *Fates* doe goe) :  
 Who backe return'd, and thus with teares began :  
 The Substitutes on earth of mighty *Pan*  
 Haue thus decreed (although the one be free)  
 To cleare themselues from all impunitie,  
 If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,  
 Th' offence is certaine, be their death as sure.  
 This is their doome (which may all plagues preuent)  
*To haue the guilty kill the innocent.*

Looke as two little Lads (their parents treasure)  
 Vnder a *Tutor* strictly kept from pleasure,  
 While they their new-giuen lesson clofely scan,  
 Heare of a message by their fathers man,

That one of them, but which he hath forgot,  
 Must come along and walke to some faire plot ;  
 Both haue a hope : their carefull *Tutor* loth  
 To hinder either, or to license both,  
 Sends backe the Messenger that he may know  
 His Masters pleasure which of them must goe :  
 While both his Schollers stand alike in feare  
 Both of their freedome and abiding there,  
 The Seruant comes and sayes that for that day  
 Their Father wils to haue them both away.  
 Such was the feare these louing soules were in  
 That time the messenger had absent bin.  
 But farre more was their ioy twixt one another,  
 In hearing neither should out-lieue the other.

Now both intwinde, because no conquest won,  
 Yet either ruinde, *Philocel* begun  
 To arme his Loue for death : a roabe vnfit  
 Till *Hymens* saffron'd weed had vs her'd it.  
 My fairest *Cælia* ! come ; let thou and I,  
 That long haue learn'd to loue, now learne to dye ;  
 It is a lesson hard if we discerne it,  
 Yet none is borne so soone as bound to learne it.  
 Vnpartiall *Fate* layes ope the *Booke* to vs,  
 And let[s] vs con it still imbracing thus ;  
 We may it perfect haue, and goe before  
 Those that haue longer time to read it o're ;  
 And we had need begin and not delay,  
 For 'tis our turne to read it first to day.  
 Helpe when I misse, and when thou art in doubt  
 Ile be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.  
 But see how much I erre : vaine *Metaphor*  
 And elocution *Destinies* abhorre.  
 Could death be staid with words, or won with teares,  
 Or mou'd with beauty, or with vnripe yeeres,  
 Sure thou could'st doe't ; this Rose, this Sun-like eye  
 Should not so soone be quell'd, so quickly dye.

But we muſt dye, my *Loue* ; not thou alone,  
Nor onely I, but both ; and yet but one.  
Nor let vs grieue ; for we are marryed thus,  
And haue by death what life denied vs.  
It is a comfort from him more then due ;  
“ Death feuers many, but he couples few.  
*Life* is a *Flood* that keepes vs from our bliſſe,  
The *Ferriman* to waft vs thither, is  
*Death*, and none elſe ; the ſooner we get o're  
Should we not thanke the *Ferriman* the more ?  
Others intreat him for a paſſage hence,  
And groane beneath their griefes and impotence,  
Yet (mercileſſe) he lets thoſe longer ſtay,  
And ſooner takes the happy man away.  
Some little happineſſe haue thou and I,  
Since we ſhall dye before we wiſh to dye.  
Should we here longer liue, and haue our dayes  
As full in number as the moſt of theſe,  
And in them meet all pleaſures may betide,  
We gladly might haue *liu'd* and *patient dyde*.  
When now our fewer yeeres made long by cares  
(That without age can ſnow downe filuer haires)  
Make all affirme (which doe our griefes diſcry)  
We *patiently* did *liue*, and *gladly dye*.  
The difference (my *Loue*) that doth appeare  
Betwixt our *Fates* and theirs that ſee vs here,  
Is onely this : the high-all knowing powre  
Conceales from them, but tels vs our laſt houre.  
For which to *Heauen* we far-farre more are bound,  
Since in the houre of death we may be found  
(By its preſcience) ready for the hand  
That ſhall conduct vs to the *Holy-land*.  
When thoſe, from whom that houre conceal'd is, may  
Euen in their height of Sinne be tane away.  
Beſides, to vs *Iuſtice* a friend is knowne,  
Which neither lets vs dye nor liue alone.

That we are forc'd to it cannot be held ;  
 " Who feares not Death, denies to be compell'd."

O that thou wert no *Astor* in this Play,  
 My sweetest *Celia* ! or diuorc'd away  
 From me in this : ô Nature ! I confesse  
 I cannot looke vpon her heauinesse  
 Without betraying that infirmitie  
 Which at my birth thy hand bestow'd on me.  
 Would I had dide when I receiu'd my birth !  
 Or knowne the graue before I knew the earth !  
 Heauens ! I but one life did receiue from you,  
 And must so short a loane be paid with two ?  
 Cannot I dye but like that brutish stem  
 Which haue their best belou'd to dye with them ?  
 O let her liue ! some blest powre heare my cry !  
 Let *Celia* liue and I contented dye.

My *Philocel* (quoth she) neglect these throes !  
 Aske not for me, nor adde not to my woes !  
 Can there be any life when thou art gone ?  
 Nay, can there be but desolation ?  
 Art thou so cruell as to wish my stay,  
 To wait a passage at an vnknowne day ?  
 Or haue me dwell within this Vale of woe  
 Excluded from those ioyes which thou shalt know ?  
 Enuie not me that blisse ! I will assay it,  
 My loue deserues it, and thou canst not stay it.  
 Iustice ! then take thy doome ; for we intend,  
 Except both liue, no life : one loue, one end.

Thus with embraces and exhorting other :  
 With teare-dew'd kisses that had powre to smother  
 Their soft and ruddy lips close ioyn'd with either,  
 That in their deaths their soules might meet together :  
 With prayers as hopefull as sincerely good,  
 Expecting death they on the Cliffes edge stood,  
 And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)  
 Throwne from the Rocke into the armes of death.

Faire *Thetis* whose command the waues obey,  
 Loathing the losse of so much worth as they,  
 Was gone before their fall; and by her powre  
 The Billowes (mercilesse, vs'd to deuoure,  
 And not to faue) she made to swell vp high,  
 Euen at the instant when the tragedy  
 Of those kinde soules should end: so to receiue them,  
 And keepe what crueltie would faine bereaue them.  
 Her heft was soone perform'd: and now they lay  
 Imbracing on the surface of the Sea,  
 Void of all sence; a spectacle so sad  
 That *Thetis*, nor no *Nymph* which there she had,  
 Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refraine,  
 But from their heauenly eyes did sadly raine  
 Such showres of teares (so powrefull, since diuine)  
 That euer since the *Sea* doth taste of *Bryne*.  
 With teares, thus to make good her first intent,  
 She both the *Louers* to her Chariot hent:  
 Recalling *Life* that had not cleerely tane  
 Full leaue of his or her more curious *Phane*,  
 And with her praise fung by these thankfull paire  
 Steer'd on her Courfers (swift as fleeting ayre)  
 Towards her Pallace built beneath the Seas,  
 Proud of her iourney, but more proud of these.

By that time *Night* had newly spred her robe  
 Ouer our halfe-part of this massie *Globe*,  
 She won that famous *Ile* which *Ioue* did please  
 To honour with the holy *Druydes*.  
 And as the Westerne side she stript along,  
 Heard (and so staid to heare) this heauy Song:

O *Heauen!* what may I hope for in this Caue?  
A Graue.  
 But who to me this last of helps shall retch?  
A Wretch.  
 Shall none be by pittying so sad a wight?  
Yes: Night.

*Small comfort can befall in heavy plight  
To me poore Maid, in whose distresses be  
Nor hope, nor helpe, nor one to pittie me,  
But a cold Graue, a Wretch, and darksome Night.*

*To digge that Graue what fatall thing appeares?  
Thy Teares.*

*What Bell shall ring me to that bed of ease?  
Rough Seas.*

*And who for Mourners hath my Fate assign'd?  
Each Winde.*

*Can any be debarr'd from such I finde?  
When to my last Rites Gods no other send  
To make my Graue, for Knell, or mourning friend,  
Then mine own Teares, rough Seas, & gusts of Wind.*

*Teares must my graue dig: but who bringeth those?  
Thy Woes.*

*What Monument will Heauen my body spare?  
The Ayre.*

*And what the Epitaph when I am gone?  
Obliuion.*

*Most miserable I, and like me none  
Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent  
Nor Spade, nor Epitaph, nor Monument,  
Excepting Woes, Ayre and Obliuion.*

The end of this gaue life vnto a grone,  
As if her *life* and it had beene but one;  
Yet she as carelesse of reseruing either,  
If possible would leaue them both together.  
It was the faire *Marina*, almost spent  
With grieffe and feare of future famishment.  
For (happleffe chance) but the last rosie morne  
The willing *Redbreſt* flying through a Thorne,  
Against a prickle gor'd his tender side,  
And in an instant so, poore creature, dyde.



*Thetis* much mou'd with those sad notes she heard,  
Her freeing thence to *Triton* soone referr'd ;  
Who found the Caue as soone as set on shore,  
And by his strength remouing from the doore  
A weighty stone, brought forth the fearefull Maid,  
Which kindly led where his faire *Mistresse* staid  
Was entertain'd as well became her sort,  
And with the rest steer'd on to *Thetis Court*,  
For whose release from imminent decay  
My *Muse* awhile will here keepe *Holy-day*.

*The end of the Second Booke.*



BRITANNIA'S  
PASTORALS.

*The third Booke.*

HORAT.

*Carminē Dij superi placantur, carminē  
Manes.*



[The present text of the Third Book of *Britannia's Pastorals* is taken from the Percy Society's edition, 1852. A few collations from Lanfdowne MS. 777 are added. The text of 1852 was collated in proof with the old MS. in the Library of Salisbury Cathedral by Mr. J. O. Halliwell.]



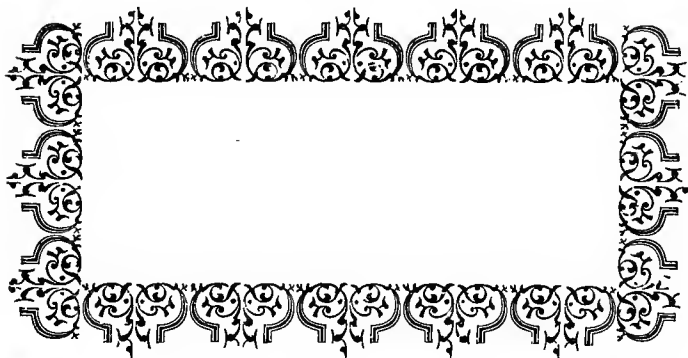
B R I T A N N I A ' S  
P A S T O R A L S .

---

T H E T H I R D B O O K E .

---

T H E F I R S T S O N G .<sup>1</sup>



THrice had the pale fac'd *Cynthia* fill'd her  
horns,  
And through the circling zodiaque, which  
adornes  
Heaven's goodly frame, the horses of the sun  
A fourth parte of their race had fiercely run,  
Since faire *Marina* lefte her gentle flocke ;  
Whose too untymely losse, the watchfull cock  
Noe oftner gave a fummons to the daye,  
Then some kinde shepheard on the fertill ley

<sup>1</sup> The Argument appears to be wanting.

Tooke a fadd feate, and, with a drowned eye,  
Bemoan'd in heart farre more then elegie.

Heere fitts a fhepheard, whofe mellifluous tongue,  
On shaded bancks of rivers whilome fung  
Many sweet layes to her harmonious eare ;  
Recounting former joyes, when fhe liv'd there,  
With prefent woes, and every pleasure gone  
Tells with a hundred teares, and, thofe dropps done,  
A thowfand fighes enfue, and gives not o're  
Untill he faints, and foe can fighe noe more.

Yonder, another, on fome fwelling hill,  
Records her sweet prayfe to a gentle rill  
Which, in requitall, takes noe little payne  
To roule her filver fands up to the fwayne ;  
And almoft wept that tyme would not permitt  
That beautious mayde to bathe herfelfe in it ;  
Whofe touch made ftreames, and men, and plants more  
prowde,

Then he that clasp'd the *Juno*-feeming clowde.

Amongft the reft (that ere the fun did fhyn  
Sought the thick groves) neglectfull *Celadyne*  
Was come abroad; and underneath a tree,  
Dead as his joyes, and from all moyfture free  
As were the fountaynes of his lovely eyes,  
With lavish weeping, difcontented lyes.

Now, like a prodigall, he myndes in vayne  
What he hath loft, and cannot lofe againe.  
Now thinckes he on her eyes, like fome fadd wight,  
Which newe ftrooke blynde bemones the want of light.  
Her cheekes, her lipps, to mynde he doth recall,  
As one in exile cleane bereav'd of all.  
Her modeft graces, her affection more,  
That wounds him moft which onely can reftore.  
And laftly, to his pipe (which woods nor playnes  
Acquainted not, but with the faddeft ftraynes,

Yet he more fadd then song or places can)  
Vary'd his playntes, and thus anewe began:—

**M**ARINA'S gone, and nowe sitt I,  
As Philomela (on a thorne,  
Turn'd out of nature's livery),  
Mirthles, alone, and all forlorne:  
Onely she sings not, while my sorrowes can  
Breathe forth such notes as fitt a dyeing swan.

Soe shutts the marigold her leaves  
At the departure of the sun;  
Soe from the hony-suckle sheaves  
The bee goes when the day is done;  
Soe fitts the turtle when she is but one,  
And soe all woe, as I, since she is gone.

To some fewe birds, kinde Nature hath  
Made all the summer as one daye;  
Which once enjoy'd, colde winter's wrath,  
As night, they sleeping passe away.  
Those happy creatures are, that knowe not yet  
The payne to be depriv'd or to forgett.

I ofte have heard men saye there be  
Some, that with confidence professe  
The helpfull Art of Memorie;  
But could they teach forgetfulnesse,  
I'de learne, and try what further art could doe,  
To make me love her and forgett her too.

Sadd melancholy, that perswades  
Men from themselves, to thincke they be  
Headlesse, or other bodyes shades,  
Hath long and bootles dwelt with me;  
For could I thincke she some idea weare,  
I still might love, forgett, and have her heere.

*But such she is not : nor would I,  
 For twice as many torments more,  
 As her bereaved companye  
 Hath brought to those I felt before,  
 For then noe future tyme might hap to knowe  
 That she deseru'd, or I did love her foe.*

*Yee houres, then, but as minutes be !  
 (Though foe I shall be sooner olde)  
 Till I those lovely graces see,  
 Which, but in her, can none beholde ;  
 Then be an age ! that we maye never trye  
 More grieffe in parting, but growe olde and dye.*

Heere ceaf'd the shepheard's fong, but not his woe ;  
 Grieffe never ends ytselfe. And he doth knowe  
 Nothing but tyme or wisdome to allaye yt ;  
 Tyme could not then ; the other should not stay yt.

Thus fitts the haples fwayne : now fighes, now fings :  
 Sings, fighes, and weepes at once. Then from the springs  
 Of pittie beggs his pardon. Then his eye  
 (Wronging his oraizons) some place hard by  
 Informs his intellect, where he hath seen  
 His miftris feed her flock, or on the green  
 Dance to the merry pype : this drives him thence  
 As one, diftracted with the violence  
 Of some hote fever, casts his clothes awaye,  
 Longs for the thing he loath'd but yesterdaye,  
 And fondly thincking 'twill his fitts appeafe,  
 Changeth his bedd, but keepes still the difeafe.  
 Quitting the playnes to seeke the gloomy springs,  
 He, like a swan that on *Meander* fings,  
 Takes congey of his mates with ling'ring hafte,  
 To finde some ftreame where he maye fmg his laft.



Soe haue I lefte my *Tavy's* flow'ry shore,  
 Farre-flowing *Thamisis*, and many more  
 Attractive pleasures which sweet *England* yeelds,  
 Her peopled cittyes and her fertill fields,  
 For *Amphitrite's* playnes; those hath myne eye  
 Chang'd for our whilome fields of *Normandy*;  
 For *Seyne* those haue I lefte; for *Loyre*, the *Seyne*;  
 And for the *Thouë* changed *Loyre* againe;  
 Where to the nymphes of *Poitou* now I sing  
 A stranger note (yet such as ev'ry spring  
 Roules smiling to attend): for none of those  
 Yet haue I lessen'd or exchang'd my woes.  
 Deere, dearest isle, from the[e] I pass'd awaye  
 But as a shadowe, when the eye of daye  
 Shynes otherwhere; for she whose I haue been,  
 By her declining makes me live unseen.  
 Nor doe I hope that any other light  
 Can make me her's; the pallid queen of night  
 And *Venus* (or some erre) maye with their rayes  
 Force an observing shade; but none of these  
 (*Meteors* to my fett fun) can ever haue  
 That powre thou hadst. Sweet soule, thy silent grave  
 I give my best verse, if a shepheard's witt  
 Can make a dead hand capable of yt.  
 Chaste were our loves, as mutuall; nor did we  
 Hardly dreame otherwise; our secrecy  
 Such as I thincke the world hath never knowne  
 I had a mistris, till that I had none.

Poore *Celadyne* and I (but happyer he)  
 Onely in dreames meet our felicitie;  
 Our joyes but shadowes are; our constant woes  
 The daye shewes reall; O, unhappy those,  
 Thrice, thrice unhappy, whoe are ever taking  
 Their joyes in sleepe, but are most wretched waking!

Seated at last neere *Tavy's* siluer streame,  
 Sleepe seif'd our shepheard; and in sleepe a dreame

Shew'd him *Marina* all bedew'd with teares :  
 Pale as the lilly of the field appeares,  
 When the unkiſt morne from the mountaynes topps  
 Sees the ſweet flowres diſtill their ſilver dropps.  
 She ſeem'd to take him by the hand and ſaye :  
 O *Celadyne*, this, this is not the waye  
 To recompence the wrong which thou haſt done  
 And I have pardon'd, ſince yt was begun  
 To exerciſe my virtue ; I am thine  
 More then I wiſh'd, or thou canſt now devine.  
 Seeke out the aged *Lama*, by whoſe ſkill  
 Thou mayſt our fortunes know, and what the will  
 Of fate is in thy future. This ſhe ſpoke,  
 And ſeem'd to kiſſe him, wherewith he awoke,—  
 And miſſing what (in thought) his ſleepe had gayn'd,  
 He muſ'd, ſigh'd, wept, and laſtly thus complaynde :

Vaine dreames, forbear! yee but deceavers be,  
 For as in flattring glaſſes woemen ſee  
 More beauty then poſſeſt : ſoe I in you  
 Have all I can deſire, but nothing true.

Whoe would be rich, to be ſoe but an howre,  
 Eates a ſweet fruite to relliſhe more the ſowre.  
 If but to loſe againe we things poſſeſſe,  
 Nere to be happy is a happineſſe.

Men walking in the pitchy ſhades of night  
 Can keepe their certayne way ; but if a light  
 O'retake and leave them, they are blynded more,  
 And doubtfull goe that went ſecure before.  
 For this (though hardly) I have ofte forborne  
 To ſee her face, faire as the roſy morne ;  
 Yet myne owne thoughts in night ſuch traytors be,  
 That they betraye me to that miſery.  
 Then thincke noe more of her—as ſoone I maye  
 Commande the ſun to robbe us of a daye,  
 Or with a nett repell a liquidd ſtream,  
 As loſe ſuch thoughts, or hinder but a dreame.

The lightfome ayre as eas'ly hinder can  
 A glasse to take the forme of any man  
 That stands before yt, as or tyme or place  
 Can drawe a veyle between me and her face.

Yet, by such thoughts my torments hourelly thrive ;  
 For (as a pris'ner by his perspective)  
 By them I am inform'd of what I want ;  
 I envy nowe none but the ignorant.  
 Hee that ne'er sawe her (O, too happy wight)  
 Is one borne blynde that knowes noe want of light ;  
 He that nere kist her lipps, yet sees her eyes,  
 Lives, while he lives foe, still in paradise ;  
 But if he taste those sweets as haples I,  
 He knowes his want, and meets his miserye.

An *Indian* rude that never heard one sing  
 A heav'nly sonnet to a silver string,  
 Nor other sounds, but what confus'd heards  
 In pathles deserts make, or brookes or birds,  
 Should he heare one the sweet *Pandora* touch,  
 And lose his hearing streight ; he would as much  
 Lament his knowledge as doe I my chance,  
 And wish he still had liv'd in ignorance.

I am that *Indian* ; and my soothing dreames  
 In thirst have brought me but to painted streames,  
 Which not allaye, but more increafe desire :  
 A man, neer frozen with *December's* ire,  
 Hath, from a heape of glowormes, as much ease  
 As I can ever have by dreames as these.

O leave me then ! and strongest memorie  
 Keepe still with those that promise-breakers be ;  
 Goe ; bidd the debter mynde his payment daye ;  
 Or helpe the ignorant devoute to saye  
 Prayers they understand not ; leade the blynde,  
 And bidd ingratefull wretches call to mynde  
 Their benefactors ; and if vertue be  
 (As still she is) trode on by miserye,

Shewe her the rich, that they maye free her want,  
 And leave to nurse the fawning fycophant;  
 Or, if thou see faire honor careles lye,  
 Without a tombe for after memorye,  
 Dwell by the grave, and teach all those that passe  
 To ymitate, by sheweing who yt was.

This waye, *Remembrance*, thou mayst doe some good,  
 And have due thanckes; but he that understood  
 The throes thou bringst on me, would saye I misse  
 The sleepe of him that did the pale moone kisse,  
 And that yt were a blessing throwne on me,  
 Sometymes to have the hated lethargie.

Then, darke forgetfulnes, that onely art  
 The friend of lunatikes, seize on that part  
 Of memorie which hourelly shewes her me!  
 Or suffer still her waking fantasie,  
 Even at the instant when I dreame of her,  
 To dreame the like of me! foe shall we erre  
 In pleasures endles maze without offence,  
 And both connex as foules in innocence.

His sorrowe this waye yet had further gone,  
 For now his soule, all in confusion,  
 Discharg'd her passions on all things she mett,  
 And (rather then on none) on counterfett.  
 For in her suff'rings she will sooner frame  
 Subjects fantastically, formes without name,  
 Deceive ytselke against her owne conceite,  
 Then want to worke on somewhat thought of weight.  
 Hence comes yt, those affections which are tyde  
 To an inforced bedd, a worthles bride,  
 (Wanting a lawfull hold) our loving parte  
 To subjects of lesse worth doth soone convert  
 Her exercise, which should be nobly free,  
 Rather on doggs, or dice, then idle be.

Thus on his memory, poor soule, he cast  
 His exclamations; and the daye had past

With him as fadly as his fighes were true,  
And on this subject. When (as if he flew)  
Leap'd from a neere grove (as he thought) a man,  
And to th' adjoining wood as quickly ran ;  
This stayde his thoughts. And whilst the other fledd,  
He rose, scarce knowing why, and followed.

It was a gentle swayne, on whose sweet youth  
Fortune had throwne her worst, and all men's ruth ;  
Whoe, like a *Satyre* now, from men's aboade  
The uncouth pathes of gloomy deserts trode ;  
Deepe, fullen vales, that never mercy wonne,  
To have a kinde looke from the powrefull fun ;  
But mantled up in shades as fearefull night,  
Could merry hearts with awfull terror smyte.  
Sadd nookes and dreadfull clefts of mighty rocks  
That knewe noe gueste within their careles locks,  
But banefull serpents, hated beafts of prey,  
And fatall fowle, that from the blessed daye  
Hidd their abhorred heads ; these, only these,  
Were his companions and his cottages.

Wayfaring man, for aftertymes y-bore,  
Who-ere thou be, that on the pleasant shore  
Of my deare *Tavy* hapst to treade along,  
When *Willy* sings noe more his rurall song,  
But long dissolv'd to dust, shall hardly have  
A teare or verse bestow'd upon his grave—  
Thincke on that hapless ladd, for all his meed,  
Whoe first this laye tun'd to an oaten reed ;  
Then aske the swaynes who, in the valleys deepe,  
Sing layes of love and feed their harmles sheepe,  
Aske them for *Ramsbam* (late a gallant wood  
Whose gaudye nymphes, tripping beside the floode,  
Allur'd the sea gods from their brackish strands  
To courte the beautyes of the upper lands).  
And neere to yt, halwaye, a high-brow'd hill,  
Whose mayden fydes nere felt a coulter's ill,

Thou mayst beholde, and (if thou list) admire  
 An arched cave cutt in a rock intire,  
 Deepe, hollowe, hideous, overgrowne with grasse,  
 With thornes and bryers, and sadd mandragoras :  
 Poppy and henbane therby grewe so thicke,  
 That had the earth been thrice as lunaticke  
 As learn'd *Copernicus* in sport would frame her,  
 We there had sleepey simples founde to tame her.

The entrance to yt was of brick and stone,  
 Brought from the ruyn'd towre of *Babilon*.  
 On either syde the doore a pillar stood,  
 Whereon of yore, before the generall flood,  
 Industrious *Seth* in characters did score  
 The mathematicks soule-inticing lore.

Cheeke-fwolne *Lyæus* neere one pillar floode,  
 And from each hand a bunche, full with the blood  
 Of the care-killing vyne, he crushed out,  
 Like to an artificial water-spout ;  
 But of what kinde yt was, the writers vary :  
 Some say 'twas clarett, others sweare canary.  
 On th' other syde, a statue strangely fram'd,  
 And never till *Columbus* voyage nam'd,  
 The genius of *America* blewe forth  
 A fume that hath bewitched all the north.

A noyfe of ballad makers, rymers, drinckers,  
 Like a madd crewe of uncontrolled tinkers,  
 Laye there, and druncke, and fung, and suck'd, and writt  
 Verfe without measure, volumes without witt ;  
 Complaints and sonnetts, vowes to yong *Cupido*,  
 May be in such a manner as now I doe.

He that in some faire daye of sommer fees  
 A little comonwealth of thrifty bees  
 Send out a pritty colony, to thrive  
 Another where, from their too-peopled hyve,  
 And markes the yong adventurers with payne  
 Fly off and on, and forth, and backe againe,

Maye well conceave with how much labour these  
Druncke, writt, and wrongd the learnde *Pierides* ;  
Yet tyme, as soone as ere their workes were done,  
Threwe them and yt into oblivion.

Into this cave the forlorne shepheard enters,  
And *Celadyn* pursues ; yet ere he venters  
On such an obscure place, knowing the danger  
Which ofte betided there the careles stranger,  
Moly or such preservative he takes,  
And thus assur'd, breakes through the tangling brakes ;  
Searcheth each nooke to fynde the haples fwayne,  
And calls him ofte, yet seekes and calls in vayne.

At last, by glimring of some glowormes there,  
He findes a darke hole and a wynding stayre ;  
Uncouth and hideous the descent appears,  
Yet (unappalld with future chance or feares)  
Essays the first stepp, and goes boldly on ;  
Peeces of rotten wood on each side shone,  
Which, rather then to guide his vent'rous pace,  
With a more dreadfull horror fill'd the place.  
Still he descends. And many a stepp doth make,  
As one whose naked foote treads on a snake :  
The stayres so worne, he feareth in a trice  
To meet some deepe and deadly precipice.

Thus came he downe into a narrow vaulte,  
Whose rocky sides (free from the smallest faulte,  
Inforc'd by age or weather) and the rooffe  
Stood firmly strong and almost thunder-prooffe.  
'Twas long ; and at the farre-off further end  
A little lampe he spyes, as he had kend  
One of the fixed starres ; the light was small,  
And distance made yt almost nought at all.  
Tow'rds it he came, and (from the fwayne which fledd)  
These verses false tooke up, went neere and read :

Listen ! yee gentle wyndes, to my fadd mone ;  
And, mutt'ring brooks, attend my heavy plaints.

Yee melodists, which in the lowe groves sing,  
Strive with your fellowes for sweet skill no more,  
But wayle with me ! and if my song yee passe  
For drery notes, match with the nightingale.  
Henceforward with the ruefull nightingale  
Noe other but sadd groves shall heare my mone,  
And night beare witnes of my dolefull plaints.  
Sweet songs of love let others quaintly sing,  
For fate decrees I shall be knowne noe more  
But by my woes. All pleasures from me passe,  
As gliding torrents to the ocean passe,  
Nere to come back. The all-voice nightingale  
Comforts her fellowes, and makes deare her mone;  
But (where I would) regardles are my plaints,  
And but for eccho should unansweer'd sing ;  
Can there in others be affection more  
Then is in me, yet be neglected more ?  
Then such neglect and love shall no man passe.  
For voyce she well may mate the nightingale,  
And from her syrens song I learnt to mone ;  
Yet she, as most imperfect deemes my plaints,  
Though too-too long I them have us'd to sing,  
Yet to noe happyer key she letts me sing.  
Shall I then change ? O there are others more  
(As I heare shepherds wayling, when I passe  
In deserts wilde to heare the nightingale)  
Whose eares receive noe founde of any mone,  
But heare their praises rather then our plaints.  
Then since to flynt I still addressse my plaints,  
And my sadd numbers to a deafe eare sing,  
My cryes shall beate the subtill ayre noe more,  
But all my woes imprison ; and foe passe  
The poore rest of my dayes. Noe nightingale  
Shal be disturb'd in forrests with my mone.  
And when through inpent mone I hyde my plaints,  
And what I should sing makes me live noe more,



Tell her my woes did passe the nightingale.

Sadd fwayne (quoth *Celadyne*), who ere thou be,  
I grieve not at my paines to followe thee ;  
Thou art a fitt companyon for my woe,  
Which hearts funcke into misery should knowe.  
O, if thou heare me, speake ; take to thy home !  
Receave into this dismall living tombe  
A forrowe-loaden wretch ! one that would dye  
And treade the gloomy shades of destinye  
Onely to meet a soule that could relate  
A storye true as his and passionate !

By this a sadd and heavy sounde began  
To fill the cave. And by degrees he wan  
Soe neere, he heard a well accorded lute,  
Touch'd by a hand had strooke the *Thracian* mute.

Had yt been heard when sweet *Amphion's* tones  
Gave motion to the dull and senceles stones ;  
When, at the notes his skillfull fingers warble,  
The pibble tooke the flynte, the flynte the marble ;  
And rouling from the quarry justly fall,  
And mason-lesse built *Cadmus* towne a wall.  
Each one each other to this labour woo,  
And were the workemen and materialls too.  
Had this man playde when tother touch'd his lyre,  
Those stones had from the wall been seen retyre ;  
Or stopp'd halfe waye to heare him striking thus,  
Thoughe each had been a stone of *Sisyphus*.  
Naye, the musitian had his skill approv'd,  
And been as ravish'd as the rocks he mov'd.

*Celadyne* list'ned ; and the arched skyes  
Myght wifh themselves as many eares as eyes,  
That they might teach the starre-bestudded spheares  
A musicke newe, and more devyne than theirs.  
To these sadd-sweet strings, as ere woe befriended,  
This verse was marry'd :—

*Yet one dayes rest for all my cryes !<sup>1</sup>  
 One howre amongst soe many !  
 Springs have their sabaoths ; my poore eyes  
 Yet never mett with any.*

*He that doth but one woe misse,  
 O Death, to make him thyne ;  
 I would to God that I had his,  
 Or else that he had myne!*

*By this sadd wish wee two should have  
 A fortune and a wife ;  
 For I should wedd a peacefull grave,  
 And he a happy lyfe.*

*Yet lett that man whose fortunes swym  
 Soe hye by my sadd woe,  
 Forbeare to treade a stepp on him  
 That dy'de to make them soe.*

*Onely to acquitt my foes,  
 Write this where I am layne :  
 Heere lyes the man whome others woes  
 And thofe he lov'd have flaine.*

———Heere the musicke ended.

But *Celadyne* leaves not his pious guest :  
 For, as an artist curiously addrest  
 To some conclusion, having haply founde  
 A small encouragement on his first grounde,  
 Goes cheerefull on ; nor from it can be wonne,  
 Till he have perfected what he begun ;

---

<sup>1</sup> The first and second stanzas of this song are likewise in Lansdowne MS. 777. Both texts are exactly the same. The remainder of the song is preserved apparently in the Salisbury Cathedral MS. alone.

Soe he purfues, and labours all he can  
(Since he had heard the voice) to fynde the man.

A little dore, at laft, he in the fyde  
Of the long stretched entry had defcryde,  
And coming to it with the lampe, he fpyes  
Thefe lynes upon a table writt:—

**L**OVE! when I mett her firft whose slave I am,<sup>1</sup>  
To make her myne, why had I not thy flame?  
Or els thy blyndnes not to see that daye?  
Or if I needs must looke on her rare parts,  
Love! why to wounde her had I not thy darts,  
Since I had not thy wings to fly away?

*Winter was gone; and by the lovely spring  
Each pleasant grove a merry quire became,  
Where day and night the carelesse birds did sing,  
Love, when I mett her firft whose slave I am.*

*She fate and listned (for she lov'd his strayne)  
To one whose songs coulde make a tiger tame;<sup>2</sup>  
Which made me fighe, and crye, O happy fwayne!  
To make her myne, why had I not thy flame?*

*I vainely sought my passion to controule:  
And therefore (since she loves the learned laye),  
Homer, I should have brought with me thy soule,  
Or else thy blyndnesse, nott to see that daye!*

<sup>1</sup> This song also occurs, with verbal variations, in Lansdowne MS., 777. On the whole, the readings of the copy found in the Third Book seem to be preferable.

<sup>2</sup> "She fate & listned, for she loves the strayne  
Of one whose songs would make a Tyger tame."

—Lansd. MS.

*Yet would I not (myne eyes) my dayes outrun  
 In gazing (coulede I helpe it, or the arts),  
 Like him that dyde with looking on the sun ;  
 Or if I needs muft, looke on her rare parts !*

*Those, seen of one who every herbe would try,  
 And what the blood of elephants imparts  
 To coole his flame, yet would he (forced) cry,  
 Love ! why to wounde her had I not thy darts ?*

*O Dedalus ! the labrinth fram'd by thee  
 Was not soe intricate as where I straye ;  
 There have I lost my dearest libertie,  
 Since I had not thy wings to flye awaye.*

—————His eyes,

And still attentive eares, doe now discover  
 Sufficient cause to thincke some haples lover  
 Inhabited this darke and fullen cell,  
 Where none but shame or dismall grieffe would dwell.

As I have seen a fowler, by the floods  
 In winter tyme, or by the fleeced woods,  
 Steale softly, and his stepps full often vary,  
 As heere and there flutters the wished quarry ;  
 Now with his heele, now with his toe he treads,  
 Fearing the crackling of the frozen meades ;  
 Avoydes each rotten sticke neere to his foote,  
 And creepes, and labours thus, to gett a shoote :  
 Soe *Celadyne* approaches neere the dore,  
 Where sighes amaz'd him as the lute before ;  
 Sighes fetchd so deepe, they seemd of powre to carry  
 A foule fitt for eternitye to marrye.

Had *Dido* stood upon her cliffs and seen  
 Ilium's *Aeneas* stealing from a queen,  
 And spent her sighes as powrefull as were these,  
 She had inforc'd the faire *Nereides*

To anfwere hers ; those had the *Nayads* wonne,  
 To drive his winged *Pyne* rounde with the fun,  
 And long ere *Drake* (without a fearfull wrack)  
 Girdled the world, and brought the wandrer back.

*Celadyne* gently somewhat op'd the dore,  
 And by a glimring lampe upon the floore  
 Descryde a pritty curious rocky cell ;  
 A spoute of water in one corner fell  
 Out of the rocke upon a little wheele,  
 Which speedy as it coulde the water feele  
 Did, by the helpe of other engines lent,  
 Sett soone on worke a curious instrument,  
 Whose founde was like the hollowe, heavy flute,  
 Joyn'de with a deepe, sadd, fullen, cornemute.  
 This had the unknowne shepheard sett to playe  
 Such a soule-thrilling note, that if that day  
*Celadyne* had not seen this uncouth youth  
 Descend the cave, he would have sworne for truth  
 That great *Apollo*, slidd down from his spheare,  
 Did use to practife all his lessons there.

Upon a couche the musick's master laye ;  
 And whilst the handleffe instrument did playe  
 Sadd heavy accents to his woes as deepe,  
 To wooe him to an everlasting sleepe,  
 Stretch'd carelesly upon his little bedd,  
 His eyes fixt on the floore, his carefull head  
 Leaning upon his palme, his voice but fainte,  
 Thus to the fullen cave made his complaynte :

Fate ! yet at last be mercifull. Have done !  
 Thou canst aske nothing but confusion ;  
 Take then thy fill ! strike till thyne edge be dull !  
 Thy cruelty will soe be pittifull.  
 He that at once hath lost his hopes and feares  
 Lives not, but onely tarryes for more yeares !  
 (Much like an aged tree which moisture lacks,

And onely standeth to attend the axe.)  
 So have, and soe doe I: I truely knowe  
 How men are borne, and whither they shall goe ;  
 I knowe that like to silkwormes of one yeare,  
 Or like a kinde and wronged lover's teare,  
 Or on the pathles waves a rudders dint,  
 Or like the little sparkles of a flynt,  
 Or like to thinne rounde cakes with coft perfum'd,  
 Or fireworkes, onely made to be consum'd ;  
 I knowe that such is man, and all that trust  
 In that weake peece of animated dust.

The silkworme droopes, the lovers teares soone shedd,  
 The shippes waye quickly lost, the sparkle dead ;  
 The cake burnes out in hast, the fireworke's done,  
 And man as soone as these as quickly gone.

— Daye hath her night ; millions of yeares shal be  
 Bounded at last by long eternitie.

The roses have their spring, they have their fall,  
 Soe have the trees, beasts, fowle, and soe have all ;  
 The rivers run and end : starres rise and sett ;  
 There is a heate, a colde, a dry, a wett ;  
 There is a heaven, a hell, an earth, a skye ;  
 Or teach me something newe, or lett me dye !  
 Deere fate, be mercifull by prayers wonne,  
 Teach me once what Death is, and all is done !

Thou mayst object ; there's somewhat else to learne ;  
 O doe not bring me backe unto the querne  
 To grynde for honours, when I cannot tell  
 What will be sayde in the next chronicle !  
 Lett my vnblemish'd name meet with a tombe  
 Deservedly unspurn'd at, and at home !

I knowe there are possessions to inherit ;  
 But since the gate is stopp'd up to all merritt,  
 Some haples foules, as I, doe well observe it,  
 The waye to lose a place is to deserve it.

I am not ignorant besides of this,

Each man the workeman of his fortune is ;  
 But to apply and temper well his tooles,  
 He followe muſt th' advice of babes and fooles ;  
 Though virtue and reward be the extreames,  
 Of fortunes lyne, yet there are other beames,  
 Some ſpriggs of bribery imp'd in the lyne ;  
 Pandriſme or flatt'ry from the *Florentine*,  
 Which whoe foe catches, comes home crown'd with baye,  
 Ere he that runs the right lyne runs halfe waye.  
 What love and beauty is (thou know'ſt, O fate!)  
 I have read over ; and, alas ! but late ;  
 Their woundes yet bleed, and yet noe helpe is nye ;  
 Then teach me ſomething newe, or lett me dye !

Honors and places, riches, pleaſures be  
 Beyonde my ſtarre, and not ordayn'd for me ;  
 Or ſure the waye is loſt, and thoſe we holde  
 For true, are counterfaits to thoſe of olde.  
 How ſprout they elſe foe ſoon, like ozyer topps,  
 Which one ſpring breeds and which next autumnne lopps ?  
 Why are they elſe foe fading : foe poſſeſt  
 With guilt and feare, they dare not ſtand the teſt ?  
 Had virtue and true merritt been the baſis,  
 Whereon were rays'd their honors and hye places,  
 They had been ſtronger ſeated, and had ſtood  
 To after ages, as our antient blood,  
 Whoſe very names, and courages well ſteel'd,  
 Made up an armye, and could crowne a field.

Open the waye to merritt and to love !  
 That we may teach a *Cato* and a *Dove*  
 To heart a cauſe and weighe affection deare,  
 And I will thincke we live, not tarry heere.

Further his plainte had gone (if needed more),  
 But *Celadyne*, now widing more the dore,  
 Made a ſmall noyſe, which ſtartling up the man,

He streight descryde him, and anewe began :  
 What sorrowe, or what curiositie,  
 Saye (if thou be a man), conducted thee  
 Into these darke and unfrequented cells,  
 Where nought but I and dreadfull horror dwells ?  
 Or if thou be a ghost, for pittie saye  
 What powre, what chance, hath ledd thee to this way ?  
 If soe thou be a man, there can nought come  
 From them to me, unlesse yt be a tombe,  
 And that I holde already. See ! I have  
 Sufficient too to lend a king a grave,  
 A blest one too, within these hollowe vaults ;  
 Earth hydes but bodyes, but oblivion, faults.  
 Or if thou be a ghost sent from above,  
 Saye, is not blessed virtue and faire love,  
 Faith and just gratitude, rewarded there ?  
 Alas ! I knowe they be : I knowe they weare  
 Crownes of such glory, that their smallest ray  
 Can make us lend th' *Antipodes* a daye :  
 Nay, change our speare, and need noe more the sun  
 Then those that have that light whence all begun.  
 Staye further inquisition, quoth the swayne,  
 And knowe I am a man, and of that trayne  
 Which neer the westerne rivers feed their flocks.  
 I need not make me knowne ; for if the rocks  
 Can holde a sculpture, or the powre of verse  
 Preserve a name, the last-borne maye reherse  
 Me and my fortunes. Curiositie  
 Lead me not hither : chance, in seeing thee,  
 Gave me the thread, and by it I am come  
 To finde a living man within a tombe.  
 Thy plaints I have oreheard ; and lett it be  
 Noe wrong to them that they were heard of me.  
 Maye be that heavens great providence hath ledd  
 Me to these horrid caves of night and dread,  
 That, as in phisicke by some signature



*Nature* herfelfe doth pointe us out a cure :  
The liverwort is by industrious art  
Knowne phificall and foveraigne for that part  
Which it refembles ; and if we applye  
The eye-bright by the like unto the eye,  
Why mayft not thou (difconfolate) as well  
From me receive a cure, fince in me dwell  
All thofe fadd wrongs the world hath throwne on thee ;  
Which wrought foe much on my proclivitie,  
That I have entertayn'd them, and th' are growne  
And foe incorporated, and myne owne,  
That grieffe, elixir like, hath turn'd me all  
Into itfelfe ; and therefore phificall ?  
For if in herbes there lye this mifterie,  
Saye, why in other bodyes maye not we  
Promife ourfelves the like ? why fhouldft not thou  
Expect the like from me this instant now ?  
And more, fince heaven hath made me for thy cure  
Both the phifitian and the fignature.

Ah ! *Celadyne*, quoth he, and thinck't not ftrange  
I call thee by thy name ; thoughte tymes now change  
Makes thee forgett what myne is, with my voyce  
I have recorded thyne : and if the choice  
Of all our fwaynes, which by the westerne rills  
Feed their white flocks and tune their oaten quills,  
Were with me now, thou onely art the man  
Whome I woulde chufe for my phifitian.  
The others I would thancke and wifhe awaye.  
There needs but one fun to bring in the daye,  
Nor but one *Celadyne* to cleere my night  
Of difcontent, if any humane wight  
Can reach that poffibilitye : but know  
My griefes admitt noe parallax ; they goe,  
Like to the fixed ftarres, in fuch a fphere,  
Soe hye from meaner woes and cōmon care  
That thou canft never any diftance take

'Twixt myne and others woes ; and till thou make  
 And knowe a diff'rence in my saddest fate,  
 The cause, the station and the ling'ring date,  
 From other men which are in grieffe oregone  
 (Since it is best read by comparifon),  
 Thou never canst attayne the least degree  
 Of hope to worke a remedye on me.

I knowe to whome I speake. On *Iffs* banckes,  
 And melancholy *Charwell*, neere the rancks  
 Of shading willowes, often have we layne  
 And heard the muses and *Apollos* strayne  
 In heavenly raptures, as the powres on highe  
 Had there been lecturers of poesye,  
 And natures searcher, deepe philofophy ;  
 Yet neither these, nor any other art  
 Can yeeld a meanes to cure my wounded heart.  
 Staye then from losing longer tyme on me,  
 And in these deepe caves of obscuritie  
 Spend some fewe howres to see what is not knowne  
 Above ; but on the wings of rumor blowne.  
 Heere is the faeries' court (if soe they be)  
 (With that he rose) ; come neere, and thou shalt see  
 Whoe are my neighbours. And with that he leadd  
 (With such a pace as lovers use to treade  
 Neere sleeping parents) by the hand the swayne  
 Unto a pritty feate, neer which these twayne  
 By a rounde little hole had soone descryde  
 A trim feate roome, about a fathome wide,  
 As much in height, and twice as much in length,  
 Out of the mayne rocke cutt by artfull strength.  
 The two-leav'd doore was of the mother pearle,  
 Hinged and nayl'd with golde. Full many a girle,  
 Of the sweet faierye ligne, wrought in the loome  
 That fitted those rich hangings cladd the roome.  
 In them was wrought the love of their great king,  
 His triumphs, dances, sports, and revelling :

And learned *Spenser*, on a little hill  
 Curiously wroughte, laye, as he tun'de his quill ;  
 The floore could of respect complayne noe losse,  
 But neatly cover'd with discolour'd mosse,  
 Woven into storyes, might for such a peece  
 Vye with the richest carpetts brought from *Greece*.

