THE

COMPLETE WORKS

IN

VERSE AND PROSE

OF

SAMUEL DANIEL.

EPITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

D.D., LL D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.),

St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

I. INEDITED INTRODUCTORY POEMS. 1595-1623.

II. SONNETS TO DELIA. 1592.

III. THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND. 1592.

IV. A LETTER FROM OCTAUIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS. 1599. V. A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO JAMES I. 1603.

VI. A FVNERALL POEME VPON THE DEATH OF THE

EARLE OF DEUONSHIRE. 1606.

VII. CERTAINE EPISTLES. 1601-3.

VIII. MUSOPHILUS, OR DEFENCE OF ALL LEARNING. 1603.
IX. OCCASIONAL POEMS, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, 1593—1607

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY. 1885.

I to copies only]

CONTENTS.

PREFATORY NOTE:	*	PAG	E X
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—BIOGRAPHICAL. E			•
EDITOR	-		ςi
INEDITED INTRODUCTORY POEMS, FROM VARIOUS SO	UF	RCES	I
Sonnets to Delia - • • •	-	- 1	7
THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND	_		•
A LETTER FROM OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS	} -	•	-
A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO JAMES I.		- 13	•
A FVNERALL POEME VPON THE DEATH OF THE		• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	_
OF DEUONSHIRE	-	- 16	9
CERTAINE EPISTLES	-	<u>.</u> -	
MUSOPHILUS, OR DEFENCE OF ALL LEARNING	_	- 22	I
OCCASIONAL POEMS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES -	-	- 25	7

ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOL. I.

Portrait by Alais after the Original Engraving in the Quarto of 1623, with Autograph from Letter in H.M. Public Record Office.

[Face Title-page.

Facsimile of Letter to the Earl of Devonshire in H.M. Public Record Office (in post 4to only), by Waterlow & Sons (Limited), slightly diminished, as witness the full-sized autograph under portrait.

[Face Age xxii.

THE

COMP

S

IN

VERSE AND PROSE

OF

SAMUEL DANIEL.

vol. I.



famuel Dansel

Engraved by W. J. Alais from the original by Cookson.

THE

COMPLETE WORKS

IN

VERSE AND PROSE

OF

SAMUEL DANIEL.

EPITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

D.D., LL D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.),

St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

I. INEDITED INTRODUCTORY POEMS. 1595-1623.

II. SONNETS TO DELIA. 1592.

III. THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND. 1592.

IV. A LETTER FROM OCTAUIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS. 1599. V. A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO JAMES I. 1603.

VI. A FVNERALL POEME VPON THE DEATH OF THE

EARLE OF DEUONSHIRE. 1606.

VII. CERTAINE EPISTLES. 1601-3.

VIII. MUSOPHILUS, OR DEFENCE OF ALL LEARNING. 1603.
IX. OCCASIONAL POEMS, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, 1593—1607

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY. 1885.

I to copies only]

LEWIS MORRIS, Esq.,

The Poet of

"Songs of Two Worlds," "Epic of Hades," "Songs Unsung, etc., etc., etc.

E dedicate this first collective and Oritical edition of the Works of Samuel Daniel.

SEER AND SAGE—SAMUEL AND DANIEL—
UNITED IN HIS NAME WHOSE WORKS I BRING,
MORRIS, TO THEE. SO WITS OF OLD WOULD RING
QUAINT CHANGES ON A NAME THEY LOVED FULL WELL.
NOR LESS OWN WE TO-DAY THE DULCET SPELL
LAID ON US BY HIS OLD-WORLD CAROLLING:
THOUGHT-LADEN, YET OF SINGER THAT DOES SING;
HALF O' THE EARTH, HALF O' THE SKY,—AS BELL
IN CHURCH-TOWER HEARD FAINT ACROSS MOOR OR MERE.
I LOVE THIS GENTLE SPIRIT, MAN AND BARD;
I WOULD NOT HAVE HIS WREATH GROW DIM OR SERE:
TRUE POET OF OUR AGE, LET THY REGARD
SANCTION MY WORK OF LOVE, AS WITH STOOP'D KNEE
I HONGUR HIM, AND SEEK TO HONOUR THEE.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

中国中华 18 47、 19 19

AUG 1 : 1820

CONTENTS.

PREFATORY NOTE:	*	PAG	E X
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—BIOGRAPHICAL. E			•
EDITOR	-		ςi
INEDITED INTRODUCTORY POEMS, FROM VARIOUS SO	UF	RCES	I
Sonnets to Delia - • • •	-	- 1	7
THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND	_		•
A LETTER FROM OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS	} -	•	-
A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO JAMES I.		- 13	•
A FVNERALL POEME VPON THE DEATH OF THE		• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	_
OF DEUONSHIRE	-	- 16	9
CERTAINE EPISTLES	-	<u>.</u> -	
MUSOPHILUS, OR DEFENCE OF ALL LEARNING	_	- 22	I
OCCASIONAL POEMS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES -	-	- 25	7

ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOL. I.

Portrait by Alais after the Original Engraving in the Quarto of 1623, with Autograph from Letter in H.M. Public Record Office.

[Face Title-page.

Facsimile of Letter to the Earl of Devonshire in H.M. Public Record Office (in post 4to only), by Waterlow & Sons (Limited), slightly diminished, as witness the full-sized autograph under portrait.

[Face Age xxii.

PREFATORY NOTE.

My rule in reproducing the Works of Samuel Daniel has been, as throughout, to furnish the unmutilated, untampered-with text of the Author. I hold with deepened conviction that modernisations, improvements (so called), and arbitrary accommodation to modern syntax, orthography, punctuation, and the like, vitiate any classic, and render it impossible to trace the growth and gradual enrichment of our national Literature. I simply correct self-evidencing misprints—e.g., p. 264, st. 3, l. 7, 'sparkling' for 'sprakling'; p. 265, st. 7, l. 4, 'veines' for 'weaues', st. 8, l. 7, 'ouer-sowne' for 'ouer-swone'; and occasionally (,) comma for (.) period in middle of an unfinished sentence, and (;) semicolon for (,) comma-nothing more. Prefixed or affixed in their several places, the sources of the successive poems, etc., will be found recorded. I have also taken pains in noting 'various readings' whereever they occur. The value and interest of these are specially illustrated in the 'Delia' Sonnets.

As with Spenser, "Notes and Illustrations'

closing volume. Toward them I have the pleasure and satisfaction of promised aid from various capable and sympathetic fellow-workers on our elder Poets and Dramatists. In the same volume, the 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' will be given, with the completed text before the reader for reference. Therein tilbutes paid to "wep-languaged Daniel," earlier and recent, may be looked for; also evidence of his influence from SHAKESPEARE to WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE. Meantime, if the 'Memorial-Introduction I .-Biographical'-though fuller than any hitherto -is far from being so matterful as I should have wished, it has not been from lack of search or research, or willing helpers. It is infinitely pathetic to find how very little the world knows of its most elect spirits.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction I furnish a dainty reproduction (by Alais) of the portrait of our Worthy—after that in the quarto of 1623—in all the four forms; and underneath it a facinile of his autograph from the Letter given in fac-simile (in the largest paper only) from H.M. Public Record Office. I owe thanks to the authorities there for facilitating the fac-simile

being taken.

I am not without a hope of adding to our knowledge of Daniel as the Works proceed, as various friends are following up lines of inquiry.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

ST. Grorge's Vestry, Blackburn, Lancashire,

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.— BIOGRAPHICAL.

Daniel and Daniel, Danyel and Danyell (and other variants) is a not infrequent surname in England, earlier and later. But there is a tantalizing absence of connecting links, as of anything in any way notable: e.g., the Calendars of State Papers, somewhat preceding and contemporary with our "sweet Singer," bring up a contentious John Daniel and his wife in weary iteration of complaint and appeal *—all long since passed into silence—together with others of the name, but without recognisable relationship between them. Certain Cornwall Daniels appear to have migrated from the "Low Countries," albeit it is just possible that originally they had passed as Merchant-adventurers to 'Middleburg' from Cornwall.† Others are met with in Cheshire and several southern English counties.

The various authorities—Anthony à-Wood to Nightingale and Collinson—unite in describing our Poet as

* 'Calendars,' 1566 to 1618, et alibi.