A little mushrome (that was now growne thinner,  
 By being one tyme shaven for the dinner  
 Of one of *Spaines* grave grandis, and that daye  
 Out of his greatnesse larder stolne awaye,  
 By a more nimble elfe then are their witts,  
 Whoe practice truth as feldom as their spitts)—  
 This mushrome (on a frame of waxe y-pight,  
 Wherein was wrought the strange and cruell fight  
 Betwixt the troublous comonwealth of flyes,  
 And the flye spider with industrious thighes)  
 Serv'd for a table ; then a little elfe  
 (If possible, far lesser then itselfe),  
 Brought in the covering made of white rose leaves,  
 And (wrought together with the spinners fleaves)  
 Mett in the tables middle in right angles ;  
 The trenchers were of little silver spangles :  
 The salt the small bone of a fishes backe,  
 Whereon in little was exprest the wracke  
 Of that deplored moufe, from whence hath sprung  
 That furious battle *Homer* whilome sung,  
 Betwixt the frogs and mice : soe neatly wrought  
 Yet could not worke it lesser in a thought.  
 Then on the table, for their bread, was put  
 The milke-white kernells of the hazell nutt ;  
 The cupboord, suteable to all the rest,  
 Was as the table with like cov'ring drest.  
 The ewre and bason were, as fitting well,  
 A perriwinckle and a cockle-shell :  
 The glasses pure, and thinner then we can  
 See from the sea-betroth'd *Venetian*,

Were all of ice not made to overlapt  
 One supper, and betwixt two cow-flipps cast :  
 A prittyer fashion hath not yet been tolde,  
 Soe neate the glasse was, and so feate the molde.

A little spruce elfe then (just of the fett  
 Of the *French* dancer or such marionett)  
 Cladd in a sute of ruff, woven like a matt,  
 A monkehood flowre then serving for a hatt ;  
 Under a cloake made of the spiders loome :  
 This fairy (with them helde a lusty groome)  
 Brought in his bottles ; neater were there none,  
 And every bottle was a cherrystone.  
 To each a feed pearle served for a scrawe,  
 And most of them were fill'd with early dewe.  
 Some choicer ones, as for the king most meet,  
 Held mel-dewe and the hony-suckles sweet.

All things thus fitted ; streightways follow'd in  
 A case of small musitians, with a dynne  
 Of little hautboys, whereon each one strives  
 To shewe his skill ; they all were made of syves,  
 Excepting one, which puffed the players face,  
 And was a chibole, serving for the base.

Then came the service. The first dishes were  
 In white brothe boylde, a crammed grasshopper ;  
 A pismire roasted whole ; five crayfish eggs ;  
 The udder of a mouse ; two hornetts leggs ;  
 In steed of olyves, cleanly pick'd floes ;  
 Then of a batt were serv'd the petty-toes ;  
 Three fleas in soufe ; a criquet from the bryne ;  
 And of a dormouse, last, a lusty chyne.

Tell me, thou grandi, *Spaines* magnifico,  
 Could'st thou ere intertayne a monarch foe,  
 Without exhausting most thy rents and fees,  
 Tolde by a hundred thousand marvedies,  
 That bragging poore accompt ? If we should heere  
 Some one relate his incomes every yeare

To be five hundred thousand farthings tolde,  
 Coude yee refrayne from laughter? coude yee holde?  
 Or see a miser fitting downe to dyne  
 On some poore spratt new squeefed from the bryne,  
 Take out his spectakles, and with them eate,  
 To make his dish feeme larger and more greate.  
 Or elfe to make his golde its worth surpasse,  
 Woulde see it throughe a multiplying glasse:  
 Such are there auditts; such their highe esteemes;  
 A *Spanyard* is still lesse then what he seemes:  
 Lesse wise, lesse potent; rich, but glorious;  
 Prouder then any and more treacherous.  
 But lett us leave the bragadochio heere,  
 And turne to better company and cheere.

The first course thus serv'd in, next follow'd on  
 The faierye nobles, ushering *Oberon*,  
 Their mighty king, a prince of subtill powre,  
 Cladd in a sute of speckled gilliflowre.  
 His hatt by some choice master in the trade  
 Was (like a helmett) of a lilly made.  
 His ruffe a daizie was, soe neatly trimme,  
 As if of purpose it had growne for him.  
 His points were of the lady-grasse, in streakes,  
 And all were tagg'd, as fitt, with titmouse beakes.  
 His girdle, not three tymes as broade as thinne,  
 Was of a little trouts selfe-spangled skinne.  
 His bootes (for he was booted at that tyde),  
 Were fittly made of halfe a squirrells hyde.  
 His cloake was of the velvett flowres, and lynde  
 With flowre-de-lices of the choicest kinde.

Downe fate the king; his nobles did attend;  
 And after some repaste he gan commend  
 Their hawkes and sporte. This in a brave place flew:  
 That bird too soone was taken from the mewe:  
 This came well throughe the fowle, and quick againe  
 Made a brave point streight up upon her trayne.

Another for a driver none came nye ;  
 And such a hawke trufs'd well the butterfly.  
 That was the quarry which their pastime crownde ;  
 Their hawkes were wagtayles, most of them mew'd  
 rounde.

Then of their courfers' speed, sure-footing pace,  
 Their next discourse was ; as that famous race,  
 Ingend'red by the wynde, coulde not compare  
 With theirs, noe more then coulde a *Flemish* mare  
 With those fleet steeds that are so quickly hurl'd,  
 And make but one dayes journey rounde the world.  
 Naye, in their praises, some one durst to run  
 Soe farre to say, that if the glorious sun  
 Should lame a horse, he must come from the spheares  
 And furnish up his teame with one of theirs.  
 Those that did heare them vaunte their excellence  
 Beyond all value with such confidence,  
 Stoode wond'ring how such little elves as these  
 Durst venture on soe greate hyperboles ;  
 But more upon such horses. But it ceast  
 (I mean the wonder) when each nam'd his beaste.  
 My nimble squirrell (quoth the king), and then  
 Pinching his hatt is but a minutes ken.  
 The earth ran speedy from him, and I dare  
 Saye, if it have a motion circular,  
 I coulde have run it rounde ere she had done  
 The halfe of her circumvolution.  
 Her motion, lik'd with myne, should almost be  
 As *Saturnes*, myne the *primum mobile*.  
 Then, looking on the faieryes most accounted,  
 I grante, quoth he, some others were well mounted,  
 And praise your choice ; I doe acknowledge that  
 Your weefell ran well too ; soe did your ratt ;  
 And were his tayle cutt shorter to the fashion,  
 You in his speed woulde finde an alteration.  
 Anothers stoate had pas'd the swiftest teggs,

If somewhat sooner he had founde his leggs ;  
 His hare was winded well ; foe had indeed  
 Anothers rabbett tolerable speed.

Your catt (quoth he) would many a courser baffle ;  
 But fure he reynes not halfe well in a snaffle.

I knowe her well ; 'twas *Tybert* that begatt her,  
 But she is flewe, and never will be fatter :

The vare was lastly prais'd, and all the kinde,  
 But on their paffernes they went weake behynde.

What brave discourse was this ! now tell me, you  
 That talke of kings and states, and what they doe ;  
 Or gravely filent with a *Cato's* face,  
 Chewe ignorance untill the later grace ;  
 Or such, whoe (with discretion then at jarre)  
 Dare checke brave *Grinvill* and such sonnes of warre,  
 With whome they durst as soone have meafur'd swords,  
 (How ere their pens fight or wine-prompted words)  
 As not have lefte him all with blood besmear'd,  
 Or tane an angry lion by the beard.

Forbeare that honor'd name ! you, that in spight  
 Take paines to censure, more then he to fight,  
 Trample not on the dead ! those wrongly laye  
 The not-succeffe, whoe sooneft ran awaye.  
 Kill not againe whome *Spaine* would have repreev'd !  
 Had ten of you been *Grinvills*, he had liv'd.

Were it not better that you did apply  
 Your meate, unlaught at of the standers by ?  
 Or (like the faierye king) talke of your horse,  
 Or such as you, for want of something worfe.

Lett that deare name for ever sacred be :  
*Cæsar* had enemyes, and foe had he ;  
 But *Grinvill* did that *Romans* fate transcend,  
 And fought an enemy into a friend.

Thus with small things I doe compose the greate.  
 Now comes the king of faieries second meate ;  
 The first dish was a small spawn'd fish and fryde,

Had it been leffer, it had not been spyde ;  
 The next, a dozen larded mytes ; the third,  
 A goodly pye fill'd with a lady-bird.  
 Two roasted flyes, then of a dace the poule,  
 And of a millers-thumbe a mighty joule ;  
 A butterfly which they had kill'd that daye,  
 A brace of ferne-webbs pickled the last *Maye*.  
 A well-fedd hornet taken from the soufe,  
 A larkes tongue dryde, to make him to carowfe.

As when a lusty sawyer, well preparte,  
 His breakefast eaten, and his timber squarde,  
 About to rayse up as he thincketh fitt  
 A good found tree above his sawing pitt,  
 His neighbours call'd ; each one a lusty heaver,  
 Some steere the rouler, others ply the leaver ;  
 Heave heere, sayes one ; another calls, shove thither ;  
 Heave, roule, and shove ! cry all, and altogether ;  
 Looke to your foote, sir, and take better heed,  
 Cryes a by-stander, noe more haft then need ;  
 Lifte up that ende there ; bring it gently on ;  
 And now thrust all at once, or all is gone ;  
 Holde there a little ; softe ; now use your strength  
 And with this firre, the tree lyes fitt at length.  
 Just such a noyse was heard when came the last  
 Of *Oberons* second messe. One cryde, holde fast ;  
 Put five more of the guard to't, of the best ;  
 Looke to your footing ; stoppe awhile and rest ;  
 One would have thought with soe much strength and dyn  
 They surely would have brought *Behemoth* in,  
 That mighty ox which (as the *Rabbins* saye)  
 Shall feaste the *Jewes* upon the latter daye.  
 But at the last, with all this noyse and cry,  
 Ten of the guard brought in a minowe-pye.

The mountaynes labour'd and brought forth a moufe,  
 And why not in this mighty princes house  
 As any others ? Well, the pye was plac'd,



And then the musicke strooke, and all things grac'd.

It was a confort of the choicest sett  
That never stood to tune, or right a fret;  
For *Nature* to this king such musike sent,  
Most were both players and the instrument.

Noe famous sensuallist, what ere he be,  
Whoe in the brazen leaves of historie  
Hath his name registred, for vast expence  
In striving how to please his hearing sence,  
Had ever harmony chose for his eare  
Soe fitt as for this king; and these they were.

The trebble was a three-mouth'd grasshopper,  
Well tutor'd by a skillfull quirister:  
An antient master, that did use to playe  
The friskins which the lambs doe dance in *Maye*;  
And long tyme was the chiefeft call'd to sing,  
When on the playnes the faieryes made a ring;  
Then a field-criquett, with a note full cleare,  
Sweet and unforc'd and softly sung the meane,  
To whose accord, and with noe mickle labor,  
A pritty faiery playde upon a tabor:  
The case was of a hafell nutt, the heads  
A batt's-wing dress'd, the snares were silver thredds;  
A little stiffned lamprey's skin did sute  
All the rest well, and serv'd them for a flute;  
And to all these a deepe well brested gnatt,  
That had good fides, knewe well his sharpe and flatt,  
Sung a good compasse, making noe wry face,—  
Was there as fittest for a chamber base.

These choice musitians to their merry king  
Gave all the pleasure which their art coule bring;  
At last he ask'd a song: but ere I fall  
To sing it over in my pastorall,  
Give me some respitt; now the daye growes olde,  
And 'tis full tyme that I had pitch'd my folde;  
When next sweet morning calls us from our bedds

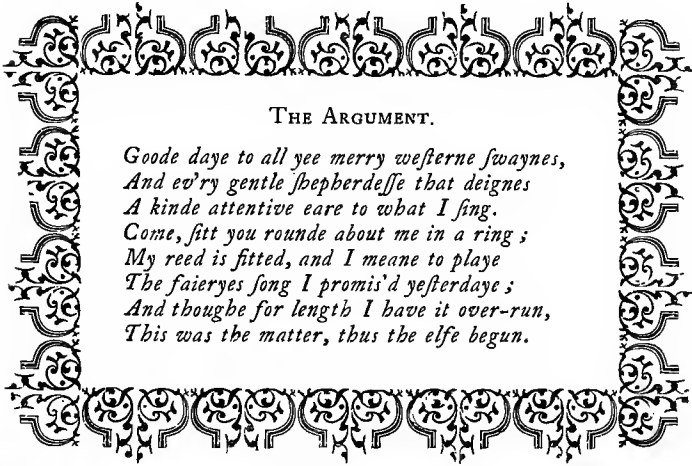
With harmeleffe thoughts and with untroubled heads,  
 Meet we in *Rowden* meadowes, where the flood  
 Kisses the banckes, and courts the shady wood ;  
 A wood wherein some of these layes were drest,  
 And often sung by *Willy* of the west :  
 Upon whose trees the name of *Licea* stands,  
*Licea* more fleeting then my *Tavyes* sands.  
 Growe olde, ye ryndes ! and shedd away that name ;  
 But O what hand shall wipe away her shame ?

There lett us meet. And if my younger quill  
 Bring not such raptures from the sacred hill  
 With others, to whome heaven infused breath  
 When raignd our glorious deare *Elizabeth*,  
 (The nurse of learning and the blessed arts,  
 The center of *Spaines* envy and our hearts),  
 If that the *Muses* fayle me not, I shall  
 Perfect the little faeries festivall,  
 And charme your eares soe with that princes song,  
 That those faire nymphes which dayly tread along  
 The westerne rivers and survaye the fountaynes,  
 And those which haunte the woods, and sky-kifs'd  
 mountaynes,  
 Shall learne and sing it to ensuing tymes  
 When I am dust. And, *Tavy*, in my rimes  
 Challenge a due ; lett it thy glorye be,  
 That famous *Drake* and I were borne by thee !

THE END OF THE FIRST SONG OF  
 THE THIRD BOOKE.



## THE SECOND SONG.



## THE ARGUMENT.

*Goode daye to all yee merry westerne swaynes,  
And ev'ry gentle shepberdesse that deignes  
A kinde attentive eare to what I sing.  
Come, sitt you rounde about me in a ring ;  
My reed is fitted, and I meane to playe  
The faieryes song I promis'd yesterdaye ;  
And thoughbe for length I have it over-run,  
This was the matter, thus the elfe begun.*



**O**f royall parents in a country rich  
Were borne three daughters, with all  
beautyes crownde  
That coulede the eyes of men or gods bewitch,  
Or poets sacred verse did ever founde ;  
But *Natures* favour flew a higher pitch,  
When with the yongest she enrich'd this round,  
Though her first worke for prayse much right might  
holde,  
Her last outwent yt, and she broke the molde.

From countryes farre remote, wing'd with desire,  
Strangers pass'd gladly o're a tedious waye

To see if fame would now be founde a lyer,  
 Whoe said another sun brought in the daye ;  
 Poore men ! yee come too neere to such a fire,  
 And for a looke your lives at hazard laye.  
 Staye, staye at home, reade of her beauty there,  
 And make not those sweet eyes your murderer.

The curious statuaryes, painters quainte,  
 From their greate monarks come, from ev'ry land,  
 That what the chefill coulde or penfill painte,  
 Might in her portraict have the skillfull'ft hand ;  
 But, feely men, they meet a sadd restrainte,  
 And they themselves as turn'd to statues stand :  
 Soe many graces in her feature lurke,  
 They turne all eye and have noe hands to worke.

The altars of the gods stood nowe forlorne ;  
 Their mirrhe and frankincense was kept awaye,  
 And fairest *Cytherea* (that was borne  
 Out of the white froth of the working sea)  
 Wanted her votaryes ; nay, some in scorne  
 Durste wante, while they the sacrifice delaye ;  
 This was a deity, indeed, for whome  
 The gods themselves might be a hecatombe.

Divers belev'd, whoe, ravish'd with the sight,  
 Stood gazing, as amaz'd, at her faire eyes,  
 That *Nature* had produc'd another light,  
 Newe kinde of starre, and in a newer guise ;  
 And from the earth, not from the sea, should rise  
 A *Venus* worthyer to unlength the night ;  
 And though the first be for a goddesse plac'd,  
 This was more heavenly faire, more truely chaste.

Hence came it *Paphos* and *Cythera* nowe,  
*Gnidus* and *Amathus*, could see noe more

The ships, the parent of their goddess's plow,  
 Nor pilgrims land on their forsaken shore.  
 Noe man a guifte coulede to her shryne allowe,  
 Nor rose nor mirtle crowne her image wore ;  
 The bedds contemn'd, harth fireles and unfitt,  
 And mens devotions were as colde as it.

Anger and rage possesst the queen of love  
 To see a fairer queen of love then she ;  
 And that a mortall with the powers above  
 Came in divyne rytes to a like degree ;  
 Nay, that the ravish'd people alwayes strove  
 That this none other coulede then *Venus* be ;  
 Impatient ought on earth deserv'd her name ;  
 Thus murmur'd she, and scorne still fedd the flame.

Have I, quoth she, the most confus'd abisse,  
 The chaos rude unwounde, the vault of heaven  
 Compos'd, and settled all that order is ?  
 The name of nursing mother to me given,  
 And all regardles ? must I, after this,  
 Be from my temples and myne altars driven ?  
 And she that is the source of humane things  
 Paye, as a vassall, tribute to her springs ?

Noe ; 'tis a competition too-too lowe,  
 To stand with one compos'd of elements  
 Which their originall to me doe owe ;  
 Shall fading creatures profecute intents  
 With us that all eternity doe knowe ?  
 And the like victimes have and sacred fents ?  
 Or share with me in any rites of myne,  
 And mingle mortall honors with divine ?

What bootes it then that men me rightly call  
 The daughter of the mighty thunderer ?

And that I can ascend up to my stall  
 Along the milky waye by many a starre?  
 And where I come, the powers celestiall  
 Rise more to mee then any goddesse farre?  
 And all those contries by bright *Phæbus* seen  
 Doe homage and acknowledge me their queen.

Shall I then leave the prize I whilome wonne  
 On stately *Ida* (for my beautyes charmes),  
 Given me by *Paris*, *Priams* fatall sonne,  
 From stately *Juno* and the *Maide of Armes*?  
 By which old *Symois* long with blood did run.  
 If such ambition her proude bosome warmes,  
 I must descend: she fly to heaven, and there  
 Sitt in my glorious orbe, and guide my spheare.

Noe! this usurping maide shall feele the powre  
 Of an incensed deity, and see  
 Those cheekes of redd and white, that living flowre,  
 And those her limms of truest symetrie,  
 Want winning eloquence to scape the showre  
 Of due revenge must fall on her from me.  
 She shall repent those beautyes, and confesse  
 She had been happyer in deformednes.

She said noe more: but full of ire ascends,  
 Her chariott drawne by white enamour'd doves;  
 Her passion to their speed more swiftnes lends.  
 And now to search her sonne (that various loves  
 Worketh each where) she studiously intends:  
 She fought him long among th' *Elizian* groves,  
 But missing him, to earth-ward bent her reynes,  
 And with a shepheard founde him on the playnes.

It was a shepheard that was borne by-west,  
 And well of *Tityrus* had learnt to sing;

Little knewe he, poore ladd, of loves unrest,  
 But by his fellowe shepherds sonnetting ;  
 A speculative knowledge with the best  
 He had, but never felt the golden sting ;  
 And to comply with those his fellowe swaynes,  
 He sung of love and never felt the paines.

The little *Cupid* lov'd him for his verse,  
 Though lowe and tuned to an oaten reed ;  
 And that he might the fitter have commerce  
 With those that sung of love and lovers deed,  
 Strooke (O but had *Death* strooke her to a herse)  
 Those woundes had not been ope which freshly bleed—  
 Strooke a faire maide and made her love this ladd,  
 From whence his sorrowes their beginnings had.

Long tyme she lov'd : and *Cupid* did foe deare  
 Affect the shepherd, that he woulde not try  
 A golden dart to wounde him, out of feare  
 (That they might not be strooken equally)  
 But turned orator, and coming there  
 Where this yong pastor did his flocks apply,  
 He wooes him for the lasse ficke of his hand,  
 And begs, whoe might imperiously command :

Shall that sweet paradife neglected lye  
 ('Twas foe, and had a serpent in it too),  
 Shall those sweet lipps, that pittty-begging eye  
 Begett noe flame, when common beautyes doe ?  
 Those breasts of snowe, bedds of felicitye,  
 Made to inforce a man of ire to woo,  
 Make nought for her, in whose soule-melting flashes  
 A *Salamander* might consume to ashes ?

Pitty her fighes, fond swayne ! beleeve her teares ;  
 What hearte of marble woulde not rend to see her

Languish for love? poore soule, her tender yeares  
 Have flame to feed her fire, not words to free her.  
 Bad orators are yonger loves and feares.

Thus *Cupid* wooes, and coulede a mortall flee her?  
 But *Venus* coming, *Cupid* threwe a dart  
 To make all fure, and left it in his heart.

Thus to the winged archer *Venus* came,  
 Whoe, though by *Nature* quick ynoughe inclynde  
 To all requests made by the *Cyprian* dame,  
 She lefte noe grace of looke or worde behynde  
 That might rayse up that fire which none can tame:  
*Revenge*, that sweet betrayer of the mynde,  
 That cunning, turbulent, impatient guest,  
 Which sleepes in blood, and but in death hath rest.

Into her charyott she him quickly takes,  
 And swifte as tyme, cutting the yeelding ayre,  
 Her discontent she tells him, as she makes  
 Towards *Psyche* sweet aboade a fadd repaire.  
*Psyche* the lady hight that nowe awakes  
 Faire *Venus* furye; looke, quoth she, and there  
 Beholde my grieffe; O *Cupid*, shutt thyne eyne,  
 Or that which now is hers will soone be thyne.

See yonder girle, quoth she, for whome my shryne  
 Is lefte neglected and of all forlorne;  
 Hearke how the poets court the sacred *Nyne*  
 To give them raptures full and highly borne  
 That maye befitt a beauty soe divyne,  
 And from the threshold of the rosy morne  
 To *Phæbus* westerne inne, fill by their layes  
 All hearts with love of her, all tongues with praise.

By that maternall rightfull powre, my sonne,  
 Which I have with thee, and may justly claime:



By those golde darts which I for thee have wonne,  
By those sweet wounds they make without a mayme :  
By thy kinde fire which hath such wonders donne,  
And all faire eyes from whence thou takest ayme :  
By these and by this kisse, this and this other,  
Right a wronged goddesse and revenge thy mother.

And this waye doe it : make that glorious mayde  
Slave in affection to a wretch as rude  
As ever yet deformitie arayde  
Or all the vices of the multitude.  
Lett him love money ! and a friend betrayde  
Proclayme with how much witt he is indude ;  
Lett not sweet sleepe but sicknes make his bedd !  
And to the grave bring home her maidenhead.

When the blefs'd day calls others from their sleepe,  
And birds sweet layes rejoyce all creatures waking,  
Lett her lame husbands grones and sighing deepe  
Affright her from that rest which she is taking !  
And (spight of all her care) when she doth weepe,  
Lett him mistrust her teares and faithes forsaking !  
In briefe, lett her affect (thus I importune)  
One wrong'd as much as *Nature* coulede or *Fortune*.

Thus spoke she, and a winning kisse she gave,  
A long one with a free and yeelding lipp,  
Unto the God ; and on the brackish wave  
(Leaving her sonne ashore) doth nimbly tripp.  
Two dolphins with a charryot richly brave  
Wayted, and with her unto *Cyprus* tripp ;  
The little *Cupid* she had lefte behinde,  
And gave him fight then when he shoulde be blynde.

*Cupid*, to worke his wyles that can applye  
Himselfe, like *Proteus*, to what forme he list,

Fierce as a lyon, nimble as an eye,  
 As glorious as the sun, darke as a miste,  
 Hiding himselfe within a ladyes eye,  
 Or in a filken hayres insnaring twist ;  
 And those within whose breasts he ofte doth fall,  
 And feele him moste, doe knowe him leaste of all.

The God now us'd his powre, and him addrest  
 Unto a fitting stand, where he might see  
 All that kinde *Nature* ever yet exprest  
 Of colour, feature, or due symetrie :  
 It seem'd heaven was come downe to make earth blest.  
 Noe wonder then if there this god should be ;  
 Noe ; wonder more which waye he can be driven,  
 To leave this fight for those he knewe in heaven.

Her cheekes the wonder of what eye beheld  
 Begott betwixt a lilly and a rose,  
 In gentle rising plaines devinely swell'd,  
 Where all the graces and the loves repose.  
*Nature* in this peece all her workes excell'd,  
 Yet shewd her selfe imperfect in the close,  
 For she forgott (when she foe faire did rayse her)  
 To give the world a witt might duely prayse her.

Her sweet and ruddy lipps, full of the fyre  
 Which once *Prometheus* stole away from heaven,  
 Coude by their kisses rayse a like desire  
 To that by which *Alcides* once was driven  
 To fifty bedds, and in one night entyre  
 To fifty maides the name of mother given ;  
 But had he mett this dame first, all the other  
 Had rested maides : she fifty tymes a mother !

When that she spoake, as at a voice from heaven  
 On her sweet words all eares and hearts attended ;

When that she sung, they thought the planetts seaven  
 By her sweet voice might well their tunes have  
 mended ;

When she did fighe, all were of joye bereaven ;  
 And when she smyld, heaven had them all befriended.  
 If that her voice, fighes, smiles, foe many thrilld,  
 O, had she kifs'd, how many had she kill'd !

Her hayre was flaxen, small, and full and long,  
 Wherewith the softe enamour'd ayre did playe,  
 And heere and there with pearles was quaintly strung ;  
 When they were spredd (like to *Apollo's* raye)  
 They made the breasts of the *Olimpicque* throng  
 To feele their flames, as we the flame of daye ;  
 And to eternize what they sawe foe fayre,  
 They made a constellation of her hayre.

Her slender fingers (neate and worthy made  
 To be the servants to foe much perfection)  
 Joyn'd to a palme, whose touch woulde streight invade  
 And bring a sturdy heart to lowe subjection.  
 Her slender wrists two diamond braceletts lade,  
 Made richer by foe sweet a soules election.  
 O happy braceletts ! but more happy he  
 To whom those armes shall as a bracelett be !

Nature, when she made woemens breasts, was then  
 In doubt of what to make them, or how stayned ;  
 If that she made them softe, she knewe that men  
 Woulde seeke for rest there, where none coulde be  
 gayned :  
 If that she made them snow-like, they agen  
 Woulde seeke for colde where loves hote flamings  
 reigned ;  
 She made them both, and men deceaved foe,  
 Finde wakefullnes in downe, and fyre in snowe.

Such were faire *Pfyches* lillyed bedds of love,  
 Or rather two new worlds where men would faine  
 Discover wonders by her starres above,  
 If any guide coulde bring them back againe.  
 But who shall on those azure riveretts move,  
 Is loft, and wanders in an endles mayne ;  
 Soe many graces, pleasures; there apply them,  
 That man should need the worlds age to descry them.

As when a woodman on the greeny lawnes,  
 Where daylie chants the fadd-sweet nightingale,  
 Woulde counte his heard, more bucks, more pricketts,  
 fawnes  
 Rush from the copps and put him from his tale ;  
 Or some wayfaring man, when morning dawnes,  
 Woulde tell the sweet notes in a joyfome vaele,  
 At ev'ry foote a newe bird lights and sings,  
 And makes him leave to counte their fonnettings.

Soe when my willing muse would gladly dresse  
 Her severall graces in immortall lines,  
 Plenty impoores her ; ev'ry golden tresse,  
 Each little dimple, every glance that shynes  
 As radyant as *Apollo*, I confesse  
 My skill too weake for soe admirde signes ;  
 For whilst one beauty I am close about,  
 Millions doe newly rise and put me out.

Never was mayde to varyous nature bounde  
 In greater bonds of thanckfullnes then she,  
 As all eyes judg'd ; nor on the maffy round  
 For all perfectiones coulde another be  
 Upon whose any limme was to be founde  
 Ought, that on hers coulde vante of masterie ;  
 Yet thoughe all eyes had been a wishfull feaste,  
 Whoe sawe nought but her body sawe her lease.

Blest was the wombe that bore foe faire a birth ;  
    Blest was the birth for blessing of the wombe ;  
Blest was the hand that tooke her to the earth ;  
    Blest ev'ry shady arbour, every roome ;  
Blest were the deserts roughe where zephir stirr'th ;  
    Blest ev'ry craggy rock and rushy coombe :  
All things that held, sawe her, still confessed  
To tymes last periodd they were ever blessed.

My fairest *Cælia*, when thyne eyes shall viewe  
    These, and all other lynes ere writt by me,  
Wherein all beautyes are describ'd, and true,  
    Thincke your devoted shepheards fantazie,  
Rapt by those heavenly graces are in you,  
    Had thence all matter fitt for elogie.  
Your blest endowments are my verses mothers,  
For by your sweetnesse I describe all others.

*End of Britannia's Pastorals.*



THE  
SHEPHERDS  
PIPE.

Του ποιμην φόρμιγγη καὶ ὄρχηθμῶ καὶ ἀοιδῆ.



LONDON

Printed by *N. O.* for *George Norton*,  
and are to be sold at his Shop  
without Temple-barre. 1614.







To the truely Vertuous,  
and worthy of all Honour, the  
Right Honourable EDVVARD,  
Lord ZOVCH, Saint MAVRE  
and CANTELVPE, and one of  
*his M<sup>ties</sup>. most Honourable*  
*Privy Councill.*



E pleas'd (great Lord) whē vnderneath the  
shades  
Of your delightfull *Bramf-hill*, (where the  
spring  
Her flowers for gentle blasts with *Zephire*  
trades)

Once more to heare a filly Shepheard sing.  
Yours be the pleasure, mine the Sonneting ;  
Eu'n that hath his delight ; nor shall I need  
To seeke applause amongst the common store  
It is enough if this mine oaten Reed  
Please but the eare it should ; I aske no more :  
Nor shall those rurall notes which heretofore  
Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame  
Imperfect lye ; *Obluion* shall not gaine  
Ought on your worth, but sung shall be your name  
So long as *England* yeelds or song or Swaine.  
Free are my lines, though drest in lowly state,  
And scorne to flatter but the men I hate.

*Your Honours.*

W. BROVVNE.





## Of his Friend Maister

*William Browne.*



*Poets borne, not made : No wonder then  
Though Spencer, Sidney (miracles of men,  
Sole English Makers, whose eu'n names so hie  
Expresse by implication Poesy)  
Were long vnparaleld : For nature, bold  
In their creation, spent that precious mould,  
That Nobly better earth, that purer spirit  
Which Poets, as their Birth-rights, claime t'inherite :  
And in their great production Prodigall,  
Carelesse of futures, well-nye spent her all.  
Veiw'ing her work : consc'ious sh'had suffred wracke,  
Hath caus'd our Countrymen ere since to lacke  
That better earth and forme : Long thrifty growne  
Who truly might beare Poets, brought forth none :  
Till now of late, seeing her stockes new full  
(By Time and Thrift) of matter beautifull,  
And quint-essence of formes ; what severall  
Our elder Poets graces had, those all  
Shee now determin'd to vnite in one ;  
So to surpassse her selfe ; and call'd him Browne.  
,That beggard by his birth, shee's now so poore  
That of true Maker[s] shee can make no more.  
Heereof accus'd ; answer'd, shee meant that hee  
A species should, no indiuiduum, bee.*

*That (Phœnix-like) Hee in himfelfe ſhould find  
Of Poefy contain'd each feuerall kind.  
And from this Phœnix's urne, thought ſhee could take  
Whereof all following-Poets well to make.*

For of ſome former ſhee had, now made knowne  
They were her errours whilſt ſh'intended *Browne*.

In libellum, inſcriptionemq;.

*Not Æglogues your, but Eclogues: To compare:  
Virgil's ſeleſted, yours eleſted are.  
Hee Imitates, you Make: and this your creature  
Exprefſeth well your Name, and theirs, their Nature.*

E. JOHNSON

Int. Temp.



*To his better beloued, then*

knowne friend, M<sup>r</sup>. BROVNE.

**S***Vch is the fate of some (write) now a daies  
Thinking to win and weare, they breake the Bayes,  
As a slow Foote-man striuing neere to come  
A swifter that before him farre doth runne,  
Puft with the hope of Honours gole to winne  
Runnes out of Breath yet furthest of from him.  
So do our most of Poets whose Muse flies  
About for honour, catch poore Butterflies.  
But thou, faire freind, not rankt shall be 'mongst those  
That makes a Mountaine where a Mole-hill growes ;  
Thou whose sweete singing Pen such layes hath writ  
That in an old way teacheth vs new wit:  
Thou that wert borne and bred to bee the man  
To turne Apollos glory into Pan,  
And when thou lists of Shepheards leaue to write,  
To great Apollo adde againe his light  
For neuer yet like Shepheards forth haue come  
Whose Pipes so sweetely play as thine haue done.  
Faire Muse of Browne, whose beauty is as pure  
As women Browne that faire and long'st endure,  
Still may'st thou as thou dost a louer moue,  
And as thou dost each mouer may thee loue,  
Whilst I my selfe in loue with thee must fall,  
Brownes Muse the faire Browne woman still will call.*

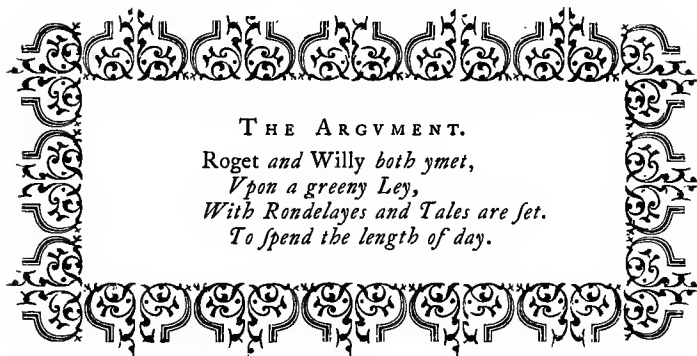
IOHN ONLEY.  
Int. Temp.





THE  
S H E P H E A R D S  
P I P E .

*The first Eglogue.*



THE ARGUMENT.

Roget and Willy both ymet,  
Upon a greeny Ley,  
With Rondelayes and Tales are set.  
To spend the length of day.

WILLIE. ROGET.

*Willie.*



ROGET, droope not, see the spring  
Is the earth enamelling,  
And the birds on euery Tree  
Greete this morne with melody :  
Hearke, how yonder Thruffle chants it,  
And her mate as proudly vants it ;

See how euery streame is drest  
 By her Margine with the best  
 Of *Flora's* gifts, she seemes glad  
 For such Brookes such flowres she had.  
 All the trees are quaintly tyred  
 With greene buds, of all desired ;  
 And the Hawthorne euery day  
 Spreads some little shew of May :  
 See the Prim-rose sweetely set  
 By the much-lou'd Violet  
 All the Bankes doe sweetly couer,  
 As they would inuite a Louer  
 With his Lasse to see their dressing  
 And to grace them by their pressing :  
 Yet in all this merry tyde  
 When all cares are laid aside,  
*Roget* fits as if his bloud  
 Had not felt the quickning good  
 Of the Sun, nor cares to play,  
 Or with songs to passe the day  
 As he wont : Fye, *Roget*, flye,  
 Raife thy head, and merrily  
 Tune vs somewhat to thy reed :  
 See our Flockes do freely feed,  
 Heere we may together sit,  
 And for Musicke very fit  
 Is this place ; from yonder wood  
 Comes an Eccho shrill and good,  
 Twice full perfectly it will  
 Answere to thine Oaten quill.  
*Roget*, droope not then, but sing  
 Some kind welcome to the Spring.

*Roget.*

**A**H *Willie, Willy*, why should I  
 Sound my notes of iollity ?



Since no sooner can I play  
Any pleasing Roundelay,  
But some one or other still  
'Gins to descant on my Quill ;  
And will say, by this he me  
Meaneth in his Minstralsie.  
If I chance to name an Affe  
In my song, it comes to passe,  
One or other sure will take it  
As his proper name, and make it  
Fit to tell his nature too.  
Thus what e're I chance to do  
Happens to my losse, and brings  
To my name the venom'd stings  
Of ill report : How should I  
Sound then notes of iollity?

*Willie.*

**T**Is true indeed, we say all  
Rub a gal'd horse on the gall,  
Kicke he wil, storme and bite,  
But the horse of founder plight  
Gently feeles his Maisters hand.  
In the water thrust a brand  
Kindled in the fire, 'twill hiss,  
When a sticke that taken is  
From the Hedge, in water thrust,  
Neuer rokes as would the first,  
But endures the waters touch :  
*Roget*, so it fares with such  
Whose owne guilt hath them enflam'd,  
Rage when e're their vice is blam'd.  
But who in himselfe is free  
From all spots, as Lillies be,  
Neuer stirres, do what thou can.  
If thou slander such a man

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

Yet he's quiet, for he knowes  
 With him no such vices clofe.  
 Onely he that is indeed  
 Spotted with the leprous seed  
 Of corrupted thoughts, and hath  
 An vlcerous foule in the path  
 Of reproofe, he straight will brall  
 If you rub him on the gall.  
 But in vaine then shall I keepe  
 Thefe my harmleffe flocke of sheepe.  
 And though all the day I tend them,  
 And from Wolues & Foxes shend them.  
 Wicked Swaines that beare mee spight,  
 In the gloomy vaile of night,  
 Of my fold will draw the pegges,  
 Or else breake my Lambkins legges :  
 Or vnhang my Weathers bell,  
 Or bring bryers from the dell,  
 And them in my fold by peeces  
 Cast, to tangle all their fleeces.  
 Welladay ! such churlish Swaynes  
 Now and then lurke on our plaines :  
 That I feare a time ere long  
 Shall not heare a Sheepheards fong,  
 Nor a Swayne shall take in taske  
 Any wrong, nor once vnmaske  
 Such as do with vices rife  
 Soyle the Sheepheards happy life :  
 Except he meanes his Sheepe shall bee  
 A prey to all their iniury.  
 This causeth mee I do no more  
 Chant fo as I wont of yore :  
 Since in vaine then should I keepe  
 Thefe my harmleffe flocke of Sheepe.

*Willie.*

**Y**Et if such thou wilt not sing,  
Make the Woods and Vallies ring  
With some other kind of lore,  
*Roget* hath enough in store,  
Sing of loue, or tell some tale,  
Praise the flowers, the Hills, the Vale:  
Let vs not heere idle be;  
Next day I will sing to thee.  
Hearke on knap of yonder Hill  
Some sweet Sheeheard tunes his quill;  
And the Maidens in a round  
Sit (to heare him) on the ground.  
And if thou begin, shall wee  
Grac'd be with like company.  
And to gird thy Temples bring  
Garlands for such fingering.  
Then raise thee *Roget*—

*Roget.*

Gentle Swaine  
Whom I honour for thy straine,  
Though it would befeeme me more  
To attend thee and thy lore:  
Yet leaft thou might'ft find in me  
A neglect of courtesie,  
I will sing what I did leere  
Long agon in Ianiueere  
Of a skilfull aged Sire,  
As we tosted by the fire.

*Willy.*

**S**ing it out, it needs must be  
Very good what comes from thee.

*Roget.*

**W**Hilome an Emperour prudent and wife,  
 Raigned in Rome, and had fonnnes three  
 Which he had in great chiertee & great prife,  
 And when it shop fo, that th'infirmitee  
 Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee,  
 Him threw downe in his bed, hee let do call  
 His fonnnes, and before him they came all.

And to the first he said in this maneere,  
 All th'eritage which at the dying  
 Of my fadir, he me left, all in feere  
 Leauē I thee: And all that of my buying  
 Was with my peny, all my purchasing,  
 My fecond sonne bequeath I to thee,  
 And to the third sonne thus said hee:

Vnmoueable good right none withouten oath  
 Thee giue I may; but I to thee deuise  
 Jewels three, a Ring, a Brooch and a Cloth:  
 With which, and thou bee guided as the wife,  
 Thou maist get all that ought thee suffice;  
 Who so that the Ring vsfeth still to weare  
 Of all folkes the loue hee shall conquere.

And who so the Broch beareth on his breast,  
 It is eke of such vertue and such kind,  
 That thinke vpon what thing him liketh best,  
 And he as bliue shall it haue and finde.  
 My words, sonne, imprint well in mind:  
 The Cloth eke hath a meruailous nature,  
 Which that shall be committed to thy cure.

Who so sit on it, if he wish where  
 In all the world to beene, he suddenly  
 Without more labour shall be there.

Sonne, those three Iewels bequeath I  
To thee, vnto this effect certainly  
That to study of the Vniuersitee  
Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee.

When he had thus said, the vexation  
Of death so haſted him, that his ſpirit  
Anon forſooke his habitation  
In his body: death would no reſpyte  
Him yeue at all: he was of his life quitte.  
And buried was with ſuch ſolemnity,  
As fell to his Imperiall dignity.

Of the yongest ſonne I tell ſhall,  
And ſpeake no more of his brethren two,  
For with them haue I not to do at all.  
Thus ſpake the mother *Ionathas* vnto:  
Sin God hath his will of thy father do,  
To thy fathers Will, would I me conforme,  
And truly all his Teſtament performe.

He three Iewels, as thou knoweſt well:  
A Ring, a Brooch, and a Cloth thee bequeath,  
Whoſe vertues he thee told euery deal,  
Or that he paſt hence and yalde vp the breath:  
O good God, his departing, his death  
Full grieuouſly ſticketh vnto mine heart,  
But ſuffered not been, all how fore it ſmart.

In that caſe women haue ſuch heauineſſe,  
That it not lyeth in my cunning aright  
You tell of ſo great forrow the exceſſe;  
But wiſe women can take it light,  
And in ſhort while put vnto the flight  
All forrow & woe, and catch againe comfort:  
Now to my tale make I my reſort.

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

Thy fathers will, my sonne, as I said ere,  
 Will I performe; haue heere the ring and go  
 To study anon, and when that thou art there,  
 As thy father thee bade, do euen so,  
 And as thou wilt my blessing haue also.  
 Shee vnto him as swythe tooke the Ring  
 And bad him keepe it well for any thing.

Hee went vnto the study generall  
 Where he gat loue enough, and acquaintance  
 Right good and friendly, the ring causing all,  
 And on a day to him befell this chance  
 With a woman, a morfell of pleasance,  
 By the streetes of the Vniuersity  
 As he was in his walking, met he.

And right as blie he had with her a tale,  
 And therewithall fore in her loue he brent;  
 Gay, fresh and piked was she to the sale,  
 For to that end and to that intent  
 She thither came, and both forth they went,  
 And he a pistle rownd in her eare,  
 Nat wot I what, for I ne came nat there.

She was his Paramour, shortly to fey:  
 This man to folkes all was so leefe,  
 That they him gaue abundance of money,  
 He feasted folke, and stood at high boncheefe:  
 Of the lacke of good hee felt no grieffe,  
 All whiles the ring he with him had;  
 But fayling it his friendship gan sad.

His Paramour, which that ycalled was  
*Fellicula*, maruailed right greatly  
 Of the dispences of this *Ionathas*,  
 Sin she no peny at all with him fy,

And on a night as there she lay him by  
In the bed, thus she to him spake and said,  
And this petition affoile him praid :

O reuerent fir, vnto whom, quoth she,  
Obey I would ay with hearts humblenessse,  
Since that ye han had my virginitie,  
You I beseech of your high gentlenessse,  
Tellith me whence comth the good and richesse  
That yee with feasten folke, and han no store,  
By ought I fee can, ne gold, ne tresore.

If I tell it, quoth he, par auenture  
Thou wilt discouer it, and out it publish ;  
Such is womans inconstant nature,  
They cannot keep Councell worth a rish :  
Better is my tongue keepe than to wish  
That I had kept close that is gone at large,  
And repentance is thing that I mote charge.

Nay, good fir, quoth she, holdeth me not suspect,  
Doubteth nothing, I can be right secree,  
Well worthy were it me to been abiect  
From all good company, if I, quoth she,  
Vnto you should so mistake me.  
Be not adread your councell me to shew.  
Well, said he, thus it is at words few :

My father the ring, which that thou maist see  
On my finger, me at his dying day  
Bequeath'd, which this vertue and propertee  
Hath, that the loue of men he shall haue aye  
That weareth it, and there shall be no nay  
Of what thing that him liketh aske and craue,  
But with good will he shall as bliue it haue.

Through the rings vertuous excellence  
 Thus am I rich, and haue euer ynow.  
 Now, Sir, yet a word by your licence  
 Suffreth me to say, and to speake now :  
 Is it wisdome, as that it seemeth you,  
     Weare it on your finger continually ?  
     What woldst thou meane, quoth he, therby ?