[†] In Gentleman's Magazine, 1826 (vol. xcvi. P. i., pp. 130-2), is an interesting account of Daniels at Penzance in the reign of James I. His father was 'Depute-Governor' at Middle-borough (Brabant) in 1613, and the Diarist of this paper notifies that he himself had been born there in 1500.

son of a JOHN DANIEL, a 'music-master'; and upon this Thomas Fuller writes—"his harmonious mind made an impression on his son's genius, who proved an exquisite poet," and again characteristically on Christian and surname—"He carried in his Christian and surname two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures that he abhorred all profaneness" (Worthies: by Nuttall [1840], iii. 104). No one appears to have traced a 'musical' John Daniel, except the brother of the name. I am inclined to query whether the fraternal John Daniel has not been split into two John Daniels. Certes, the brother, has left tangible evidence that he was a 'music-master,' whilst of the father as such nothing has been transmitted. Anthony à-Wood (Athenæ Oxoniensis, by Bliss, s.n.) has designated Samuel as sprung of "a wealthy family." 'Wealth' was unlikely to belong to a 'music-master.' Unfortunately the County Historians in all their big books yield no speck of light on this or aught else-merely perfunctorily repeating after Wood, Fuller, Biographia Britannica (Kippis), Chalmers' Biographical-Dictionary, etc., etc.

There is a shadow of uncertainty on his birth-place. According to Anthony à-Wood he was born at Beckington, near Philip's Norton (Somerset); but the historian apparently confused his burial-place with his birth-place. The Parish Register of Beckington goes back to 1559; but there is no recorded baptism of any Daniel there until 1567 (as onward). This is decisive on Wood's

^{*} Dr. Rimbault, in Notes and Queries (1853), No. 179, records John Daniel's Songs for the Lute, Viol, and Voice, 1606, and that his name occurs among the Musicians for the Lutes and Voices in a Prive Seal of Dec. 20, 1627

mistake (Rev. J. L. Sainsbury, M.A., rector of Beckington, to me). Le Neve* assigns it to "Wilmington, in Wiltshire, neare the Plaine of Salisburie." Unfortunately the earliest-dated Parish-register entry at Wilmington is 1688. Dr. Thomas Fuller, with an express note that he had been 'certified' of this by "some of his acquaintance," states that he was born "not far from Taunton (Somersetshire)." The 'acquaintance' cannot have been very intimate, as they were unable to inform him of either the date or place of his death. Again, unluckily, the Parish Registers of St. James's, Taunton (which at the period might have been accurately described as 'near' or 'nigh' Taunton), commence only in 1610. That of St. Mary's, Taunton, commencing before our Daniel's period, has no Daniel entry whatever.†

As his contemporaries have celebrated him as a 'Somerset' man, two may safely assume that Le Neve was misinformed about Wilmington having been his birth-place, and that Fuller was correct in assigning it to "not far from Taunton." Surely some Somerset antiquary will 'take trouble' and elucidate the point. Ad interim, I judge not Taunton itself but (probably) some near-adjoining hamlet was the birth-place; peichance in Taunton Dean, "a parcel of ground round about Taunton," renowned in a still current proverb.

* Lansdowne MSS. 983 f. 343.

[†] The Rev. Samuel Wilkinson, and Arthur Kinglake, Esq., J.P., Taunton, did their utmost to get at data; in vain thus far, save above.

[‡] See 'Memorial-Introduction II. — Gritical' for various notices.

^{§ &}quot;Where should I be born else than in Taunton Dean—with soil so rich that zun (= sun) and zoil (= soil) are all

Somewhat somnolent Somerset has the distinction of having produced earlier, Hooper the martyr-bishop and Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Harington and Blake and Pym; and later, Bishop Bull, Ralph Cudworth, John Locke, and Henry Fielding; but no recognised Poet except Samuel Daniel (Thomas Coryat not in the running). It is about time Somerset erected some memorial of "well-languaged Daniel"?

The year birth-date was 1562 or 1563, This is arrived at from his entry as 'commoner' in Magdalen Hall, Oxford. This was in 1579, when he was in his seventeenth year; which carries us back to 1562-3. He was thus about a decade of years younger than Spenser (1553) and Sir Philip Sidney (1554), two or three years or thereby younger than Robert Greene ('about 1560'), and a little older than Shakespeare (1564), and Thomas Nashe (1564), and nearly contemporaneous with Michael Drayton (1563).

Of his preparatory education nothing whatever is known. He is alleged to have had an 'excellent tutor' at famous Magdalen. But according to Anthony à-Wood his 'geny' having inclined him rather to lighter studies, he remained under academic training for only "three years," and finally left the University—as did Philip Massinger—"without a degree" (Wood, as before). This brings us to 1582 or 1583. Wood's full account is:—

"He continued about three years, and improved himself much in academical learning, by the benefit of an excellent tutor. But his geny being more prone to easier and smoother studies, than in pecking and hewing at logic, he left the university without the honour of a degree, and exercised it much in English history and poetry, of which he then gave several ingenious specimens" (Ath. Oxon., by Bliss, ii. 268).