What perill thereof might there befall ?  
 Right great, quoth she, as yee in company  
 Walke often, fro your finger might it fall,  
 Or plucked off been in a ragery  
 And so be lost, and that were folly :  
     Take it me, let me been of it wardeine,  
     For as my life keepe it would I certeine.

This *Ionathas*, this innocent yong man,  
 Giuing vnto her words full credence,  
 As youth not auised best be can :  
 The Ring her tooke of his inspiencie.  
 When this was done, the heat & the feruence  
     Of loue which he beforne had purchafed,  
     Was quenched, and loues knot was vnaced.

Men of their gifts to flint began.  
 Ah, thought he, for the ring I not ne beare,  
 Faileth my loue ; fetch me, woman  
 (Said he) my Ring, anon I will it weare.  
 She rose, and into chamber dresth her,  
     And when she therein had been a while,  
     Alasse (quoth she), out on falshood and gyle,

The chest is broken, and the Ring take out.  
 And when he heard her complaint and cry,  
 He was astonied fore, and made a shout,  
 And said : Curfed be the day that I



Thee met first, or with mine eyne fy.  
She wept and shewed outward cheere of wo,  
But in her heart was it nothing fo.

The ring was safe enough, and in her Chest  
It was; all that she said was leasing,  
As some woman other while at best  
Can lye and weepe when is her liking.  
This man saw her woe, and said: Dearling,  
Weep no more, Gods helpe is nye,  
To him vnwifte how false she was and flye.

He twyned thence, and home to his countree  
Vnto his mother the streight way he went,  
And when she saw thither comen was he,  
My sonne, quoth she, what was thine intent  
Thee fro the schoole now to absent?  
What caused thee fro schoole hither to hye?  
Mother, right this, said he, nat would I lye.

Forsooth, mother, my ring is a goe,  
My Paramour to keepe I betooke it,  
And it is lost, for which I am full woe,  
Sorrowfully vnto mine heart it fit.  
Sonne, often haue I warned thee, and yet  
For thy profit I warne thee, my sonne,  
Vnhonest women thou hereafter shunne.

Thy brooch anon right woll I to thee fet,  
She brought it him, and charged him full deep  
When he it tooke, and on his breast it set,  
Bet than his ring he should it keepe,  
Left he the losse bewaile should and weepe.  
To the vniuersity, shortly to feyne,  
In what he could, he hasted him ageine.

And when he comen was, his Paramour  
 Him met anon, and vnto her him tooke,  
 As that he did erst, this yong reuelour ;  
 Her company he nat a deale forfooke,  
 Though he cause had, but as with the hooke  
     Of her sleight he beforen was caught and hent,  
 Right so he was deceiued oft and blent.

And as through vertue of the Ring before  
 Of good he had abundance and plentee,  
 While it was with him, or he had it lore :  
 Right so through vertue of the brooch had hee  
 What good him list ; she thought, how may this be ?  
     Some priuy thing now causeth this richesse,  
 As did the Ring herebefore, I geffe.

Wondring hereon she praid him, and besought  
 Befily night and day, that tell he would  
 The cause of this ; but he another thought :  
 He meant it clofe for him it kept be should,  
 And a long time it was or he it told.  
     She wept aye too and too, and said : alasse,  
 The time and houre that euer I borne was !

Trust ye not on me, Sir ? she feid,  
 Leuer me were be slaine in this place  
 By that good Lord that for vs all deid,  
 Then purpose againe you any fallace ;  
 Vnto you would I be my liues space  
     As true as any woman in earth is  
 Vnto a man ; doubteth nothing of this.

Small may she doe, that cannot well byheet,  
 Though not performed be such a promesse.  
 This *Ionathas* thought her words so sweet,  
 That he was drunke of the pleasant sweetnesse

Of them, and of his foolish tenderesse.  
Thus vnto her he spake and said tho :  
Be of good comfort, why weepest thou so ?

And she thereto answered thus sobbing :  
Sir, quoth she, my heauinesse and dreed  
Is this ; I am adread of the leefing  
Of your brooch, as Almighty God forbeed  
It happen so. Now what so God thee speed,  
Said he, wouldest thou in this case counsaile ?  
Quoth she, that I keep it might fans faile.

He said : I haue a feare and dread algate,  
If I so did thou wouldst it leefe  
As thou lostest my ring, now gon but late.  
First God pray I, quoth she, that I not cheefe,  
But that my heart as the cold frost may freeze,  
Or else be it brent with wild fire :  
Nay, surely it to keepe is my desire.

To her words credence he gaue pleneere,  
And the brooch tooke her, and after anone,  
Whereas he was before full leefe and cheere  
To folke, and had good, all was gone.  
Good & frendship him lacked, there was none.  
Woman, me fetch the brooch, quoth he ; swythee  
Into thy chamber for it goe ; hye thee.

She into chamber went, as then he bad,  
But she not brought that he sent her fore ;  
She meant it nat ; but as she had be mad  
Her clothes hath she all to rent and tore,  
And cryd, alasse, the brooch away is bore.  
For which I wole anon right with my knife  
My selfe slay : I am weary of my life.

This noice he heard, and bliue he to her ran,  
 Weening she would han done as she spake,  
 And the knife in all haste that he can  
 From her tooke, and threw it behind his back,  
 And said : ne for the losse, ne for the lacke  
     Of the brooch, forrow not, I forgiue all,  
     I trust in God, that yet vs helpe he shall.

To th'Empereffe his mother this yong man  
 Againe him dresth : he went her vnto,  
 And when she saw him, she to wonder gan ;  
 She thought, now somewhat there is misdoe,  
 And said, I dread thy Iewels two  
     Been lost now, percase the brooch with the ring.  
     Mother, he said, yea, by heauen King.

Sonne, thou wotst well no iewell is left  
 Vnto thee now, but the cloath pretious  
 Which I thee take shall, thee charging eft  
 The company of women riotous  
 Thou flee, least it be to thee so grievous  
     That thou it nat sustaine shalt ne beare ;  
     Such company on my blessing forbear.

The cloth she fet, and it hath him take,  
 And of his Lady his mother his leaue  
 He tooke ; but first this forward gan he make :  
 Mother, said he, trusteth this weel and leue,  
 That I shall feyn, for sooth ye shall it preeue,  
     If I leefe this cloth, neuer I your face  
     Henceforth see wole, ne you pray of grace.

With Gods helpe I shall do well ynow.  
 Her blessing he tooke, and to study is go,  
 And as beforne told haue I vnto you,  
 His Paramour his priuy mortall foe

Was wont to meet him, right euen fo  
She did than, & made him pleafant cheere.  
They clip and kiffe and walke homeward in feere.

When they were entred in the houfe, he fprad  
This cloth vpon the ground, and thereon fit,  
And bad his Paramour, this woman bad,  
To fit alfo by him adowne on it.  
She doth as he commandeth and bit ;  
Had ſhe this thought and vertue of the cloth  
Wiſt, to han fet on it had ſhe been loth.

She for a while was full fore affeſed.  
This *Ionathas* wiſh in his heart gan :  
Would God that I might thus been eaſed,  
That as on this cloth I and this woman  
Sit heare, as farre were, as that neuer man  
Or this came : & vnneth had he fo thought,  
But they with the cloth thither weren brought.

Right to the worlds end, as that it were.  
When apparceiued had ſhe this, ſhe cry'd  
As thogh ſhe through girt had be with a ſpere.  
Harrow ! alaffe ! that euer ſhope this tide !  
How came we hither ? Nay, he ſaid, abide,  
Worſe is coming ; here ſole wole I thee leaue,  
Wild beaſts ſhallen thee deuoure or eae.

For thou my *Ring & Brooch* haſt fro me holden.  
O reuerent Sir ! haue vpon me pittee,  
Quoth ſhe, if yee this grace do me wolden,  
As bring me home againe to the Cittee  
Where as I this day was, but if that yee  
Them haue againe, of foule death do me dye :  
Your bountee on me kythe, I mercy cry,

This *Ionathas* could nothing beware,  
 Ne take ensample of the deceites tweine  
 That she did him beforne, but feith him bare,  
 And her he commanded on deaths peine  
 Fro such offences thenceforth her restraine.

She swore, and made thereto foreward ;  
 But herkneith how she bore her afterward.

Whan she saw and knew that the wrath and ire  
 That he to her had borne, was gone and past,  
 And all was well : she thought him eft to fire,  
 In her malice aye stood she stedfast,  
 And to enquire of him was not agast

In so short time how that it might be  
 That they came thither out of her contree.

Such vertue hath this cloth on which we sit,  
 Said he, that where in this world vs be list  
 Sodeinly with the thought shallen thither flit,  
 And how thither come vnto vs vnwift :  
 As thing fro farre vnknowne in the mist.

And therewith to this woman fraudulent,  
 To sleep, he said, haue I good talent.

Let see, quoth he, stretch out anon thy lap,  
 In which wole I my head downe lay and rest.  
 So was it done, and he anon gan nap,  
 Nap? nay, he slept right well at best.

What doth this woman, one the fickleft  
 Of women all, but that cloth that lay  
 Vnder him, she drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan she it had all : would God, quoth she,  
 I were as I was this day morning !  
 And therewith this root of iniquitee  
 Had her wish, and sole left him there sleeping.

O *Ionathas!* like to thy perishing  
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd ;  
Whan thou wakest, caufe hast thou to be ferd.

But thou shalt do full well ; thou shalt obteene  
Victory on her ; thou hast done some deed  
Pleasant to thy mother, well can I weene,  
For which our Lord quite shalt thy meed,  
And thee deliuer out of thy wofull dreed.  
The child whom that the mother vseth blesse,  
Full often fythe is eased in distresse.

Whan he awoke, and neither he ne fond  
Woman ne Cloth, he wept bitterly,  
And said, Alasse ! now is there in no lond  
Man worfe I know begon then am I  
On euery side his looke he cast, and fy  
Nothing but birds in the aire flying,  
And wild beasts about him renning.

Of whose fight he full fore was agryfed.  
He thought, all this well deserued I haue,  
What ayled me to be so euill auised,  
That my counsell could I nat keepe and faue ?  
Who can foole play ? who can mad and raue ?  
But he that to a woman his secree  
Discouereth : the smart cleaueth now on me.

He thus departeth as God would harmlesse,  
And forth of auenture his way is went,  
But whitherward he draw, he conceitlesse  
Was, he nat knew to what place he was bent.  
He past a water which was so feruent  
That flesh vpon his feet left it him none,  
All cleane was departed from the bone.

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

It shope so that hee had a little glasse,  
 Which with that water anon filled he,  
 And whan he further in his way gone was,  
 Before him he beheld and saw a tree  
 That faire fruit bore, and in great plentee :  
     He ate thereof, the taste him liked well,  
     But he there-through became a foule mesel.

For which vnto the ground for sorrow and wo  
 He fell, and said, cursed be that day  
 That I was borne, and time and houre also  
 That my mother conceiued me, for ay  
 Now am I lost, alasfe and well away!  
     And when some deel flaked his heauinesse,  
     He rose, and on his way he gan him dresse.

Another water before him he sye,  
 Which fore to comen in he was adrad :  
 But nathelesse, since thereby other way  
 Ne about it there could none be had,  
 He thought, so streitly am I bestad,  
     That though it fore me affese or gaste,  
     Afoile it wole I ; and through it he pafte.

And right as the first water his flesh  
 Departed from his feet, so the secownd  
 Restored it, and made all whole and fresh :  
 And glad was he, and ioyfull that stownd,  
 Whan he felt his feet whole were and found :  
     A violl of the water of that brooke  
     He fild, and fruit of the tree with him tooke.

Forth his iourney this *Ionathas* held,  
 And as he his looke about him cast,  
 Another tree from a farre he beheld,  
 To which he hasted, and him hied fast.



Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thrafft  
Into his mouth, and eate of it sadly,  
And of the lepry he purged was thereby.

Of that fruit more he raught, & thence is gone ;  
And a faire Castle from a farre saw he  
In compasse of which heads many one  
Of men there hung, as he might well see,  
But not for that he shun would or flee ;  
He thither him dresseth the streight way  
In that euer that he can or may.

Walking so, two men came him ageine,  
And saiden thus: deere friend, we you pray  
What man be ye? Sirs, quoth he, certeine  
A leech I am, and though my selfe it fay,  
Can for the health of sicke folkes well puruay.  
They said him: of yonder castle the King  
A leper is, and can whole be for nothing.

With him there hath bin many a fundry leech  
That vndertooke him well to cure and heale  
On paine of their heads, but all to seech  
Their Art was; 'ware that thou not with him deale,  
But if thou canst the charter of health enseale;  
Least that thou leese thy head, as didden they,  
But thou be wise: thou finde it shall no pley.

Sirs, said he, you thanke I of your reed,  
For gently ye han you to me quit:  
But I nat dread to loose mine heed,  
By Gods helpe full safe keepe I will it;  
God of his grace such cunning and wit  
Hath lent me, that I hope I shall him cure,  
Full well dare I me put in auenture.

They to the kings prefence han him lad,  
 And him of the fruit of the fecond tree  
 He gaue to eate, and bad him to be glad,  
 And faid : anon your health han fhall yee ;  
 Eke of the fecond water him gaue he  
 To drinke, & whan he thofe two had receiued,  
 His Leprey from him voided was and weiued.

The King (as vnto his high dignity  
 Conuenient was) gaue him largely,  
 And to him faid : If that it like thee,  
 Abiden here, I more habundantly  
 Thee giue wole. My Lord, fickerly,  
 Quoth he, faine would I your pleasure fulfill,  
 And in your high prefence abide fill.

But I no while may with you abide,  
 So mochill haue I to done elfewhere.  
*Ionathas* euery day to the fea fide  
 Which was nye, went to look and enquire  
 If any fhip drawing hither were  
 Which him home to his country lead might,  
 And on a day of fhips had he fight

Well a thirty toward the Caftle draw,  
 And at time of Euenfong they all  
 Arriueden, of which he was full faw,  
 And to the fhipmen cry he gan and call,  
 And faid : if it fo hap might and fall,  
 That fome of you me home to my countree  
 Me bring would, well quit fhould he bee.

And told them whither that they fhoulden go.  
 One of the fhipmen forth ftart at laft,  
 And to him faid : my fhip and no moe  
 Of them that here been, doth fhope and caft

Thither to wend ; let fee, tell on fast,  
Quoth the shipman, that thou for my trauaile  
Me giue wilt, if that I thither faile.

They were accorded ; *Ionathas* forth goeth  
Vnto the King to aske him licence  
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,  
And nathlesse with his beneuolence,  
This *Ionathas* from his magnificence  
Departed is, and forth to the shipman  
His way he taketh, as swyth as he can.

Into the ship he entreth, and as bliue  
As winde and wether good shope to be,  
Thither as he purposed him arriue  
They failed forth, and came to the Cittee  
In which this Serpentine woman was, shee  
That had him terned with false deceitis,  
But where no remedy followeth, freit is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad  
Sometime, though they put been in delay.  
But to my purpose : she deemed he had  
Been deuoured with beasts many a day  
Gone, she thought he deliuered was for ay.  
Folke of the Citty knew not *Ionathas*,  
So many a yeare was past, that he there was.

Misliking and thought changed eke his face,  
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling  
In the Cittie, he hired him a place,  
And therein exercised his cunning  
Of Phyficke, to whom weren repairing  
Many a ficke wight, and all were healed,  
Well was the fick man that with him dealed.

Now shope it thus that this *Fellicula*,  
(The well of deceiuable doublenesse,

Follower of the steps of *Dallida*)  
 Was than exalted vnto high richeffe,  
 But she was fallen into great sickneffe  
 And heard feine, for not might it been hid  
 How masterfull a leech he had him kid.

Meffages folemne to him she fent,  
 Praying him to do fo mochill labour  
 As come and fee her; and he thither went.  
 When he her faw, that she his Paramour  
 Had been he well knew, and for that dettour  
 To her he was, her he thought to quite  
 Or he went, and no longer it refpite.

But what that he was, she ne wift nat :  
 He faw her vrine, and eke felt her pous,  
 And faid, the footh is this plaine and flat,  
 A sickneffe han yee ftrange and meruailous,  
 Which to auoid is wonder dangerous :  
 To heale you there is no way but one,  
 Leech in this world other can finde none.

Auifeth you whether you lift it take  
 Or not, for I told haue you my wit.  
 Ah fir, faid she, for Gods fake,  
 That way me shew, and I fhall follow it,  
 What euer it be : for this sickneffe fit  
 So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how  
 Me to demene : tell on, I pray yow.

Lady, yee muft openly you confesse,  
 And if againft good confcience and right,  
 Any good han ye take more or leffe,  
 Beforne this houre, of any manner wight,  
 Yeld it anon ; elfe not in the might  
 Of man is it, to giue a medicine  
 That you may heale of your ficknes & pine.

If any such thing be, tell out thy reed,  
And yee shall been all whole I you beheet ;  
Else mine Art is naught, withouten dreed.  
O Lord, she thought, health is a thing ful sweet :  
Therewith desire I souerainly to meet :  
    Since I it by confession may recouer,  
    A foole am I but I my guilt discouer.

How falsely to the sonne of th'Emperour  
*Ionathas*, had she done, before them all  
As yee han heard aboue, all that error  
By knew she ; ô *Fellicula* thee call  
Well may I so, for of the bitter gall  
    Thou takest the beginning of thy name,  
    Thou root of malice and mirrour of shame.

Than said *Ionathas* : where are those three  
Iewels, that thee fro the Clerke with-drew ?  
Sir, in a Coffer at my beds feet yee  
Shall finde them ; open it, and so pray I you.  
He thought not to make it queint and tow,  
    And say nay, and streine courtesie,  
    But with right good will thither he gan hye.

The Coffer he opened, and them there fond.  
Who was a glad man but *Ionathas* ? who  
The ring vpon a finger of his hond  
He put, and the brooch on his breast also,  
The cloth eke vnder his arme held he tho ;  
    And to her him dresseth to done his cure.  
    Cure mortall, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and fore-thinke  
That she her had vnto him mis bore.  
And of that water her he gaued to drinke,  
Which that his flesh from his bones before

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

Had twined, wherethrough he was almost lore,  
 Nad he relieued been, as ye aboue  
 Han heard, and this he did eke for her loue.

Of the fruit of the tree he gaue her ete,  
 Which that him made into the Leper stert,  
 And as bliue in her wombe gan they fret  
 And gnaw so, that change gan her hert,  
 Now harkneth how it her made smert.

Her wombe opened, & out fell each inraile  
 That in her was, thus it is said, fans faile.

Thus wretchedly (lo) this guile-man dyde,  
 And *Ionathas* with iewels three  
 No lenger there thought to abide,  
 But home to the Empreffe his mother hasteth he,  
 Whereas in ioy and in prosperitee  
 His life led he to his dying day,  
 And so God vs grant that we doe may.

*Willy.*

By my hooke this is a Tale  
 Would befit our Whitson-ale:  
 Better cannot be, I wist,  
 Descant on it he that list.  
 And full gladly giue I wold  
 The best Coffet in my fold  
 And a Mazor for a fee,  
 If this song thou'lt teachen me.  
 Tis so quaint and fine a lay,  
 That vpon our reuell day  
 If I sung it, I might chance  
 (For my paines) be tooke to dance  
 With our Lady of the May.

*Roget.*

*Roget* will not say thee nay,  
 If thou deem'ft it worth thy paines.  
 Tis a song, not many Swaines

Singen can, and though it be  
Not so deckt with nycetee  
Of sweet words full neatly chused  
As are now by Shepherds vsed :  
Yet if well you found the sence,  
And the Morals excellence,  
You shall finde it quit the while,  
And excuse the homely stile.  
Well I wot, the man that first  
Sung this Lay, did quench his thirst,  
Deeply as did euer one  
In the Muses *Helicon*.  
Many times he hath been seen  
With the Fairies on the greene,  
And to them his Pipe did found,  
Whilst they danced in a round.  
Mickle solace would they make him,  
And at mid-night often wake him,  
And convey him from his roome  
To a field of yellow broome ;  
Or into the Medowes where  
Mints perfume the gentle Aire,  
And where *Flora* spends her treasure :  
There they would begin their measure.  
If it chanc'd nights fable shrowds  
Muffled *Cynthia* vp in clouds,  
Safely home they then would see him,  
And from brakes and quagmires free him.  
There are few such swaines as he  
Now adayes for harmony.

*Willie.*

What was he thou praifest thus ?

*Roget.*

Scholler vnto *Tityrus* :  
*Tityrus* the brauest Swaine

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

Euer liued on the plaine,  
 Taught him how to feed his Lambes,  
 How to cure them, and their Dams :  
 How to pitch the fold, and then  
 How he should remoue agen :  
 Taught him when the Corne was ripe,  
 How to make an Oaten Pipe,  
 How to ioyne them, how to cut them,  
 When to open, when to shut them,  
 And with all the skill he had  
 Did instruct this willing lad.

*Willie.*

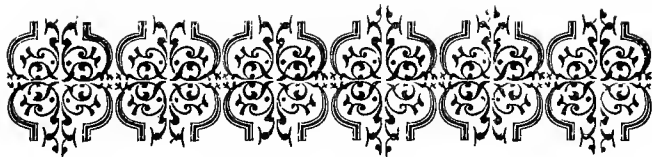
Happy surely was that Swaine !  
 And he was not taught in vaine :  
 Many a one that prouder is,  
 Han not such a song as this,  
 And haue garlands for their meed,  
 That but iarre as *Skeltons* reed.

*Roget.*

Tis too true : But see the Sunne  
 Hath his iourney fully run ;  
 And his horses all in sweate  
 In the Ocean coole their heate ;  
 Seuer we our sheepe and fold them,  
 T'will be night ere we haue told them.

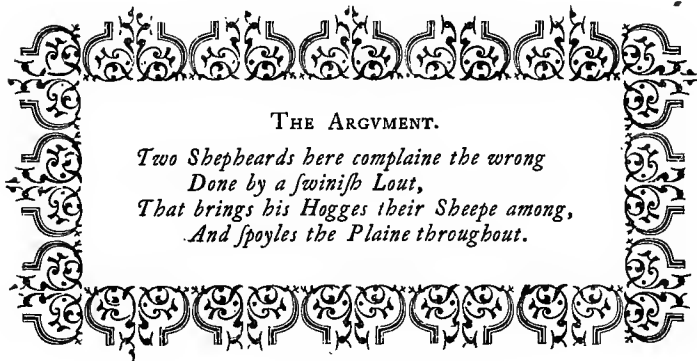
THOMAS OCCLEEVE, *one of the priuy Seale, composed first this tale, and was neuer till now imprinted. As this shall please, I may be drawne to publish the rest of his workes, being all perfect in my hands. Hee wrote in CHAUCERS time.*





THE  
S H E P H E A R D S  
P I P E .

*The second Eglogue.*



THE ARGUMENT.

*Two Shepheards here complaine the wrong  
Done by a swinish Lout,  
That brings his Hogges their Sheepe among,  
And spoyles the Plaine throughout.*

WILLIE. IOCKIE.

*Willie.*



IOCKIE, fay : what might he be  
That fits on yonder hill ?  
And tooteth out his notes of glee  
So vncouth and so shril ?

*Iockie.*

Notes of glee ? bad ones I trow,  
I haue not heard beforene

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

One so mistooke as *Willie* now,  
 Tis some Sow-gelders horne.  
 And well thou asken mightst if I  
 Do know him, or from whence  
 He comes, that to his Minstrallie  
 Requires such patience.  
 He is a Swinward, but I thinke  
 No Swinward of the best.  
 For much he reketh of his swinke,  
 And carketh for his rest.

*Willie.*

Harme take the Swine! What makes he heere?  
 What lucklesse planets frownes  
 Haue drawne him and his Hogges in feere  
 To root our daised downes.  
 Ill mote hee thriue! and may his Hogges  
 And all that ere they breed  
 Be euer worried by our Dogges,  
 For so presumptuous deed.  
 Why kept hee not among the Fennes,  
 Or in the Copses by,  
 Or in the Woods and braky glennes,  
 Where Hawes and Acornes lye?  
 About the Ditches of the Towne,  
 Or Hedge-rowes hee might bring them.

*Iockie.*

But then some pence 'twould cost the Clowne  
 To yoke and eke to ring them;  
 And well I weene he loues no cost  
 But what is for his backe:  
 To goe full gay him pleaseth most,  
 And lets his belly lacke.  
 Two futes he hath, the one of blew,  
 The other home-spun gray:

And yet he meanes to make a new  
Against next reuell day ;  
And though our May-lord at the feaft  
Seem'd very trimly clad,  
In cloth by his owne mother drest,  
Yet comes not neere this lad.  
His bonnet neatly on his head,  
With button on the top,  
His shooes with strings of leather red,  
And stocking to his flop.  
And yet for all it comes to passe,  
He not our gybing scapes :  
Some like him to a trimmed Assè,  
And some to Iacke-an-Apes.

*Willie.*

It seemeth then by what is said,  
That *Iockie* knowes the Boore ;  
I would my scrip and hooke haue laid  
Thou knewst him not before.

*Iockie.*

Sike lothed chance by fortune fell  
(If fortune ought can doe) :  
Not kend him? Yes. I ken him well  
And sometime paid for't too.

*Willie.*

Would *Iockie* euer stoope so low,  
As coniffance to take  
Of sike a Churle? Full well I know  
No Nymph of spring or lake,  
No Heardeffe, nor no shepherds gerle  
But faine would sit by thee,  
And Sea-nymphs offer shells of perle  
For thy sweet melodie.

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

The Satyrs bring thee from the woods  
 The Straw-berrie for hire,  
 And all the first fruites of the budds  
 To wooe thee to their quire.  
*Siluanus* songsters learne thy straine,  
 For by a neighbour spring  
 The Nightingale records againe  
 What thou dost primely sing.  
 Nor canst thou tune a Madrigall,  
 Or any drery mone,  
 But Nymphs, or Swaines, or Birds, or all  
 Permit thee not alone.  
 And yet (as though deuoid of these)  
 Canst thou so low decline,  
 As leaue the louely *Naides*  
 For one that keepeth Swine?  
 But how befell it?

*Lockie.*

Tother day  
 As to the field I set me,  
 Neere to the May-pole on the way  
 This fluggish Swinward met me.  
 And seeing *Weptol* with him there,  
 Our fellow-swaine and friend,  
 I bad, good day, so on did fare  
 To my preposed end.  
 But as backe from my wintring ground  
 I came the way before,  
 This rude groome all alone I found  
 Stand by the Ale-house dore.  
 There was no nay, but I must in  
 And taste a cuppe of Ale;  
 Where on his pot he did begin  
 To stammer out a tale.  
 He told me how he much desir'd

Th' acquaintance of vs Swaines,  
And from the forrest was retir'd  
To graze vpon our plaines:  
But for what cause I cannot tell,  
He can nor pipe nor sing,  
Nor knowes he how to digge a well,  
Nor neatly dresse a spring:  
Nor knowes a trappe nor snare to till,  
He fits as in a dreame;  
Nor scarce hath so much whistling skill  
Will hearten-on a teame.  
Well, we so long together were,  
I gan to haste away,  
He licenc'd me to leaue him there,  
And gaue me leaue to pay.

*Willie.*

Done like a Swinward! may you all  
That close with such as he,  
Be vsed so! that gladly fall  
Into like company.  
But if I faile not in mine Art,  
Ile send him to his yerd,  
And make him from our plaines depart  
With all his durty herd.  
I wonder he hath suffred been  
Vpon our Common heere,  
His Hogges doe root our yonger trees  
And spoyle the smelling breere.  
Our purest welles they wallow in,  
All ouer-spred with durt,  
Nor will they from our Arbours lin,  
But all our pleasures hurt.  
Our curious benches that we build  
Beneath a shady tree,  
Shall be orethrowne, or so defilde

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

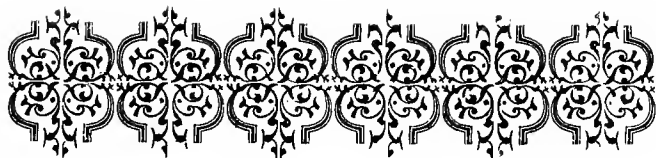
As we would loath to see.  
Then ioyne we, *Iockie*; for the rest  
Of all our fellow Swaines,  
I am affur'd, will doe their best  
To rid him fro our plaines.

*Iockie.*

What is in me shall neuer faile  
To forward such a deed.  
And fure I thinke wee might preuaile  
By some Satyricke reed.

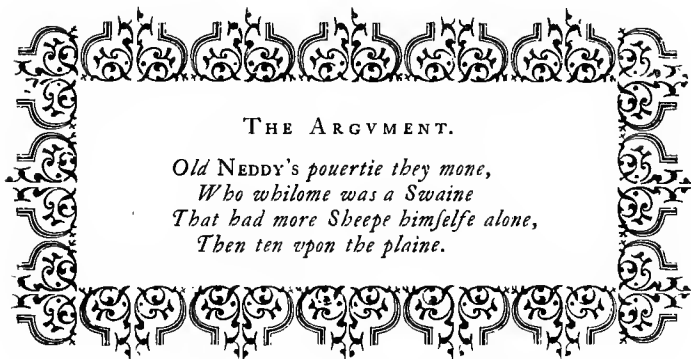
*Willie.*

If that will doe, I know a lad  
Can hit the maister-vaine.  
But let vs home, the skyes are fad,  
And clouds diffill in raine.



THE  
S H E P H E A R D S  
P I P E.

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Old NEDDY's pouertie they mone,  
Who whilome was a Swaine  
That had more Sheepe himselfe alone,  
Then ten vpon the plaine.*

PIERS. THOMALIN.

*Thomalin.*



Here is every piping lad  
That the fields are not yclad  
With their milk-white sheep?  
Tell me: Is it Holy-day,  
Or if in the Month of May  
Vfe they long to sleepe?

*The Shepherds Pipe.**Piers.*

*Thomalin*, 'tis not too late,  
 For the *Turtle* and her mate  
     Sitten yet in nest :  
 And the *Thrustle* hath not been  
 Gath'ring worms yet on the green  
     But attends her rest.  
 Not a bird hath taught her yong,  
 Nor her mornings lesson fung  
     In the shady groue :  
 But the *Nightingale* in darke  
 Singing woke the mounting *Larke* :  
     She records her loue.  
 Not the *Sun* hath with his beames  
 Gilded yet our christall streames,  
     Rising from the Sea,  
 Mists do crowne the mountaines tops,  
 And each pretty mirtle drops :  
     Tis but newly day.  
 Yet see, yonder (though vnwift)  
 Some man commeth in the mist ;  
     Hast thou him beheld ?  
 See he crosseth or'e the land  
 With a dogg and staffe in hand,  
     Limping for his eld.

*Thomalin.*

Yes, I see him, and doe know him,  
 And we all do reu'rence owe him,  
     Tis the aged Sire  
 NEDDY, that was wont to make  
 Such great feasting at the wake,  
     And the \* blessing-fire.  
 Good old man ! see how he walkes  
 Painfull and among the balkes  
     Picking lockes of wull !

\* *The Mid  
 summer fires  
 are tearmed  
 so in the West  
 parts of Eng-  
 land.*



I haue knowne the day when he  
Had as much as any three,  
    When their lofts were full.  
Vnderneath yond hanging rockes  
All the valley with his Flockes  
    Was whilome ouer-spread :  
Hee had milch-goates without peeres,  
Well-hung kine, and fatned steeres  
    Many hundred head.  
WILKINS cote his Dairy was,  
For a dwelling it may passe  
    With the best in towne.  
Curds and Creame with other cheare  
Haue I had there in the yeare  
    For a greeny gowne.  
Laffes kept it, as againe  
Were not fitted on the plaine  
    For a lusty dance :  
And at parting, home would take vs,  
Flawnes or Sillibubs to make vs  
    For our iouifance.  
And though some in spight would tell,  
Yet old NEDDY tooke it well ;  
    Bidding vs againe  
Neuer at his Cote be frange :  
Vnto him that wrought this change,  
    Mickle be the paine !

*Piers.*

What difaster, THOMALIN  
This mischance hath cloth'd him in,  
    Quickly tellen me ?  
Rue I doe his state the more,  
That hee clipped heretofore  
    Some felicity.  
Han by night accurfed theeues

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

Slaine his Lambs, or stolne his Beeues,  
     Or confuming fire  
 Brent his shearing-houfe, or ftall ;  
 Or a deluge drowned all,  
     Tell me it intire ?  
 Haue the Winters been fo fet  
 To raine and fnow, they haue wet  
     All his driest Laire :  
 By which meanes his sheepe haue got  
 Such a deadly cureleffe rot,  
     That none living are ?

*Thomalin.*

Neither waues, nor theeues, nor fire,  
 Not haue rots impoor'd this Sire,  
     Suretiship, nor yet  
 Was the vfurer helping on  
 With his damn'd extortion,  
     Nor the chaines of debt.  
 But deceit that euer lies  
 Strongest arm'd for treacheries  
     In a bosom'd friend :  
 That (and onely that) hath brought it :  
 Curfed be the head that wrought it,  
     And the basest end !  
 Groomes he had, and he did fend them  
 With his heards a-field, to tend them,  
     Had they further been ;  
 Sluggish, lazy, thriftleffe elues,  
 Sheep had better kept themfelues  
     From the Foxes teen.  
 Some would kill their sheepe, and then  
 Bring their maister home agen  
     Nothing but the skin ;  
 Telling him, how in the morne  
 In the fold they found them torne,

And nere lying lin.  
If they went vnto the faire  
With a score of fatned ware,  
    And did chance to fell :  
If old NEDDY had againe  
Halfe his owne, I dare well faine,  
    That but seldome fell.  
They at their returne would say,  
Such a man or such would pay,  
    Well knowne of your Hyne.  
Alas poore man ! that subtill knaue  
Vndid him, and vaunts it braue,  
    Though his Maister pine.  
Of his maister he would begg  
Such a lambe that broke his legg,  
    And if there were none :  
To the fold by night hee'd hye,  
And them hurt full rufully  
    Or with staffe or stone.  
Hee would haue petitions new,  
And for desp'rate debts would sue  
    NEDDY had forgot :  
He would grant : the other then  
Tares from poore and aged men :  
    Or in Iayles they rot.  
NEDDY lately rich in store,  
Giuing much, deceiued more,  
    On a suddenn fell ;  
Then the Steward lent him gold,  
Yet no more then might bee told  
    Worth his maisters Cell.  
That is gone, and all beside  
(Well-a-day, alacke the tide) :  
    In a hollow den  
Vnderneath yond gloomy wood  
Wons he now, and wails the brood

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

Of ingrateful men.

*Piers.*

But alas ! now hee is old,  
 Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,  
     What is left him ?  
 Or to succour, or releue him,  
 Or from wants oft to repreeue him.

*Thomalin.*

Al's bereft him,  
 Sauer he hath a little crowd,  
 (Hee in youth was of it proud)  
     And a dogge to dance :  
 With them he on holy-dayes  
 In the Farmers houses playes  
     For his sustenance.

*Piers.*

See ; he's neere, let's rife and meet him,  
 And with dues to old age greet him,  
     It is fitting so.

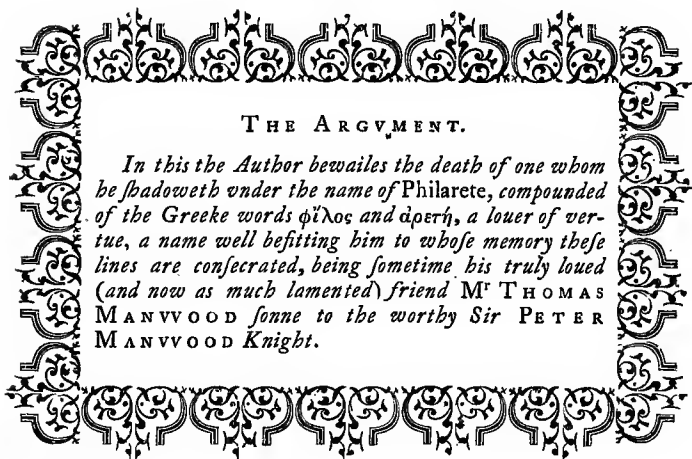
*Thomalin.*

Tis a motion good and sage,  
 Honour still is due to age :  
     Vp, and let vs go.



THE  
S H E P H E A R D S  
P I P E.

THE FOVRTH EGLOGVE.<sup>1</sup>



THE ARGUMENT.

*In this the Author bewailes the death of one whom he shadoweth vnder the name of Philarete, compounded of the Greeke words φιλος and ἀρετή, a louer of vertue, a name well befitting him to whose memory these lines are consecrated, being sometime his truly loued (and now as much lamented) friend M<sup>r</sup> THOMAS MANVVOOD sonne to the worthy Sir PETER MANVVOOD Knight.*



NDER an aged Oke was WILLY laid,  
*Willy*, the lad who whilome made the rockes  
To ring with ioy, whilst on his pipe he plaid,  
And from their maisters wood the neigh-  
bring flockes:  
But now o're-come with dolors deepe  
That nye his heart-strings rent,

---

<sup>1</sup> This Elegy is also found among the poems by Browne and others in Lan(d). MS. 777. The more important variations are noted at the foot of the page.

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

Ne car'd he for his filly sheepe,  
 Ne car'd for merriment.  
 But chang'd his wonted walkes  
 For vncouth paths vnknowne,  
 Where none but trees might heare his plaints,  
 And eccho rue his mone.

*Autumne* it was, when droop't the sweetest floures,  
 And Riuers (fwolne with pride) orelook'd the bankes ;  
 Poore grew the day of *Summers* golden houres,  
 And void of fapp flood *Ida's* Cedar-rankes,<sup>1</sup>  
     The pleasant meadows fadly lay  
     In chill and cooling sweats  
     By rifing fountaines, or as they  
     Fear'd Winters waitfull threats.  
 Against the broad-fpred Oke,<sup>2</sup>  
     Each winde in fury beares ;  
 Yet fell their leaues not halfe so fast  
 As did the Shepherds teares.

As was his feate, so was his gentle heart,  
 Meeke and deiected, but his thoughts as hye  
 As those aye-wandering lights, who both impart  
 Their beames on vs, and heauen still beautifie.  
     Sad was his looke, (ô heauy Fate!  
     That Swaine should be so fad  
     Whose merry notes the forlorne mate  
     With greatest pleasure clad.)  
 Broke was<sup>3</sup> his tunefull pipe  
 That charm'd the Chrifall Floods,  
 And thus his griefe tooke airie wings  
 And flew about the woods.

---

<sup>1</sup> And mighty forrests stood with faples flanks.—*Lansd. MS.*

<sup>2</sup> Oakes.—*Ib.*

<sup>3</sup> Lay.—*Ib.*

Day, thou art too officious in thy place,  
And night too sparing of a wished stay,  
Yee wandring lampes, ô be ye fixt a space!  
Some other *Hemisphere* grace with your ray.  
Great *Phæbus!* *Daphne* is not heere,  
Nor *Hyacinthus* faire;  
*Phæbe!* *Endimion* and thy deere  
Hath long since cleft the aire.  
But yee haue surely feene  
(Whom we in sorrow misse)  
A Swaine whom *Phæbe* thought her loue,  
And *Titan* deemed his.

But he is gone; then inwards turne your light,  
Behold him there: here neuer shall you more;  
O're-hang this fad plaine with eternall night!  
Or change the gaudy green shē whilome wore  
To fenny blacke. *HYPERION* great  
To ashy paleness turne her!  
Greene well befits a louers heate  
But blacke befeemes a mourner.  
Yet neither this thou canst,  
Nor see his second birth,  
His brightnesse blindes thine eye more now,  
Then thine did his on earth.

Let not a shepheard on our haplesse plaines  
Tune notes of glee, as vsed were of yore!  
For *PHILARET* is dead, let mirthfull straines  
With *PHILARETE* cease for euermore!  
And if a fellow swaine doe liue  
A niggard of his teares,  
The *Shepherdesse*s all will giue  
To store him part of theirs.  
Or I would lend him some,  
But that the store I haue

Will all be spent before I pay  
The debt I owe his graue.

O what is left can make me leaue to mone,  
Or what remains but doth increase it more?  
Looke on his sheepe : alas ! their matters gone.  
Looke on the place where we two heretofore  
    With locked arms haue vowd our loue,  
        (Our loue which time shall see  
    In shepherds songs for euer moue,  
        And grace their harmony)

It folitary feemes.

Behold our flowrie beds ;  
Their beauties fade, and Violets  
For sorrow hang their heads.

Tis not a Cypresse bough, a count'nance sad,  
A mourning garment, wailing Elegie,  
A standing herse in sable vesture clad,  
A Toombe built to his names eternitie,  
    Although the shepherds all should striue<sup>1</sup>  
        By yearly obsequies,  
    And vow to keepe thy fame aliue  
        In spight of destinies

That can suppress my grieffe :  
All these and more may be,  
Yet all in vaine to recompence  
My<sup>2</sup> greatest losse of thee.

Cypresse may fade, the countenance bee changed,  
A garment rot, an Elegie forgotten,  
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites bee ranged,  
A toombe pluckt down, or else through age<sup>3</sup> be rotten :

<sup>1</sup> Though we poore shepherds all should striue.—*Lansd. MS.*

<sup>2</sup> Our.—*Ib.*

<sup>3</sup> Time.—*Ib.*



*The Shepherds Pipe.*

215

All things th'vnpartiall hand of Fate  
Can raze out with a thought,  
These haue a feu'rall fixed date  
Which ended, turne to nought.  
Yet shall my<sup>1</sup> trueft cause  
Of forrow firmly stay,  
When these effects the wings of Time  
Shall fanne and sweepe away.

Looke as a sweet Rose fairely budding forth  
Bewrayes her beauties to th' enamour'd morne,  
Vntill some keene blast from the enuious North  
Killes the sweet budd that was but newly borne ;  
Or else her rareft smels delighting  
Make her her selfe betray,  
Some white and curious hand inuiting  
To plucke her thence away.  
So stands my<sup>1</sup> mournfull case,  
For had he beene lesse good,  
He yet (vncropt) had kept the stocke  
Whereon he fairely stood.

Yet though so long hee liu'd not as hee might,  
Hee had the time appointed to him giuen.  
Who liueth but the space of one poore night,  
His birth, his youth, his age is in that *Euen*.  
Who euer doth the period see  
Of dayes by heau'n forth plotted,  
Dyes full of age, as well as hee  
That had more yeares allotted.  
In sad Tones then my verse  
Shall with incessant teares  
Bemoane my<sup>1</sup> haplesse losse of him,  
And not his want of yeares.

---

<sup>1</sup> Our.—*Lansd. MS.*

In deepeſt paſſions of my grieſe-ſwolne breaft  
 (Sweete ſoule!) this onely comfort feizeth me,  
 That ſo few yeares did<sup>1</sup> make thee ſo much bleſt,  
 And gaue ſuch wings to reach ETERNITY.

Is this to dye? No: as a ſhippe  
 Well built with eaſie winde  
 A lazy hulke doth farre out-ſtrippe,  
 And ſooneſt harbour finde:

So PHILARETE fled,<sup>2</sup>  
 Quicke was his paſſage giuen,  
 When<sup>3</sup> others muſt haue longer time  
 To make them fit for heauen.

Then not for thee theſe briny teares are ſpent,  
 But as the Nightingale againſt the breere  
 Tis for my ſelfe I moane, and doe<sup>4</sup> lament  
 Not that thou left'ſt the world, but left'ſt mee heere:

Heere, where without thee all delights  
 Faile of their pleaſing powre,  
 All glorious dayes ſeeme vgly nights;  
 Me thinkes no Aprill ſhowre

Embroder ſhould the earth,  
 But<sup>5</sup> briny teares diſtill,  
 Since FLORA'S beauties ſhall no more  
 Be honour'd by thy quill.

And yee his ſheepe (in token of his lacke),  
 Whilome the faireſt flocke on all the plaine,  
 Yeane neuer Lambe, but bee it cloath'd in blacke:  
 Yee ſhady *Sicamours*, when any Swaine

<sup>1</sup> Should.—*Shepb. P.*

<sup>2</sup> So fled dear Philaret.—*Lanſd. MS.*

<sup>3</sup> While.—*Ib.*

<sup>4</sup> I.—*Ib.*

<sup>5</sup> No bird his ditty mōue,  
 No pretty ſpring ſmile on the vales,  
 No ſhepherd on his love.—*Ib.*

To carue his name vpon your rinde  
Doth come, where his doth stand,  
Shedde droppes, if he be so vnkinde  
To raze it with his hand.  
And<sup>1</sup> thou, my loued *Muse*,  
No more should'ft numbers moue,  
But that his name should euer liue,  
And after death my loue.

This said, he sigh'd, and with o're-drowned eyes  
Gaz'd on the heauens for what he mist on earth,  
Then from the earth full sadly gan arise  
As farre from future hope as present mirth;  
Vnto his Cote with heauy pace  
As euer sorrow<sup>2</sup> trode  
He went with minde no more to trace,  
Where mirthfull Swaines abode,  
And as he spent the day,  
The night he past alone,  
Was neuer *Shepherd* lou'd more deere,  
Nor made a truer mone.