But though he thus left Oxford, he must have continued his scholarly studies and bookish habits, seeing that in 1584-5 there was published the following considerable book:—

The

Worthy tract of
Paulus Iouius, contayning a
Discourse of rare inuentions, both
Militarie and Amorous
called Imprese.

Whereunto is added a Preface contayning the Arte of composing them, with
many other notable devises.

By Samuel Daniell, late Student
in Oxenforde.

At London, Printed for Simon Waterfon. 1585.

In succession to the Translator's own Epistle-dedicatory of the 'Worthy Tract' to "The right worshipful, Sir Edward Dimmock, Champion to her Maiestie," is a lengthy Epistle "To his good friend Samvel Daniel" by an (unknown) N. W. from 'Oxenforde,' wherein many well-turned compliments are paid to the young scholar closing thus.—

"Thus am I bold to animate and encourage you to your credite, which if I have done to long, so vppon occasion did Tullio, Plato, Seneca: if rudely, ascribe it to simplicitie: if slightly, to the rarenes of your arte: if to copiously, to too feruent desire: for seeing that in verbis est aliquod præmium, I had rather shewe myself to prodigall to my friends then a snudge: which when you have read, fier it."

In his "Defence of Rhyme," which was addressed to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, we get a pleasant climpse of his position from (probably) 1585 onwards

He is defending his love of 'rhyme' in verse against Campion's heresy of hexameters, and thus acknowledges his obligations to his patron's mother—

"Sidney's sister, Fembroke's mother":—

"Hauing been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother, and receiud the first notion for the formal ordering of these compositions, at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and a grateful memory. Afterwards, drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my muse, I adventured to bestow all my flowers therein, perceiving it agreed so well both with the complexion of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me."

This seems to warrant us in concluding that upon leaving Oxford he was introduced to the 'charmed circle' of Wilton; albeit John Morris (in his Biographical Introduction to his "Selections" from Daniel) thus put it:—

"This may have been the case; but a closer examination will pernaps show his meaning to be, that in the first place he felt a grateful obligation to the Countess of Pembroke, for his having, through her kindness and encouragement, gained his earliest acquaintance with the delights of literature at Wilton, his best school; and that, in the next place, ander the patronage of the Earl, he was drawn further on, or enabled to prosecute higher studies at the University. If this be his meaning, then it will appear that, while yet young, he had obtained the notice, and was favoured with the patronage, of Sidney's sister, the excellent Countess of Pembroke" (p. xiv).

The thing cannot be dogmatically pronounced upon under our dim light, but in my judgment he is contrasting the after-delights at Wilton as his 'best school'

with the (to him) dry-as-dust studies of Oxford that he had escaped from. This later date of residence at Wilton seems further strengthened by the headings of two of the 'Delia' Sonnets which inform us that he went to Italy; and it has been the unvarying tradition that he went thither with a Herbert. Besides, it is in relation to the same Sonnets and kindred poems—from 1590-1 onward—that he pays glowing homage to the illustrious Mary, Countess of Pembroke.* It is pleasant even at this late day to include the Pleasures of Imagination in a vision of young Samuel Daniel pursuing his poetical and other cultured studies at Wilton, while Sir Philip Sidney's death was still a recent memory (1586).

It was in 1591 that Samuel Daniel first came before the world as a Poet. This he did by the semi-furtive publication of twenty-seven of his Love-sonnets by Thomas Nashe in his famous edition of Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, 'edited' by this fiery Free-lance of our Literature (see 'Note' before 'Delia'). This led to his own publication of the series of Sonnets addressed (mainly) to 'Delia' in 1592. This first (authoritative) edition was followed by a second in the same year. A third appeared in 1594.

I do not suppose it is likely now that we shall ever know who 'Delia' was. But I for one recognize in these Sonnets a human passion, and not mere 'sportive wit' or 'idle play.' The grief grows o'times monotonous and even grotesque, but ever and anon there comes the genuine 'cry' of a man's heart in suspensive anguish. He is by no means a strong man—contrariwise reveals

^{*} See Glossarial-Index, s.c., for full notices of all the 'fair women' and 'braye men' celebrated by Daniel.

a good deal of valetudinarian sentimentalism; yet is there reality, of 'love,' and not simply rhyme-craft.