---

<sup>1</sup> Yee Nimphes of mightye woods,  
With flowres his graue betrym,  
And humbly pray the Earth he hath  
Would gently couer him.—*Lansd. MS.*

<sup>2</sup> Shepherd.—*Ib.*

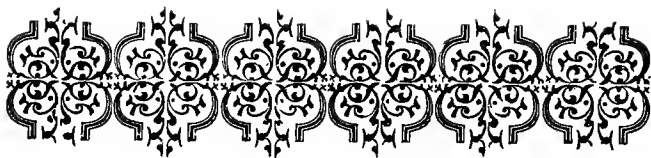
TO THE VERTVOVS  
 and much lamenting Sisters of  
 my euer admired friend, M<sup>r</sup> THO-  
 M A S M A N V V O O D.

To me more known then you, is your sad chance,  
 Oh! had I still enjoy'd such ignorance;  
 Then I by these spent teares had not bin known,  
 Nor left anothers griefto fing mine owne.

*Yet since his fate hath wrought these throes  
 Permit a Partner in your woes:  
 The cause doth yeeld, and still may do  
 Ynough for YOV, and others too  
 But if such plaints for YOV are kept,  
 Yet may I griue since you haue wept.  
 For hee more perfect growes to bee  
 That feeles anothers MISERIE.  
 And though these drops w<sup>ch</sup> mourning run,  
 From seuerall Fountaines first begun:  
 And some farre off, some neerer flete,  
 They will (at last) in one streame meete.  
 Mine shal with yours, yours mix w<sup>th</sup> mine  
 And make one Offring at his Shrine:*

For whose ETERNITIE on earth, my Muse  
 To build this ALTAR, did her best skill vse;  
 And that you, I, and all that held him deere,  
 Our teares and sighes might freely offer heere.<sup>1</sup>

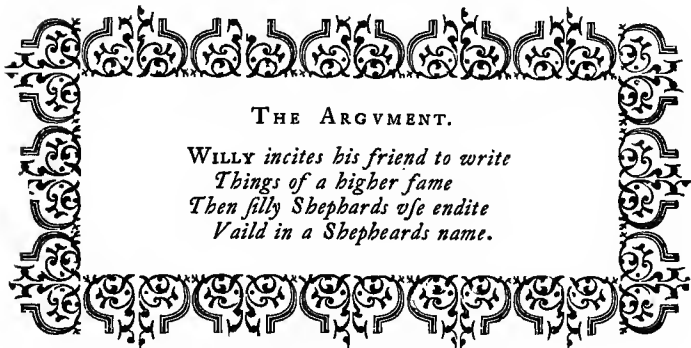
<sup>1</sup> This address is wanting in the copy of the Fourth Eclogue in Lanfd. MS.



THE  
SHEPHERDS  
PIPE.

THE FIFTH EGLOGVE.

To his ingenious friend M<sup>r</sup>. CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.



THE ARGUMENT.

WILLY incites his friend to write  
Things of a higher fame  
Then silly Shepherds use endite  
Vaild in a Shepherds name.

WILLY and CVTTY.



ORNE had got the start of night,  
Lab'ring men were ready dight  
With their shouels and their spades  
For the field, and (as their trades)  
Or at hedging wrought or ditching  
For their food more then enriching.  
When the shepherds from the fold

All their bleating charges told,  
 And (full carefull) search'd if one  
 Of all their flocke were hurt or gone,  
 Or (if in the night-time cul'd)  
 Any had their fleeces pul'd :  
 'Mongst the rest (not least in care)  
 CVTTY to his fold gan fare,  
 And yong WILLY (that had giuen  
 To his flocke the latest euen  
 Neighbourhood with CVTTY's sheep)  
 Shaking off refreshing sleepe,  
 Hy'd him to his charge that blet ;  
 Where he (busied) CVTTY met.  
 Both their sheepe told, and none mist  
 Of their number ; then they blift  
 PAN and all the Gods of plaines  
 For respecting of their traines  
 Of filly sheepe, and in a song  
 Praife gaue to that holy throng.  
 Thus they draue their flockes to graze,  
 Whose white fleeces did amaze  
 All the Lillies, as they passe  
 Where their vsual feeding was.  
 Lillies angry that a creature  
 Of no more eye-pleasing feature  
 Then a sheepe, by natures duty  
 Should be crownd with far more beauty  
 Then a Lilly, and the powre  
 Of white in sheepe outgoe a flowre,  
 From the middle of their sprout  
 (Like a Furies sting) thrust out  
 Dart-like forks in death to steep them ;  
 But great PAN did safely keepe them,  
 And afforded kinde repaire  
 To their dry and wonted laire,  
 Where their maisters (that did eye them)

## *The Shepherds Pipe.*

221

Vnderneath a *Haw-thorne* by them,  
On their pipes thus gan to play,  
And with rimes weare out the day.

### *Willie.*

Cease, CVRRY, cease, to feed these simple Flockes,  
And for a Trumpet change thine Oaten-reeds;  
O're-looke the vallies as aspiring rockes,  
And rather march in steele then shepherds weeds.  
Beleeue me, CVRRY! for heroicke deeds  
Thy verse is fit, not for the liues of Swaines,  
(Though both thou canst do well) and none proceeds  
To leaue high pitches for the lowly plaines:  
Take thou a Harpe in hand, striue with APOLLO;  
Thy Muse was made to lead, then scorne to follow.

### *Cuttie.*

WILLY, to follow sheepe I ne're shall scorne,  
Much lesse to follow any Deity;  
Who 'gainst the Sun (though weakned by the morne)  
Would vie with lookes, needeth an Eagles eye,  
I dare not searce the hidden mistery  
Of tragicke Scenes; nor in a buskin'd stile  
Through death and horror march, nor their height fly  
Whose pens were fed with blood of this faire Ile.  
It shall content me on these happy downes  
To sing the strife for garlands, not for crownes.

### *Willie.*

O who would not aspire, and by his wing  
Keep stroke with fame, and of an earthly iarre  
Another lesson teach the Spheres to sing?  
Who would a shepherd that might be a star?

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

See, learned *Cutty*, on yond mountaines are  
 Cleere springs arising, and the climbing goat,  
 That can get vp, hath water cleerer farre  
 Then when the streames do in the vallies float.  
 What mad-man would a race by torch-light run  
 That might his steps haue vsher'd by the Sunne?

We Shepherds tune our layes of Shepherds loues,  
 Or in the praise of shady groues or springs;  
 We seldome heare of CITHEREA'S Doues,  
 Except when some more learned Shepherd sings;  
 And equall meed haue to our sonetings:  
 A Belt, a sheep-hooke,\* or a wreath of flowres,  
 Is all we seeke, and all our versing brings;  
 And more deferts then these are seldome ours.  
 But thou whose muse a falcons pitch can fore  
 Maist share the bayes euen with a *Conqueror*.

*Cuttie.*

Why doth not WILLY then produce such lines  
 Of men and armes as might accord with these?

*Willie.*

'Cause *Cutties* spirit not in *Willy* shines,  
*Pan* cannot weild the Club of *Hercules*,  
 Nor dare a *Merlin* on a *Heron* seife.  
 Scarce know I how to fit a shepherds care:  
 Farre more vnable shall I be to please  
 In ought, which none but semi-gods must heare.  
 When by thy verse (more able) time shall see,  
 Thou canst giue more to kings then kings to thee.

*Cuttie.*

But (wel-a-day) who loues the muses now,  
 Or helps the climber of the sacred hill?



None leane to them, but friue to difalow  
All heauenly dewes the goddeffes difill.

*Willie.*

Let earthly mindes bafe mucke for euer fill,  
Whofe muficke onely is the chime of gold,  
Deafe be their eares to each harmonious quil!  
As they of learning thinke, fo of them hold.

And if ther's none deferues what thou canft doe,  
Be then the Poet and the Patron too.

I tell thee, *Cuttie*, had I all the fheepe,  
With thrice as many moe, as on thefe plaines  
Or fhepherd or faire maiden fits to keepe,  
I would them all forgoe, fo I thy ftraines  
Could equalize. O how our neateft fwaines  
Do trim themfelues, when on a holy-day  
They haft to heare thee fing, knowing the traines  
Of faireft Nymphs wil come to learne thy lay.

Well may they run and wifh a parting neuer,  
So thy fweet tongue might charme their eares for euer.

*Cuttie.*

Thefe attributes (my lad) are not for me,  
Beftow them where true merit hath affign'd—

*Willie.*

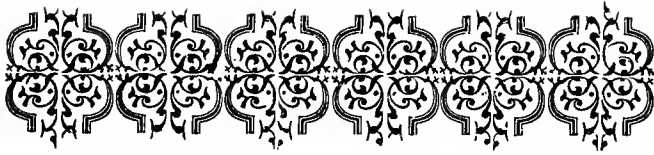
And do I not, beftowing them on thee?  
Beleue me, *Cuttie*, I doe beare this minde,  
That wherefo'ere we true deferuing finde,  
To giue a filent praife is to detract;  
Obfcure thy verfes (more then moft refin'd)  
\*From any one of dulneffe fo compact.  
And rather fing to trees then to fuch men,  
Who know not how to crowne a Poets pen.

*The Shepherds Pipe.**Cuttie.*

WILLY, by thy incitement I'le assay  
To raise my subiect higher than tofore,  
And sing it to our Swaines next holy-day,  
Which (as approu'd) shall fill them with the store  
Of such rare accents ; if dislik'd, no more  
Will I a higher straine then shepherds vse,  
But sing of Woods and Riuers, as before.

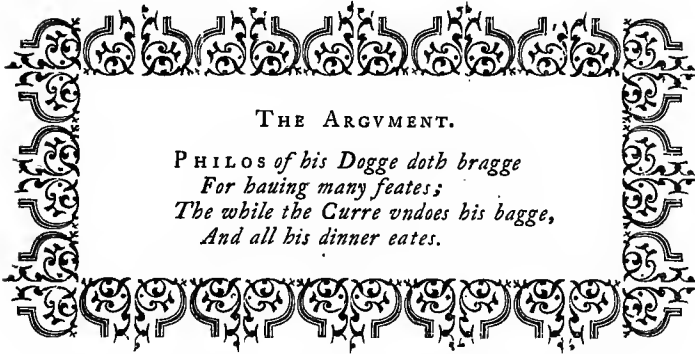
*Willie.*

Thou wilt be euer happy in thy Muse.  
But see, the radiant Sun is gotten hye,  
Let's seeke for shadow in the groue hereby.



THE  
S H E P H E A R D S  
P I P E.

THE SIXTH EGLOGVE.



THE ARGVMENT.

*PHILOS of his Dogge doth bragge  
For hauing many feates;  
The while the Curre vndoes his bagge,  
And all his dinner eates.*

WILLY. IOCKIE. PHILOS.

WILLY.



Tay, IOCKIE, let vs rest here by this spring,  
And PHILOS too, since we so well are met;  
This spreading Oke will yeeld vs shadowing  
Till *Phæbus* steeds be in the Ocean wet.

*Iockie.*

Gladly (kind fwaine) I yeeld, so thou wilt play,  
And make vs merry with a Roundelay.

*The Shepherds Pipe.**Philos.*

No, *Iockie*, rather wend we to the wood,  
 The time is fit, and Filberds waxen ripe,  
 Let's go and fray the Squirrell from his food ;  
 We will another time heare *Willie* pipe.

*Willie.*

But who shall keepe our flockes when we are gone?  
 I dare not go, and let them feed alone.

*Iockie.*

Nor I: since but the other day it fell,  
 Leauing my sheep to graze on yonder plaine,  
 I went to fill my bottle at the well,  
 And ere I could return two lambs were flaine.

*Philos.*

Then was thy dogg ill taught, or else a sleepe ;  
 Such Curres as those shall neuer watch my sheepe.

*Willie.*

Yet *Philos* hath a dogg not of the best :  
 He seemes too lazy, and will take no paines,  
 More fit to lye at home and take his rest,  
 Then catch a wandring sheep vpon the plains.

*Iockie.*

Tis true indeed : and *Philos*, wot ye what ?  
 I thinke he playes the Fox, he growes so fat !

*Philos.*

Yet hath not *Iockie* nor yet *Willie* seene  
 A dogge more nimble then is this of mine,  
 Nor any of the Fox more heedfull beene,  
 When in the shade I slept, or list to dine.

And though I say't, hath better tricks in store  
Then both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often haue the maidens stroue to take him,  
When he hath croft the plaine to barke at Crowes ?  
How many Lasses haue I knowne to make him  
Garlands to gird his necke, with which he goes  
Vaunting along the lands so wondrous trim,  
That not a dog of yours durst barke at him.

And when I list (as often-times I vse)  
To tune a *Horne-pipe* or a *Morris-dance*,  
The dogge (as hee by nature could not chuse)  
Seeming asleepe before, will leap and dance.

*Willie.*

Belike your dog came of a *Pedlers* brood,  
Or *Philos* musicke is exceeding good.

*Philos.*

I boast not of his kin, nor of my Reed,  
(Though of my reed and him I wel may boast)  
Yet if you will aduenture that some meed  
Shall be to him that is in action most,  
As for a Coller of shrill founding bells  
My dog shall striue with yours, or any's els.

*lockie.*

PHILOS, in truth I must confesse your *Wagge*  
(For so you call him) hath of trickes good store,  
To steale the vittailles from his maisters bagge  
More cunningly I nere saw dogge before.  
See, WILLY, see ! I prithee, PHILOS, note  
How fast thy bread & cheefe goes down his throte.

*Willie.*

Now, PHILOS, see how mannerly your Curre,

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

Your well-taught dog, that hath so many trickes,  
Deuoures your Dinner.

*Philos.*

I wifh 'twere a burre  
To choke the Mungrell!

*Iockie.*

See how cleane he lickes  
Your Butter-boxe; by *Pan*, I doe not meanly  
Loue *Philos* dog that loues to be so cleanly.

*Philos.*

Well flouted, IOCKIE.

*Willie.*

PHILOS! run amaine,  
For in your scrip hee now hath thrust his head  
So farre, he cannot get it forth againe;  
See how he blind-fold strags along the mead,  
And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I thinke.  
He loues your meat, but cares not for your drinke.

*Iockie.*

I, so it seemes: and PHILOS now may goe  
Vnto the wood, or home for other cheere.

*Philos.*

Twere better he had neuer feru'd me so:  
Sweet meat, sowre sauce, he shal abyee it deere.  
What, must he be aforehand with his maister?

*Willie.*

Onely in kindnesse hee would be your taster.

*Philos.*

Well, *Willy*, you may laugh, and vrge my spleen;  
But by my hooke I sweare he shall it rue,  
And had far'd better had hee fasting been.  
But I must home for my allowance new.  
So farewell, lads. Looke to my fleeced traine  
Till my returne.

*Iockie.*

We will.

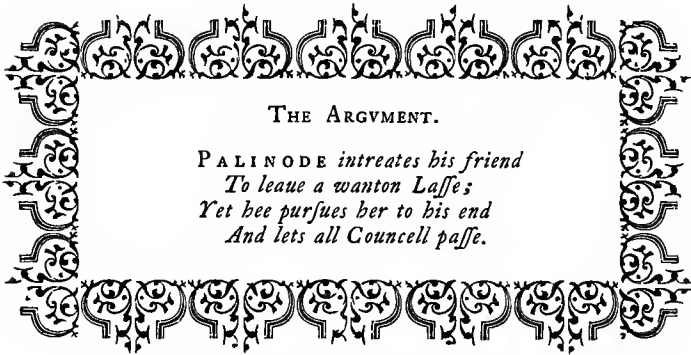
*Willie.*

Make haste againe.



THE  
S H E P H E A R D S  
P I P E.

THE SEVENTH EGLOGVE.



THE ARGUMENT.

PALINODE *intreats his friend  
To leaue a wanton Lasse;  
Yet hee pursues her to his end  
And lets all Councell passe.*

PALINODE. HOBBINOL.



HITHER wends *Hobbinoll* so early day?  
What, be thy Lamkins broken from the  
fold,  
And on the plaines all night haue run  
astray?  
Or are thy sheepe and sheep-walkes both yfold?  
What mister-chance hath brought thee to the field  
Without thy sheepe? thou wert not wont to yeeld



To idle sport,  
But didst resort  
As early to thy charge from drowzy bed  
As any shepheard that his flocke hath fed  
Vpon these downes.

*Hobbinoll.*

Such heauy frownes  
Fortune for others keepes ; but bends on me  
Smiles would befit the feat of maiestie.

Hath *Palinode*  
Made his abode

Vpon our plaines, or in some vncouth Cell,  
That heares not what to *Hobbinoll* befell?  
*Phillis* the faire, and fairer is there none,  
To morrow must be linkt in marriage bands,  
Tis I that must vndo her virgin Zone :  
Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

*Palinode.*

Behold the man ! Nay then the woman too :  
Though both of them are very smal beholding  
To any powre that fet them on to wooue.  
Ah *Hobbinoll* ! it is not worth vnfolding  
What shepherds say of her ; thou canst not chuse  
But heare what language all of *Phillis* vse ;

Yet, then such tongues  
To her belongs

More men to fate her lust. Vnhappy elfe !  
That wilt be bound to her to loofe thy selfe.  
Forfake her first.

*Hobinoll.*

Thou most accurst !  
Durst thou to slander thus the innocent,  
The graces patterne, Vertues president ?

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

She in whose eye  
 Shines modesty :  
 Vpon whose brow lust neuer lookes with hope ?  
*Venus* rul'd not in *Phyllis* Horoscope.  
 Tis not the vapour of a Hemblocke stem  
 Can spoile the perfume of sweet Cynnamon ;  
 Nor vile asperfions, or by thee or them  
 Cast on her name, can stay my going on.

*Palinode.*

On maist thou goe, but not with such a one,  
 Whom (I dare sweare) thou knowst is not a maid :  
 Remember, when I met her last alone,  
 As wee to yonder Groue for filberds straid,  
 Like to a new-strook *Doe* from out the bushes  
 Lacing herselfe, and red with gamesome blushes  
     Made towards the greene,  
     Loth to be seene :  
 And after in the groue the goatheard met :  
 What saidst thou then ? If this preuaile not, yet  
     I'le tell thee moe.  
     Not long agoe  
 Too long I lou'd her, and as thou dost now,  
 Would sweare *Diana* was lesse chaste then she,  
 That *Iupiter* would court her, knew he how  
 To finde a shape might tempt such chastity :  
 And that her thoughts were pure as new-falne snow,  
 Or siluer swans that trace the bankes of *Poe*,  
     And free within  
     From spot of sin :  
 Yet like the flinte her lust-swolne breast conceal'd  
 A hidden fire ; and thus it was reueal'd :  
     *Cladon*, the Lad  
     Who whilome had  
 The Garland giuen for throwing best the barre,  
 I know not by what chance or lucky star,

Was chosen late  
To bee the mate  
Vnto our Lady of the gleeſome May,  
And was the firſt that danc'd each holyday.  
None would hee take but *Phillis* forth to dance,  
Nor any could with *Phillis* dance but hee,  
On *Palinode* ſhee thenceforth not a glance  
Beſtowes, but hates him and his pouerty,  
*Cladon* had ſheepe and lims for ſtronger lode  
Then ere ſhee ſaw in ſimple *Palinode* ;  
Hee was the man  
Muſt clip her than ;  
For him ſhee wreathes of flowers and chaplets made,  
To ſtrawberries inuites him in the ſhade  
In ſheering time :  
And in the prime  
Would helpe to clip his ſheepe and gard his lambs,  
And at a need lend him her choicest rams ;  
And on each ſtocke  
Worke ſuch a clocke  
With twiſted couloured thred, as not a Swaine  
On all theſe downes could ſhew the like againe.  
But as it ſeemes, the Well grew dry at laſt,  
Her fire vnquench'd ; and ſhee hath *Cladon* left.  
Nor was I forry ; nor do wiſh to taſte  
The fleſh whereto ſo many flyes haue cleft.  
Oh *Hobbinoll* ! Canſt thou imagine ſhee  
That hath ſo oft beene tryde, ſo oft miſdone,  
Can from all other men bee true to thee ?  
Thou knowſt with mee, with *Cladon*, ſhee hath gone  
Beyond the limites that a maiden may,  
And can the name of wife thoſe rouings ſtay ?  
Shee hath not ought  
That's hid, vnſought :  
Theſe eyes, theſe hands, ſo much know of that woman  
As more thou canſt not ; can that pleaſe that's cōmon ?

*The Shepherds Pipe.*

No : should I wed,  
 My marriage bed  
 And all that it containes should as my heart  
 Be knowne but to my selfe; if wee impart  
     What golden rings  
     The Fairie brings,  
 Wee loofe the Iem : nor will they giue vs more.  
 Wiues loofe their value, if once knowne before.  
 Behold this Violet that cropped lyes,  
 I know not by what hand, first from the stem,  
 With what I plucke my selfe shall I it prise?  
 I scorne the offals of a Diadem.  
 A Virgins bed hath millions of delights,  
 If then good parents please shee know no more :  
 Nor hath her seruants nor her fauorites  
 That waite her husbands issuing at dore.  
 Shee that is free both from the act and eye  
 Onely deserues the due of Chastitie.  
     But *Phyllis* is  
     As farre from this,  
 As are the Poles in distance from each other :  
 Shee well befeemes the daughter of her mother.  
     Is there a brake  
     By Hill or Lake  
 In all our plaines that hath not guilty beene  
 In keeping clofe her stealths; the Paphian Queene  
     Ne're vs'd her skill  
     To win her will  
 Of yong *Adonis* with more heart then shee  
 Hath her allurements spent to work on mee.  
 Leaue, leaue her, *Hobinoll*; shee is so ill  
 That any one is good that's nought of her,  
 Though she be faire, the ground which oft we till  
 Growes with his burden old and barrenner.

*Hobbinoll.*

With much ado, and with no little paine

Haue I out-heard thy railing 'gainst my loue :  
But it is common, what wee cannot gaine  
Wee oft disualew ; sooner shalt thou moue  
Yond lofty Mountain from the place it stands,  
Or count the Medowes flowers, or *Iſis* sands,  
Then stirre one thought  
In mee, that ought  
Can be in *Phyllis* which *Diana* faire  
And all the Goddeſſes would not wiſh their.  
Fond man, then ceaſe  
To croſſe that peace  
Which *Phyllis* vertue and this heart of mine  
Haue well begun ; and for thoſe words of thine  
I do forgiue,  
If thou wilt liue  
Heereafter free from ſuch reproaches moe,  
Since goodneſſe neuer was without her foe.

*Palinode.*

Beleeue mee, *Hobinoll*, what I haue ſaid  
Was more in loue to thee then hate to her :  
Thinke on thy liberty ; let that bee weigh'd ;  
Great good may oft betide, if wee deferre,  
And vſe ſome ſhort delayes ere marriage rites ;  
Wedlocke hath daies of toile as ioyſome nights.  
Canſt thou bee free  
From iealouſy ?  
Oh no : that plague will ſo infect thy braine  
That onely death muſt worke thy peace againe.  
Thou canſt not dwell  
One minute well  
From whence thou leau'ſt her ; locke on her thy gate,  
Yet will her minde bee ſtill adulterate.  
Not *Argos* eyes  
Nor ten ſuch ſpies  
Can make her onely thine ; for ſhee will do  
With thoſe that ſhall make thee miſtruſt them too.

*Hobbinoll.*

Wilt thou not leaue to taint a virgines name ?

*Palinode.*

A virgine? yes: as fure as is her mother.  
Dost thou not heare her good report by fame.

*Hobbinoll.*

Fame is a lyer, and was neuer other.

*Palinode.*

Nay, if shee euer spoke true, now shee did :  
And thou wilt once confesse what I foretold :  
The fire will bee disc[l]os'd that now lies hid,  
Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.  
Yet may shee (if that possible can fall)  
Bee true to thee, that hath beene false to all.

*Hobbinoll.*

So pierce the rockes  
A Red-breasts knockes  
As the beleefe of ought thou tell'ft mee now.  
Yet bee my guest to morrow.

*Pallinode.*

Speed your plough.  
I feare ere long  
You'le sing a song  
Like that was sung heereby not long ago :  
Where there is carrion neuer wants a crow.

*Hobinoll.*

Ill tutor'd Swaine,  
If on<sup>1</sup> the plaine

---

<sup>1</sup> Old edit. has *one*.

Thy sheep hence-forward come where mine do feed,  
They shall bee sure to smart for thy misdeed.

*Palinode.*

Such are the thanks a friends fore-warning brings.  
Now by the loue I euer bore thee, stay!  
Meete not mishaps! themselues haue speedy wings.

*Hobbinoll.*

It is in vaine. Farewell. I must away.

FINIS. W. B.





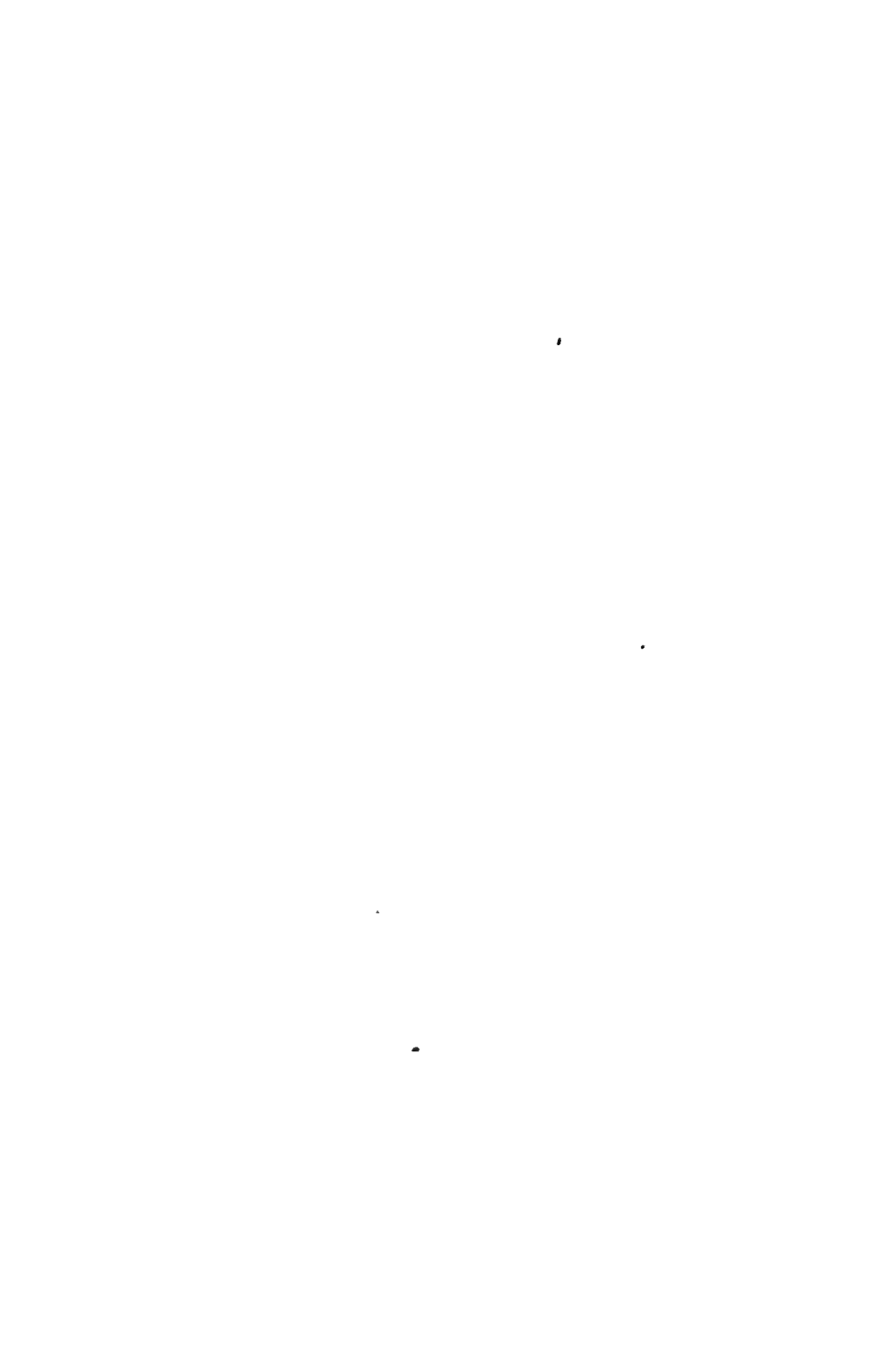
THE  
INNER TEMPLE  
MASQUE.

*presented by the gentlemen there. Jan. 13.  
1614.*

WRITTEN BY W. BROWNE.

OVID. AD PISONEM.

————— *Non semper Gnosius arcus  
Destinat, exemplo sed laxat cornua nervo.*





To the Honourable SOCIETY of the  
INNER TEMPLE.

GENTLEMEN,



GIVE you but your owne: If you refuse to foster it I knowe not who will: By yo<sup>e</sup> meanes it may live. If it degenerate in kinde from those other y<sup>e</sup> society hath produced, blame yo<sup>e</sup> selves for not seeking to a happier muse. I knowe it is not without faultes, yet such as yo<sup>e</sup> loves, or at least Poetica Licentia (the common falve) will make tollerable: What is good in it, y<sup>t</sup> is yo<sup>es</sup>; what bad, myne; what indifferent, both; & y<sup>t</sup> will suffice, since it was done to please ourselves in private by him that is

All yours,

W. BROWNE.





THE  
INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.

The DESCRIPTION of  
THE FIRSTE SCENE.

*On one side the hall towards the lower end was discovered a cliffe of the sea done over in parte white accordinge to that of Virgill, lib. 5.*

Jamq; adeo scopulos Syrenum advecta subibat  
Difficiles quondam multorumq; ossibus albos.

*Upon y<sup>e</sup> were seated two Syrens as they are described by Hyginus & Servius w<sup>th</sup> their upper parts like woemen to the navell and the rest like a hen. One of theese at the firste discouery of the scene (a sea being done in perspective on one side the cliffe) began to singe this songe, beinge as lasciuious pper to them & beginninge as that of theirs in Hom. lib. μ. Od. Δευρ' ἀγ' ἰων πάλυαιν Ὀδυσσευ μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιων.*



TEERE hither, steere, your winged pines,  
All beaten mariners,  
Here lye Loves undiscovered mynes,  
A prey to passengers;  
Perfumes farre sweeter than the best  
Which make y<sup>e</sup> Phœnix urne and nest.

Fear not your ships,  
 Nor any to oppose you save our lips,  
 But come on shore,  
 Where no joy dyes till love hath gotten more.

*The last two lines were repeated as from a groue nere by a full Chorus, & y<sup>e</sup> Syren about to sing againe, Triton (in all parts as Apollonius, lib. 4. Argonautis. shewes him) was seene interruptinge her thus:*

## TRITON.

Leaue, leaue, alluring Syren, w<sup>th</sup> thy fong  
 To hasten w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Fates would faine p̄long:  
 Your sweetest tunes but grones of Mandrakes be;  
 He his owne traytore is y<sup>t</sup> heareth thee.  
 Tethys commaunds, nor is it fit y<sup>t</sup> you  
 Should ever glory you did him subdue  
 By wyles whose pollicyes were never spread  
 'Till Flaming Troy gave light to haue y<sup>m</sup> read.  
 Ulysses now furrowes y<sup>e</sup> liquid plaine  
 Doubtfull of seeing Ithaca againe,  
 For in his way more stops are thrust by time,  
 Then in y<sup>e</sup> path where vertue comes to climbe:  
 She y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>th</sup> silver springs for ever fills  
 The shady groues, sweet meddowes, and y<sup>e</sup> hills,  
 From whose continuall store such pooles are fed  
 As in y<sup>e</sup> land for seas are famosed.  
 'Tis she whose favo<sup>e</sup> to this Grecian tends  
 And to remove his ruine Triton sends.

## SYREN.

But 'tis not Tethys, nor a greater powre,  
 Cynthia, that rules the waues; scarce he (each howre)  
 That weilds the thunderboltes, can thinges begun  
 By mighty Circe (daughter to the Sun)  
 Checke or controule; she y<sup>t</sup> by charmes can make

The scalled fish to leaue the brinye lake,  
And on the seas walke as on land she were ;  
She that can pull y<sup>e</sup> pale moone from her spheare,  
And at mid-day the worlds all glorious eye  
Muffle w<sup>th</sup> cloudes in longe obscuritie ;  
She that can cold December fet on fire,  
And from the graue bodyes w<sup>th</sup> life inspire ;  
She that can cleaue the center, & w<sup>th</sup> ease  
A prospect make to our Antipodes ;  
Whose mystique spelles haue fearfull thunders made,  
And forc't braue riuers to run retrograde.  
She w<sup>th</sup>out stormes that sturdy oakes can tare  
And turne their rootes where late their curl'd toppes  
were.

She that can w<sup>th</sup> the winter solstice bringe  
All Flora's daintyes, Circe : bids me singe ;  
And till some greater hand her power can staye,  
Who'ere commaunde, I none but her obeye.

TRITON.

Then<sup>1</sup> Nereus daughter thus you'le haue me telle.

SYREN.

You maye.

TRITON.

Thinke on her wrath.

SIREN.

I shall. Triton ! farewellle.

SIREN.

Vaine was thy message, vaine her haste, for I  
Muste tune againe my wanton Melodye.

---

<sup>1</sup> Hom : *Ἀλλά ἐ Νηρηος θυγατηρ. &c.*

*The Inner Temple Masque.*

*Here she went on w<sup>th</sup> her SONGE thus :*

For swelling waues, our panting brestes  
 Where neuer stormes arise  
 Exchange ; and be awhile our guesstes :  
 For starres gaze on our eyes.  
 The compasse loue shall hourelly finge,  
 And as he goes aboute the ringe,  
 We will not misse  
 To telle each pointe he nameth w<sup>th</sup> a kisse.

## C H O R U S.

Then come on shore,  
 Where no ioye dyes till loue hath gotten more.

*At y<sup>e</sup> end of this songe Circe was seene upon the rocke,  
 quaintly attyr'd, her haire loose about her shoulders, an  
 Anadem of flowers on her head, w<sup>th</sup> a wand in her hand,  
 & then makinge towards the Syrens, cald them thence  
 w<sup>th</sup> this speech :*

Sirens, ynouk ; cease ; Circe hath prevayld,  
 The Greeks w<sup>ch</sup> on y<sup>e</sup> dauncinge billowes sayld,  
 About whose shippes a hundred Dolphins clunge  
 Wrapt w<sup>th</sup> the musicke of Ulysses tongue  
 Haue w<sup>th</sup> their guide by powrfull Circes hand  
 Cast their hookd anchors on Æœæa's strand.  
 Yonde standes a hille crown'd w<sup>th</sup> high wauinge trees  
 Whose gallant toppes each neighb'ringe countrye sees,  
 Under whose shade an hundred Syluans playe,  
 W<sup>th</sup> Gaudy Nymphes farre fairer then y<sup>e</sup> daye ;  
 Where euerlastinge Springe w<sup>th</sup> silver showres,  
 Sweet roses doth encrease to grace our bowres ;  
 Where lauish Flora prodigall in pride  
 Spendes what might well enrich all earth beside,  
 And to adorne this place shee loues so deare,  
 Stays in some clymats scarcely halfe y<sup>e</sup> yeare.



When would thee to the world indifferent bee,  
They should continuall Aprill haue as wee.  
Midway y<sup>e</sup> wood and from y<sup>e</sup> leueld lands  
A spatious yet a curious arbor standes,  
Wherein should Phœbus once to pry beginne,  
I would benight him 'ere he gette his inne,  
Or turne his steedes awrye, so drawe him on  
To burne all landes but this like Phaeton.  
Ulyffes neare his mates by my stronge charmes  
Lyes there till my returne in sleepes soft armes:  
Then, Syrens, quickly wend we to the bowre  
To fitte their well-come, & shew Circes powre.

SIREN.

What all the elements doe owe to thee  
In their obedience is perform'd in mee.

CIRCE.

Circe drinks not of Lethe: then awaye  
To helpe y<sup>e</sup> Nymphes who now begin their laye.

THE SECONDE SCENE.

*While Circe was speakinge her first speech, & at these words, 'Yond standes a hill, &c.' a trauers was drawne at y<sup>e</sup> lower end of the hall, & gaue way for the discouery of an artificiall wood so nere imitatinge nature y<sup>e</sup> I thinke had there been a grove like y<sup>e</sup> in y<sup>e</sup> open plaine, birds would have been faster drawne to that than to Zeuxis grapes. Y<sup>e</sup> trees stood at the climbinge of an hill, & lefte at their feete a litile plaine, w<sup>th</sup> they circled like a crescente. In this space vpon hillockes were seen eight musitians in crimsen taffity robes w<sup>th</sup> chaplets of lawrell on their heades their lutes by them, w<sup>th</sup> beinge by them toucht as a warninge to y<sup>e</sup> Nymphes of y<sup>e</sup> wood, from amonge the trees was heard this songe. . . . .*

## THE SONGE IN THE WOOD.

**W**HAT finge the fweete birdes in each grove?  
 Nought but loue.  
 What found our Ecchos day and night?  
 All delighte.  
 What doth each wynd breath vs that fleetes?  
 Endleffe sweets.

## CHORUS.

Is there a place on earth this Isle excelles,  
 Or any Nymphes more happy liue than wee.  
 When all our songes, our foundes, & breathinges bee,  
 That here all Loue, Delighte, and Sweetenes dwells.

*By this time Circe & y<sup>e</sup> Syrens being come into y<sup>e</sup> wood,  
 Vlyffes was seene lyeing as asleepe, und<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> couverte of a  
 fair tree, towards whom Circe coming bespake thus:—*

## CIRCE.

Yet holdes soft sleepe his course. Now Ithacus  
 Ajax would offer Hecatombes to vs,  
 And Iliums rauish'd wives, & childlesse fires,  
 W<sup>th</sup> incense dym y<sup>e</sup> bright æthereall fires,  
 To haue thee bounde in chaynes of sleepe as heere;  
 But y<sup>e</sup> [those] mayst behold, & knowe how deare  
 Thou art to Circe, w<sup>th</sup> my magicke deepe  
 And powerfull verfes thus I banish sleepe.

## THE CHARME.

Sonne of Erebus & Nighte,  
 Hye away; and aime thy flighte,  
 Where conforte none other fowle  
 Than the batte & fullen owle;  
 Where upon thy lymber grasse  
 Poppy & Mandragoras

W<sup>th</sup> like fimples not a few  
Hange for euer droppes of dewe.  
Where flowes Lethe w<sup>th</sup>out coyle  
Softly like a streame of oyle.  
Hye thee thither, gentle Sleepe :  
W<sup>th</sup> this Greeke no longer keepe.  
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,  
Thrice w<sup>th</sup> Moly from my hand ;  
Doe I to touch Vlyffes eyes,  
And w<sup>th</sup> the Jaspis : Then arise,  
Sagest Greeke. . . . .

Vlyffes (*as by y<sup>e</sup> power of Circe*) awakinge thus began :

ULYSSES.

. . . . . Thou more than mortalle mayde  
Who when thou listes canst make (as if afraide)  
The mountaines tremble & w<sup>th</sup> terrour shake  
The feate of Dis ; & from Avernus lake  
Grim Hecate w<sup>th</sup> all the Furies bringe  
To worke reuenge ; or to thy questioninge  
Disclose the secretes of th' infernall shades  
Or raise the ghostes y<sup>t</sup> walke the vnder-glades.  
To thee, whom all obey, Ulyffes bendes,  
But may I aske (greate Circe) whereto tendes  
Thy neuer-failinge handes ? Shall we be free ?  
Or must thyne anger crush my mates and mee ?

CIRCE.

Neyther, Laertes' sonne w<sup>th</sup> winges of loue  
To thee, & none but thee, my actions moue.  
My arte went w<sup>th</sup> thee & thou me mayst thanke  
In winninge Rhesus horses, e're they dranke  
Of Xanthus streame ; & when w<sup>th</sup> human gore  
Cleare Hebrus channell was all stayned 'ore ;

When some braue Greekes, companions then w<sup>th</sup> thee,  
 Forgot their country through the Lotos tree ;  
 I tyn'd the firebrande that (beside thy flight)  
 Left Polyphemus in eternall nighte ;  
 And lastly to Æœa brought thee on,  
 Safe from the man-deuouring Læstrigon.  
 This for Ulysses loue hath Circe done,  
 And if to live w<sup>th</sup> mee thou shalt be wonne ;  
 Aurora's hand shall neuer drawe away  
 The fable vale y<sup>r</sup> hides y<sup>c</sup> gladsome daye.  
 But we new pleasures will beginne to taste,  
 And, better stille, those we enjoyed laste.  
 To instance what I canne : Musicke, thy voyce,  
 And of all those haue felt o' wrath the choyce  
 Appeare ; and in a dance 'gin that delight  
 Which w<sup>th</sup> the minutes shall growe infinite.

*Here one attir'd like a woodman in all poyntes came forth  
 of y<sup>r</sup> wood & goeing tow'ds y<sup>r</sup> stage sunge this songe, to  
 call away y<sup>r</sup> firste Antimasque.*

SONGE.<sup>1</sup>

COME yee whose hornes the cuckold weares,  
 The whittoll too, w<sup>th</sup> asses eares ;  
 Let the wolfe leaue howlinge,  
 The Baboone his scowlinge,  
 And Grillus hye  
 Out of his sty.  
 Though gruntinge, though barking, though brayeing,  
 yee come,  
 We'le make yee daunce quiet and so fend yee home.  
 Nor ginne shall snare you  
 Nor maftiue scare you,

<sup>1</sup> The musicke was composed of treble violins w<sup>th</sup> all the inward partes, a base violle, base lute, sagbut, cornamute, & a tabor & pipe.

Nor learne the baboones trickes  
Nor Grillus scoffe  
From the hogge troughe,  
But turne againe vnto the thickest.  
Here's none ('tis hop'd) so foolish, scornes  
That any els should weare the hornes,  
Here's no curre w<sup>th</sup> howlinge  
Nor an ape w<sup>th</sup> scowlinge  
Shall mocke or moe  
At what you showe.  
In jumpinge, in skipinge, in turninge, or oughte  
You shall doe to please vs, how well or how noughte.  
If there be any  
Amonge this many,  
Whom such an humour steares,  
May he still lye,  
In Grillus' stye,  
Or weare for euer the Affes eares.

*While y<sup>e</sup> first staffe of this songe was singinge out of y<sup>e</sup> thickets on eyth<sup>r</sup> side of y<sup>e</sup> passage came rusbinge y<sup>e</sup> Antimasque, beinge such as by Circe were supposed to haue beene transformed (hauinge y<sup>e</sup> mindes of men still) into theese shapes followinge:*

2. w<sup>th</sup> heartes, heades & bodyes as Actæon is pictur'd.
2. like Midas w<sup>th</sup> Affes eares.
2. like wolues as Lycaon is drawne.
2. like Baboons.

Grillus (of whom Plutarche writes in his morralles) in y<sup>e</sup> shape of a hogge.

*These together dancinge an antike measure tow'rdes y<sup>e</sup> latter end of yt mis'd Grillus who was newly slipte away & whilst they were at a stand wondringe what was become of him, the woodman stepte forth & sunge this songe:*

## SONGE.

**G**RILLUS is gone, belyke he hath hearde  
 The dayry-maid knocke at y<sup>e</sup> trough in y<sup>e</sup> yearde :  
 Through thicke & thinne he wallowes  
 And weighes nor depths nor shallowes.

Harke how he whynes

Run all 'e're he dines

Then ferue him a tricke

For beinge so quicke,

And lette him for all his paines

Behold you turne cleane of

His troughe,

And spill all his<sup>1</sup> wash and his graines.

*W<sup>th</sup> this y<sup>e</sup> Triplex of y<sup>e</sup>ir tune was plaid twice or thrice  
 ou<sup>r</sup>, & by turnes brought thẽ from y<sup>e</sup> stage; when y<sup>e</sup>  
 woodman sung this oth<sup>r</sup> staffe of y<sup>e</sup> last songe, & then  
 ran after them :*

And now 'tis wish'd y<sup>t</sup> all such as hee

Were rooting w<sup>th</sup> him at y<sup>e</sup> troughe or y<sup>e</sup> tree,

Ffly, fly, from our pure fountaines,

To the darke vales or the mountaines,

Liste some one whines

W<sup>th</sup> voyce like a swines,

As angry y<sup>t</sup> none

W<sup>th</sup> Grillus is gone,

Or that he is lefte behinde.

O let there be no staye

In his waye,

To hinder the boare from his kinde.

## CIRCE.

How likes Ulysses this!

*i.e. loyal to the heart of the word . . . . .*

<sup>1</sup> Ovid: Met. lib. 14.