Elsewhere (viz., in Note before 'Delia' and beneath the successive Sonnets) I record the variations of the several editions of 'Delia.' At this point it seems expedient to notice one Sonnet that is found in the first edition alone of 1592. It epens the series. It is headed simply 'To M. P.' John Morris (as before), as have other's, explains, "the initials evidently stand for Mary, Countess of Pembroke" (p. 1). But this cannot be. For (a) How should he have used initials only in 1592, and given the name in full in 1594 ('Delia')? (b) Can we conceive such a liberty as a dependant thus using the simple initials M. P.? (c) It has been overlooked that in N. W.'s Epistle before 'Paulus Jovius' (1585) an unmistakable reference is made to 'M. P.' as a common friend and a MAN, thus:—

"A frend of mine whom you know, M. P., climing for an Egles nest but defeated by the mallalent of fortune, limned in his studie a Pine tree striken with lightning, carying this mot, Il mio sperar ... Yet in despight of fortune he deuised a Pinnace or small Barke, tossed with tempestuous stormes, and on the saile was written expectanda dies, hoping as I think for one sunne shine day to recompence so many gloomy and winter monethes."

Who this M. P. was it is vain to conjecture; but the tone of the opening Sonnet of the 1592 volume utters personal disappointment and "want" and "care."

His 'journeying' to Italy being celebrated in the 'Delia' of 15%2 dates it prior to that year. We know not how long or short before. The 47th Sonnet of 1594 is headed "At the Authors going into Italie," and the 48th "This Sonnet was made at the Authors being in

Italy "* (see present vol., pp. 71, 72). More interesting still—and hitherto strangely overlooked—his Verses on the translation of 'Pastor Fido' (see 'Occasional Poems' in the present volume) seem to make a personal reference to a conversation with Guarini, wherein the Italian depreciated the "English tongue." 'Pastor Fido' first. appeared in 1590. This fact will require fuller afternotice (in 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical'). The publication of the Sonnets to 'Delia' made him 'famous' at a bound. He was in all men's mouths. He was a new voice in the heaven of English Song. Surrey and Wyatt had now an 'he?r.' If thinner in substance, these Sonnets have finer-literary form than theirs. His 'Verses commendatory'—as given in 'IX. Occasional Poems' in the present volume—testify that speedily his word went a long way to win public notice.

His 'Complaint of Rosamond' accompanied the 'Delia' Sonnets from the outset, and contained a memorable reference to his 'lady-love.' Between 1591-2 and 1600—wherever located—he must have burned the midnight oil over his Verse. The 1594 'Delia' was accompanied by 'Cleopatra,' a tragedy. In 1595 appeared the 'First Foure Bookes of the Ciuill Wars.' In 1599 was issued 'The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyell, newly corrected and augmented.' This added a fifth Book to the 'Ciuil Wars.' In 1600-1 he prepared his folio of the 'Works of Samuel Daniel, newly augmented.' This fine volume was primarily printed for gift-copies or private circulation. Some copies have special dedicatory poems prefixed (see pp. 4—9 of the

^{*} To Mr. J. Payne Collier belongs the praise of having first observed these headings.

present volume). In 1600 he was engaged as tutor to the (afterwards) renowned LadynAnn Clifford, then in her eleventh year. Dr. Whitaker in his 'Craven' (by Morant, vol. i., pp. 386-7), thus writes:—

"Among the papers at Skipton Castle I met with an original book of accounts, filled with methoranda, relating to this lady's education from 1600 to 1602. In the beginning is the following prayer, intended, I suppose, to be used on entering the church—

'O Lord, increase o'r fayth, and make us euermore attentyve hearers, true conceiners, and diligent fulfillers, of thy heauthly will.'

And after-

'To wish and will it is my part, To you, good lady, from my hart, The yeares of Nestor God you send, With happnes to your life's end!'

These lines are, I think, in the handwriting of Samuel Daniel, her tutor; and when compared with the future history and long life of this young lady, then only eleven years old, it cannot be denied that their prayer was heard. She actually saw ninety years wanting only three, and the 'happiness' of the last thirty had no abatement to her 'life's end.'"

A still more noteworthy memorial of this tutorship is extant in his verse-address to his fair and precocious pupil. It is after the type of his friend Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke's philosophic poetry, more thought-laden than wrought. He must have had a prescient discernment of the strength and intellectual capacity of young 'Lady Anne' (see present vol., p. 213). Doubtless his post at Appleby and Skipton had its pleasantnesses, and the Lady through life held her tutor in grateful memory—as witness his being introduced into a great family picture (still preserved), and his 'Whole Works in Verse' being placed along with Spenser's on

bookshelves introduced into the background, and his monument at Beckington. None the less his Letter to the Lord Chancellor Egerton has these unsatisfied words—

"Such hath been my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of men, I have been constrayned to live with children, and contrary to myne owne spirit, putt out of that scene which nature had made my parte" (the present vol., p. 10).

From this memorandum it would seem that Daniel relinquished his tutorship in 1602, in which year first appeared Book VI. of the 'Civil Wars.' He had been 'at Court' toward the close of the foregoing century. There is a kind of vague tradition that Elizabeth appointed him 'Laureate' on the death of Spenser (in 1599). I find no evidence of this. But his 'Panegyrike' to King James must have been composed off-hand and as speedily printed (privately)—seeing that copies are found bound up in the folio of 1601—though it does not appear to have been formally or publicly delivered until 1603 in Rutlandshire, as the heading bears (present vol., p. 141). He is most uncourtlily plain-spoken in his 'Panegyrike'; and the King and Queen (Ann) deserve all credit for not taking offence. With all his faults and failings, the new king was in sympathy (in the beginning at any rate), with learning and genius. Equally manly was his splendid verse-epistle to Henry, Earl of Southampton. The Queen must have "taken' to him right cordially. Whether his office was 'at pleasure' or by a verbal understanding, he was called upon from time to time to prepare 'Masks' and quasi-theatrical entertainments—as his 'Dramatic' productions show, e.g., "Tethye' Rectival" and the "Wision

Arcadia." He must have been frequently at Court, and in intimate association with the royal family and nobility. Latterly he was eclipsed by "rare Ben" (who was surly and malignant toward him), and in his melancholy wrote "bitter things" against himself. His self-depreciation, if it be painful, is not without touch of grotesquerie. He grew weary of 'high life,' and secluded himself. Thomas Fuller quaintly describes his periodic retreats thus:—

"As the tortoise burieth himself-all the winter in the ground, so Mr. Daniel would be hid at his garden house in Old Street, near London, for some months together (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses); and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowel and Mr. Camden were principal" (Worthies, as before).

Spite of these retirements, he was a keen observer from his "loophole of retreat," and could express himself incisively. Thus his Tragedy of "Philotas" had been misapplied to the brilliant but unfortunate Earl of Essex. Thereupon the Author added a spirited 'Vindication' to the play—'spirited,' yet after all we had rather have had it unwritten. And not only so, but it having reached him that his patron-friend, the Earl of Devonshire ('Stella's' lord), was displeased with his use of his name, he addressed to this nobleman (in 1604) a striking Letter, as follows: *—

"My Lorde,
"Vnderstanding yor lo: is displeased wt mee, it hath

"Vnderstanding yor lo: is displeased we mee, it hath more shaken my harte then I did thinke any fortune could

^{*} See fac-simile from the original in HrM. Public Record Office, in post 4to copies of the present volume, in this place.

have donne in respect I have not deserved it, nor donne or spoken any thing in the matter of Philotas vnworthy of you or mee. And now having fully satisfyde my L. of Cranborne, I crave to vnburthen me of this imputation wt yor ho: and it is the last suite I will euer make. And therefore I beseach you

to vnderstand all this great error I have comitted.

"first I tolde the Lordes I had written 3 Acts of this tragedie the Christmas before my L. of Essex troubles, as divers in the cittie could witnes. I saide the maister of the Revells had p'vsed it. I said I had read some parte of it to you ho: and this I said having none els of powre to grace mee now in Corte & hoping yt you out of yorknowledg of bookes, or fauor of letters & mee, might answere that there is nothing in it disagreeing nor any thing, as I protest there is not, but out of the vniuersall notions of ambition and envie, the p'petuall argumts of bookes or tragedies. I did not say you incouraged me vnto the p'senting of it; yf I should I had beene a villayne, for y' when I shewd it to yor honor I was not resolud to have had it acted, nor should it have bene had not my necessities ouermaistred mee. And therefore I beseach you let not now an Earle of Devonsh' ouerthrow what a L. Mountion hath donne, who hath donne me good and I haue donne him honor: the world must, or shall know myne innocencie whilst I have a pen to shew it, and for yt I know I shall live inter historiam temporis as well as greater men, I must not be such an abject vnto my self as to neglect my reputation, and having bene knowne throughout all England for my virtue, I will not leave a stayne of villanie vppon my name whatsoeuer error els might skape me vnfortunately thorow myne indiscreation, & misvnderstanding the tyme: wherein good my L. mistake not my harte that hath bene & is a syncere honorer of you and seekes you now for no other end but to cleare it self, and to be held as I ame (though I neuer more come nere you)

"Yor honors

"pore follower & faithfull Servant,
"SAMUEL DANYEL."