## ULYSSES.

. . . . . Much like to one  
Who in a shipwracke being cast vpon  
The froathy shores, and safe beholdes his mates  
Equally cross'd by Neptune and the fates.  
You might as well haue ask'd how I would like  
A straine whose æquall Orpheus could not strike,  
Upon a harpe whose stringes none other be,  
Then of the harte of chaste Penelope.  
O let it be enough that thou in theese  
Hast made most wretched Laertiades:  
Let yet the sad chance of distressed Greekes  
W<sup>th</sup> other teares than Sorrowes dewe your cheekes!  
Most abiect basenesse hath enthral'd that breste  
W<sup>ch</sup> laughs at men by misery oppreste.

## CIRCE.

In this, as lyllies, or y<sup>r</sup> new-falne snowe  
Is Circe spotlesse yet, what though the bowe  
W<sup>ch</sup> Iris bendes, appeareth to each sight  
In various hewes & colours infinite?  
The learned knowe that in itselpe is free  
And light and shade make that varietye.  
Thinges farre off seene seeme not the same they are,  
Fame is not ever truth's Discouerer;  
For still where enuy meeteth a reporte  
Ill she makes worse, & what is Good come shorte.  
In whatso'ere this land hath passiuē beene  
Or she that here 'ore other raigneth Queene  
Let wise Ulysses judg. Some I confesse  
That tow'rds this Isle not long since did addressse  
Their stretched oares, no sooner landed were,  
But (carelesse of themselues) they heere & there  
Fed on strange fruites, inuenominge their bloodes,  
And now like monstres range about the woods.

If those thy mates were, yet is Circe free:  
 For their misfortunes haue not byrth from mee  
 Who in th' Apothecaries shoppe hath ta'ne <sup>taken</sup>  
 (Whilst he is wantinge) that w<sup>th</sup> breeds his bane,  
 Should neuer blame the man who there had plac'd it  
 But his owne folly urginge him to taste it.

VLYSSES.

Æœas Queene and great Hyperions pride,  
 Pardon misdoubtes; and we are satisfide.

CIRCE.

Swifter the lightninge comes not from aboue,  
 Then doe our grants borne on the winges of Loue.  
 And since what's past doth not Ulysses please,  
 Call to a dance the fair Nereides,  
 W<sup>th</sup> other Nymphes w<sup>th</sup> doe in euery creeke,  
 In woods, on plaines, on mountaines, symples seeke  
 For powerfull Circe, and let in a songe  
 Ecchos be aydinge that they may prolonge  
 My now comānd to each place where they be,  
 To bringe them hither all more speedilye.

*Presently in y<sup>e</sup> wood was heard a full musicke of lutes  
 w<sup>th</sup> descendinge to the stage had to them sung this fol-  
 lowinge songe, the Ecchos being plac'd in seueral p<sup>ts</sup> of  
 the passage.*

SONGE.

CIRCE bids you come awaye.  
 ECCH: Come awaye, come awaye.  
 From y<sup>e</sup> riuers, from the sea.  
 ECCH: From the sea, from the sea.  
 From the greene woods euery one.  
 ECCH: Euery one, euery one.  
 Of her maides be missinge none.  
 ECCH: Missinge none, missinge none.



No longer stay, except it bee to bringe

A med'cine for loues stinge.

That would excuse you & be held more deare

Then witte or Magicke, for both they are heere.

ECCH: They are here, they are here.

The *Eccho* had no sooner answered to y<sup>e</sup> last line of the  
songe, They are here, but the second *Antimasque* came  
in, being seuen Nymphs & were thus attir'd:

Fower { *in white taffita robes long tresses & chaplets of  
flowers, herbs & weeds on their heades w<sup>th</sup> little  
wicker baskets in y<sup>er</sup> hands, neatly painted.  
These were supposed to be maids attending vpon  
Circe, & usd in gatheringe simples for their mis-  
tresses enchantments.—(Pausanias in prioribus  
Eliacis.)*

Three { *in sea greene robes, <sup>1</sup>greenish haire hanging loose  
w<sup>th</sup> leaues of corrall & shelles intermixte vpon it.  
These are by Ouid affirmed to helpe the Nymphes  
of Circe in their collections<sup>2</sup> by throse:*

These hauinge danc'd a most curious measure to a softer tune  
then y<sup>e</sup> first *Antimasque* as most fitting returned as they  
came; the *Nereides* tow'rds y<sup>e</sup> cliffes & y<sup>e</sup> other maides  
of Circe to y<sup>e</sup> woods & plaines, after w<sup>th</sup> Ulysses, thus:

ULYSSES.

Fame addes not to thy ioyes, I see in this,

But like a high & stately Pyramis

<sup>1</sup> Horat. lib. 3. carmin.

<sup>2</sup> Nereides nymphæque simul quæ vellera motis  
Nulla trahunt digitis, nec fila sequentia ducunt,  
Gramina disponunt; sparsoque sine ordine flores  
Secernunt calathis, variisque coloribus herbas.  
Ipsa, quod hæ faciunt, opus exigit—

—Ovid. lib. 14, *Metam.*

Growes leaft at fartheft ; now, faire Circe, grante  
 Although the faire-hair'd Greeks do neuer vaunte,  
 That they in meafur'd paces ought haue done,  
 But where the god of battailes ledd them on ;  
 Give leaue that (freed from sleepe) y<sup>e</sup> fmall remaine  
 Of my companions on the under plaine  
 May in a dance ftriue how to pleasure thee  
 Eyther w<sup>th</sup> skill or w<sup>th</sup> varietye.

## CIRCE.

Circe is pleas'd ; Ulyffes, take my wand  
 And from their eyes each child of sleepe comānd ;  
 Whilst my choyce maides w<sup>th</sup> their harmonious voyces  
 (Whereat each byrd and dancinge fpringe reioyces)  
 Charminge the windes when they contrary meete,  
 Shall make their fpirits as nimble as their feete.

## THE THIRD SCENES

## DESCRIPTION.

Circe w<sup>th</sup> *this* fpeech deliueringe her wande to Ulyffes  
 refts on y<sup>e</sup> lower parte of y<sup>e</sup> hill, while he goeing up the  
 hill & ftriking y<sup>e</sup> trees w<sup>th</sup> his wande, fuddenly two  
 greate gates flew open, makinge as it were a large glade  
 through the wood, & alonge y<sup>e</sup> glade a faire walke ; two  
 feeminge bricke walles on eyther fide, over w<sup>th</sup> the trees  
 wantonly hunge ; a great light (as y<sup>e</sup> Suns fuddaine  
 unmaskinge) being feene upon this difcouery. At y<sup>e</sup> fur-  
 ther end was defcride an arbor, very curioufly done,  
 havige one entrance under an architreave borne up by  
 two fillers w<sup>th</sup> their chapters & bafes guilte ; y<sup>e</sup> top of  
 y<sup>e</sup> entrance beautifide w<sup>th</sup> poftures of Satyres, Wood-  
 Nymphes, & oth<sup>e</sup> anticke worke ; as alfo y<sup>e</sup> fides &  
 corners : the coveringe archwife interwove w<sup>th</sup> boughes,  
 y<sup>e</sup> backe of it girt round w<sup>th</sup> a vine, & artificially done

*The Inner Temple Masque.* 257

*up in knottes towrds y<sup>e</sup> toppe; beyond it was a wood-scene in perspective, the fore part of it opening at Ulysses his approach, the maskers were discovered in severall seates leaninge as asleape.*

THEIR ATTIRE.

*Doublets of greene taffita, cut like oaken leaves, as upon cloth of siluer; their skirtes & winges cut into leaues, deepe round hose of y<sup>e</sup> same, both lin'd w<sup>th</sup> sprigge lace spangled; long white sylke stockings; greene pumps, & roses done ou<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> syluer leaues; hattes of y<sup>e</sup> same stufte, & cut narrowe-brim'd, & risinge smaller compasse at y<sup>e</sup> crowne, white wreath hatbandes, white plumes, egrettes w<sup>th</sup> a greene fall, ruffe bands & cuffes.*

*Ulysses seuerally came & touch't euery one of them w<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> wand while this was sunge.*

SONGE.

**S**HAKE of sleepe, yee worthy knights,  
Though yee dreame of all delights;  
Shew that Venus doth reforte  
To the campe as well as courte  
By some well-timed measure,  
And on your gestures & your paces  
Let the well-compofed graces,  
Loking like, and parte w<sup>th</sup> pleasure.

*By this y<sup>e</sup> knights beinge all risen from their seats were by Ulysses (y<sup>e</sup> loud musicke soundinge) brought to y<sup>e</sup> stage; and then to the violins danced their first measure aft<sup>r</sup> w<sup>th</sup> this songe brought them to the second:*

SONGE.

**O**N & imitate the Sun,  
Stay not to breath till you haue done:

*The Inner Temple Masque.*

Earth doth thinke, as other where  
 Do some woemen she doth beare :  
 Those wifes whose husbands only threaten  
 Are not lou'd like those are beate.  
 Then w<sup>th</sup> your feete to suffringe moue her,  
 For whilst you beate earth thus, you love her.

*Here they danc'd their second measure, & then this songe  
 was sunge during w<sup>th</sup> time they take out y<sup>e</sup> ladyes :*

## SONGE.

**C**HOOSE now amonge this fairest number,  
 Upon whose brestes love would for euer slumber :  
 Choose not amisse since you may where you wylle,  
 Or blame yourselues for choosinge ille.  
 Then doe not leaue, though ofte the musicke closes,  
 Till lillyes in their cheekes be turn'd to roses.

## CHORUS.

And if it lay in Circes power,  
 Your blisse might so perseuer,  
 That those you choose but for an hower  
 You should enjoy for ever.

*The knights, w<sup>th</sup> the ladyes dance here y<sup>e</sup> old measures,  
 Galliards, Corantoes, the Braules, &c. and then  
 (havinge lead them againe to their places) danced their  
 last measure ; after w<sup>th</sup> this songe called them awaye.*

## SONGE.

**W**HO but Tyme so hasty were  
 To fly away & leaue you here ?  
 Here where delight  
 Might well allure

*The Inner Temple Masque.* 259

A very Stoicke from this night  
To turne an Epicure.

But since he calles away ; and Time will soone repente,  
He staid not longer here, but ran to be more idly spent.

---

Τελος.      *Finis.*      *The end.*

---





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

FROM LANSDOWNE MS. 777

AND OTHER SOURCES.









## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.<sup>1</sup>

### I. Love Poems.

1.



LOUE who will, for Ile loue none,  
Theres fooles enough besides me :  
Yet if each woman haue not one,  
Come to me where I hide me,  
And if she can the place attain,  
For once Ile be her foole againe.

2.

It is an easye place to find,  
And women sure should know it ;  
Yet thither serues not euery wind,  
Nor many men can show it :  
It is the storehouse, where doth lye  
All womens truth & constancy.

3.

If the Journey be so long,  
No woman will aduentvr ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Those marked † are not from the Lanfd. MS.

But dreading her weake veffels wrong,  
 Y<sup>e</sup> voiage will not enter :  
 Then may she figh & lye alone,  
 In loue with all, yet loude of none.

ON A FAIRE LADYES YELLOW HAIRE  
 POWDRED WITH WHITE.

WRITTEN IN THE DISSOLUING OF A SNOW.

**S**AY, why on your hayre yet staves  
 That Snow resembling white ;  
 Since the Suns leffe powerfull rayes  
 Thawd that w<sup>ch</sup> fell last night ?

Sure to hinder those extreames  
 Of Loue they might bestow ;  
 Art hath hid your Golden Beames  
 Within a fleece of Snow.

Yet as on a Cloth of gould,  
 With filuer flowers wrought ore,  
 We doe now and then beholde  
 A radyant wyre or more :

So fometyes the amorous ayre  
 Doth with youre faire lockes playe,  
 And vncloudes a Golden hayre ;  
 And then breakes forth the daye.

On your Cheekes the Rofy Morne  
 We plainly then defcry ;  
 And a thoufand Cupids borne,  
 And playing in each eye.

Now we all are at a staye,  
And know not where to turne vs ;  
If we wish that Snow awaye,  
Thofe Glorious beames would burne vs.

If it should not fall amayne,  
And cloud your louefull eyes,  
Each gentle heart would sone be flayne,  
And made their Sacrifice.

**N**OT longe agoone a youthfull swayne,  
Much wronged by a maid's disdayne,  
Before Loues Altar came & did implore  
That he might like her lesse, or the loue more.  
The god him heard, & she began  
To doate on him, he (foolish man)  
Cloyde with much sweets, thus changde his note before,  
O let her loue me lesse, or I like more<sup>1</sup>.

## 1.

**S**HALL I loue againe, & try  
If I still must loue to lose,  
And make weake mortalitye  
Giue new birth vnto my woes ?  
No, let me euer liue from Loues enclofing,  
Rather y<sup>e</sup> loue to liue in feare of loofing.

## 2.

One whom hasty Nature giues  
To the world without his fight,

---

<sup>1</sup> Compare Lovelace (Poems, ed. Hazlitt, 135-6, and *Note*).

Not so discontented lives,  
 As a man deprived of light :  
 'Tis knowledge that gives vigour to our woe,  
 And not the want, but losse that paines us foe.

3.

With the Arabian Bird then be  
 Both the Louer and belou'd ;  
 Be thy lines thy progeny  
 By some gracious faire approu'd ;  
 So may'ft thou live, & be belov'd of many,  
 Without the feare of losse, or want of any.

**D**EETPE are the wounds which strike a vertuous  
 name ;  
 Sharpe are the darts Reuenge still sets on wing :  
 Consumeing Jealousies abhorred flame !  
 Deadly the frownes of an enraged King.  
 Yet all these to Disdaynes heart-searching string  
 (Deepe, sharpe, consumeing, deadlye) nothing be,  
 Whose darts, wounds, flames, and frownes, meet all in  
 me.

1.

**P**OORE silly foole ! thou striv'ft in vaine to knowe  
 If I enioy, or loue whom thou lou'ft foe ;  
 Since my affection euer secret tryde  
 Bloomes like the ferné,<sup>1</sup> & seeds still vnespide.

2.

And as the subtill flames of Heaven, that wound  
 The inward part, yet leaue the outward found :

---

<sup>1</sup> The fern has no bloom.

My loue warres on my heart, kills that within,  
When merry are my lookes, & fresh my skin.

3.

Of yellow Jaundice louers as you be,  
Whose Faces straight proclaime their maladye,  
Thinke not to find me one ; who knowe full well,  
That none but french & fooles loue now & tell.

4.

His griefes are sweet, his Joyes (o) heauenly move,  
Whoe from the world conceales his honest loue ;  
Nay, lets his Mistris know his passions source,  
Rather by reason then by his discourse.

5.

This is my way, and in this language new  
Shewing my merit, it demands my due ;  
And hold this Maxim, spight of all dispute,  
He askes enough that serues well & is mute.

**W**ELLCOME, wellcome, doe I sing,  
Far more wellcome y<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> spring ;  
He that parteth from you neuer,  
Shall enioy a spring for euer.

Love, that to y<sup>e</sup> voice is nere  
Breaking from your Iu'ry pale,  
Need not walke abroad to heare  
The delightfull Nightingale.

Wellcome, wllc ome, then I sing,  
Far more welcome y<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> spring ;

*Love Poems.*

He that parteth from you neuer,  
Shall enjoy a fpring for euer.

Love, that lookes still on your eyes,  
Though y<sup>e</sup> winter haue begun  
To benumbe our Arteryes,  
Shall not want the Summers Sun.  
Wellcome, wellcome, y<sup>n</sup> I sing, &c.

Love that still may see your cheekes,  
Where all rarenes still reposes,  
Is a foole, if ere he seekes  
Other Lillyes, other rofes.  
Wellcome, wellcome, &c.

Love, to whom your soft lips yeelds,  
And pceiues your breath in kissing,  
All the Odours of the fields  
Neuer, neuer shall be missing.  
Wellcome, &c.

Love that question would anew  
What faire Eden was of old,  
Let him rightly study you,  
And a briefe of that behold.  
Welcome, welcome, y<sup>n</sup> I, &c.

**Y**E merry birds, leaue of to sing,  
And lend your eares a while to me ;  
Or if you needs will court the Spring  
With your enticing harmonye,  
Flye from this groue, leaue me alone ;  
Your mirth cannot befit my mone.

But if y<sup>t</sup> any be inclyned  
To sing as sad a song as I ;  
Let that sad bird be now so kind,  
As stay & beare me companye :  
And we will strive, which shall outgoe  
Loves heavy straines, or my sad woe.

Ye Nymphes of Thames, if any Swan  
Be readye now her last to sing ;  
O bring her hither, if yee can,  
And sitting by vs in a ring,  
Spend each a sigh, while she & I  
Together sing, together dye.

Alas! how much I erre to call  
More sorrow, where there is such store ;  
Ye gentle Birds, come not at all,  
And Ifis' Nymphes forbear y<sup>e</sup> shore.  
My sighs as groues of mandrakes be,  
And would kill any one but me,

To me my griefes none other are,  
Then poison is to one, that long  
Had fed on it without impaire  
Vnto his health, or Natures wrong ;  
What others liues would quickly spill,  
I take, but cannot take to kill.

Then sorrow, since thou wert ordaind  
To be y<sup>e</sup> inmate of my hart,  
Thrive there so long, till thou hast gaind  
In it then life a greater part :  
And if thou wilt not kill, yet be  
The means that some one pitye mee.

Yet would I not that pittie haue  
 From any other heart then hers,  
 Who first my wound of sorrowe gaue ;  
 And if she still that cure deferres,  
 It was my ffate that did assure  
 A hand to wound, but none to cure.

## A SIGH FROM OXFORD.

**G**OE, and if thou chance to finde  
 That is southwardes bent a wynde,  
 Take it vp on any hire,  
 But be sure it doe not tyre :  
 If with Loue-fighes mixt it bee,  
 Be secure 'twill carry thee ;  
 Spurre it on, and make more haste,  
 Then y<sup>e</sup> Fleet that went out last ;  
 Doe not stay to curle a Rill,  
 Clense a Corne, or driue a Mill ;  
 Nor to crispe a locke, or turne it :  
 Thou hast fire, and so mayst burne it.  
 For thy lodging doe not come  
 In a bagpipe or a drumme :  
 In the belly of some Lute  
 That hath strooke Apollo mute ;  
 Or a gentle ladies eare,  
 That might dreame, whilst thou art there,  
 Of such vowes as thou dost carry,  
 There for one night thou mayst tarry ;  
 Whisper there thy Message to her ;  
 And if she haue any woor,  
 In her sleepe perhaps she maye  
 Speake what she denyes the daye,  
 And instruct thee to replye  
 To my Cælia more then I.



For thy lodging (the next daye)  
Doe not thankelesse goe awaye;  
Giue the Lute a Test of Ayre,  
That a Poets Sigh lay there;  
And informe it with a soule  
Of so high diuine controule,  
That whoeuer heares it next  
Shall be with a Muse perplexed;  
And a Lawyer shall reherse  
His Demurres and Pleas in verse.

In the Ladyes Labrynth leaue  
Not a sound that may deceaue;  
Drive it thence; and after see  
Thou there leaue some part of thee,  
By which shee maye well descry  
Any louers forgery:  
For yt neuer will admit  
Ought that is not true as it.

When that office thou hast done,  
And the Lady lastly wonne,  
Let the ayre thou leftst the Girle,  
Twine a dropp, and then a pearle;  
Which I wish that she would wear  
For a pendant in her Eare;  
And its vertue still shall be,  
To detect all flatterie.

Could I giue each Monarch such,  
None would say I fight to much.  
When thy largesse thou hast giuen,  
(My best sigh next that for heauen)  
Make not any longer stay;  
Kisse thine Hostesse, and awaye.

If thou meet, as thou dost stirre,  
Any Sigh a Passenger,  
Stand vpon thy Guard, and be  
Jealous of a Robberye;

For the fighes that trauell now,  
 Beare not fo much truth as thou ;  
 Thofe may robbe thee to fupply  
 That defect of confancye  
 Which their Mafters left to be  
 Filld by what was ftolne from thee :  
 Yet aduenture, for in foothe  
 Few dare meddle now with truthe ;  
 'Tis a coyne that will not paye  
 For their Meat or horfes haye ;  
 'Tis cride downe, & fuch a coyne  
 As no great Thiefe will purloyne.

Petty-foot-fighes thou mayft meet,  
 From the counter or the Fleet,  
 To a Wife or Miftrefse fent,  
 That her Louers meanes hath fpent,  
 Of fuch ones beware, for thofe,  
 Much fpent on their mafters woes,  
 May want of that ftore which thou  
 Carry'ft to my Cælia nowe :  
 And fo robbe thee, and then fpend thee,  
 Soe as I did nere intend thee ;  
 With difhonor thou fhalt moue  
 To begg an Almes, not get a loue.  
 Shun them, for they haue noe ruthe,  
 And know that few are hang'd for Truthe :  
 Naye the Lawes haue bin more brieft  
 To iayle that theft, more then a thiefe ;  
 The Hue and Cry will not goe poft  
 For the worth which thou haft loft.  
 Yet for Faith and Truth betrayde  
 Countryes heretofore haue payde.  
 Warye be, and fearing Loffe,  
 Like thofe of the Rofy-Croffe,  
 Be not feen, but hye thee on  
 Like an Infpiration ;

And as ayre, ascending hyer,  
Turnes to drops, or else to fire ;  
So when thou art neerer come  
To my Starre, and to thy Home,  
If thou meet a Sigh, which she  
Hath but coldly sent to me,  
Kisse it, for thy warmer ayre  
Will dissolue into a teare ;  
As the steame of Roses will  
At the Cold top of a Still :  
Nor shalt thou be lost ; her eyes  
Haue Apollo's facultys ;  
Their faire Rayes will work amayne,  
And turne thee to a Sigh againe.

What thou art yet closely shroude,  
Rise vp like a fleecy cloude ;  
And as thou doest so aspire,  
To her Element of fire,  
(Which asfarre its forces darte,  
And exhal'd thee from my heart).  
Make thyne owne shape, iust as we  
Fashion Clouds by phantasie ;  
Be a Cupid, be a Heart  
Wounded, and her rayes the dart ;  
Have a Chafma too, and there  
Only let our vowes appeare :  
Lastly, I would wish thee be  
Such a clowd resembling me,  
That Ixion-like she might  
Claspe thee with his appetite ;  
Yet more temperate and chaste,  
And whilst thou art so imbrac't,  
And afforded some sweet sippes  
From her Muse inspiring lipps,  
Vanish ! and then slip by Art  
Through those Rubyes to her heart.

Wynde yt round, and let yt be  
 Thoughtles of all earth, but mee ;  
 Grow acquainted with that ayre,  
 Which doth to her heart repayre ;  
 And so temper and so blyffe yt,  
 And so fanne yt, and so kyffe yt,  
 That the new borne Rose may be,  
 Not so truly chafft as she.

With that Regent, from that howre,  
 Lieger lye Embassadour :  
 Keepe our truce vnbroke, preferre  
 All the suites I fend to her :  
 Get Dyspatches, that may stand  
 With the good of either hand ;  
 Soe that you be bold and true,  
 Neuer feare what may ensue ;  
 For there is noe pollicy  
 Like to that of Honeesty.

Gett into her Mynion thought,  
 Howsoeuer dearly bought ;  
 And procure that she dispenfe  
 To transport some kiffes thence :  
 These are Rarities and deare,  
 For like hers I meet none heere.

This thy charge is ; then begonne  
 With thy full Cōmission :  
 Make her myne, and cleere all doubts ;  
 Kill each jealousye that sprouts ;  
 Keepe the honor of thy place ;  
 Let no other figh Disgrace  
 Thy iust worth, and neuer fitt  
 To her, though [ f ]he brybe for it.

And when I shall call thee home,  
 To fend another in thy roome ;  
 Leaue these thoughts for Agents there :

Ffirſte, I thinke her pure and chaſte,  
As the Ice congealed laſt ;  
Next, as Iron (though it glowes)  
Neuer melts but once, and flowes ;  
So her loue will only be  
Fluent once, and that to me :  
Laſtly, as the glow-wormes might  
Neuer kindled other light,  
I belieue that fire which ſhe  
Haplye ſhewes in louing mee,  
Neuer will encorage man,  
(Though her loues meridian  
Heat him to it) once to dare  
To mention Loue, though vnaware ;  
Much leſſe fire a Sigh that may  
Incorporate with my faire Raye.

I haue read of two erewhile,  
Enemyes burnt in one pyle ;  
That their flames would neuer kiſſe,  
But made a feuerall Pyramis.  
Lett all Sighes that come to thee,  
By thy loue inlightened be ;  
If they ioyne and make one flame,  
Be ſecure from me they came.  
If they ſeperate, beware,  
There is Craft that would enſnare ;  
Myne are rarifyde and iuſt ;  
Truth and loue : the others luſt.

With this charge, farewell, and try  
What muſt be my deſtenye :  
Wooe, ſecure her ; pleade thy due ;  
This ſigh is not ſo long as true :  
And whoever ſhall enclayne  
To ſend another after myne,  
Though he haue more cunning farre,  
Then the Jugler Gondimar,

All his fleights, and all his faults,  
 Hollownesse of heart, and halts ;  
 By thy chaster fire will all  
 Be so wrought diaphanall ;  
 She shall looke through them, and see  
 How much he comes short of mee :  
 Then my sigh shall be approud,  
 And kisse that heart whome I haue loude.

**A** HAPLES shepherd on a daye  
 Yede to St. Michaels Mounte,  
 And spent more teares vpon the waye,  
 Then all the sands could counte.  
 Ffull was the Sea (so were the eyes  
 Of the vnhappy Louer)  
 Yet without Oare or Wynd in Skies,  
 His sighs did waft him over.

**C**OELIA is gone, & now fit I  
 As Philomela, (on a thorne,  
 Turn'd out of natures liverye)  
 Mirthles, alone, & all forlorne ;  
 Onely she sings not, while my sorrowes can  
 Afford such notes as fit a dying swan.  
 So shuts the Marygold her leaues  
 At the departure of y<sup>e</sup> funne ;  
 Soe from honeyfuckle sheaues  
 The Bee goes, when y<sup>e</sup> day is done.  
 Soe fits the Turtle, when she is but one ;  
 So is all woe ; as I, now she is gone.  
 To some few Birds, kind Nature hath  
 Made all the summer as one daye,  
 Which once enioyde, cold winters wrath,  
 As night, they sleeping passe away :

Those happy creatures are, that know not yet  
The paines to be deprivde, or to forgett.  
I oft haue heard men saye there be  
Some, that with confidence professe  
The helpfull art of memorie ;  
But could they teach Forgetfulness,  
I'd learne and trye what further art could doe,  
To make me loue her, & forget her to.  
Sad Melancholy that perfwades  
Men from themselues, to think they be  
Headles or other bodyes shades,  
Hath long & bootles dwelt with me ;  
For could I thinke she some Idea were,  
I still might loue, forget, & haue her heere ;  
But such she is not : nor would I,  
For twice as many torments more,  
As her bereaued company  
Hath brought to those I felt before ;  
For then noe future time might hap to know,  
That she deseru'd, or I did loue her foe.  
Ye howres then but as minutes be,  
(Though foe I shall be sooner old,)  
Till I those louely graces see,  
Which but in her can none behold.  
Then be an age that wee may neuer trye  
More grieffe in parting, but grow old & dye.



## II. Odes, Songs, and Sonnets.

### AN ODE.

#### I.



WAKE, faire Muse ; for I intend  
These everlasting lynes to thee,  
And, honord *Drayton*, come & lend  
An eare to this sweet melodye :  
For on my harpes most high & siluer string,  
To those Nine Sisters whom I loue, I sing.

#### 2.

This man through death & horror seekes  
Honor, by the Victorious Steele ;  
Another in vnmapped creekes  
For Jewells moares his winged keele.  
The clamrous Barre wins some, & others byte  
At lookes throwne from a mushrome Favorite.<sup>1</sup>

#### 3.

But I, that serue the louely Graces,  
Spurne at that drosse, which most adore ;  
And tytles hate, like paynted faces,  
And heart-fed Care for euermore.  
Those pleasures I disdaine, which are pursude  
With praise & wishes by the multitude.

---

<sup>1</sup> The poet may have had in his mind either Carr or Villiers.



4.

The Bayes, which deathles Learning crownes,  
Me of Appollo's troope installs :  
The Satyres following ore the downes  
Fair Nymphs to rusticke festiualls,  
Make me affect (where men no traffique haue)  
The holy horror of a Sauage Caue.

5.

Through the faire skyes I thence intend,  
With an vnusd & powerfull wing,  
To beare me to my Jorneyes end :  
And those that taste the Muses spring,  
Too much celestially fire haue at their birth,  
To lyue long tyme like cōmon foules in Earth.

6.

From faire Aurora will I reare  
My selfe vnto the source of floods ;  
And from the Ethiopian Beare,  
To him as white as snowy woods ;  
Nor shall I feare (for this daye taking flight)  
To be wounde vp in any vayne of night.

7.

Of Death I may not feare the dart,  
As is the vse of Humane State ;  
For well I knowe my better part  
Dreads not the hand of Tyme or Fate.  
Tremble at Death, Enuye, & fortune whoe  
Haue but one life : Heauen giues a Poet two.

8.

All costly obsequies invaye,  
Marble & paintyng too, as vayne ;

My ashes shall not meet with Clay,  
 As those doe of the vulgar trayne.  
 And if my Muse to Spencers glory come  
 No King shall owne my verses for his Tombe.”

## A ROUNDE.

*All.*

**N**OW that the Spring hath filld our veynes  
 With kinde and actiue fire,  
 And made green liuries for the playnes,  
 And euery groue a Quire.

Sing we a Song of merry glee,  
 And Bacchus fill the bowle :  
 1. Then heres to thee ; 2. And thou to mee  
 And euery thirfty soule.

Nor Care nor Sorrow ere payd debt,  
 Nor never shall doe myne ;  
 I haue no Cradle goeing yet,  
 Not <sup>2</sup> I, by this good wyne.

No wyfe at home to fend for me,  
 Noe hoggs are in my grounde,  
 Noe suite at Law to pay a fee,  
 Then round, old Jocky, round.

<sup>1</sup> Can this be a gentle rebuke to Spenser for having dedicated his *Faery Queene* to Elizabeth? Yet all Browne's published works were ushered into the world under noble patronage. It may be said, however, that *his* patrons were, more or less, personal friends, from whom he never perhaps received, and may not have expected, any favours.

<sup>2</sup> MS. has *nor*.

*All.*

Sheare sheepe that haue them, cry we fill,  
But see that noe man scape  
To drinke of the Sherry,  
That makes us so merry,  
And plumpe as the lusty Grape.

VNHAPPY Muse, that nothing pleafest me,  
But tyr't thyself to reape anothers blisse,  
She that as much forbearcs thy melodye,  
As feareful maydens doe the serpents hisse,  
Doth she not fly away when I would sing?  
Or doth she staye, when I with many a teare  
Keepe solemne tyme to my woes vttering;  
And aske what wilde Birds grant to lend an Eare?  
O haples Tongue, in silence euer live,  
And ye, my founts of teares, forbearc supply:  
Since neither words, nor teares, nor muse can give  
Ought worth the pittying such a wretch as I.  
Griue to your selues, if needs you will deplore,  
Till teares & words are spent for euermore.

Vnhappy I, in whom no Joye appeares,  
And but for sorrowe of all else forlorne;  
Mishaps encreasing faster then my yeares,  
As I to griue & dye were onely borne.  
Dark fullen night is my too tedious daye;  
In it I labour when all others rest,  
And wear in discontent those howres awaye,  
Which make some lesse deseruing greater blest.  
The rose cheekt morne I hate, because it brings  
A sad remembrance of my fairer Faire,  
From whose deare graue arise continuall springs,  
Whose mistye vapours cloude the lightsome ayre.  
And onely now I to my Loue preferre  
Those Clouds which shed their rayne, & weepe for her.

THIRSIS' PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESSE.<sup>1</sup>

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 green graffe bufilie,  
 Thus he tun'd his Oaten quill :

Ver hath made the pleafant field  
 Many feu'rall odours yeeld,  
 Odors aromaticall :  
 From faire Afra's cherrie lip,  
 Sweeter smells for euer skip,  
 They in pleafing paffen all.

Leauie Groues now mainely ring,  
 With each sweet birds fonnetting,  
 Notes that make the Eccho's long :  
 But when Afra tunes her voyce,  
 All the mirthfull birds reioyce,  
 And are lift'ning to her Song.

Fairely fpreads the Damaske Rose,  
 Whose rare mixture doth difclose  
 Beauties penfills cannot faine.  
 Yet if Afra paffe the bush,  
 Roses haue beene feen to blush  
 She doth all their beauties ftaine.

Phœbus, fhining bright in skie,  
 Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie  
 With his beames all quick'ning fire :

---

<sup>1</sup> This is taken from *Englands Helicon, or the Muses Harmony*, 1614, 8vo.

Afra's eyes (moſt ſparkling ones)  
Strikes a heat 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 eu'ry Groue,  
She, each Bird, when ſhe doth ſing:  
Phœbus heate to Earth doth bring,  
She makes Marble fall in loue.

Thoſe bleſſings of the earth we Swaines doe call,  
Afra can bleſſe thoſe bleſſings, earth and all.

## C Œ L I A.

## SONNETS.

## I.

**L**OE, I the man, that whilome lou'd & loſt,  
Not dreading loſſe, doe ſing againe of loue;  
And like a man but latelie tempeſt-toſt,  
Try if my ſtarres ſtill inauſpicious proue:  
Not to make good, that poets neuer can  
Long time without a choſen Miſtris be,  
Doe I ſing thus; or my affections ran  
Within the Maze of Mutabilitie;  
What beſt I lov'de, was beauty of the mind,  
And that lodgd in a Temple truely faire,  
Which ruyn'd now by death, if I can finde  
The Saint that livd therein ſome otherwhere,  
I may adore it there, and love the Cell  
For entertaining what I lov'd ſo well.

## 2.

**W**HYY might I not for once be of that Sect,  
 Which hold that foules, when Nature hath  
     her right,  
 Some other bodyes to themfelues elect ;  
 And funlike make the daye, and licenſe Night ;  
 That foul, whoſe ſetting in one Hemifpheare  
 Was to enlighten ſtreight another part ;  
 In that Horizon, if I ſee yt there,  
 Calls for my firſt reſpect and its deſert ;  
 Her vertue is the ſame and may be more ;  
 For as the Sun is diſtant, ſo his powre  
 In operation differs, and the ſtore  
 Of thick clouds interpoſed make him leſſe owr.  
     And verely I thinke her clymate ſuch,  
     Since to my former flame it adds foe much.

## 3.

**F**AIREST, when by y<sup>e</sup> rules of palmiſtrye  
 You tooke my hand to trye if you could gueſſe,  
 By lines therein, if anye wight there be  
 Ordain'd to make me know ſome happines ;  
 I wiſh't that thoſe Characters could explaine,  
 Whom I will neuer wrong with hope to win ;  
 Or that by them a cobby might be ſene,  
 By you, o loue, what thoughts I haue within.  
 But ſince the hand of Nature did not ſett  
 (As providentlie loth to haue it knowne)  
 The meanes to finde that hidden Alphabet,  
 Mine Eyes ſhall be th' interpreters alone ;  
     By them conceiue my thoughts, & tell me, faire,  
     If now you ſee her, that doth love me there ?

## 4.

**S**OE sat the Muses on the Bankes of Thames,  
And pleas'd to sing our heavenly Spencers wit,  
Inspireing almost trees with powrefull flames,  
As Cælia when she sings what I haue writ :  
Me thinkes there is a Spirrit more diuine,  
An Elegance more rare when ought is sung  
By her sweet voice, in euery verse of mine,  
Then I conceiue by any other tongue:  
So a musitian sets what some one plays  
With better rellish, sweeter stroke, then he  
That first composd ; nay oft the maker weighes,  
If what he heares, his owne, or others be.  
Such are my lines : the highest, best of choice,  
Become more gracious by her sweetest voice.

## 5.

**W**ER'T not for you, here should my pen haue rest  
And take a long leaue of sweet Poesye ;  
Britannias swaynes, & riuers far by west,  
Should heare no more mine oaten melodye ;  
Yet shall the song I sing of them, awhile  
Vnperfect lye, and make noe further knowne  
The happy loves of this our pleasant Ile ;  
Till I haue left some record of mine owne.  
You are the subiect now, and, writing you,  
I well may verlify, not poetize :  
Heere needs no fiction : for the graces true  
And vertues clipp not with base flatteryes.  
Heere should I write what you deserue of praise,  
Others might weare, but I should win the bayes.

## 6.

**S**ING soft, ye pretty Birds, while Cælia sleeps,  
 And gentle gales play gently with the leaves;  
 Learne of the neighbour brookes, whose silent deepes  
 Would teach him feare, that her soft sleep bereaves.  
 Myne Oaten reed, devoted to her praise,  
 (A theme that would befit the Delphian Lyre)  
 Give way, that I in silence may admire.  
 Is not her sleepe like that of innocents,  
 Sweet as her selfe; and is she not more faire,  
 Almost in death, then are the Ornaments  
 Of fruitfull trees, which newly budding are?  
 She is, and tell it, Truth, when she shall lye,  
 And sleep for euer, for she cannot dye.

## 7.

**F**AIREST, when I am gone, as now the Glasse  
 Of Time is mark't how long I haue to stave,  
 Let me intreat you, ere from hence I passe,  
 Perhaps from you for euermore awaye,  
 Thinke that noe common Loue hath fir'd my Breast,  
 No base desire, but Vertue truly knowne,  
 Which I may love, & wish to haue possesse,  
 Were you the high'st as fair'st of any one;  
 'Tis not your louely eye enforcing flames,  
 Nor beautious redd beneath a snowy skin,  
 That so much bindes me yours, or makes you Flames,  
 As the pure light & beauty shyn'd within:  
 Yet outward parts I must affect of duty,  
 As for the smell we like the Roses beauty.



## 8.

**A**S oft as I meet one that comes from you,  
And aske your health, not as the usual fashion,  
Before he speakes, I doubt there will infue,  
As oft there doth, the com̄on commendac̄on :  
Alas, thinke I, did he but know my minde  
(Though for the world I would not haue it foe)  
He would relate it in another kinde,  
Discourse of it at large, and yet but slowe ;  
He should th' occasion tell, & with it too  
Add how you charg'd him he should not forget ;  
For this you might, as sure some louers doe,  
Though such a Messenger I haue not mett :  
Nor doe I care, since 'twill not further moue me,  
Love me alone, and say, alone you love me.

## 9.

**T**ELL me, my thoughts (for you each Minute fly,  
And see those beautyes which mine eyes haue lost,)  
Is any worthier Loue beneath the sky ?  
Would not the cold Norwegian mixt with frost  
(If in their clyme she were) from her bright Eyes  
Receiue a heat, so powrefully begun,  
In all his veynes & nummed arteryes,  
That would supply the lowenes of the sun ?  
I wonder at her harmony of words,  
Rare (and as rare as feldome doth she talke)  
That Riuers stand not in their speedy fords,  
And downe the hills the trees forbear to walke.  
But more I muse, why I should hope in fine,  
To get alone a Beauty so diuine.

## 10.

**T**O gett a Love & Beauty so devine,  
 (In these so warye times) the fact must be,  
 Of greater fortunes to the world then myne;  
 Those are the steps to that felicitye;  
 For love no other gate hath then the Eyes,  
 And inward worth is now esteem'd as none;  
 Mere outsidcs onely to that blessing rise,  
 Which Truth & Love did once account their owne;  
 Yet as she wants her fairer, she may misse  
 The common cause of Loue, and be as free  
 From Earth, as her compofure heavenly is;  
 If not, I restles rest in miserie,  
 And daily wish to keepe me from despaire,  
 Fortune my Mistris, or you not so faire.

## 11.

**F**AIR Laurell, that the onelye witnes art  
 To that discourse, which vnderneath thy shade  
 Our grieve swolne breasts did lovinglie impart,  
 With vowes as true as ere Religion made:  
 If (forced by our sighs) the flame shall fly  
 Of our kinde Love, and get within thy rind,  
 Be warye, gentle Baye, & shrieke not hye,  
 When thou dost such vnusuall feruor finde;  
 Suppress the fire; for should it take thy leaves,  
 Their crackling would betraye vs, & thy glorie<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> This appears to be a sort of love-divination practised and believed in the poet's day. Brand does not notice any such superstition in his *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Ellis; but I have introduced the present illustration into my re-edition and digest of that work.

(Honors faire symbole) dyes; Thy trunke receiues  
But heate sufficient for our future story.

And when our sad misfortunes vanquish'd lye,  
Imbrace our fronts in signe of memorie.

## 12.

**H**AD not the soyle, that bred me, further donne,  
And fill'd part of those veynes which sweetlye doe,  
Much like the living streames of Eden, run,  
Embracing such a Paradise as you;  
My Muse had fail'd me in the course I ran,  
But that she from your vertues tooke new breath,  
And from your Eyes such fire that, like a Swan,  
She in your praise can sing her selfe to death.  
Now could I wish those golden howres vnspent,  
Wherein my Fancy led me to the woods,  
And tun'd soft layes of rurall merriment,  
Of shepherds Loues & neuer resting Floods:  
For had I seen you then, though in a dreame,  
Those songs had slept, and you had bin my Theame.

## 13.

**N**IGHT, steale not on too fast: wee haue not yet  
Shed all our parting teares, nor paid the kisses,  
Which foure dayes absence made vs run in debt,  
(O, who would absent be where growe such blisses?)  
The Rose, which but this morning spred her leaues,  
Kist not her neighbour flower more chaste then wee:  
Nor are the timelye Eares bound vp in sheaues  
More strict then in our Armes we twisted be;

O who would part vs then, and difvnite  
 Two harmeles foules, fo innocent and true,  
 That were all honest Love forgotten quite,  
 By our Example men might Learne Anew.  
 Night feuers vs, but pardon her she maye,  
 And will once make us happyer then the daye.

## 14.

**D**IVINEST Cælia, fend no more to aske  
 How I in absence doe ; your seruant may  
 Be freed of that vnneccessary Taske :  
 For you may knowe it by a shorter waye.  
 I was a shaddow when I went from you ;  
 And shaddowes are from sicknes euer free.  
 My heart you kept (a sad one, though a true)  
 And nought but Memorie went home with me.  
 Looke in your brest, where now two hearts you haue,  
 And see if they agree together there :  
 If mine want ayde, be mercifull & save,  
 And seek not for me any other where :  
 Should my phyfitian question how I doe,  
 I cannot tell him, till I aske of you.



### III. Epistles.

#### AN EPISTLE.

**Q**UERE foule, y<sup>e</sup> time is come, & we must  
part,  
Yet, ere I goe, in these lynes read my heart ;  
A heart so iust, so louing, & so true,  
So full of sorrow & so full of you.

That all I speake, or write, or pray, or meane,  
And (which is all I can) all y<sup>t</sup> I dreame,  
Is not w<sup>thout</sup> a sigh, a thought for you,  
And as your beautyes are, so are they true.

Seauen summers now are fully spent & gone,  
Since first I lou'd, lov'd you, & you alone ;  
And should myne eyes as many hundreds see,  
Yet none but you should clayme a right in me ;  
A right so plac'd that time shall neuer heare  
Of one so vow'd, or any lov'd so deare.

When I am gone (if euer prayers mov'd you)  
Relate to none y<sup>t</sup> I so well haue lov'd you ;  
Ffor all that know your beauty & desert,  
Would sweare he neuer lov'd, that knew to part.

Why part we then ? that spring which but this daye  
Met some sweet Riuer, in his bed can playe,  
And with a dimple cheek smile at their blisse,  
Who neuer know what separation is.

The amorous vine with wanton interlaces  
 Clips still the rough Elme in her kind embraces:  
 Doues with their doues fit billing in y<sup>e</sup> groues,  
 And woe the leffer birds to sing their loues;  
 Whilst haples we in grieffull abfence fit,  
 Yet dare not ask a hand to lessen it.

### AN EPISTLE

OCCASIONED BY THE MOST INTOLLERABLE JANGLING OF  
 THE PAPISTS' BELLS ON ALL SAINTS' NIGHT, THE  
 EVE OF ALL SOULES' DAYE, BEING THEN VSED  
 TO BE RUNG ALL NIGHT (AND ALL AS IF  
 THE TOWNE WERE ON FIRE) FOR  
 THE SOULES OF THOSE IN  
 PURGATORYE.  
 WRITTEN FROM THOUARS TO SAUMUR,  
 TO MR. BRYAN PALMES.