He was early in 1603-4 given charge in some way of the Theatre in connection with the licensing of 'Plays':

e.g., in the Calendars of State Papers under "January 31, 1604," we read:—

"Grant to Edward Kirkham, Alexander Hawkins, Thos. Kendall and Robert Payne, of license to train up children, to be called 'Children of the Reuels to the Queen,' and to exercise them in playing within the Blackfriars in London, or elsewhere; all plays to be allowed by Sam. Danyell" (p. 72).

This must have been a permanent function and post, for under "July 10, 1615," we find the following:—

"Sir Geo. Buck to John Packer, Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain Somerset. The King has been pleased at the mediation of the Queen on behalf of Sam. Danyell, to appoint a company of youths to perform comedies and tragedies at Bristol, under the name of the Youths of Her Majesty's Royal Chamber of Bristol. Has consented to it as being without prejudice to the rights of his office" (p. 294).

The late Mr. J. Payne Collier and Peter Cunningham have other entries and notes; but the forgeries of the former, and the unreliableness of the latter, compel me to leave them unutilized. The biographic fact to be accentuated is that he had (in Fuller's words) "a fair salary "from Queen Ann as "sefvant in ordinary." His own language is unmistakable in his verse-address "To her sacred Maiestie"—

"I who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,
In quietnes, do eate the bread of rest:
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd
That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest."
(Present vol., p. 9.)

Later (1618) has theatrical office must have passed to his brother, John Daniel (Calendars, s.n.).

When he was married, and to whom, still remain unknown. It has been stated—on the usual loose

acceptance of inferential statements—that John Florio married a sister of Daniel. But he had no sister, so far as appears.* The Poet's use of 'brother' in his Verses to him was as 'brother' scholar or writer, not as relative. Only the Christian name—a foreign-like one, as if brought from Italy—Justina, has come down to us. They had no issue.

Equally untraced has been the date of his withdrawal from town to the country. The fact of such withdrawal is thus pur by Fuller:—

"In his old age he turned hasbandman, and rented a farm in Wiltshire near to Devizes. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon; for though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow-husbandman-poet, yet there is more required to make a good farmer than only to say the Georgics by heart; and I question whether his Italian will fit on English husbandry. Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel's fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit. However, he had neither a bank of wealth nor a bank of want; being in a competent condition" (Worthies, as before).

Up to 1618—and so probably to the end—he was designated a Groom of the Privy Chamber to the Queen, as is seen in the royal licence then issued, which granted him the privilege of printing for his personal benefit his 'History of England.' In this licence he is described as "our well-beloued seruant Samuel Daniell, one of the Groomes of the Priuy Chamber, to our

^{*} See our edition of Spenser, vol. iii., pp. lxxxviii—cii, "Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?": also Bolton Corney's paper in Notes and Queries, 3rd S., viii., app. 4, 35, etc. Though mistaken as to Bacon Corney is certainly right as to Florio and Daniel. I am not aware that Florio had a sister whom Daniel might have married. In his Will there is no mention of a 'Iustina' by Florio.

decrest wife the Queen" (Rymer's Fædera, vol. xvii., p. 22).

His 'farm' was near Beckington (Somerset)—where Daniels are found to have been resident *—and was named 'Ridge.' It is within hail of Bath—on the highway from Bath to Salisbury—and is still in a pleasant country. Here most probably he wrote his 'History.' Our final glimpse of him is in his Will, as follows: †—

"WILL OF SAMUEL DANIEL, THE POET.

"From the original in the Will Office of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

"I, Samuelis \ In the name of God, Amen. I, Samuel Danyel, Danyell \ sick in bodie but well in mynde, make heer

my last will and testament.

"First, I comitt my soule unto God, trusting to be saved by the pretious blood and deathe of my Redeemer, Jesus Christe; and my body to the earth, to be interred in the parish church where I dye.

"Item, I bequeathe to my sister, Susan Bowre, one feather bed, and wth the furniture thearto belonging, and such lynnen

as I shall leave at my house at Ridge.

"Item, I bequeathe to Samuel Bowre x".