**P**ALMES and my friend, this night of Hollantide,  
 Left all alone, and no way occupied:  
 Not to be idle, though I idle be  
 In writeing verse, I fend these lynes to thee:  
 Aske me not how I can be left alone,  
 For all are heere so in devotion,  
 So earnest in their prayers for the dead,  
 And with their *De profundis* soe farr led,  
 And so transported (poore night-seeing fowles)  
 In their oraïsons for all Christian sowles,  
 That knowing me for one but yesterdaye,  
 May be they dreamt me dead, & for me praye.  
 This maye coniectur'd be the reason why  
 I haue this night with me noe company,

I meane of that Religion ; for indeed  
 But to confort with one that sayes his creed  
 In his owne Mother tongue, this daye for them  
 Were such a crime, that nor Jerufalem,  
 Not yet Romes voyage (for which I am sorry)  
 Could free those friends of mine from purgatorie.  
 And had I gone to visit them may be  
 They at my entrance might haue taken me,  
 (If that I spoke in English,) for some one  
 Of their good friends, new come from Phlegeton ;  
 And so had put them to the pains to wooc  
 My Friend Fryer Guy and Bonaventure to ;  
 To publish such a Miracle of theirs,  
 By ringing all the Bells about mine eares.

But peace be to their Bells, say I, as is  
 Their prayer euery day *pax defunctis* ;  
 For I am sure all this long night to heare  
 Such a charauary,<sup>1</sup> that if ther were  
 All the Tom Tinkers since the world began,  
 Inhabiting from Thule to Magellan ;  
 And those that beat their kettles, when the Moone  
 Darkning the sun, brings on the Night ere Noone :  
 I thinke all these together would not make  
 Such a curf'd noyse as these for all soules sake.

Honest John Helms,<sup>2</sup> now by my troth I wish,  
 (Although my popish hostes hath with fish  
 Fed me three dayes) that thou wert here with speed,  
 And some more of thy crue, not without need,  
 To teache their Bells some rime or tune in swinging,  
 For sure they haue no reason in their ringing.

For mine owne part, heareing so strange a coyle,  
 Such discord, such debate, & such turmoil,  
 In a high steeple, when I first came hither,  
 And had small language, I did doubt me whether

<sup>1</sup> Tinkling of kettles and pans.

<sup>2</sup> A good ringer.

Some had the Towre of Babel new begun,  
 And god had plagued them with confusion :  
 For which I was not sorry, for I thought  
 To catch some tongue among them, & for nought.

But being much deceiu'd, good Lord ! quoth I,  
 What pagan noife is this ? One that stood by,  
 Swore I did wrong them, for he me aduifed  
 The Bells vpon his knowledge were baptizd.  
 My friend, quoth I, y'are more to blame by farre,  
 To see poore Christian creatures so at jarr,  
 And seeke not to accord them ; as for me,  
 Although they not of my acquaintance be,  
 Nor though we never have shooke hands as yet,  
 Out of my Love to peace, not out of debt,  
 See theres eight soulz, or ten, it makes not whether ;  
 Get them some wyne, see them drinke together :  
 Or if the Sexton cannot bring them to it,  
 As he will sure have much adoe to doe it ;  
 Tell him he shall be thank'd, if soe he strives  
 With special care to take away their knives ;  
 And for their cause of stirre that he record it,  
 Untill a gen'ral councill doe accord it.  
 Till when, Ile hold, what ere the Jesuits say :  
 Although their church erre not, their steeple may.

W. B.

AN EPISTLE THROWNE INTO A RIUER,  
 IN A BALL OF WAX.

**G**OE, gentle paper ; happy (happier farre  
 Then he that sends thee) with this character :  
 Goe, view those blessed Banks, enriched by  
 A faire but faithles Maidens company ;  
 And if comforted with my teares of bryne,  
 Which (Gentle floud) add waues to those of thyne,



Thou chance to touch the sand in thy progression,  
 Made valuable by her steps impression :  
 Stay, stay thy course; and fortunate from danger  
 Dwell there, where my ill fate makes me a Stranger.  
 If, faithfull paper which holdst nought of Art,  
 Thou come into her hands who kylls my heart ;  
 And she demands thee, how I spend my howres,  
 Tell her, O tell her ! how in gloomy bowers,  
 In cauernes yet vnknowne euen to the sun,  
 And places free from all confusion  
 Except my thoughts, there sit I girt with feares ;  
 Where day and night I turne my selfe to teares,  
 Onelye to wash away that stayne which she  
 Hath (carelesse) throwne vpon her constancye ;  
 And if (touch'd with repentance) she bedewe  
 Thee with some christall drops, I would she knewe  
 Her Sorrowes or the breakyng of the dart  
 Heales not her wounded faith, nor my flaine hart.  
 And my iust Griefes of all redresse bereauen  
 Shall euer witnes before men and heauen,  
 That as she is the fair'st and most vntrue  
 Of those that euer man or read or knewe,  
 So am I the most constant without mate  
 Of all that breathe, and most affectionate ;  
 Although assur'd, that nor my loue nor Faith  
 Shall reape one Joye but by the hand of death.

## AN EPISTLE.

**H**ASTEN, o hasten, for my lous sake haste :  
 The Spring alreadye hath your Beachworth grac'd.  
 What need you longer stay to grace it more ;  
 Or adde to that which had enough before ?  
 The heuens admit no suns : why should your Seate  
 Haue two, then, equall good & as complete ?

Haften, o haften then; for till I see  
 Whom most I loue, 'tis Winter still with mee.  
 I feele no Spring; nor shall I, till your light  
 Repell my too too long and lonely Night:  
 Till you haue quicken'd with your happy shine  
 A drooping discontented hart of mine,  
 No mirth, but what is forc'd, shall there be plac'd.  
 Haften, o haften then: for loues sake hafte.

Soe longing Hero oftentimes was wont  
 Vpon the flowry bankes of Hellepont  
 To walke, expecting when her loue should land,  
 As I haue done on siluer Ifis strand.

I aske the snowy swans, that swim along,  
 Seeking some sad place for their sadder song,  
 Whether they came from Mole, or heard her tell  
 What worth doth neere her wanton riuer dwell;  
 And naming you, the gentle spotlesse birds,  
 As if they vnderstood the power of words,  
 To bend their stately necks doe straight agree;  
 And honoring the name, so answer me.

Those being gone, I aske the christall brooke,  
 Since pt of it vnwillinglie had took  
 An euer leaue of that more happy place  
 Then pleasant Tempe, which the gods did grace;  
 The streame I ask'd, if when it lately left  
 Those daisyed banks, & grieu'd to be berefte  
 So sweet a channell, you did meane to stay  
 Still in that vale, whence they were forc'd away;  
 Hereat the waue a little murmur makes,  
 And then another waue that overtakes;  
 And then a third comes on, & then another,  
 Rowling themselues vp closely each to other—  
 (As little lads, to know their fellowes minde,  
 While he is talking, closely steale behinde;)  
 I aske them all, & each like murmur keepes;  
 I aske another, & that other weepes.

What they should meane by this, I doe not know,  
 Except the mutterings & the teares they shoue  
 Be from the dear remembrance of that scite  
 Where, when they left you, they forsooke delight.

That this the cause was, I perceiued plaine ;  
 For going thence, I thither came againe,  
 What time it had bin flood, a pretty while ;  
 And then the dimpled waters seem'd to smile ;  
 As if they did reioice, & were full faine,  
 That they were turning back to Mole againe.

In such like thoughts, I spend the tedious day ;  
 But when the night doth our half-Globe array  
 In mournfull black, I leaue the curled streame,  
 And by the kindnes of a happy dreame,  
 Enjoy what most I wish ; your selfe & such,  
 Whose worth, whose loue, could I as highly touch  
 As I conceiue, some houres should still be spent  
 To raise your more then earthly Monument.  
 In sleepe I walk with you, & doe obtayne  
 A seeming conference : but, alas, what paine  
 Endures that man, which euermore is taking  
 His ioyes in sleepe, & is most wretched waking ?

To make me happy then, be you my Sun,  
 And with your preface cleere all clouds begun ;  
 My mists of Melancholy will outweare,  
 By your appearing in our Hemisphere ;  
 Till which, within a vale as full of woe,  
 As I haue euer fung, or eye can knowe,  
 Or you can but imagine, reading this,  
 Intralld lyes the heart of him that is

Careles of all others' loue  
 without your respect,

W. B.

*From an Inner Temple,  
 then y<sup>e</sup> Inner Temple,  
 May the third 1615.*

## FIDO: AN EPISTLE TO FIDELIA.

**S**ITTYNG one day beside a siluer Brooke,  
 Whose sleepey waues vnwillingly forsooke  
 The strict imbraces of the flowry shore,  
 As loath to leaue what they should see no more :  
 I read (as Fate had turned it to my hand)  
 Among the famous Layes of faieric Land,  
 Bœlphæbes fond mistrust, when as she mett  
 Her gentle Squire with louely Amorett.  
 And laying by the booke, poore Lad, quoth I,  
 Must all thy ioyes, like Eues posterity,  
 Receiue a doome, not to be chang'd by Suite,  
 Onely for tasting the forbidden fruite ?  
 Had faire Belphæbe licenc'd thee some tyme  
 To kyffe her cherry lipp, thou didst a cryme ;  
 But since she for thy thirst noe help would bring,  
 Thou lawfully mightst seeke another spring ;  
 And had those kisses stolne bin melting sipp,  
 Tane by consent from Amoretts sweet lipps,  
 Thou mightst haue answer'd, if thy loue had spyde,  
 How others gladly gaue what she denyde ;  
 But since they were not such, it did approue  
 A jealousy not meriting thy loue,  
 And an iniustice offerd by the mayde  
 In giuing iudgment ere she heard thee pleade.  
 I haue a Loue, (and then I thought of you,  
 As heauen can witnesse I each minute doe,)  
 Soe well assur'd of that once promised faith,  
 Which my vnmoud Loue still cherisheth,  
 That should she see me priuate with a dame,  
 Fair as her selfe, and of a house whose name,  
 From Phæbus' rise to Tagus where he setts,  
 Hatli bin as famous as Plantagenetts.

Whose eyes would thawe congealed harts of Ice,  
And as we now dispute of Paradife,  
And question where Faire Eden stood of olde,  
Among so many sweet plots we beholde,  
Which by the armes of those braue Riuers bin,  
Inbraced which of yore did keepe it in :  
So were she one, who did so much abounde  
In graces, more then euer mortal crownde,  
That it might fitly for a question passe,  
Where or wherein her most of beauty was.  
I surely could belieue, nay, I durst sweare,  
That your sweet goodnesse would not stoope to feare,  
Though she might be to any that should wyn it  
A Paradife without a Serpent in it.

Such were my thoughts of you, and thynking soe,  
Much lyke a man, who running in the Snowe  
From the Surprisall of a murdrous Elfe,  
Beates out a Path, and so betrayes him selfe.  
I in securitie was further gone,  
And made a Path for your Suspition  
To finde me out. Tyme being nigh the same,  
When thus I thought, and when your letters came.

But, oh, how farre I err'd, how much deceiu'd  
Was my beliefe! your selfe, that haue bereau'd  
Me of that confidence, my loue had got.  
Judge if I were an Infidell or not ;  
And let me tell you, Faire, the Fault was thyne,  
If I did misbelieue, and none of myne.

That man which sees, as he along doth passe  
Some beaten way, a piece of sparklyng glasse,  
And deemes far of that it a dyamond is,  
Adds to the glasse by such a thought of his ;  
But when he findes it wants, to quit his paine,  
The value soone returnes to him agayne.

If in the ruder North some country clowne,  
That stands to see the kyng ride through the town,

Spyeing some gaye & gold belaced thyng,  
 Should cry, See, neighbors, yonder comes the Kyng:  
 And much mistaken both in state and age,  
 Points at some lord, and for a lord a page:  
 Is not that lord or page beholding much  
 To him that thynkes them worthy to be such  
 He tooke them for? And are not you to me  
 Indebted much, since my credulitie  
 Made you the fame I thought you, and from thence  
 Rais'd an assurance of your confidence?  
 These were the thoughts of you I still was in,  
 Nor shall your Letters so much of me wynne;  
 I will not trust myne eyes so much to thynke  
 Your white hand wrote with such a stayning inke;  
 Or if I ever take yt for your hand,  
 I sure shall thinke I doe not vnderstand  
 In reading as you meant, and fall from thence  
 To doubt if points puerted not the sense!  
 For such a constant faith I haue in thee,  
 That I could dye euen in that herefy.

In this beliefe of you I stand as yet,  
 And thinke as those that followe Mahomet:  
 He merits much that doth continue still  
 In his first faith, although that faith be ill.

A vaine inconstant dame, that counts her loues  
 By this enamell'd ring, that paire of gloues,  
 And with her chamber-mayd when closely set,  
 Turning her Letters in her Cabinet,  
 Makes knowne what Tokens haue byn sent vnto her,  
 What man did bluntly, who did courtly wooe her;  
 Who hath the best face, neatest legg, most Lands,  
 Who for his Carriage in her fauour stands.  
 Opening a Paper then she shewes her wytt  
 In an Epistle that some foole had wrytt:  
 Then meeting with another which she lyketh,  
 Her Chambermayds great readyng quickly strykes

That good opinyon dead, & sweares that this  
Was stolne from Palmerin or Amadis.  
Next come her Sonnetts, w<sup>ch</sup> they spelling reade,  
And say the man was very much afrayde  
To haue his meaning knowne, since they from thence  
(Sawe Cupids darts) can picke no iot of fense ;  
And in conclusion, with discretion small,  
Scoffe thys, scorne that, and so abuse them all.  
If I had thought you such an empty prise,  
I had not fought nowe to apologize,  
Nor had these Lynes the virgin paper staynde  
But, as my Loue, vnspotted had remayned ;  
And sure I thinke to what I am about,  
My inke then it was wont goes slower out,  
As if it told me I but vaguelye writt  
To her that should, but will not, credyt it.

Yet goe, ye hopeles lines, and tell that faire,  
Whose flaxen tresses with the wanton ayre  
Intrappe the darling Boy, that daily flies  
To see his sweet face in her sweeter eyes ;  
Tell my Fidelia, if she doe averre  
That I with borrowde phrascs courted her,  
Or fung to her the layes of other men ;  
And lyke the cag'd thrush of a cittizen,  
Tyr'd with a Note contynually fung ore  
The eares of one that knew that all before.  
If this she thinke, (as I shall nere be wonne  
Once to imagine she hath truly done,)  
Let her then know, though now a many be  
Parrots, which speak the tongue of Arcadye,  
Yet in themselues not so much language knowe,  
Nor wit sufficient for a Lord Maiors showe.  
I neuer yet but scorn'd a taft to bring  
Out of the Channell when I saw the Spring,  
Or like a filent Organ been foe weake,  
That others' fingers taught me how to speake.

The sacred Nynne, whose powrefull fongs haue made  
 In way-les deferts trees of mightye fhade  
 To bend in admiracōn, & alayde  
 The wrath of Tigers with the notes they plaide,  
 Were kind in fome small meafure at my birth,  
 And by the hand of Nature to my Earth  
 Lent their eternall heat, by whose bright flame  
 Succeeding time fhall read & know your name,  
 And pine in envye of your praifes writ,  
 Though now your brightnes ftrove to leffen it.  
 Thus haue I done, & like an Artift fpent  
 My dayes to build another's Monument ;  
 Yet you thofe paines fo careles ouerflip,  
 That I am not allow'd the workmanship.  
 Some haue done leffe, and haue been more rewarded ;  
 None hath lov'd more, & hath bin leffe regarded :  
 Yet the poore filkenworme & onely I  
 Like parallells run on to worke & dye.  
 Why write I then againe, fince ſhe will thinke  
 My heart is limned with anothers inke ?  
 Or if ſhe deeme theſe lines had birth from me,  
 Perhaps will thinke they but deceiuers be,  
 And, as our flattering painters doe impart,  
 A fair made Copy of a faithles heart,  
 O, my Fidelity, if thou canſt be wonne  
 From that miſtruſt my abſence hath begun,  
 Be now converted, kill thoſe iealous feares,  
 Credit my lines : if not, belieue my teares,  
 Which with each word, nay, euery letter, ſtroue  
 That in their number you might read my love.  
 And where (for one diſtracted needs muſt miſſe)  
 My language not enough pſuaſive is,  
 Be that ſupplied with what each eye affords,  
 For teares haue often had the powre of words.  
 Grant this, faire faint, ſince their diſtilling rayne  
 pmitts me not to read it ore againe ;



For as a Swan more white then Alpine Snow,  
Wandering vpon the sands of filuer Po,  
Hath his impressiõ by a fuller sea  
Not made so soone as quickly washt awaye.  
Such in my writeing now the state hath been,  
For scarce my pen goes of the inke yet green,  
But fouds of teares fall on it in such store,  
That I p̄ceiue not what I writt before.  
Can any man do thus, yet that man be  
Without the fire of Loue & Loialtie ?  
Know then in breach of Natures constant Lawes,  
There may be an effect & yet no cause.  
Without the Sun we may haue Aprill showers,  
And wanting moysture know no want of flowers ;  
Causeles the Elements could cease to war :  
The seaman's needle to the Northern Starr  
Without the Loadstone would for ever move.  
If all these teares can be & yet no love :  
If you still deeme I onelye am the man,  
Which in the Maze of Loue yet never ranne :  
Or if in love I surely did persue  
The Favour of some other, not of you ;  
Or loving you, would not be strictly tyde  
To you alone, but sought a Saint beside :  
Know then by all the vertues we inthroned,  
That I haue lov'd, lov'd you, & you alone.  
Read ore my lines where truthfull passion mov'd,  
And hate it selfe will say that I haue lov'd.  
Thinke on my Vowes which have been ever true,  
And know by them that I affected you.  
Recount my tryalls, & they will impart  
That none is partner with you in my heart.  
Lines, vows, & tryalls will conclude in one,  
That I haue lov'd, lov'd you, & you alone.  
Lines, seeke no more then to that doubtfull faire,  
And ye, my vowes, for euer more forbear :

Trialls, to her prove never true againe ;  
Since lines, vowes, tryalls striue all but in vaine.  
Yet when I writt, the ready tongue of Truth  
Did euer dictate not deceiving youth.  
When I have sworn my tongue did never erre  
To be my harts most true interpreter,  
And prooffe confirm'd when you examin'd both,  
Love caused those lines, & Constancy that Oath ;  
And shall I write, protest (you proue) & then  
Be left the most vnfortunate of men ?  
Must Truth be still neglected ? Faith forgot ?  
And Constancy esteem'd as what is not ?  
Shall deare Regard and Love for euer be  
Wrong'd with the name of lust & flatterie ?  
It must ; for this your last suspicion tells,  
That you intend to worke noe miracles.

W. B.





## IV. Elegies.

AN ELEGYE ON MR. WILL<sup>m</sup>. HOPTON.



WHEN shall myne eyes be dry? I daily see  
Proiects on foot; and some haue falne on  
mee:  
Yet (with my fortune) had they tane away  
The fensé I haue to see a friend turne Claye;  
They had done something worth the name of Spite;  
And (as the grymme and vgly vayle of Night,  
Which hydes both good and bad) their malyce then  
Had made me worthlesse more the Loue of men  
Then are their manners. I had dyde with those,  
Who once intombde shall scarce be read in prose:  
But whilst I haue a teare to shed for thee,  
A Starr shall drop, and yet neglected bee,  
For as a thrifty Pismire from the plaine  
Busifly dragging home some little graine  
Is in the midway to her pretty chamber  
Fatally wept on by some drop of Amber,  
Which straight congealed (to recompence her doome)  
The instrument to kill becomes her toombe;  
And such a one, that she may well compare  
With Egypts Monarchs for a Sepulcher.  
Soe as I homewards wend to meet with dust,  
Bearing this Griefe along, and it is iust,

Each eye that knew, and knowing held thee deare,  
 On these sad lines shall shed so true a teare :  
 It shall beget a second : that, a third :  
 And propagate so many, that the Bird  
 Of Araby shall lacke a Sun to burne her,  
 Ere I shall want a Tombe, or thou a Morner.  
 For in those teares we will embalmed be,  
 And proue such Remora's to memorye,  
 That some malicious at our fame grown sick  
 Shall dye, and haue their dust made into brick ;  
 And onleye serue to stop some prisons holes,  
 That hydes as wretched bodyes as their soules.  
 When (though the earth benight vs at our Noone,)  
 Wee there will lye like shadowes in the moone ;  
 And euery dust within our graues shall be  
 A Star to light vs to posteritie.

But (haples Muse), admitt that this may come,  
 And men may reade I wept vpon his tombe ;  
 What comfort brings it me? Princes haue tryde  
 To keep their Names, yet scarce are known they dyde,  
 So weake is brasse and Marble ; & I pierce  
 His memorye, while that I write this verse ;  
 Since I (his liuing Monument) endyte  
 And moulder into dust the while I write.  
 Such is the Griefe thy losse hath brought on mee,  
 I cut some lyfe of in each lyne on thee :  
 The cold stone that lyes on thee I suruaye,  
 And, looking on it, feele my selfe turne claye ;  
 Yet grieue not but to thinke, when I am gone,  
 The Marble will shed teares, when I shed none.  
 This vexeth mee, that a dead stone shall be  
 My Riual in thy Loffe and memorye ;  
 That it should both outweepe me and reherse,  
 When I am dust, thy Glory in my verse.

And much good may it do thee, thou dead stone,  
 Though not so dead as he thou lyst vpon.

Thou mayst instruct some after age to saye  
This was the last bed whereon Hopton laye;  
Hopton that knew to chuse & keepe a friend:  
That scorn'd as much to flatter as offend:  
That had a soule as perfect as each Lymme,  
That serud Learnd Pembroke, & did merit him;  
And to name Hopton with his Master is  
More then a Tombe, although a Pyramis.

AN ELEGIE ON THE COUNTESSE DOWAGER  
OF PEMBROOKE.

**T**IME hath a long course run, since thou wert claye;  
Yet had'st thou gone from vs but yesterdaie,  
We in no neerer distance should haue stood,  
Then if thy fate had call'd thee ere the flood;  
And I that knewe thee, shall noe lesse cause haue  
To sit me downe, & weepe beside thy Graue.  
Many a yeare from hence then, in that howre,  
When, all amazed, we had scarce the power  
To say, that thou wert dead: my latest breath  
Shall be a sigh for thee; & when cold death  
Shall giue an end to my iust woes & mee,  
I consecratt to thy deare memorie.  
Soe many teares; if on thy Marble shed,  
Each hand might write with them, who there lyes dead:  
And so much grieffe, that some from sicknes free  
Would gladly dye to be bewail'd like thee.  
Yet (could I choose) I would not any knewe  
That thou wert lost but as a pearle of dewe,  
Which in a gentle Euening mildly cold  
Fallne in the Bosome of a Marigold,

.

Is in her golden leaues shut vp all night,  
And seen againe, when next wee see the light.

For should the world but know that thou wert gone,  
Our Age too prone to Irreligion,  
Knoweing foe much divinitie in thee,  
Might thence conclude noe immortalitye.  
And I belieue the Puritans themselues  
Would be seduc'd to thinke, that Ghostes & Elves  
Doe haunt vs yet, in hope that thou would'st deigne  
To visitt vs, as when thou liv'd'st againe.

But more, I feare, (since we are not of France,  
Whose gentry would be knowne by Ignorance)  
Such Witts & Noble as could merrit thee,  
And should read this, spyght of all penalye,  
Might light vpon their studyes, would become  
Magicians all, and raise the from thy Tombe.

Naye I believe, all are alreadye foe ;  
And now half madd or more with inward woe,  
Doe thinke great Drake maliciously was hur'l'd,  
To cast a Circle round about the world,  
Onley to hinder the Magicians lore,  
And frustrate all our hopes to see thee more.

Pardon my sorrowe : is that man aliue,  
Who for vs first found out a prospective  
To search into the Moone, and hath not he  
Yet found a further skill to looke on thee ?

Thou goodman, whoe thou be'st that ere hast found  
The meanes to looke on one so good, so crown'd,  
For pittie find me out ! & we will trace  
Along together to that holye place  
Which hides so much perfection ; there will wee  
Stand fixt & gaze on her Felicitye.  
And should thy Glasse a burning one become,  
And turne vs both to ashes on her Tombe ;  
Yet to our glorye, till the latter daye,  
Our dust shall dance like atomes in her raye.

And when the world shall in confusion burne,  
And kings with peafants scramble at an vrne;  
Like tapers new blowne out, wee, blessed then,  
Will at her beames catch fire & live againe.

But this is fure, and some men (may be) glad  
That I foe true a cause of sorrowe had,  
Will wish all those whom I affect might dye,  
So I might please him with an Elegye.

O let there neuer line of witt be read  
To please the living, that doth speake thee dead;  
Some tender-hearted mother, good & milde,  
Who on the dear Grave of her onely Child  
So many sad teares hath been knowne to rayne,  
As out of dust could molde him vp againe;  
And with her plaints inforce the wormes to place  
Themselues like veynes so neatly on his face  
And euery limme; as if that they were striving  
To flatter her with hope of his reviving.  
She should read this; and her true teares alone  
Should cobby forth these sad lines on the stone,  
Which hydes thee dead. And every gentle heart  
That passeth by should of his teares impart  
So great a portion, that (if after times  
Ruyne more churches for the clergyes crimes,)  
When any shall remove thy Marble hence,  
Which is lesse stone then he that takes it thence,  
Thou shalt appeare within thy teareful cell,  
Much like a faire Nymph bathing in a well:  
But when they find thee dead so lovelie faire,  
Pitty and Sorrow then shall streight repaire,  
And weep beside thy graue with cypresse crown'd,  
To see the second world of beauty drown'd;  
And add sufficient teares, as they condole,  
Would make thy body swim vp to thy soule.

Such eyes shall read the lines are writ on thee;  
But such a losse should haue no Elegye

To palliate the wound wee tooke in her.  
Who rightly grieves, admits no comforter.

He that had tane to heart thy parting hence,  
Should haue bin chain'd in Bethlem two howres thence ;  
And not a friend of his ere shed a teare,  
To see him for thy sake distracted there ;  
But hugg'd himsefe for loveing such as he,  
That could run mad with griefe for loseing thee.

I, haples soule, that never knew a friend  
But to bewaile his too vntimelye end :  
Whose hopes, cropt in the Bud, haue neuer come,  
But to sit weeping on a senseles tomb,  
That hides not dust enough to count the teares,  
Which I haue fruitles spent, in so fewe yeares.

I, that haue trusted those, that would haue given  
For our deare Sauyor & the son of heauen,  
Ten times the value Judas had of yore,  
Onely to sell him for three pieces more :  
I that haue lou'd & trusted thus in vayne,  
Yet weepe for thee : and till the Clouds shall deigne  
To showre on Egipt more then Nile ere swell'd,  
These teares of mine shall be vnparalleld.

He that hath love enioy'd, & then been croft,  
Hath teares at will to mourn for what he lost ;  
He that hath trusted, & his hope appears  
Wrong'd but by Death, may soon dissolue in teares ;  
But he, vnhappy man, whose love & trust  
Nere met fruition, nor a promise iust :  
For him, vnles (like thee) he deadly sleepe,  
'Tis easyer to run mad then 'tis to weepe.

And yet I can ! Fall then, ye mournfull showres ;  
And as old Time leads on the winged howres,  
Be you their minutes : and let men forgett  
To count their Ages from the playne of sweat :  
From Eighty eight, the Powder Plot, or when  
Men were afraid to talk of it agen ;



And in their Numeration, be it said,  
Thus old was I, when such a Teare was shed,  
And when that other fell, a Comet rose,  
And all the world tooke notice of my woes.  
Yet, finding them past cure, as doctors fly  
Their patients past all hope of remedy,  
Noe charitable soule will now impart  
One word of comfort to soe sick a heart ;  
But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard,  
Men of my shadow almost now afraid,  
Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet me,  
And well nye think it ominous to meet me.

Sad lines, goe ye abroad : goe, saddest Muse :  
And as some Nation formerly did vse  
To lay their sick men in the streets, that those  
Who of the same disease had scapt the throes,  
Might minister reliefe as they went by,  
To such as felt the selfe same Maladye ;  
So, haples lines, fly through the fairest Land ;  
And if ye light into some blessed hand,  
That hath a heart as merry as the shyne  
Of golden dayes, yet wrong'd as much as mine ;  
Pitty may lead that happy man to me,  
And his experience worke a remedye  
To those sad Fitts which (spight of Natures lawes)  
Torture a poore heart that outlives the cause.

But this must never be, nor is it fit  
An Ague or some sicknes lesse then it,  
Should glorye in the death of such as he,  
That had a heart of Flesh, & valued thee.

Brave Roman !<sup>1</sup> I admire thee, that wouldst dye  
At no lesse rate then for an emperie :  
Some massye diamond from the center drawne,  
For which all Europe were an equall pawne,

---

<sup>1</sup> Mark Antony.

Should (beaten into duſt) be drunke by him,  
 That wanted courage good enough to ſwym  
 Through ſeas of woe for thee; & much deſpiſe  
 To meet with death at any lower priſe.  
 Whilſt Griefe alone workes that effect in me;  
 And yet no griefe but for the loſſe of thee.

Fortune, now doe thy worſt, for I haue got  
 By this her death ſoe ſtrong an antidote,  
 That all thy future croſſes ſhall not haue  
 More then an angry ſmile. Nor ſhall the grave  
 Glorye in my laſt daye. . . Theſe lines ſhall give  
 To vs a ſecond life, and we will live  
 To pull the diſtaffe from the hands of Fate;  
 And ſpin our owne thriedds for ſo long a date,  
 That Death ſhall never ſeize vpon our fame,  
 Till this ſhall periſh in the whole worlds flame.

ON AN INFANT VNBORNE, & THE MOTHER  
 DYEING IN TRAUELL.

**W**ITHIN this Graue there is a Graue intomb'd:  
 Heere lyes a Mother & a Child inwomb'd;  
 'Twas ſtrange that Nature ſo much vigour gaue  
 To one that nere was borne to make a Graue.  
 Yet, an iniunction ſtranger, Nature will'd her  
 Poore Mother, to be Tombe to that which kill'd her;  
 And not with ſoe much crueltye content,  
 Buryes the Childe, the Graue, & Monument.  
 Where ſhall we write the Epitaph? whereon?  
 The Childe, the Graue, the Monument is gone;  
 Or if vpon the Child we write a ſtaff,  
 Where ſhall we cut the Tombs owne Epitaph?

Onely this way is left; & now we must,  
As on a Table carpetted with duft,  
Make chifells of our fingers, & ingraue  
An Epitaph both on the Child & Graue  
Within the duft: but when some dayes are gone,  
Will not that Epitaph haue need of one?  
I know it will; yet graue it there so deepe,  
That those which know the lesse, & truly weepe,  
May shedde their teares so iustly in that place,  
Which we before did with a finger trace,  
That filling vp the letters, they shall lye  
As inlayde christall to posteritye:  
Where (as on glafs) if any write another,  
Let him say thus: Heere lyes a haples Mother,  
Whom cruell Fate hath made to be a Tombe,  
And keeps in travell till the day of Doome.

ON THE R: H: CHARLES LORD HERBERT  
OF CARRDIFF & SHERLAND.

**I**F there be a teare vnshedd,  
On friend or child or parent dead,  
Bestowe it here; for this sad stone  
Is capable of such alone.  
Custome showres swell not our deepes,  
Such as those his Marble weepes;  
Onely they bewaile his herse,  
Whoe vnskill'd in powreful verse,  
To bemoane him flight their eyes,  
And let them fall for Elegyes.

All that Sweetnesse, all that Youth,  
All that Vertue, all that Truth  
Can, or speake, or wishe, or praise,

Was in him in his few dayes.  
 His blood of Herbert, Sydney, Vere  
 (Names great in either Hemispheare,)  
 Need not to lend him of their Fame :  
 He had enough to make a name ;  
 And to their Gloryes he had come,  
 Had heauen but giuen a Later Tombe.  
 But the Fates his thred did spinne  
 Of a sleaue so fine & thinne  
 Mending still a Piece of wonder,  
 It vntimely broake in funder ;  
 And we of their Labours meet,  
 Nothing but a Winding Sheet.

What his mighty prince hath lost :  
 What his fathers hope & cost :  
 What his Sifter, what his Kin,  
 Take to[o] all the Kingdome in :  
 'Tis a Sea wherein to Swimme,  
 Weary faint, & dye with him.

O let my priuate grieve haue roome,  
 Deare Lord, to wayte vpon thy Toombe ;  
 And since my weake & faddest verse,  
 Was worthy thought thy Grandams Herse ;  
 Accept of this ! Just teares my fight,  
 Haue shut for thee—deare Lord—Good night.

*Et, longum, formose vale vale, inquit, Iolla.*

#### AN EPICED ON MR. FISHBOURNE.

**A**S some, to farre inquisitiue, would fayne  
 Know how the Arke could so much lyfe contayne ;  
 Where the Ewe fed, and where the Lyon lay,  
 Both hauing den & pasture, yet all Sea :

When fishes had our constellations true,  
 And how the hauke and partridge had one mew; ;  
 So do I wonder, in these loofer tymes,  
 When men commit more villanies then rymes,  
 How honord Fishbourne, in his lesser Arke,  
 Could so much immortality imbarke ; \*  
 And take in man too. How his good thoughts lay  
 With wealth & hazard both of them at sea :  
 Howe when his debtors thought of longer oweing,  
 His chiefest care was of that summes bestowing  
 In pious vses. But to question all ;  
 Did this Rich man come to an Hospitall  
 To curbe the Incomes, or to beg the Leades,  
 Or turn to straw more charitable bedds ?  
 Or gaz'd he on a prison with pretence,  
 More to intrall then for a prayer thence ?  
 Or on the Levites part the churches living  
 Did he ere look w<sup>thout</sup> the thought of giuing ?  
 Noe : (as the Angell at Bethesda) he  
 Came neuer in the Cells of Charitye,  
 Vnlesse his mynde by heauen had fraughted byn,  
 To helpe the next poore cripple that came in ;  
 And he came often to them ; and withall  
 Left there such vertue since his funerall,  
 That, as the Ancient Prophetts buryed bones,  
 Made one to knowe two Resurrections :  
 So after death it will be said of hym,  
 Fysshborne reuiued this man, gaue that a Lymme :  
 Such myracles are done in this sad age,  
 And yet we doe not goe in Pilgrimage.

When by the Graues of men alyue he trode,  
 Prisons where foules and bodyes haue abode  
 Before a judgment ; and, as (there they lye,)  
 Speake their owne Epitaphs and Elogye :  
 Had he a deafe eare then ? threw he on more  
 Irons or actions then they had before ?

\* He gaue  
20,000*l.* to  
pious vses.

Nay : wish'd he not, he had sufficient worth  
 To bid these men (dead to the world) come forth ?  
 Or since he had not, did not he anone  
 Provide to keepe them from corruption ?  
 Made them new shrowds (their cloths are fure no more,  
 Such had the desert wanderers heretofore)  
 Embalmed them, not with spice and gums, whereby  
 We may lesse noysome, not more deadly lye ;  
 But with a charitable food, and then  
 Hid him from thanckes to doe the like agen.  
 Me thinkes I see him in a sweet repaire,  
 Some walke (not yet infected w<sup>th</sup> the ayre  
 Of newes or Lybell) weighing what may be  
 (After all these) his next good Legacie ;  
 Whither the Church that lyes w<sup>thin</sup> his ken,  
 With her Revenews feeds or beasts or men,  
 Whither (though it equiuocally keepe  
 A carefull shepherd and a flock of sheepe)  
 The patron haue a Soule, & doth intreate  
 His friends more to a Sermon then his meate.  
 In fine, if Church or Steeple haue a Tongue,  
 Bells by a Sexton or a Weather rung ?  
 Or where depopulations were begun,  
 An almshouse were for men by it vndone ?  
 Those (Fishbourne) were thy thoughts : the pulse of these  
 Thou felt'st, and hast prescrib'd for the disease.  
 Some thou hast curd, and this thy Gilead Balme  
 Hath my præludium to thy Angells Psalme.

And now y<sup>e</sup> Oracles of Heauen for whome  
 He hath preparde a candle, stoole, and Roome,  
 That to St. Mary's, Pauls, or else where come,  
 To fend vs fighting, and not laughing home.  
 Ye, that the howre may run away more free,  
 Bribe not the clerk, but w<sup>th</sup> your doctrine mee ;  
 Keep ye on wing his euer honord fame,  
 And though our Learned Mother want his name,

'Twas modesty in him that his deare BROWNE\*  
 Might haue place for his charity, and crowne  
 Their memoryes together. And though his  
 The Citty got, the Vniverfityes  
 Might haue the others name. You need not call  
 A Herald to proclaime your funeral,  
 Nor load your graues with marble, nor expend  
 Vpon a Statue more then on a friend;  
 Or make Stones tell a Lye to after tymes,  
 In prose inscriptions, or in hyred rymes.  
 For whilst there shall a church vnruinde stand,  
 And fise blest soules as yours preferue the Land;  
 Whilst a good preacher in them hath a Roome,  
 You liue, and need nor Epitaph, nor Tombe.

\* His partner.

AN ELEGYE ON S<sup>R</sup> THOMAS OVERBVRYE,<sup>1</sup>

POISONED IN THE TOWRE OF LONDON.

HAD not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd,  
 Broke forth in death, I had not bin assured  
 Of grieffe enough to finish what I write;  
 These lynes, as those which doe in cold blood fight,  
 Had come but faintly on; for euer he  
 That shrines a name within an Elegye.  
 (Vnles some neerer cause doe him inspire,)  
 Kindles his bright flame at the Funeral fire.  
 For passion (after leff'ning her extent,)  
 Is then more strong, & foe more eloquent.<sup>1</sup>  
 How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!

<sup>1</sup> Here the MS. copy terminates; the remainder is given from the *prolegomena* to the *Wife*, as elsewhere mentioned.

Was't not enough to see his deare life bowe  
 Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,  
 Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?  
 O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!  
 Which (as the *Romanes* sometime would enact  
 No doome for *Patricide*, supposing none  
 Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*  
 Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent  
 Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.

Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these  
*Glasses* which multiply the *Species*,  
 We see thy vertues more; and they become  
 So many *Statues* sleeping on thy *Tombe*.

Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,  
 But so as, when to make a *Pearle* more pure  
 We giue it to a *Doue*, in whose wombe pent  
 Sometime, we haue it forth most orient.

Such is thy lustre now that venom'd *Sight*  
 With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,  
 But banning it, a course beginnes to runne  
 With those that curse the rising of the *Sunne*.  
 The poyson that workes vpwards now, shall striue  
 To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preferuatiue*.  
 And witch-craft that can maske the *upper shine*,  
 With no one cloud shall blinde a ray of thine.

And as the *Hebrewes* in an obscure pit  
 Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguish'd it,  
 And after time, that broke their bondage chaine,  
 Found it, to fire their sacrifice againe:  
 So lay thy *Worth* some while, but being found,  
 The *Muses altars* plentifully crownd  
 With sweete perfumes by it new kindled be,  
 And offer all to thy deare *Memorie*.

Nor haue we lost thee long: thou art not gone,  
 Nor canst descend into *Obliuion*.  
 But twice the *Sunne* went round since thy soule fled,



And onely *that time* men shall terme thee dead :  
 Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou still shalt haue  
 An *antidote* against the silent Graue.

*W. B. Int. Temp.*

## AN ELEGIE

ON THE UNTIMELYE DEATH OF HIS EUER HONOR'D  
 AS MUCH BELOUED AS LAMENTED FRIEND,  
 MR. THOMAS AYLEWORTH OF THE  
 MIDDLE TEMPLE, SLAYNE AT  
 CROYDEN, & THERE  
 BURYED.

IS Goodnes shortest liu'd? doth Nature bring  
 Her choicest flowres but to adorne the Spring?  
 Are all men but as Tarryers? first begun,  
 Made & together put to be vndone?  
 Will all the ranke of friends in whom I trust,  
 Like Sodome trees, yield me no fruit but dust?  
 Must all I love, as careles sparkes that flye  
 Out of a flint, but shew their worth & dye?  
 Will nature euer to things fleeting bowe?  
 Doth she but like the toying Hine at plough  
 Sow to be in'd? then Ile begin a lore  
 Hard to be learn'd, loue still to wayle no more;  
 I euer will affect that good, which he  
 Made the firme steps to his eternitie.  
 I will adore no other light then shynes  
 From my best thoughts, to read his life; the mynes  
 Of richest India shall not buy from me  
 That booke one howre wherein I studye thee.  
 A booke, wherin mens lives so taxed bin,

That all men labour'd death to call it in.  
 What now as licens'd is dispers'd about,  
 Is no true cobby, or the best left out.  
 Noe ornaments Ile love brought from the Change,  
 But what's in it, & in the Court more strange,  
 Vertue ; which clad thee well, [and] I may haue,  
 Without the danger of a living graue.  
 I will not wish fortune should make of me  
 A worshipp'd golden Calfe (as most rich be) ;  
 But let her (for all Lands else) grant me this,  
 To be an Inmate in that house now his.  
 One stone will serue, one Epitaph aboue,  
 So one shall be our dust, as was our loue.

O, if priuatōn be the greatest paine,  
 Which wretched soules in endles night susteyne,  
 What mortall torment can be worfe then his,  
 That by enioyeing, knowes what loseing is ?  
 Yet such is mine. Then if with sacred fire  
 A passion euer did a Muse inspire ;  
 Or if a grief sick heart hath writt a lyne,  
 Then Art or Nature could more genuyne,  
 More full of Accents sad ; Let it appeare  
 In what I write, if any drop a teare,  
 To this small payment of my latestt debt  
 He witnes is, that 'twas not counterfet.

Maye this be neuer knowne to harts of stone,  
 That measure all mens sorrowes by their owne ;  
 And thinke noe flood should euer drowne an Eye,  
 That hath not issue from an iniurye  
 Of some misfortune, tending more the losse  
 Of goods then goodnes. Let this haples crosse  
 Alone be read, & knowne by such as be  
 Apt to receiue that seale of miserie,  
 Which his vntimely death prints on my heart.

And if that Fatall hand (which did the part  
 That Fate should haue perform'd) shall euer chance

(Either of purpose or through ignorance)  
 To touch this paper may it rose-like wither.  
 Or as the plant *Sentida* shrink together!  
 Let him not read it; be the Letters dym,  
 Although the Ordinarie giue it him!  
 Or let the words transpose them & impart  
 A Crying Anagram for his desert.  
 Or maye the inke (now drye) grow green againe,  
 As wounds (before the Murdrer) of the flayne.  
 So these sad lynes shall (in the Judges Eye)  
 Be his accuser & mine Elegie.

But vayne are imprecations. And I feare  
 Almost to shew him in a Character,  
 Least some accursed hand the same should stayne,  
 Or by depraving murther him againe.

Sleepe then, sweet soule; and if thy vertues be  
 In any breast, by him wee'le portraict thee.  
 If thou hadst liv'd where heathen gods haue reign'd,  
 Thy vertues thee a Deitie had gain'd.  
 But now more blest! And though thy honord shryne  
 Be vnaddorn'd by stone, or Indyan mine:  
 Yet whilst that any good to Earth is lent,  
 Thou canst not lye without a Monument.

## AN ELEGYE.

**I**S Death so great a gamester, that he throwes  
 Still at the fairest, & must I still loose?  
 Are we all but as tarryers first begunne,  
 Made & together put to be vndone?  
 Will all the ranke of friends, in whom I trust,  
 Like Sodom's Trees yeeld me no fruit but dust?  
 Must all I loue, as careles sparkes that fly  
 Out of a flint, but shew their worth & dye?

O, where do my for euer loffes tend?  
 I could already by some buried friend  
 Count my vnhappy yeares; & should the fun  
 Leauē me in darknes, as her loffe hath done,  
 (By those few friends I haue yet to intombe)  
 I might, I feare, account my yeares to come.  
 What need our Cannons then be so precise  
 In Registers for our Natiuities?  
 They keep vs but in bonds, & strike with feares  
 Rich parents, till their children be of yeares;  
 For should they loose & mourne, they might, as I,  
 Number their yeares by euery elegie.  
 These Bookes to sum our dayes might well haue stood  
 In vse with those that liued before y<sup>e</sup> flood,  
 When she indeed that forceth me to write,  
 Should haue byn borne, had Nature done her right;  
 And at five hundred yeares been lesse decayed,  
 Then now at fifteen is the fairest mayde.  
 But Nature had not her perfection then,  
 Or being lothe for such long liuing men,  
 To spend the treasure w<sup>th</sup> she held most pure,  
 She gaue them women apter to endure;  
 Or prouidently knowing there were more  
 Countryes & islands which she was to store,  
 Nature was thrifty, & did thinke it well,  
 If for some one pt each one did excell:  
 As this for her neat hand, that for her hayre,  
 A third for her sweet eyes, a fourth was faire:  
 And 'tis approu'd by him, who could not drawe  
 The Queen of Loue, till he a hundred sawe.  
 Seldom all beautyes met in one, till She  
 (All other Lands else storde) came finally  
 To people our sweet Isle: & seeing now  
 Her substance infinite, she gan to bowe  
 To lauishnes in euery Nuptial bed,  
 And she her fairest was that now is dead;

Dead as a bloffome forced from the tree,  
 And if a Mayden, faire & good as shee,  
 Tread on thy graue, O let her there professe  
 Her selfe for euermore an Anchoreffe.  
 Let her be deathles! let her still be yong!  
 Without this meanes we haue no verfe nor tongue.  
 To fay how much I lou'd, or let vs see  
 How great our losse was in the losse of thee.  
 Or let the purple Violet grow there,  
 And feel noe reuolution of the yeare;  
 But full of dew with euer drooping head,  
 Shew how I liue, since my best hopes are dead.

Dead as the world to vertue! Murd'ers, Thieues  
 Can haue their Pardons, or at least Reprieues.  
 The Sword of Justice hath been often wonne  
 By letters from an Execution.

Yet vowes nor prayers could not keepe thee here,  
 Nor shall I see, the next returning yeare,  
 Thee with the Roses spring & liue againe.  
 Th'art lost for euer, as a drop of raine  
 Falne in a Riuer! for as soone I may  
 Take vp that drop, or meet the same at Sea,  
 And know it there, as ere redeeme thee gone,  
 Or know thee in the graue, when I haue one.

O! had that hollow Vault, where thou dost lye,  
 An Eccho in it, my strong phantasie  
 Would draw me soone to thinke her words were thine,  
 And I would houely come, & to thy shrine  
 Talke as I often vsed to talke with thee,  
 And frame my words that thou mightst answer me  
 As when thou liuedst: Ide sigh, & say I loue,  
 And thou shouldst do so to, till we had moued  
 (With our compl<sup>ts</sup>) to teares each marble cell  
 Of those dead Neighbors which about thee dwell.

And when the holy father came to saye  
 His Orifons, Ide aske him if the daye

Of Miracles were past, or whether he  
 Knew any one whose faith & piety  
 Could raise the dead ; but he would answer, none  
 Can bring thee back to life ; though many one  
 Our curst days afford, that dare to thrust  
 Their hands prophane to raise the sacred dust  
 Of holy faints out of their beds of Rest.

Abhorred dayes ! O maye there none molest  
 Thy quiet peace ! but in thy Arke remayne  
 Vntouch'd, as those the old one did contayne,  
 Till he that can reward thy greatest worth,  
 Shall send the peacefull Doue to call thee forth.

ON A TWIN AT TWO YEARES OLD,  
 DEAD OF A CONSUMPTION.

**D**EATH ! thou such a one hast smit,  
 Any stone can couer it ;  
 'Twas an enuye more then sin,  
 If he had not been a Twin,  
 To haue kill'd him, when his herse  
 Hardly could contayne a verse.  
 Two faire Sisters, sweet and yong,  
 Minded as a prophets tongue,  
 Thou hadst kill'd, & since with thee  
 Goodnes had noe Amitie :  
 Nor could teares of Parents faue,  
 So much sweetnes from y<sup>e</sup> Graue ;  
 Sicknes seem'd so small to fit him,  
 That thou shouldst not see to hit him ;  
 And thou canst not truely saye,  
 If he be dead or flowne awaye.

## AN ELEGIE

ON THE BEWAILED DEATH OF THE TRUELY-BELOVED AND  
MOST VERTUOUS HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.<sup>1</sup>

WHAT time the world, clad in a mourning robe,  
A stage made for a woefull tragedie,  
When showres of tears from the celestiall globe,  
Bewail'd the fate of fea-lov'd Brittanie;  
When sighes as frequent were as various fights,  
When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,  
When Envie wept,  
And Comfort slept,  
When Cruelty itselfe sat almost crying;  
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights:  
When Autumn had disrob'd the Summer's pride,  
Then England's honour, Europe's wonder did:

O saddest straine that ere the Muses sung!  
A text of woe for griefe to comment on;  
Tears, sighs and sobs, give passage to my tongue,  
Or I shall spend you till the last is gone.  
And then my hart, in flames of burning love,  
Wanting his moisture, shall to cinders turne,  
But first by me,  
Bequeathed be,  
To strew the place, wherein his sacred urne  
Shall be enclof'd. This might in many move  
The like effect: (who would not doe it?) when  
No grave befits him, but the harts of men.

---

<sup>1</sup> This copy is transcribed from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, and is inserted here on account of the variations from that printed in the first book of *Britannia's Pastorals*.—*Thompson*. Search has lately been made for this MS. without effect.

The man whose masse of sorrowes have been such,  
 That, by their weight, laid on each severall part,  
 His fountaines are so drie, he but as much  
 As one poore drop hath left, to ease his hart :  
 Why should he keepe it? since the time doth call  
 That he n'ere better can bestow it in?

If so he feares,  
 That other teares

In greater number greatest prizes winne,  
 Know, none gives more then He who giveth all :  
 Then he which hath but one poore teare in store,  
 Oh let him spend that drop and weepe no more!

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

Then how should they  
 Their griefes display

To men so cloide they faine would heare no more.  
 Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot heare?  
 And with this wish their passions I allow,  
 May that muse never speake that's silent now!

Is Henrie dead? alas! and doe I live  
 To sing a scrich-owles note that he is dead?  
 If any one a fitter theame can give,  
 Come, give it now, or never to be read :  
 But let him see it doe of Horror taste,  
 Anguish, Distraction; could it rend in sunder  
 With fearefull grones  
 The fencelesse stones,



Yet should we hardly be inforc'd to wonder,  
Our former griefes would so exceed their last:  
Time cannot make our sorrowes ought compleater,  
Nor add one grieffe to make our mourning greater.

England flood ne're engirt with waves till now,  
Till now it held part with the Continent;  
Aye me! some one, in pittie show me how  
I might in dolefull numbers so lament,  
That any one, which lov'd him, hated me,  
Might dearly love me for lamenting him;

Alas my plaint  
In such constraint

Breakes forth in rage, that thoughe my passions swimme,  
Yet are they drowned ere they landed be.

Imperfect lines: oh happy were I, hurl'd  
And cut from life as England from the world.

O! happier had we beene, if we had beene  
Never made happie by enjoying thee;  
Where hath the glorious Eye of Heaven seene  
A spectacle of greater miserie?  
Time, turn thy course, and bring againe the spring!  
Breake Nature's lawes! search the records of old!

If ought e're fell  
Might paralel

Sad Albion's case: then note when I unfold  
What seas of sorrow she is plunged in:

Where stormes of woe so mainly have beset her,  
She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

Brittaine was whilome knowne (by more then fame)  
To be one of the Islands Fortunate:  
What franticke man would give her now that name,  
Lying so ruefull and disconsolate?

Hath not her watrie zone in murmuring,  
Fil'd every shoare with eccho's of her crie?

Yes, Thetis raves,  
And bids her waves

Bring all the nimphes within her Emperie,  
To be affitant in her forrowing.

See where they sadly fit on Ifis' shore,  
And rend their haire as they would joy no more.





## V. Visions.

I.



SITTING one day<sup>1</sup> beside the bankes of  
Mole,  
Whose sleepey streame by passages vnknowne  
Conuayes the fry of all her finny shole ;  
(As of the fisher she were feareful growne ;)

I thought vpon the various turnes of Time,  
And suddaine changes of all humane state ;  
The Feare-mixt pleasvres of all such as clyme  
To Fortunes merely by the hand of Fate,  
Without desert. Then weighing inly deepe  
The griefes of some whose neernes makes him myne ;  
(Wearied with thoughts) the leaden god of sleepe  
With filken armes of rest did me entwyne :  
While such strange apparitions girt me round,  
As need another Joseph<sup>2</sup> to expovnd.

2.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Memoir of the Poet, pp. 36-38.

<sup>2</sup> What were called *Josephs Dreams* formed a popular book in Browne's day. An edition was printed in 1626. See *Handb. of Early English Lit.*, art. DREAMS.

<sup>3</sup> A space was left for this in the MS., but it was never supplied.

## 3.

**I** SAW a filver swan swim downe the Lee,  
 Singing a sad Farwell vnto the Vale,  
 While fishes leapt to hear her melodie,  
 And on each thorne a gentle Nightingale;  
 And many other Birds forbore their notes,  
 Leaping from tree to tree, as she along  
 The panting bosome of the torrent floates,  
 Rapt with the musick of her dyeing Song:  
 When from a thicke & all-entangled spring  
 A neatheard rude came with noe small adoe,  
 (Dreading an ill preface to heare her sing,)  
 And quickly strooke her slender neck in t[w]oo;  
 Whereat the Birds (me thought) flew thence with speed,  
 And inly griev'd for such a cruell deed.

## 4.

**W**ITHIN the compasse of a shadye grove  
 I long time sawe a loving Turtle flye,  
 And lastlye pitching by her gentle Love,  
 Sit kindelie billing in his company:  
 Till (haples soules) a faulcon sharply bent,  
 Flew towards the place where these kind wretches stood,  
 And sev'ring them, a fatall accident,  
 She from her mate flung speedie through the wood;  
 And scapeing from the hawke, a fowler sett  
 Close & with cunning vnderneath the shade,  
 Entrapt the harmles creature in his net,  
 And nothing moved with the plaint she made,  
 Restraynde her from the groves & deserts wide,  
 Where overgone with griefe, poore Bird, she dyde.

5.

**A** ROSE, as faire as euer saw the North,  
 Grew in a little Garden all alone ;  
 A sweeter flowre did Nature ne're put forth,  
 Nor fairer Garden yet was never knowne :  
 The Maydens danc't about it more & more,  
 And learned Bards of it their ditties made ;  
 The Nimble Fairyes, by the palefac'd moone,  
 Watr'd the roote, & kiss'd her pretty shade.  
 But welladaye, the Gardner careles grewe ;  
 The maids & Fairyes both were kept awaye,  
 And in a drought the caterpillers threw  
 Themselues vpon the Bird & euery spraye.  
 God shield the stock ! if heaven fend noe supplyes,  
 The fairest Blossom of the Garden dyes.

6.

**D**OWNE in a vallye, by a Forestt side,  
 Neere where the christall Thames roules on her  
     waves,  
 I saw a Mushrome stand in haughty pride,  
 As if the Lillyes grew to be his slaves ;  
 The gentle daifye, with her silver crowne,  
 Worne in the brest of many a shepherds lasse ;  
 The humble violett, that lowly downe  
 Salutes the gaye Nymphes as they trimly passe :  
 Those, with a many more, me thoughte complaind  
 That Nature should those needles things produce,  
 Which not alone the Sun from others gain'd,  
 But turne it wholly to their proper vse :  
 I could not chuse but grieve, that Nature made  
 So glorious flowers to live in such a shade.

7.

**A** GENTLE shepherd, borne in Arcadye,  
That well could tune his pipe, and deftly playe  
The Nymphs asleepe with rurall minstrelsye,  
Me thought I saw, vpon a summer's daye,  
Take up a little Satyre in a wood,  
All masterlesse forlorne as none did know him,  
And nursing him with those of his owne blood,  
On mightye Pan he lastlie did bestowe him ;  
But with the god he long time had not been,  
Ere he the shepherd and himselfe forgott,  
And most ingratefull, ever stept between  
Pan and all good befell the poore mans lott :  
Whereat all good men griev'd, [and] strongly fwore,  
They never would be fostersfathers more.





## VI. Epigrams.



T hapsed lately at a Fair, or Wake,  
(After a pott or two or such mistake)  
Two iron-foled Clownes, and bacon-fided,  
Grumbled : then left the formes w<sup>ch</sup> they  
bestrided,

And with their crabb tree cudgels, as appeares,  
Threshd (as they vse) at one anothers' eares :  
A neighbor nere, both to their house and drinke,  
(Who though he slept at sermons) could not winke  
At this diffention, with a Spiritt bold  
As was the ale that arm'd them, strong & old,  
Stept in & parted them ; but Fortunes frowne  
Was such, that there our neighbor was knockdt downe.  
For they, to recompence his paines at full,  
Since he had broke their quarrell, broke his Scull.  
People came in, & raise[d] him from his ffound ;  
A Chirurgion then was calld to search the wound,  
Who op'ning it, more to endeare his paynes,  
Cryde out, Allas, Looke, you may see his Braynes.  
Nay, quoth the Wounded man, I tell you free,  
Good M<sup>r</sup> Surgeon, that can neuer bee ;  
For I should nere haue medled with y<sup>e</sup> Brall,  
If I had had but any Braynes at all.

## ON AN HOURE GLASSE.

**T**HE truest houre glasse lyes; for youle confes,  
All holes grow bigger, and the sand growes lesse.

## ON THE COUNTESSE OF SOMERSETS

## PICTURE.

**T**HE pitty'd fortune most men chiefly hate;  
And rather thinke the envyde fortunate:  
Yet I, if Miserie did looke as She,  
Should quicklie fall in loue with Miserie.

## ON JOHN TOOTH.

**H**EERE lyeth in footh  
Honest John Tooth;  
Whom Death on a daye  
From vs drew awaye.

## TO DON ANTONIO, KING OF PORTUGALL.

**B**ETWEEN thee & thy kingdome, late with force,  
Spaine happily hath sued a divorce;  
And now thou maist, as Christ did once of his,  
Say, that thy kingdome not of this world is.



[ MAN. ]

**L**IKE to a Silkworme of one yeare,  
Or like a wronged Louers Teare,  
Or on the Waues a Rudders Dynt,  
Or like the Sparkles of a Flint,  
Or like to little Cakes perfum'd,  
Or Fireworkes made to be consum'd;  
Even such is Man, and all that trust  
In weake and animated dust.  
The Silkworme droopes; the teares soon shed;  
The Shippes waye lost; the Sparkle dead;  
The Cake is burnt; the Fireworke done;  
And Man as these as quickly gone.

**G**IVE me three kisses, Phillis; if not three,  
Giue me as many as thy sweet lips be;  
You gave & tooke one, yet deny me twaine,  
Then take back yours, or give me mine againe.

ON ONE BORNE BLYNDE, AND SOE DEAD.

**W**HO (but some one like thee) could euer saye,  
He master'd Death, from robbing him a day?  
Or was Death euer yet soe kinde to any?  
One Night she took from thee, from others many,  
And yet, to recompence it, in thy Tombe,  
Giues the a longer, till the daye of doome.

## ON A ROPE-MAKER HANG'D.

**H**EERE lyes a man, much wrong'd in his hopes,  
Who got his wealth backwards by making of  
Ropes;  
It was his hard chance in his fortunes to falter,  
For he liv'd by the Rope, & dyde by the halter.





## VII. Epitaphs.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN SMYTH, CHAPLAYNE TO  
THE RIGHT HO<sup>BLE</sup> THE EARLE  
OF PEMBROOKE.



NOW thou, that treadst on learned Smyth  
invrn'd,  
Man is an Houre-glasse that is neuer turn'd ;  
He is gone through ; & we that stay behinde,  
Are in the vpper Glasse, yet vnrefynde.  
When we are fit, with him foe truely iust,  
We shall fall downe, and sleepe with him in dust.

ON MRS. ANNE PRIDEAUX, DAUGHTER OF MR.  
DOCTOR PRIDEAUX, REGIUS PROFESSOR.  
SHE DYDE AT THE AGE OF 6 YEARES.

NATURE in this small Volume was about  
To perfect what in woman was left out ;  
Yet fearefull least a Piece foe well begun  
Might want Preseruatives, when she had done ;  
Ere she could finish what she vndertooke,  
Threw dust vpon yt, & shut vp the Booke.

## AN EPITAPH ON MR. WM. HOPTON.

**R**EADER, stay, & read a Truth :  
 Heere lyes Hopton, Goodnes, Youth.  
 Drop a teare, & let it be  
 True as thou would'ft wish for thee ;  
 Shed one more, thou best of soules ;  
 Those two teares shall be new Poles :  
 By the first wee'le sayle & find  
 Those lost Jewells of his mynde ;  
 By the Latter we will swymme  
 Back againe, & sleep with him.

## AN EPITAPH ON SR. JOHN PROWDE.

(LIEUTENANT COLONELL TO SR. CHARLES MORGAN),  
 SLAYNE AT THE SIEDGE OF GROLL, &  
 BURYED AT ZUTPHEN, 1627.

**A**FTER a March of twenty yeares, & more,  
 I got me downe on Yffells warlike shore ;  
 There now I lye intrench'd, where none can feize me,  
 Vntill an Hoste of Angells come to raise me :  
 Warre was my Mistresse, & I courted her,  
 As Semele was by the Thunderer ;  
 The mutuall Tokens 'twixt vs two allow'd,  
 Were Bullets wrapt in fire, sent in a Clowd ;  
 One I receiued, which made me passe so farre,  
 That Honor layde me in the Bed of Warre.

IN OBITUM M. S. x<sup>o</sup> MAIJ, 1614.

**M**AY! Be thou neuer grac'd with birds that sing,  
 Nor Flora's pride!  
 In thee all flowers & Roses spring.  
 Mine onely dide.

## ON MR. VAUX, THE PHYSITIAN.

**S**TAY! this Graue deserues a Teare ;  
'Tis not a Coarse, but life lyes here :  
May be thine owne, at least some part,  
And thou the Walking Marble art.

'Tis Vaux! whom Art & Nature gaue  
A powre to plucke men from the Graue ;  
When others druggs made Ghostes of men,  
His gaue them back their flesh agen ;  
'Tis he lyes heere, & thou & I  
May wonder he found time to dye ;  
So busyed was he, & so rife,  
Distributing both health & life.

Honor his Marble with your Teares,  
You, to whom he hath added yeares ;  
You, whose lifes light he was about  
Soe carefull, that his owne went out.

Be you his liuing Monument! or we  
Will rather thinke you in the Graue then he.

## ON ONE DROWNED IN THE SNOWE.

**W**ITHIN a fleece of Silent waters drown'd,  
Before I met with death a graue I found ;  
That which exilde my life from her sweet home,  
For grieve streight froze it selfe into a Tombe.  
One onely element my fate thought meet  
To be my Death, Graue, Tombe, & Winding Sheet ;  
Phœbus himselfe my Epitaph had writ ;  
But blotting many, ere he thought one fit,  
He wrote vntill my Tombe & Graue were gone,  
And 'twas an Epitaph, that I had none ;

For euery man that past along the way  
Without a Sculpture read, that there I laye.

Here now, the second time, entomb'd I lie,  
And thus much haue the best of Destinye :  
Corruption (from which onely one was free)  
Deuour'd my grave, but did not feed on me.

My first Graue tooke me from the race of men ;  
My last shall giue me back to life agen.

ON MR. JOHN DEANE, OF NEW COLLEDGE.

**L**ET no man walke neere this Tombe,  
That hath left his Griefe at home.  
Heere so much of Goodnesse lyes,  
We should not weepe teares, but eyes,  
And grope homeward from this stone  
Blinde for contemplation  
How to liue & dye as he.  
Deane, to thy deare memorye  
With this I would offer more,  
Could I be secur'd before  
They should not be frown'd vpon  
At thy Resurrection.

Yet accept upon thy hearse  
My Teares, far better then my Verse.  
They may turne to eyes, & keepe  
Thy bed vntouch'd, whilst thou dost sleepe.

AN EPITAPH.

**F**AIRE Canace this little Tombe doth hyde,  
Whoe onely feuen Decembers told and dyde.  
O Crueltie ! O synne ! yet no man heere  
Must for so short a life let fall a Teare ;

Then death the kind was worfe, what did infect,  
First seaf'd her mouth, & spoil'd her sweet aspect :  
A horrid Ill her kisses bitt away,  
And gaue her almost liplles to the Clay.  
If Destinye so fwift a flight did will her,  
It might haue found some other way to kill her ;  
But Death first strooke her dumb, in hast to haue her,  
Left her sweete tongue should force the Fates to saue her.

ON MR. FRANCIS LEE OF THE TEMPLE, GENT.

NATURE haueing seen the Fates  
Give some births vntimely dates,  
And cut of those threds (before  
Halfe their web was twisted ore)  
Which she chiefly had intended  
With iust stoy should be friended,  
Vnderhand shee had begun,  
From those distaffes half-way-spun,  
To haue made a piece to tarry,  
As our Edward should, or Harry.  
But the fatall Sisters spyeing  
What a fair worke she was plying,  
Curstly cut it from the Loom,  
And hid it vnderneath this Tombe.

MY OWNE EPITAPH.

L OADEN with earth, as earth by such as I,  
In hopes of life, in Deaths cold arme I lye ;  
Laid vp there, whence I came, as shippes nere spilt  
Are in the dock vndone to be new built.

Short was my course, & had it longer bin,  
 I had return'd but burthen'd more with Sin.  
 Tread on me he that list; but learne withall,  
 As we make but one crosse, so thou must fall,  
 To be made one to some deare friend of thine,  
 That shall surueigh thy graue, as thou dost myne.

Teares aske I none, for those in death are vayne,  
 The true repentant showres which I did rayne  
 From my sad soule, in time to come will bring,  
 To this dead roote an euerlasting spring.

Till then my soule with her Creator keeps,  
 To waken in fit time what herein sleepest.

WM. BROWNE. 1614.

ON HIS WIFE, AN EPITAPH.

**T**HOU needst no Tomb (my Wife) for thou hast  
 one,

To which all Marble is but Pumix Stone.  
 Thou art engrau'd so deeply in my heart,  
 It shall out-last the strongest hand of Art.  
 Death shall not blott the thence, although I must  
 In all my other parts dissolue to dust;  
 For thy Deare Name, thy happy Memorie,  
 May so embalme it for Eternity,  
 That when I rise, the name of my deare Wife  
 Shall there be seen, as in the booke of life.

ON THE COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

**V**NDERNEATH this sable Herse  
 Lyes the subiect of all verse:  
 Sydneyses sifter, Pembroke's Mother:  
 Death, ere thou hast flaine another,  
 Faire, & Learn'd, & good as she,  
 Tyme shall throw a dart at thee."



ON THE R. H. SUSAN, COUNTESSE OF  
MONTGOMERIE.

**T**HOUGH we trust the earth with thee,  
We will not with thy memorie ;  
Mines of Braffe or Marble shall  
Speake nought of thy funerall ;  
They are veryer dust then we,  
And do begg a Historye :  
In thy Name there is a Tombe,  
If the world can giue it Roome ;  
For a *Vere*, & *Herberts* wyfe  
Outspeakes Tombes, out-liues all lyfe.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. THOMAS AYLEWORTH.

**H**EERE wither'd lyes a flowre, which blowne,  
Was cropt affone as it was knowne ;  
The losf was greate, & the offence,  
Since one vnworthie took it hence.

W. BROWNE.

AN EPITAPH ON MRS. EL:Y.

**V**NDERNEATH this stone there lyes  
More of Beauty then are eyes ;  
Or to read that she is gone,  
Or alyue to gaze vpon.  
She in fo much fairenes clad,  
To each Grace a Vertue had ;  
All her Goodnes cannot be  
Cut in Marble. Memorie  
Would be vfeles, ere we tell  
In a Stone her worth. Farewell.

## ON MR TURNER OF ST. MARY-HALL.

**I** ROSE, and coming downe to dyne,  
 I Turner met, a learn'd diuynē;  
 'Twas the first tyme that I was blest  
 With sight of him, & had possest  
 His company not three houres space,  
 But Oxford call'd him from that place.  
 Our friendship was begun (for Arts,  
 Or loue of them, cann marry hearts).  
 But see whereon we trust: eight dayes  
 From thence, a friend of mine thus sayes:  
 Turner is dead; (amaz'd) thought I,  
 Could so much health so quickly dye?  
 And haue I lost my hopes to be  
 Endear'd to so much industry?  
 O man! behold thy strength, and knowe  
 Like our first fight and parting, foe  
 Are all our liues, which I must say,  
 Was but a dinner, and away.

## ON GOODMAN HURST OF THE GEORGE AT HORSHAM,

DYEING SUDDAINELY WHILE Y<sup>ᵃ</sup> E. OF NOTTINGHAM

LAYE THERE, 26 AUGUST, 1637.

**S**EE what we are: for though we often saye,  
 Wee are like guests that ride vpon the waye,  
 Trauell and lodge, & when the Morne comes on,  
 Call for a reck'ning, paye, & so are gone—  
 Wee err; and haue lesse time to be possest,  
 For see! the Hofte is gone before the guest.

**H**EERE lyes kind Tom, thruft out of dore,  
Nor hye nor low, nor rich nor poore ;  
He left the world with heauy cheere,  
And neuer knew what he made heere.





## VIII. Paraphrases, &c.

1.



TELL me, Pyrrha, what fine youth,  
All pfum'd and crown'd with Roses,  
To thy chamber thee pursu'th,  
And thy wanton Arme incloses?

2.

What is he thou now haft got,  
Whose more long & golden Tressēs  
Into many a curious knott  
Thy more curious fingers dresse?

3.

How much will he wayle his trust,  
And (forfooke) begin to wonder,  
When black wyndos shall billowes thrust,  
And breake all his hopes in funder?

---

<sup>1</sup> A very distant imitation of Horace:—  
“Quis multa gracilis ——.”—*Carm.* lib. i. 5.

4.

Ficklens of wyndes he knows  
 Very little that doth loue thee ;  
 Miserable are all those,  
 That affect thee ere they proue thee.

5.

I as one from shipwrack freed  
 To the Oceans mighty Ranger,  
 Consecrate my dropping weed,  
 And in freedome thinke of danger.

THE HAPPY LIFE.<sup>1</sup>

**O** BLESSED man ! who, homely bredd,  
 In lowly Cell can passe his dayes,  
 Feeding on his well gotten bread ;  
 And hath his Gods, not others wayes.

That doth into a prayer wake,  
 And Riseing (not to bribes or bands)  
 The powre that doth him happy make,  
 Hath both his knees, as well as hands.

His Threshold he doth not forfake,  
 Or for the Cittyes Cates, or Trymme ;  
 His plough, his flock, his Sythe, and Rake,  
 Doe phyficke, Clothe, and nourish him.

By some sweet streame, cleere as his thought,  
 He seates him w<sup>th</sup> his Booke & lyne ;  
 And though his hand haue nothing caught,  
 His mynde hath wherevpon to dyne :

---

<sup>1</sup> A paraphrase of Horace :—

“ Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis.”—*Epod. Carm. II.*

He hath a Table furnisht strong,  
 To Feast a friend, no<sup>1</sup> flattering Snare,  
 And hath a iudgment & a Tongue,  
 That know to wellcome & beware.

His afternoone spent as the prime  
 Inviting where he mirthfull supps ;  
 Labour, & seafonable time,  
 Brings him to bedd & not his cupps.

Yet, ere he take him to his rest,  
 For this & for their last repayre,  
 He, with his houehold meek adrest,  
 Offer their sacrifice of prayer.

If then a louing wife he meets,  
 Such as A Good Man should lye by ;  
 Blest Eden is, betwixt these sheets.  
 Thus would I liue, thus Would I Dye.

IN URBEM ROMAM QUALIS EST HODIE.

**Q**UI Romam in media quæris nouus aduena Roma,  
 & Romæ in Româ nil reperis mediâ :  
 Aspice murorum moles preruptaq, faxa  
 Abruptaq, horrenti vasta theatra situ :  
 Hæc sunt Roma ; videri velut ipsa cadauera tantæ  
 Urbis adhuc spirant imperiosa minas.

---

<sup>1</sup> MS. has *or.*

Vt vt hæc mundum visa est, se vincere: visit  
 A se non victum ne quid in orbe foret.  
 Nunc victa in Roma victrix Roma illa sepulta est,  
 Atq; eadem victrix victaq. Roma fuit.  
 Albula Romani nunc exstat in nominis iudex  
 Queq. etiam rapidis fertur in æquor aquis,  
 Disce hinc quid possit Fortuna: immota labascunt;  
 Et quæ perpetuo<sup>1</sup> unt agitata manent.

[THE TRANSLATION.] °

**T**HOU, who to looke for Rome, to Rome art come,  
 And in y<sup>e</sup> midst of Rome find'st nought of Rome;  
 Behold her heapes of walls, her structures rent,  
 Her theatres orewhelm'd, of vast extent;  
 Those nowe are Rome. See how those Ruynes frowne,  
 And speake the threats yet of so braue a town.  
 By Rome (as once the world) is Rome orecome,  
 Least ought on Earth should not be quelld by Rome:  
 Now conqu'ring Rome, doth conquerd Rome interre;  
 And she the vanquisht is, and vanquisher.  
 To shew vs where she stood, there rests alone  
 Tiber; yet that too hastens to be gone.  
 Learne hence what fortune can: Townes glyde away;  
 And Rivers, w<sup>ch</sup> are still in motion, stay.

<sup>1</sup> MS. reads *perpetua*.

c. Du Bellay "Antiquitez de Rome" III  
 ° O nouveau veng! Qui cherche Rome en Rome  
 Et rien de Rome en Rome n'appereois



## IX. Miscellaneous Pieces.

### ON A DREAME.



V AINE dreames, forbear, ye but deceiuers be ;  
For as, in flattering glasse, women see  
More beauty then possesse, so I in you  
Haue all I can desire, but no thing true.  
Who would be rich, to be foe but an howre,  
Eates a sweet fruite, to relish more the soure ;  
If, but to lose againe, we things possesse,  
Nere to be happy is a happines.  
Men walking in the pitchye shades of night  
Can keepe their certeyne way, but if a light  
Oretake, & leaue them, they are blinded more,  
And doubtfull goe, that went secure before :  
For this (though hardly) I haue ofte forborne  
To see her face faire as the rosy Morne ;  
Yet mine owne thoughts in night such Traytors be,  
That they betray me to that miserie.

Then thinke no more of her ! as soon I may  
Command the sun to robbe vs of a day ;  
Or with a five repell a liquid streame,  
As lose such thoughts or hinder but a Dreame.

The lightsome ayre as easye hinder can  
A glasse to take the forme of any man



That stands before it, as or time or place  
Can draw a vayne betweene me & her face ;  
Yet by such thoughts my Torments howrely strive ;  
For, as a prisoner by his prospective,  
By them I am inform'd of what I want :  
I envy none now but the ignorant.  
He that nere saw of whom I dream'd last night,  
Is one borne blynd, that knowes no want of light ;  
He that nere kist these lipps, yet saw her eyes,  
Is Adam living still in Paradise.  
But if he taste those sweets (as haples I)  
He knowes his want & meets his miserie :  
An Indian rude that neuer heard one sing  
A heavenly sonnet to a siluer string,  
Nor other sounds, but what confus'd heards  
In pathles deserts make, or brooks, or Birds,  
Should he heare Syms the sweet pandora touch  
And loose his hearing, streight he would as much  
Lament his knowledge, as doe I my chance,  
And wish he still had liv'd in ignorance.  
I am that Indian, and my soothing Dreames  
In thirst haue brought me but to painted streames,  
Which not allaye, but more increafe desire.  
A man, nere frozen with December's ire,  
Hath from a heape of glowwormes as much ease,  
As I can euer haue by such as these.

O leave me then ! & strongest Memorie,  
Keepe still with those that promise breakers be :  
Goe ! bid the Debtor mind his payment day,  
Or helpe the ignorant-deuout to saye  
Prayers they vnderstand not. Leade the Blynde,  
And bid ingratefull wretches call to minde  
Their Benefactors. And if vertue be  
(As still she is) trod downe with miserie,  
Shew her the Rich that they may free her want,  
And leaue to nurse the fawning sycophant :

Or if thou seeft faire honor careles lye  
 Without a Tombe, for after memorye,  
 Dwell by the graue, & teach all thofe that paffe  
 To imitate, by fhewing who it was.

This way, remembrance, thou mayeft doe fome good,  
 And haue due thanks; but he that vnderftood  
 What throes thou bringft on me, would fay I miffe  
 The fleepe of him that did the pale moone kiffe,  
 And that it were a bleffing throwne on mee,  
 Sometimes to haue the hated Lethargie.

Then, darke forgetfulnes, that onely art  
 The friend of Lunatiques, feize on that part  
 Of Memorie which nightly fhewes her me,  
 Or fuffer ftill her wakeing Fantasie,  
 Euen at the instant that I dreame of her,  
 To dreame the like of me, that we may err  
 In pleasures endles Maze without offence;  
 And both connex, as foules in Innocence.

LIDFORD JOURNEY.

**I** OFTE haue heard of Lidford Lawe,  
 How in the Morne they hang & drawe,  
 And fitt in iudgment after:  
 At firft I wonderd at it much;  
 But now I find their reason fuch,  
 That it deferues no laughter.

They haue a Cattle on a hill;  
 I tooke it for an old Windmill,  
 The Vanes blowne of by weather;  
 Then lye therein one night, 'tis gueff'd,  
 'Tis better to be ftond and preft,  
 Or hang'd, now chufe you whether.

Ten men leffe room w<sup>thin</sup> this Caue,  
Then five Mice in a Lanthorne haue,  
The Keepers they are fly ones :  
If any could deuife by Art,  
To gett it vpp into a Cart,  
Twere fitt to carry Lyons.

When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,  
What Justice & what Clemency  
Hath Lidford, when I spy all!  
They know none there gladly would stay,  
But rather hang out of the way,  
Then tarry for the tryall.

The Prince a hundred pounds hath sent,  
To mend the leades & planthings rent,  
Within this liuinge Tombe :  
Some forty five pounds more had paide  
The debts of all that shalbe layde  
There 'till the day of Dome.

One lyes there for a feame of Malt,  
Another for three pecks of Salt,  
Two Suretyes for a Noble ;  
If this be true, or else false newes,  
You may goe aske of M<sup>r</sup> Crewes,<sup>1</sup>  
John Vaughan, or John Doble.<sup>2</sup>

Neere to the men that lye in lurch,  
There is a Bridge, there is a Church,  
Seuen Ashes, & an Oake ;  
Three houses standing, and ten downe ;  
They say the Parson hath a Gowne,  
But I saw nere a Cloake.

---

<sup>1</sup> The Steward. *Marginal Note in Brydges' Ed.*

<sup>2</sup> Attorneys of the Court. *Ibid.*

Whereby you may confider well,  
 That plaine Simplicity doth dwell  
     At Lidford without brauery ;  
 For in that towne, both yong & graue  
 Do loue the Naked truth, and have  
     No Cloakes to hide theyr knauerye.

The people all, within this clyme,  
 Are frozen yn all Winter time,  
     Be fure I doe not faine ;  
 And when the Summer is begun,  
 They lye like filkewormes in y<sup>e</sup> Sun,  
     And come to lyfe againe.

One told me in King Cæfars tyme,  
 The towne was built of Stone & Lyme,  
     But fure the walls were Claye :  
 For they are falne, for ought I see,  
 And fince the howfes were got free,  
     The Towne is Run away.

O Cæfar, if thou there didft Raigne,  
 Whilft one houfe ftands, come there againe ;  
     Come quickly, while there is One :  
 If thou but ftay a little fitt,  
 But fiae yeares more, they may cōmitt  
     The whole Towne into Prifon.

To fee it thus, much griued was I,  
 The prouerbe fays, Sorrow is dry ;  
     So was I at this matter :  
 When by great chance, I know not how,  
 There thither came a ftrange ftrayde Cow,  
     And we had Milke and Water.

Sure I belieue it then did rayne  
A Cow or two from Charles his Wayne,  
For none aliue did see  
Such kynde of Creatures there before,  
Nor fhall from hence for euermore,  
Sape Pris'ners, Geefe, and we.

To Nyne good Stomacks (with our Whigg)  
At laft we got a Tything Pigg;  
This Dyet was our bounds:  
And that was iuft as if 'twere knowne,  
One pound of Butter had byn throwne  
Amongft a pack of Hounds.

One Glaffe of Drinke I gott by Chance,  
'Twas Clarett when yt was in France;  
But now from that nought wyder:  
I thinke a man might make as good  
With Green Crabs, boyled with Brafil Wood,  
And halfe a pynte of Syder.

I kift the Mayors hand of the Towne,  
Who though he weare no scarlett Gowne  
Honors the ROSE & THISTLE:  
A peece of Corral to the Mace,  
Which there I Saw to ferue the place,  
Would make a good Childes Whistle.

At fixe a Clock I came away,  
And prayde for thofe that were to ftay,  
Within a place fo Arrant:  
Wild and ope to windes that rore,  
By Gods Grace Ile come there no more,  
Vnleffe by Some Tin Warrant.

W. B.

## [RELIGIOUS VERSES.]

**B**EHOLD, O God, IN RIVERS of my teares  
 I come to the : bow downe thy blessed eares  
 To heare me wretch, and let thine eyes (w<sup>th</sup> sleepe  
 Did neuer clofe) behold a Sinner weepe :  
 Let not, O God, My God, my faults though Great  
 And numberlesse, betwween thy mercyes Seat  
 And my poore soule be tHrown! since we are taught  
 Thou, Lord, Remember'ft thyne, IF Thou be Sought.  
 I coME not, Lord, witH any o Ther meritt  
 Then What I by my SAviour Christ inherit :  
 Be THEN his woundS my balm ; his sTRIPes my blisse ;  
 My crowne his Thornes ; my deaTh be loSt in his.  
 And thOU, my blesT Redeemer, SAviour, God,  
 Quitt my AcCOMpts, withHold the vengefull rod.  
 O beg for ME ! my hOPes on Thee are sett ;  
 And ChriSt forgiVe, aswell as pay tHe debt.  
 The liviNg fount, the liFe, the waYe, I know,  
 And but To thee, O whither Should I goe ?  
 All oTher helps aRe vaine : grantE thine to mee,  
 For in tHy Crosse my Sauing heaLth must bee.  
 O hearKen then whAt I with Faith implore,  
 Least Sin & Death fincke me for Evermore.  
 Lastly, O God, my wayes direct And guide ;  
 In Death defeNd me, that I neuer slyde ;  
 And at the dooME Let Me be raifd O then,  
 To liuE with theE ; sweet JesVS, say Amen.



## X. Commendatory Verfes.

TO HIS WORTHY AND INGENIOUS FRIEND THE  
AUTHOR.<sup>1</sup>



O farre as can a fwayne (who then a rounde  
On oaten-pipe no further boasts his skill)  
I dare to censure the shrill trumpets found,  
Or other musick of the Sacred Hil :  
The popular applaufe hath not fo fell  
(Like Nile's lowd cataract) poffeft mine eares  
But others fongs I can diftinguifh well  
And chant their praife, despif'd vertue reares :  
Nor fhall thy bufkind mufe be heard alone  
In ftately pallaces ; the fhady woods  
By me fhall learn't, and eccho's one by one  
Teach it the hills, and they the filver floods.  
Our learned fhepherds that have uf'd tofore  
Their happy gifts in notes that wooe the plaines,  
By rural ditties will be knowne no more ;  
But reach at fame by fuch as are thy ftraines.  
And I would gladly (if the Sifters fpring  
Had me inabled) beare a part with thee,

---

<sup>1</sup> Prefixed to *The Ghost of Richard the Third*, 1614, by C. Brooke.

And for sweet groves, of brave heroës sing,  
 But since it fits not my weake melodie,  
 It shall suffice that thou such means do'ft give,  
 That my harsh lines among the best may live.

W. BROWNE,  
*Int. Temp.*

TO MY HONOR'D FRIEND MR. DRAYTON.<sup>1</sup>

**E**NGLANDS braue *Genius*, raise thy head, and see,  
 We haue a *Muse* in this mortalitie  
 Of Vertue yet furuiues; All met not Death,  
 When wee intoomb'd our deare *Elizabeth*.  
 Immortall *Sydney*, honoured *Colin Clout*,  
 Prefaging what wee feele, went timely out.  
 Then why liues Drayton, when the *Times* refuse,  
 Both *Meanes* to liue, and *Matter* for a *Muse*?  
 Onely without *Excuse* to leaue vs quite,  
 And tell vs, Durst we act, he durst to write.

Now, as the people of a famish'd *Towne*,  
 Receiuing no *Supply*, feeke vp and downe  
 For mouldy Corne, and Bones long cast aside,  
 Wherewith their hunger may bee satisfide.  
 (Small store now left) we are inforc'd to prie  
 And search the darke Leaues of Antiquitie  
 For some good *Name*, to raise our *Muse* againe,  
 In this her *Crisis*, whose harmonious straine  
 Was of such compasse, that no other Nation  
 Durst euer venture on a sole Translation;  
 Whilst our full language, Muscicall and hie,  
 Speakes as themselues their best of *Poesie*.

---

<sup>1</sup> Prefixed to the second edition of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1622.



Drayton, amongst the worthi'ft of all thofe,  
 The glorious *Laurell*, or the *Cyprian Rose*,  
 Haue euer crown'd, doth claime in euery Lyne,  
 An equall honor from the facred *Nyne* :  
 For if old *Time* could like the reftleffe *Maine*  
 Rock himfelfe backe into his Spring againe,  
 And on his wings beare this admired *Mufe*,  
 For *Ouid*, *Virgil*, *Homer*, to perufe,  
 They would confefse, that neuer happier *Pen*  
 Sung of his *Loues*, the *Countrey*, and the *Men*.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

VPON THIS WORKE OF HIS BELOUED FRIEND

THE AVTHOR.<sup>1</sup>

I AM fnap't already, and may goe my way ;  
 The Poet Critick's cane ; I heare him fay,  
 This Towne's miftooke, the Authours Worke's a Play.

He could not miffe it ; he will frait appeare  
 At fuch a baite ; 'twas laid on purpofe there  
 To take the vermine, and I haue him here.

Sirra, you wilbe nibling ; a fmall bitt  
 (A fillable), when yo' are i' the hungry fitt,  
 Will ferue to ftay the ftomacke of your witt.

---

<sup>1</sup> The following verses are prefixed to *The Duke of Millaine. A Tragædie, &c.* Written by Philip Massinger, Gent., 1623, 4°. They are subscribed *W. B.* only ; but I think that there can be little doubt of the pen from which they proceeded (see next note). It is to be inferred that Massinger's drama had, on its appearance, found an imitator or plagiary, whom Browne makes it his business to demolish.

Foole; Knaue; what's worfe? for worfe cannot depraue thee.

And were the diuell now instantly to haue thee,  
Thou canst not instance such a worke to saue thee,

'Mongst all the ballets which thou dost compose,  
And what thou stil'ft thy Poems, ill as those,  
And, void of rime and reason, thy worfe Prose.

Yet like a rude Iack-fauce in Poesie,  
With thoughts vnblest and hand vnmanerly,  
Rauishing branches from Apollo's tree:

Thou mak'ft a garland (for thy touch vnfit)  
And boldly deck'ft thy pig-brain'd sponce with it,  
As if it were the Supreme Head of wit.

The blameles Muses blush, who not allow  
That reuerend Order to each vulgar brow;  
Whose sinfull touch prophanes the holy Bough.

Hence (shallow Prophet) and admire the straine  
Of thine owne Pen, or thy poore Copesmat's veine:  
This Piece too curious is for thy coarse braine.

Here witt (more fortvnate) is ioyn'd with Art,  
And that most sacred Frenzie beares a part,  
Infus'd by Nature in the Poet's heart.

Here may the Puny-wits themselues direct;  
Here may the Vilest<sup>1</sup> find what to affect;  
And Kings may learne their proper Dialect.

On, then, deare friend: thy Pen thy Name shall spread,  
And shal'ft thou write, while thou shall not be read,  
Thy Muse must labour, when thy Hand is dead.

---

<sup>1</sup> Old edit. has *Wilest*.

THE AUTHORS FRIEND TO THE READER.<sup>1</sup>

**T**HE PRINTERS haste calls on ; I must not driue  
 My time past Sixe, though I begin at Fiue.  
 One houre I haue entire ; and 'tis enough,  
 Here are no Gipsie Iigges, or Drumming stuffe,  
 Dances, or other Trumpery to delight,  
 Or take, by common way, the common fight.  
 The AVTHOR of this POEM, as he dares  
 To stand th' austereft censure, so he cares  
 As little what it is. His owne best way  
 Is to be Iudge and AVTHOR of his PLAY.  
 It is his knowledge makes him thus secure ;  
 Nor do's he write to please, but to endure.  
 And (Reader) if you haue disburs'd a shilling,  
 To see this worthy STORY, and are willing  
 To haue a large encrease ; (if rul'd by me)  
 You may a MERCHANT and a POET be.  
 'Tis granted for your twelue-pence you did fit,  
 And See, and Heare, and Vnderstand not yet.  
 The AVTHOR (in a Christian pittie) takes  
 Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes.  
 That such as will but venter but Six-pence more,  
 May Know, what they but Saw, and Heard before ;  
 'Twill not be money lost, if you can read,<sup>2</sup>  
 (Ther's all the doubt now) but your gaines exceed,

<sup>1</sup> These lines are prefixed to the first edition of *The Bondman: An Antient Storie*, by Philip Massinger, 1624, 4<sup>o</sup>, and are subscribed *W. B.* As this drama is dedicated to Philip [Herbert] Earl of Montgomery, Browne's friend, and as Massinger himself was connected with Wilton through his father, I think our poet's authorship extremely probable.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. has *reed*.

If you can Vnderstand, and you are made  
Free of the freest, and the noblest, Trade.

And in the way of POETRY, now adayes,  
Of all that are call'd WORKES, the best are PLAYES.





## INDEX AND NOTES.

The Topographical and Miscellaneous Notes with the initial S. are contributed, as before, by Mr. John Shelly, of Plymouth.



**BYE**, or aby, A. S. abicyan, stand or pay for (Nares' *Gloss.* ed. 1859, art. *ABY*). P. 228.

*Affesed*, *affese*, frightened, to frighten, i. e.

*fese*. See *Prompt. Parv.* ed. Way, pp. 156, 158, and Halliwell's *Arch. Dict.* arts. *fese* and *affese*. Pp. 187, 190.

*Agrifed*, terrified. P. 189.

*America*. It is said to have been so named after Amerigo Vespucci, the friend of Columbus. This is, of course, no place for discussing so obscure a question. P. 132.

*Amphion*. P. 135.

*Amphitrite*, wife of Neptune. Amphitrite's playnes, i. e. the sea. P. 127.

*Antonio*, Don, King of Portugal. P. 334.

*Approach*. Edit. 1625 misprints *reproach*. P. 65.

*Astropbel* (pseud.), Sir Philip Sydney. P. 8.

*Ayleworth*, Mr. Tho. Browne's Elegy and Epitaph on him. "1615, June

21. Thomas Aylworth, gent., 'wounded the xvij. day of May, lay long languishinge under the handes of surgeons, unto the xx. day of June, and then dyed, and was buried the xxi day, 1615, in the middle chancell in Croydon Churchc.'"—*Extracts from the Parish Registers of Croydon*, printed by Nichols (*Collect. Topogr. et Genealog.* ii. 295). Nichols adds in a note: "The arms of Edward Aylworth, Esq., probably his father, were formerly in one of the windows of Archbishop Whitgift's hospital.—See Steinman's *History of Croydon*, p. 68." This was the "Mr. Aylworth," doubtless, who, in 1600, gave £100 as a benefaction to the hospital, "to begin a stock;" see Lysons' *Environs*, iv. 589, *Note* (first edit.) The remarkable allusion to some work by Aylworth, of which there appears to be no precise trace, led me to conjecture that the poem entitled *The Masacre of Money*, by T. A. 1602, 4<sup>o</sup>, was by this person,

- and not by Thomas Achelley, whose authorship, in fact, has long been disputed and questioned. The poem is a sort of satire on the love of gain, and curiously enough, in all the extant copies, the text seems to break off abruptly and imperfectly with a catchword, as if something had been suppressed. This may be explained, perhaps, by Browne's lines:
- "What now as *licens'd* is dispersed about,  
Is no true *copy*, or the best left out."
- It appears, however, from the admission-books of the Middle Temple that Browne's friend was of a different branch of this family: "24 Jan. 1605[-6]. Tho. Ayleworth, son and heir of Peter Ayleworth of Kington, in the County of Warwick." Pp. 319, 343.
- Avon*, the river (in Somersetshire?). P. 54.
- Beachworth*, i. e. Betchworth Castle, in Surrey, the original seat of the Brownes, and seemingly the permanent or, maybe, temporary residence of a lady, whom he woos in an epistle—*for* *san* CÆLIA. Compare *A Sigh from Oxford*. P. 295.
- Bells*, ringing of, on All-Saints' night (O&T. 31). See *Popular Antiq. of Great Britain*, 1869, i. 218-19. P. 292.
- Belphebe*—Amoret. Characters in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, which is the "booke" and the "Lays of faerie Land" here referred to, of course. P. 298.
- Berd*, beard, to make one's beard—to undo a man. P. 189.
- Bet*, better. P. 183.
- Bit*, biddeth. P. 187.
- Blanchden* or *Blanchdown* Woods.

- These are on the east bank of the Tamar, about four miles west of Tavistock—S. P. 100.
- Blet*, bleated. P. 220.
- Blive*, quick, quickly. Pp. 180-1, 186.
- Bonaventura*. The "Seraphic Doctor." Born in 1221, died in 1274. P. 293.
- Boncheefe*, happiness, good fortune. So, in an early version of Psalm 51:
- "That I may lyue as thee is leef,  
And there maist my langor lyffe,  
That brouzest man to gret boncheef."
- Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, ed. Furnivall, p. 254.
- But here the word which, as Mr. Furnivall points out to me, is the opposite of *mischief*, and signifies to bring to a good head, seems rather to mean revelry, rejoicing. Old edit. misprints *boucheefe*. P. 180.
- Bramsbill*, Co. Hants, the seat of Lord Zouch. P. 167.
- Breath'd*. So, of course properly, the folio edit. The edit. of 1625 misprints *breadth'd*. P. 86.
- Brooke*, Christ. Browne's verses before his poem on Richard III. See Notes to Vol. I. The fifth eclogue of the *Shepheard's Pipe* is addressed to Brooke, and is a feigned dialogue, founded, however, doubtless on a real conversation between the two friends, in which Browne stimulates the other to attempt higher flights of poetry. Brooke disclaims, at first, any ambition—
- "To search the hidden misery  
Of tragicke Scenes," &c. (p. 221).
- But eventually he promised to comply with his brother poet's exhortation, and (as it may be gathered) produced accordingly his *Ghost of Richard the Third*. Pp. 10, 357-8, *et alibi*.

- BROWNE, WILLIAM**, his Epitaph written by himself. P. 341.
- his Epitaph on his Wife. P. 342.
- his projected *Lives of the Worthies of Devon*. (Joseph of Exeter.)
- apparently a partner with Mr. Fithbourne in some concern. P. 317.
- Butter-box**, a receptacle, as the name implies, for the day's stock of butter. The word is more usually found in the cant sense of a *Dutchman*. P. 228.
- Bybeet**, or *bebeet*, pledge, engage. Pp. 184, 195.
- Cadmus**, allusion to the legend of. P. 135.
- Cakes**, thin, round, perfumed, P. 140.
- Celadyne** (pseud.) Pp. 127 *et seqq.*
- Chapman**, George. It may be a question whether he is not "my Friend" referred to at pp. 66-7. Compare *Pastorals*, B. i. song 5, where again Browne alludes to Chapman evidently, where he speaks of "my friend." Pp. 9-10.
- Charavary**, or *Charivari*, a confused noise or din. P. 293.
- Charwell**, or *Cherwell*, the river, co. Oxford. P. 144.
- Charter of health**. An apparent allusion to the physical charms written on parchment or paper, which were formerly given to patients to be worn about the person. P. 191.
- Chibole**, or *chibbal*, a small onion.
- "*Pet.* Ye eating rascals,  
Whose gods are beef and brewis! whose  
brave augers  
Do execution upon these and chibbals."  
—Fletcher's *Bonduca*, i. 2.
- P. 146.
- Coat**, a cottage. Mr. Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.* 1847, in v.) seems to have thought that it was merely a northern provincialism. P. 106.
- Cœlia** (pseudon.). Browne's 14. *Sonnets* inscribed to her. Perhaps, on the whole, of all Browne's minor poems these may be regarded as the best, whether we regard their harmony of versification, command of language, chastity of style and sentiment, or fervent sincerity of tone. P. 283 *et seqq.*
- Poem on her loss. This appears to be the lady apostrophized in the Third Book of the *Pastorals*. The poem headed *A Sigh from Oxford* appears to have been wasted thence to his native Devon by the writer, with a view to reaching the ear, or rather eye, of *Cœlia*. This lady, it might almost be gathered from the 5th song of the 2nd book of the *Pastorals*, came to some untimely end. Pp. 270 3.
- Coil**, disturbance, confusion. P. 293.
- Congey**, farewell. P. 126.
- Coombe**, a valley. Pp. 18, 163.
- Cornemute**, *cornamute*, or *cornemuse*, a species of bagpipe. Pp. 139, 250.
- Cosset**, a pet-lamb, says Mr. Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.* 1847, in v.) But perhaps it was applied to a lamb of a particular age. P. 196.
- Cottage**, a dwelling in a general sense. P. 131.
- Coulter**, a ploughshare, lat. *cultrum*. P. 131.
- Crowd**, fiddle. P. 210.
- Cuckoo**. P. 18, *et alibi*.
- Cutty**, query, a corruption of *Kitty*, i.e., Christopher. The person intended is evidently the writer's friend,

- Christopher Brooke, a poet of some ability and fame. P. 219.
- Cymmerii, Cymri, or Kymri*, the Welsh or Britons. The name was originally that of an Asiatic people or tribe, who migrated to Germany, and thence southwards. The word seems to be the same as *Cumbri* and *Umbri*. P. 149.
- Dallida*, Delilah. P. 194.
- Dancer*, French. P. 146.
- Daniel*, Samuel. P. 10.
- Dart*, the river. P. 47.
- Davies*, John of Hereford. P. 10.  
— John (the navigator). P. 43.
- Deane*, Mr. John, of New College, Oxford. P. 340.
- Dee*, holy. This river seems to have been regarded by the Britons as sacred. P. 98.
- Deer*, hurt. An allusion to the familiar fact, that a stricken deer is purified by the remainder of the herd, and gored to death. P. 311.
- Din*, noise, in the sense of a noise of musicians. See Dyce's *Gloss.* to the second edit. of his *Shakespeare*, art. *Noise*. P. 146.
- Doridan* (pseud.) P. 1 *et alibi*.
- Drake*, Sir F. Browne seems clearly to refer, when he speaks of the *Tragedie of Drake* unfolded in *leaves of gold*, to Charles Fitz-geoffrey's Poem with the following title: *Sir Francis Drake. His Honorable lifes commendation and his Tragical Deatbes lamentation*, 1596, 8°. See *Handb. of E. English Liter.* in v. *Fitz-Geoffrey*. The author was a native of Devonshire, and Rector of St. Dominick, Cornwall. Pp. 43, 139, 152, 308.
- Draw*. The present tense is here used with a past signification; it may be right, and I have left it untouched, as I believe such a form not very uncommon in early English. P. 189.
- Drayton*, Michael, the celebrated poet. Pp. 10, 278.
- Browne's lines before the *Polyolbion*. P. 358.
- Drefs*, address, approach. P. 186.
- Elephant*, blood of the, a love-charm. The *elephant* is a kind of *scabiosa*, employed in some skin diseases. P. 138.
- Elizabeth*, Queen, Allusion to the literature of her reign. P. 152.
- Emperour prudent and wise*, i.e., the Emperor Godfridus mentioned in the *Gesta Romanorum* (ed. Madden, pp. 149, *et seqq.*, 516), whence Occleve, probably the "Skilfull aged Sire" alluded to by Browne, derived his story. See *Memoir of Browne*, p. xxxiii. P. 178.
- England*, Social and Political state of, in the time of James I. Much to be gleaned on this subject from repeated allusions and passages in Browne's *Pastorals and Eclogues*, which have, besides their poetical interest, a special value on such account. *Paffim*.
- Eye-bright*, a plant so named. P. 143.
- Fact*, crime. The Latin *facinus* and *factum* both bear this sense. Pp. 112, 318.
- Fair*, affray at a country, described. P. 333.
- Fairies*. Pp. 48 *et alibi*.
- Faw*, glad (A.-S.) P. 192.
- Feat*, adj. neat. P. 144.
- Fern-web*. "A small beetle, very injurious to the young apple."—*Halliwell*. P. 150.



- Fet*, fetched. Orig. edit. has *felt*. P. 186.
- Fida* (pseud.) P. 1 *et alibi*.
- Fidelia* (pseud.). Apparently some mistress, to whom Browne paid poetical, if not more serious, court. P. 298 *et seqq.*
- Fido* (pseud.) perhaps the poet himself. P. 298 *et seqq.*
- Fisbbourne*, Mr., a philanthropist. Browne's Elegy upon him. P. 314.
- Flaws*, custards. P. 207.
- Fleet* (*that went out last*). Probably the poet's reference is to the expedition dispatched by James I. under the command of Sir Robert Mansel, for the suppression of the Algerine pirates. See the tract entitled *Algiers Voyage*, &c., 1621, 4°. P. 270.
- Flemish horses*. P. 148.
- Flew*, adj. weak or tender. P. 149.
- Florentine*, the, *i.e.*, Machiavelli. Browne adopts the popular idea and estimate of that great man. P. 141.
- For*, before, above. P. 180.
- Gan*, imperf. act. for *began*. P. 186.
- Gemels* [*Brit. Past.*] Book II. Song 3, near the end. See Wedgwood's *Etym. Dict.* under *gimmals* and *gimmers*.—S.
- Gilbert*, Sir Humphrey. P. 43.
- Glorious*, boastful, or vain-glorious. P. 147.
- Gondomar*, Count, the Spanish Ambassador at the English Court during the closing years of James's I.'s reign. He was a man of the greatest force and subtlety of character, and exercised immense influence over the King. A great deal of light would be thrown on the history of the period by his inedited correspondence, and respecting Gondomar himself there are some interesting and amusing particulars in the Beaumont MSS. in the British Museum. P. 275.
- Grillus*, the hog. Pp. 250, 251.
- Grinvil* (or Grenville), Sir Richard, the celebrated naval commander. In 1595, Gervase, or Jervis, Markham published *The most Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinville, Knight*, 8vo., which is a sort of dramatic poem in stanzas. Pp. 43, 149.
- Groom*, man, fellow. P. 146.
- Grummel*, or *Gromwell-feed*, a material employed for sacrificial cakes. P. 41.
- Guied*, guided. P. 178.
- Guile-man*, beguiler of men. P. 196.
- Guy*, Friar. Can the poet intend to refer to Guy, Bishop of Amiens, author of a poem on the Battle of Hastings? See Wright's *Biographia Britannica Literaria* (Anglo-Norman per.) p. 15. P. 293.
- Haydigyes*, rural dances. See Nares, ed. 1859, in v. P. 3.
- Hair*, yellow, worn by ladies, who dyed it that colour (as is done now in 1869), when nature had not bestowed on them the gift of *Goldyllocks*. But our early writers seem to have recognized two sorts of yellow, the colour proper (very rare to find in hair) and yellow-red. It would appear to be the latter which is intended in the present poem, since the yellow itself could scarcely be described as having burning or scorching properties. P. 264.
- Han*, have, corrupted from *havan*. P. 207.

- Harrow*, i. q., *baro* or *barry*, probably from *bar* (high) and *up* (cry or clamour). It is questionable, perhaps, if the Irish *arrab* be not the same word. P. 187.
- Haut-boys*. P. 146.
- Hawkins*, Sir John, the navigator and traveller. P. 43.
- Hearten-on*, encourage. P. 203.
- Heartened*, wedded or attached heartily. P. 47.
- Henry*, Prince, eldest son of James I. Browne's *Elegy* on his death. See vol. i. p. 130-3. The four last stanzas found in the first book of the *Pastorals*, but wanting in the MS. also occur in the old printed edition of the *Elegy*, 1613, 4to., which at the same time varies considerably from the MS., so far as the latter goes. All the old edits. read *destruction*, where I have printed *distraction* (p. 326). P. 323.
- Herbert of Cardiff and Sherland*, Charles, Lord. Browne writes an *elegy* on his premature decease. P. 313.
- Hid it*. "And raught the bough away: Hid it, and fell." The edit. of 1625 misprints *Hide*. P. 105.
- Hobbinol* (pseud.), an interlocutor in the 7th *Éclogue* of the *Shepherds Pipe*. P. 230 *et seqq.*
- Hopton*, Mr. W., a servant at Wilton. *Elegy* and epitaph on him. Pp. 305, 338.
- Horace*, paraphrases or (remote) imitations of two of his *Odes*. Pp. 346, 349.
- Hurled*, simply cast, not necessarily with violence. See *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*, iii. 76, Note. Pp. 308, 327.
- Hurst*, Goodman, of the George at Horsham. P. 344.
- Hyne* [The Shepherds Pipe, Eg]. 3] or *hind*, used in Devonshire [and Cornwall] for a bailiff or upper farm servant.—S. P. 209.
- Idea*. "For coulde I thincke the some idea were." Here the poet had in his thoughts the collection of sonnets written by his beloved Drayton under the name of *IDÆA*, and printed in 1593. Browne elsewhere personifies *England* under a similar name (*IDYA*); see *Memoir*, xxix. P. 125, 277.
- Imp'd*, engrafted, added on. P. 141.
- Impoor*, impoverish. P. 162.
- In*, to, i. e. to gather, as the harvest. See an earlier example of the use of the word in this sense in Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, art. *IN*. The former editor of these poems omitted the word as "illegible in MS.;" but it is not the case; the word is perfectly distinct, and the poet uses it again in his *Pastorals*, Book ii. Song 4. Bryan, in his *Harvest Home*, 1674, speaks of "the reaping, shocking, and *inning* of the corn." But in Clarke's *Paræmiologia*, 1639, there is the proverb, "We *in* diversely, but end alike," in which the word seems to bear the sense of to *begin* or *go in*, rather than to *be carried in*, unless we understand an ellipsis, and the phrase is nothing more than [*come*] *in*. P. 319.
- In feere*, together. P. 178, 187.
- Inhabitants*. Nigh inhabitants—so, properly, reads the folio; the edit. of 1625 has *high* for *nigh*. P. 100.
- Inn*, lodging, abiding or resting-place.

- It here stands, as elsewhere, for the end of the sun's course in the fabulous region of Hyperborea. Pp. 158, 247.
- Insolvents.* Browne's picture of the state of insolvent debtors in England in his time in the facetious poem of *Lidford Journey*. Pp. 314-17, 352-5.
- Isca, or Ex,* the river. Pp. 39 *et alibi*.
- Isis (or Ouse),* the river. Pp. 39 *et alibi*.
- Jaspis,* Gr. *ιασπίς*, jasper, the precious stone so called. It was supposed by the ancients, but not, I believe, by our own countrymen, to have the virtue of breaking a charm or spell. P. 249.
- Johnson, E.,* of the Inner Temple, the author of some wretched lines before the *Shepherds Pipe*. He appears to have been the same person who was admitted to the Inner Temple in Nov. 1609, and was made a bencher in 1635. He was the son and heir of Sir Robert Johnson, kt. of London. P. 170.
- Jonson, Ben.* P. 10.
- Joseph of Exeter,* quoted. It seems from the following passage that Browne at one time contemplated doing what was afterwards achieved by Fuller and, still later, by Prince—a biographical account of the worthies of Devon: "Many inferior faculties are yet left, wherein our Deceon hath displayed her abilities, as well as in the former, as in Philosophers, Historians, Oratours, and Poets, *the blazoning of whom to the life, especially the last, I had rather leaue to my worthy friend, Mr. W. Browne, who, as hee hath*
- already honoured his countrie in his elegant and sweet Pastoralls, no question will easily bee intreated a little farther to grace it, by drawing out the line of his Poeticke Auncesters, beginning in Josephus Ifcanus [Joseph of Exeter] and ending in himselfe.*—Carpenter's *Geographia*, 1635, p. 263, quoted by Dyce (Beaumont and Fletcher, I. vi). P. 44.
- Kid,* known, or make known. So, in *Havelok the Dane*, ed. Skeat, p. 33: "Ful sone it was ful loude kid Of havelok hw he warp þe ston." P. 37.
- King-cup,* a flower. P. 194.
- Kiss the hare's foot.* Prov. See *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*, 1869, pp. 421, 488. P. 25.
- Knap,* top or summit. P. 178.
- Laertiades,* the son of Laertes, i. e. Ulysses himself. P. 253.
- Lambeder,* Llan-bedr, co. Radnor. P. 89.
- Leave,* cease. "Left to pay"—ceased to pay. Pp. 111, 351.
- Lee, Mr. Francis,* of the Inner Temple. Among the admissions to this Inn in Nov. 1609, I find "Mr. Francis Leigh, of Addington, Surrey, son and heir of Sir Oliver Leigh, kt." P. 341.
- Ley, or lea,* a meadow. P. 173.
- Lidford,* co. Devon. I cannot do better than refer the reader to the note in *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*, 1869, p. 132. P. 352.
- Limos,* simply the Gr. word for hunger. P. 26, *et seqq.*
- Lin,* cease, desist, refrain. P. 203.

*Liver-wort*, a herb or plant so called. P. 143.

*Loire*, the river. P. 127.

*Loſing*. Both the old edits. read *loofing*. So elfewhere. P. 105.

*Lyte*, little. "Lyte and lyte," i. e. by little and little. P. 188.

*Mader-pits*. P. 34.

*Makers*, poets. This is a literal rendering of the Greek word. P. 285.

*Mandragora*, or *mandrake*. "Sadd mandragoras." Reſpecting the mandragora, or mandrake, ſee *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, 1869. Pp. 132, 244, 248, 269.

*Manwood*, Mr. Thomas, was the eldeſt ſon of Sir Peter Manwood, of St. Stephen's, Canterbury (ſon of Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer), by his wife Frances, daughter of George Hart, Eſq. of Lullingſtone. The ſubject of this elegy, who is overlooked by Haſted, was drowned in France, and was buried, or rather a monument was raiſed to him, 22 Sept. 1613. The ſiſters to whom Browne addreſſes ſome lines at the cloſe, were probably Elizabeth, Dorothy, and Frances. See Harl. MS. 1106, fol. 177 (a tranſcript in Add. MS. 5526); Add. MSS. 5507, fol. 1329, and 6,279, fol. 71. The Harts and the Manwoods were connected by marriage. Anne Manwood, Sir Peter's ſiſter, and aunt of Thomas Manwood, our poet's friend, married Percival Hart, of Lullingſtone (Add. MS. Br. Muſ. 5507, fol. 329). The name of Thomas Manwood does not occur in the books of the Inner Temple; but that of his grandfather, Sir Roger,

the chief baron, who was reader in 1565, is found, and his ſhield is in the hall. P. 211, *et ſeqq.*

*Marigold*. "Soe ſhutt the marigold her leaves," &c. Compare *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3 :

"The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the ſun,  
And with him riſes weeping."

Pp. 125, 308.

*Marina* (pſeud.). P. 26, *et ſeqq.*

*Marionette*. P. 146.

*Marle*, digging for. Riſdon, in his *Survey of Devon* (circa 1630), ſays :—"The South part of the Shire is thin, ſtanding upon ſomewhat a rocky ſoil; but the moſt part of theſe rocks are a kind of marle, fruitful in dreſſing of ground." And Fuller, in his *Worthies*, 1662, ſays, under *Devonſhire* : "No Shire ſhowes more induſtrious, or ſo many Huſbandmen, who by Marle (blew and white), chalk, lime, . . . and what not, make the ground both to take and keep a moderate fruitfulneſſe."—S. P. 14.

*Marvedi*. "A very ſmall Spaniſh coin, thirty-four to a ſixpence."—*Halliwell*. P. 146.

*Mafque*, the *Inner Temple*. In the original MS., the date of preſentation (or intended preſentation), by the Society of the Inner Temple is exactly indicated, as I have ſhown in the tranſcript prefixed to the preſent edition; yet Davies, in his edit. 1772, although printing from the ſame MS., has omitted theſe particulars, and thus left it a point of doubt when the piece was written. In compoſing the *Mafque*, the poet ſeems chiefly to have been guided by Ovid in the 14th Book of the *Metamorphoſes*. Pp. 239, *et ſeqq.*

- Maffinger**, Philip. Browne's commendatory lines before his plays of the *Duke of Milaine*, 1623, and the *Bondman*, 1624. Pp. 359-62.
- May-lord**. Pp. 96, 201.
- Mayor's Show**, Lord. Contemptuous reference to this pageant. P. 302.
- Mazor**, or **mazer**, a bowl. P. 196.
- Mel-dew**, **honey-dew**. A sweet gum, which exudes from the leaves or bark of certain trees, as the lime, the damson, the oak, &c., yielding in some cases a substance like gum-arabic, but edible and not unpleasent to the palate. The manuka tree in New-Zealand has this property in a remarkable degree, and its droppings resemble manna. Shakespeare, in *Julius Cæsar*, makes Brutus speak of the heavy honey-dew of slumber." P. 146.
- Mefel**, leper. P. 190.
- Michael**, Cornish, the early writer, mentioned and cited by Camden in his *Remaines*, 1605, &c. He was a composer of Latin verse in the time of John and Henry III.; but he appears to have confined himself to light and popular effusions, which survive only in the specimens afforded by Camden. P. 69.
- Midsummer Fires**. P. 206.
- Miller's-thumb**, a small fish. P. 150.
- Mister-chance**, kind of chance, like Spenser's *mister-malady*. *Mister*, A--N. for kind, species, whence *mystery* or *mystery*, an occupation, trade. P. 230.
- Moe**, mow, make mouths. P. 251.
- Mole**, the river, co. Surrey. Pp. 296, *et alibi*.
- Moly**, a plant of which the knowledge has been transmitted to us in the pages of the *Odyssey*. It seems to have been potent in two ways at least, as a narcotic and a restorative. The MS. has *mocy*, and so the edit. of 1772. Milton places *moly* in the hands of Comus, the son of Bacchus and Circe. By "*Old Melibæus*," can Milton have intended to figure Browne? P. 249.
- Monk's hood**, a flower. Pp. 37, 146.
- Montgomery**, Susan, Countess of, daughter of Edward Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, married in 1604, Philip, first Earl of Montgomery, and Baron Herbert of Shurland. Her husband afterwards succeeded his brother William in the earldom of Pembroke. Lady Montgomery died before 1630, in which year her husband re-married. P. 343.
- Nad**, ne had. P. 196.
- Neddy** (pseud.) See SPENSER, *infra*. P. 205.
- Neptune's subject**. Both the old editions read *Neptune's subject*; but the verb *affright* in the third line above, evidently should be regarded as governing this sentence; the sense of which is, January snows, and the flooding of the Severn do not more affright the night inhabitants than Neptunes affrights his subject, *i.e.*, the boat with its freight. P. 100.
- Nightingale**, the all-voice, &c. Pp. 17, 134, *et alibi*.
- Normandy**. P. 127.
- Nunshon**, or **nuncheon**, luncheon. Nunshon=Noonchine, or noon-tide meal, corrupted into its present form by some inexplicable process. *Nuncheon* is used by Butler.
- Oberon**, description of. P. 147.
- Occlve**, Thomas. Browne inserts in the first eclogue of the *Shepheards*

- Pipe*, his tale of the Emperor and his Three Sons: and promises other works by the same hand, then by him in MS. P. 198.
- Once*, at some time, by-and-by. P. 236.
- Onley*, John, of the Inner Temple, was of Tottenham, Middlesex, and was admitted to the Inn in Nov. 1605. P. 171.
- Orke*, a species of sea-monster, or marine satyr, but here employed to signify a prodigy of lust, and applied to a woman. This note appears to be supplementary to what Nares, ed. 1859, has on the subject (in v.) P. 33.
- Overbury*, Sir Tho. Browne's Elegy on him, first prefixed to the later edits. of *The Wife* in 8vo. This elegy, in the MS., is a mere fragment, breaking off at line 10; it is now printed, as it stands in the eighth impression of the *Wife*, and as it was republished in the succeeding editions in 8vo. In the heading of the poem, for *Poisoned*, edit. 1815 reads *Prisoner*, a sample of the general accuracy of that truly worthless text. In the *Wife* the poem is entitled *An Elegie consecrated to the Memory of the truly Worthy and learned Sir Thomas Overbury, Knight*. P. 317.
- Owr*, or *ours*, and the correcter form, perhaps; compare *Their*. P. 284.
- Oxford*. Respecting the verses headed "A Sigh from Oxford, it is to be noted that Browne went to Oxford in the autumn of 1624, to take his master's degree, and there, perhaps, wrote this poem. It was, at any rate, composed about that time, and in all probability after 1618, when the death of Raleigh, through the intrigues of Gondomar, must have been felt strongly by Browne as a west-country man. See the bitter allusion to Gondomar *infra*, and Memoir of the Poet, p. 34. Browne seems to have been in London in 1623, and to have witnessed (perhaps in company with Lord Montgomery) the first performance of Massinger's *Bondman* at the Cockpit, Dec. 3, 1623; see his lines on that drama, pp. 361-2. P. 270.
- Pales*, the goddesses. P. 41.
- Palilia*, the festival or rites of Pales. P. 41.
- Palmerin or Amadis—Chambermayds reading*. Browne seems to have had the following passage in his mind:—"She reades Greenes workes ouer and ouer, but is so carried away with the *Mirror of Knighthood*, shee is many times resolu'd to runne out of herselfe, and become a Lady Errant. . ."—*Character of a Chambermayde* (Overbury's Wife, &c., 1616, ed. Dublin, 1626, sign. H 5). P. 300-1.
- Palmes*, Mr. Bryan. There was a Sir Guy Palmes in the County of Northampton, in 1628, and in the same year a "Mr. Paumes of one of the Temples," challenged Mr. Stafford, "both men of quality;" and they arranged to go over seas to end their quarrel. *Cal. of St. Pap. Dom. Ser.* Charles I., cxx., 15 Nov., 1628. But this Mr. Paumes was probably the Mr. Francis Palmes of the Inner Temple, who took the oaths in March, 1635-6, and on the 26 March, 1636, had a pass to travel for three years with one servant,

- Ibid.* cccvi.-vii. I have not been able to find any mention of a Bryan Palmes.—S. I find no mention of Bryan Palmes in the Histories of Northamptonshire, nor indeed more than an incidental notice of the family, which intermarried with the Brownes of Walcot. P. 292.
- Pandora*, the *fyrix* of the ancients; compare *Syms* *infrâ*. P. 129.
- Pasternes*, hind quarters. P. 149.
- Pembroke*, Countess Dowager of. Mary Sydney, daughter of Sir Henry Sydney, by his wife, Mary, daughter of John, Duke of Northumberland. She was the sister of Sir Philip Sydney, and produced a version of the Psalms, a poem on our Lord's Passion (Sloane MS., 1303), a translation of Garnier's *Antonius*, and two or three smaller pieces. She was born about 1550, and died in 1621. Mary Sydney was the third wife of Henry, Second Earl of Pembroke, whom she survived twenty years. Her eldest son, William Earl of Pembroke, was the friend and patron of Browne; this nobleman died April 10, 1639. These lines are printed by Gifford in his edit. of Jonson, 1816; but there can be slight doubt that they were from Browne's pen. See *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. iii. 262. But as Evelyn was only a very young man at the period of Browne's death (circa 1645), Mr. Britton probably errs in supposing that the *Diarist* refers to the poet when he speaks of "William [Browne] Governor to the now Earl of Oxford." In the MS., the epitaph is followed by a second stanza which, from appearing among the poems of Lord Pembroke in the collected volume of 1660, may be presumed to be properly the composition of that nobleman.
- "Marble pyles let no man raife  
To her name: for after dayes  
Some kind woman borne as she  
Reading this, like Niobe  
Shall turn Marble, and become  
Both her Mourner and her Tombe."  
Pp. 307-12, 342.
- Pembroke*, William Herbert, Earl of, alluded to. P. 307.
- Phæbe—Endymion*. Browne's friend Drayton had composed a poem on the love of the Moon for Endymion. It was printed without date, but probably in 1593. P. 213.
- Philocel* (pseud.), for *san* Philo-Cœlia, i.e. the poet himself; compare *Cœlia* *suprà*, and see p. 95. P. 73, *et seqq.*
- Philos* (pseud.), apparently some acquaintance. He is an interlocutor in the sixth eclogue of the *Shepheards Pipe*. P. 225.
- Pistle*, epistle, tale. P. 180.
- Pitche*. Old edit. has *pitcht*. P. 43.
- Plantbings*, or *planchin*, flooring, or sometimes a (boarded?) ceiling. It is still in general use in South Devon in these senses.—S. P. 353.
- Pleneere*, full, plenary. P. 183.
- Plim*, the river. P. 47.
- Poictou*, or *Poitou*, the large province of France so called; now divided into several departments. P. 127.
- President*, i.e., precedent, model. P. 231.
- Prideaux*, John. Of humble origin, this person, by his own exertions, rose to the rectorship of Exeter College, Oxford, became Regius Professor of Divinity, Canon of Christ Church, and Vice-Chancellor of the University. In 1641 he was presented to the see of Worcester; but

- having been deprived by the republican party, he fell into poor circumstances, and died in distress in 1650. He published two or three works, of which the most popular was his "Introduction to reading all sorts of histories." Prideaux was a Devonshire man. P. 337.
- Primely*, in the first place. P. 202.
- Prowde*, Sir John. Epitaph upon him. P. 338.
- Quill*, pipe or reed. Old edit. misreads "Sheepheards tune his quill." P. 177.
- Quit* (the while), i.e., be worth while, requite the pains. P. 197.
- Ramsbam*, near Tavistock, on the Tavy, not far from Shilla Mill in Crowndale—S. It appears to have been a tract of woodland, disforested or cleared in the poet's own time. P. 131.
- Reabeth to*. So, of course properly, the folio. The edit. of 1625 misprints *ceabeth to*. P. 86.
- Reed*, confession. Old edit. has *it reed*. P. 195.
- Remond* (pseud.). P. 12, *et alibi*.
- Remora*. It is said, by a vulgar error, that the *Remora*, an undefined and mysterious magnetic influence, stays ships under sail. See *Popular Antiq. of Gr. Britain*, 1869. P. 306.
- Repair*, salute. P. 66.
- Robert of Gloucester*, quoted, p. 70.
- Robin Redbreast*. P. 27, *et alibi*.
- Roget*, George Wither. The first eclogue, a dialogue seemingly between him and Browne, touches on the imprisonment of Wither in the Marshalsea after the publication of *Abuses Stript and Whipt* in 1613. In that book were many passages, thought to aim at living persons, which Roget (or Wither) alludes to in the lines :  
"Since no sooner can I play," &c.  
P. 173.
- Round*, globe, world. Pp. 3, 153.
- Rowden meadows*. These meadows are on the Okehampton Road, about a mile N.E. of Tavistock. Mr. Matthews, of Tavistock, gave me this information—S. P. 152.
- Rowned*, whispered. P. 180.
- Roydon*, Matthew. Compare *Spenser* infra.
- Rub a gal'd horse on the gall*. For *gal'd* read *scald*. See *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*, 1869, p. 326. P. 175.
- S. M.* Epitaph upon her. In *Witts Recreations*, 1640, occurs an anagram, *Domina Margarita Sandis*. See Herrick's Works, ed. Hazlitt, ii. 485. The author of the *Hesperides* wrote verses to M. S. his "kinf-woman;" they are printed in all the editions of his poems; but this must have been an earlier M. S. P. 338.
- Sadly*, heavily, heartily. This word appears to be here used in the same sense in which Coles cites it: "*Sad-bread, panis gravis*." P. 191.
- Scalled*, scaled. P. 245.
- Scrip*, apparently a name for the bag which (with the bottle) formed the shepherd's store of provisions, when he left home to tend his sheep on the mountain or the plains. P. 228.
- Seine*, the river. P. 127.
- Servants*, i.e. lovers or paramours, a translation of the Italian *servente*. P. 234.
- Shale*, shell. P. 77.
- Shend*, shelter, screen. P. 176.



- Shepherd*, i. e. poet, exactly the counterpart and equivalent of the *pastor* of the Virgilian and other classical and lower-age bucolics. *Paffim*.
- Shepherd's Pipe*, The. Mr. Collier (*Bibl. Cat.* 1865, ii. 75) quotes Richard Braithwaite's allusion to this volume in his *Strappado for the Diuel*, 1615; but the reference was not thought, on the whole; worth transcription. The intimate manner in which the other eclogues attached to this volume appeared to be connected with Browne's history, although they were not from his pen, made it rather difficult to withstand the temptation, at least of adding them in an appendix. But they would have occupied too much space. P. 165.
- Shoot*, shot. P. 138.
- Shope* (or *shop*), præt. of *shape*. "Shope this tide"—befell this fortune or case. Pp. 178-187.
- Shove*, push. P. 150.
- Signature*, a mark on a plant or herb, supposed to indicate medicinal properties resident therein. The word is also employed occasionally to signify some distinctive mark on a man or woman, as a mole or wart peculiar to a family or race. P. 142.
- Silly*, or feely, i. e. simple, guileless. Where Browne refers to "those rurall notes" which had been left imperfect, he, of course, signifies the incomplete state of *Britannia's Pastorals*, as published in 1614. The second Book did not appear till 1616. P. 167.
- Sisyphus*. P. 135.
- Skelton*, John. Browne's disparaging allusion to this vigorous and original writer preceded by a century Pope's sweeping and perhaps fatal condemnation of him. Skelton, however, has had justice done to him by the late Mr. Dyce's admirable edition of his works. P. 198.
- Sleightful*, cunning, sly. P. 79.
- Smyth*, Rev. John, chaplain to the Earl of Pembroke. Epitaph upon him. P. 337.
- Snares* (of a tabor), the cat-gut or strings. P. 151.
- Sole*, alone. P. 187.
- Somerset*, Countess of. This was, of course, the notorious Frances, daughter to Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and wife, first to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and secondly, to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. A good account of the Overbury case, in which she was one of the foremost actors, is to be found in Sir Simonds D'Ewes' *Autobiography*, and in Amos' *Great Oyer of Poisoning*, 1846. P. 334.
- Speed your plough*, i. e., God prosper you, a shepherd's benediction. P. 236.
- Spenser*, Edm. Apparent allusion to Spenser's dedication of the *Faerie Queene*. Pp. 64, 145, 280, 285, 298.
- Possibly the NEDDY of the *Shepherds Pipe*, Ecl. 3. Browne speaks of him perhaps by poetical licence, as still living, and as "an aged fire;" and this circumstance, taken in connection with the difference in the cause which the author assigns to Spenser's ruin, may militate against the hypothesis, such as it is. I once thought that Matthew Roydon, the friend of Chapman and almost all the poets of that day, who fell from affluence into poverty

through some unknown influence, was the person here intended. But although Roydon was certainly a shepherd in Browne's sense of the term (see Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, in v.), the consideration that Browne was a devoted admirer of Spenser, and the obviousness of resemblance between Edmund (or Edward), and the Neddy of the pastoral, sent me back to the author of the *Faerie Queene*. The circumstances attending the great poet's death, must have been familiar to a man, who had it in his power to obtain accurate intelligence, and who must have felt an enthusiasm for Spenser's genius, and an interest in his unhappy fate, more than sufficient to induce him to put himself in possession of the exact facts. Have we here a new clue or not? It ought to be borne in mind, that the Eclogues which form the *Shepherd's Pipe*, are neither more nor less than a series of apologues, in which, under disguised names and slightly coloured circumstances, the writer depicts actual incidents in the lives of his personal friends. There is Wither's imprisonment in the Marshalsea; the death of Thomas Manwood; the unwise courtship of a friend (*Palinode*); a droll adventure out walking or shooting (*Ecl. vi.*); the exhortation to Brooke to attempt a higher flight of poetry; the oppressive conduct of some great landlord (*Ecl. ii.*); and then the Dialogue between *Piers* and *Thomalin* upon the misfortunes and wrongs of NEDDY.

That Neddy's real name was *Edward* (by which christian name as often as not Spenser was addressed by his contemporaries), appears to be

further shown by the fact, that in the *Pastorals*, we meet with the shepherd *Teddy of the Glen*, evidently the same person. See present edit. i. 91.

*Stickle*, a run or swift part of a river; still used in Devon [*Past. ii. 4.*].—S. P.

*Still*, to abate, slacken. In his *First Book, Song 4* (present edit. i. 104), the author uses the substantive *still* or *stil* (*steepy stils*), seemingly in the sense of an acclivity of any kind, including what is still understood by the word. This latter passage is quoted for the term in the *Glossary* of Nares (edit. 1859, in v.) P. 111.

*Strain*, lineage, breed. "*D. Pedro*. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain," &c.—*Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 1. P. 58.

*Swan*, dying. The picture which Ovid has left to us of the *albus olor* singing his own funeral dirge at the shallows of the Mœander, has served as a model for succeeding bards, who seem to have accepted the legend without any suspicion of its slender basis. See Burney's *History of Music*, iv. 209, where the fallacy is pointed out and explained. Pp. 125-6, 269, 289.

*Sweet meat, fowre fauce*, an allusion to an old proverb. See *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*, 1869, p. 349. P. 228.

*Swythee*, quickly. But the reduplicated *e* is improper; we should read, *switbé*. P. 185.

*Sy, saw*. P. 180.

*Sydney*, Sir P. Pp. 8, 9, &c.

*Symois*, or *Simois*, the river in the

plain of Troy. It is identified with the modern Mender-Chai. P. 156.  
 Syms, Mr., a musician. Doubtless some celebrated performer on the instrument named. I conclude, however, that he was not a composer, for I find no account of him in Burney or Hawkins, in the *Dictionary of Musicians*, or in Chappell. As to the *Syrinx*, or Pandora-pipe, see Herr Engel's *Musik of the most Ancient Nations*, 1864, pp. 11, 78. P. 351.  
 Syves, or *fives*, sieves. Pp. 146, 350.

*Talent*, inclination. P. 188.  
*Tavy*, the river. P. 47, *et alibi*.  
*Tamar*, &c.

"I'll strive to draw  
 The nymphs by Thamar, Tavy, Ex and Tau,  
 By Turridge, Otter, Ock, by Dert and Plym."  
 —*Pastorals*, Book II. Song 4.

Of all these rivers, except the Ex and the Otter, which run through the eastern part of the county, it may be said, as Risdon says of one of them, the Ock, more generally called the Ockment,—“It fetcheth its fountain from the high and hungry hills of Dartmoor.”—S. P. 47, *et alibi*.

*Thames*, the river. Pp. 39, *et seqq*.  
*Their*, for *theirs*, and the more correct form, perhaps. P. 235.

*Thirfis* (pscudon.), apparently the poet himself. *Thirfis* is one of the interlocutors in an eclogue by Wither, attached to *The Shepherds Pipe*, 1614. P. 282.

*Thouars to Saumur*. This epistle purports to have been composed during the poet's journey from Tours to Saumur. P. 292.

*Thoue*, the river. This river was in what was anciently known as Poitou,

II.

now in the department of Deux-Sevres. P. 127.

*Thracian*, the, *i.e.*, Orpheus. P. 135.  
*Thraß*, thrust (præt.). P. 191.

*Tom Piper*, one of the characters in the morris-dance. P. 5.

*Tooteih*, pipeth. A word formed from the found. P. 199.

*Tow*, tough. “To make it quaint and tow” is equivalent to our phrase, “to make an unnecessary fuss.” P. 196.

*Travers*, curtain. P. 247.

*Trend*, [bend, turn, like a river.] *Brit. Paß*, Book ii. Song 3. This word is uncommon, I think. The only person I have ever heard use it is a Tavistock man.—S.

*Tumbler*, a rabbit-dog. P. 77.

*Turner*, Samuel, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford; B.A. Sept. 11, 1601-2; M.A. Oct. 22, 1604. He was the son of Dr. Peter Turner, the eminent physician. He died, as we here find, suddenly, and his decease must have occurred about 1640, and not 1647, as Wood conjectured (*Fast.*, ed. Bliss, i. 291, 303). P. 344.

*Twine*, v. to thread, and so to thread one's way out, to depart. See *Prompt*.

*Parv*. ed. Way, p. 505. But a little further on (p. 196) it is used, oddly enough, in the sense of *detached*, *separated*. After all, the radix of the word may, however, make this meaning admissible enough. P. 193.

*Tyn'd*, put out, extinguished. P. 250.

*Under-song*, the burden of a song. P. 55.

*Unworthy*. Edit. 1625 misprints *unworthy*. P. 64.

*Vare* (more usually spelt *vair*), a small sort of squirrel, valued for its fur. P. 149.

*Vaux*, Mr. I see no such person named in Dr. Munk's *Roll of the College of Physicians*, 1861. P. 339.

*Venetian glass*. P. 145.

*Venter*, venture. P. 133.

*Venus and Adonis*, a song of. P. 2.

*Walla*, the Walla-brook that has its source just under Brent Tor, and runs through Kilworthy (in Browne's time belonging to the Glanvilles) and Inescombe, "sweet Inas combe," falling into the Tavy about half a mile above Tavistock. There is another Walla-brook that falls into the North Teign about four miles west of Chagford.—S. P. 47 *et alibi*.

*Weived*, perhaps a form of *waived*. Halliwell says: "Weive, to forsake, decline, depart (A.-S.)"—*Arch. Dict.* in v. P. 192.

*Weptol* (pseud.) P. 202.

*Where there is carrion, never wants a crow*. Apparently cited proverbially. P. 236.

*Whitsun-ale*. P. 196.

*Wilkins cote*. *Cote* seems here to be used in the sense of a *farm*. P. 207.

*Wither*, George. P. 11. *et alibi*.

*Woodbine*, or *woodbind*, the parasite plant, of which the honeyfuckle is the flower. P. 50.

*Y.*, Mrs. Elizabeth. Mr. Shelly queries *Yelverton*; but the probability is, that a member of one of the great Devonshire families of *Yard* or *Yeo* is here commemorated. P. 343.

*Yalme*.

"Thetis with her brave company had wonne  
The mouth of Dert," &c.

—Book II. Song 3.

*Chrifstall Arme*. . . . *sweet Yalme and Plin*. . . . *Thamdr*. The *Earme* and *Yealm* are small streams that run down from Dartmoor and fall into the sea between Dartmouth and Plymouth. The *Plym*, accurately described in Book i. Song 5, as "the *sandy Plim*," and the *Tamar*, fall into Plymouth Sound.—S.

*Yalde*, yielded. P. 179.

*Zeuxis*. Pp. 247, 322.

*Zouch*, Edward, Lord. See Notes to volume first. P. 167.