"Item, to Joane Bowre x11.

"Item, to Susan Bowre x".

"Item, to Mary Bowre x".

"For the disposing of all other things, I referre them to my faithfull brother, John Danyel, whome I here ordaine my sole executor, to whose care and conscience I comitt the performance thereof.

"And I likewise appoynt and ordayne my loving friend Mr. Simon Waterson, and my brother in lawe John Phillipps, to be

+ Shakspere Society Papers, iv., 156-8.

^{*} The Parish Register, which begins in 1559, has a Thomas Daniell baptized in 1567, and an Editha Daniell in 1574.

overseers of this my last will and testament, whereunto I have set my hand and seal. Pated the 4th days of September 1619.
"Samuel Danyel.

"Witnesses of this my last will and testament."
Umphery X Aldenes mark.
William X Wheatlyes mark.

The Will is written on one side of a sheet of foolscap paper, and signed by the poet himself in a neat but rather tremulous hand. The words "Witnesses of this my last will and testament," are also autograph.

He 'sleeps well' at Beckington. His 'pupil,' the Lady Anne, years after placed a mural monument within the Church. It still bears the following inscription:—

HERE LYES' EXPECTINGE THE SECOND COMMING OF OUR LORD & SAUIOUR JESUS CHRIST YE DEAD BODY OF SAMUELL DANYELL ESQ THAT EXCELLENT POETT AND HISTORIAN WHO WAS TUTOR TO THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD IN HER YOUTH SHE THAT WAS SOLE DAUGHTER AND HEIRE TO GEORGE CLIFFORD ÆARLE OF CÜBERLAND WHO IN GRATITUDE TO HIM FERSTED THIS MONUMENT IN HIS MEMORY A LONG TITLE AFTER WHEN SHE WAS COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE DORSETT & MOUTGOMERY. HE DYED IN OCTOBER 1619.

Such is the brief story of Samuel Daniel's 'Life.'* The impression left on one, after pondering the facts, is that he was an infirm, over-sensitive man, physically

^{*} Langbaine, s.n., in his 'Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets . . . (1697)' blunders throughout in his account of Daniel—e.g., he represents him as "weary of the world" and as "living . . . till he was near eighty years old"!! (really 57). Wood's Ashmolean MCC (marked) Blinds

and intellectually, though (as to Spenser) he led observers to conclude that he was capable of far greater things than ever he wrote. But for a 'Critical' estimate of his work the Reader is respectfully asked to wait until our closing volume.

AZEXANDER B. GROSART.

of Ath. Cxon., ii. 26) furnishes this singular note—"Sam. Daniel being for the most part in animo Catholicus, was at length desired to be openly a Roman Catholic; but he denied, because that when he died he should not be buried in Westminster Abbey, and lie interred there like a Roman Catholic"—oracular and improbable. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' in our closing volume.

INEDITED POEMS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY TO THE

WORKS OF SAMUEL DANIEL.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

1595-1624

Examination of the successive issues (private or semi-private and spublished) of his Poems, reveals that Samuel Daniel was wont to insert special Dedications and Addresses in gift-copies of his books; none of which are found in the Quarto of 1623, or knows to Bibliographers or Editorse e.g., in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599 (but incorporating the first "Foure Bookes' of the 'Ciuill Wars,' dated on title-page 1595) there is an overlooked Sonnet to Lord Mountjoy; and again n successive exemplars of the 1601 folio of his 'Works' as 'newly augmented' there occur the following: (a) In the beautiful presentation-copy in the Bodleian there is prefixed a long and characteristic poem on its being deposited in the renowned library. (b) In the British Museum copy (C. 39, h. 23) there is a verse-dedication 'to her sacred Majestie' (= Anne, consort of James I.), which takes the place of the one in the Bodleian, neither having the other. (c) In the Bridgewater copy is an autograph letter to the 'Lord Keeper Egerton,' first published in Censura Literaria (vol. vi. 291-3) and later by the late Mr. J. Payne Collier. On this and another Letter printed by the latter, see our Memorial-Introduction. Further, in the little volume of "Certaine Small Workes' of 1607 (not of 1611, as stated by the late Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., 'Anglo-Poetica,' s.n.) is an extremely noticeable verse-address 'To the Reader,' which was revised for the re-issue of the same volume in 1611—the large supplying a line that had been inadvertently drapped in 1607. Fine By, John Daniel introduces the Quarto of 1623 with an Epistle-dedicatery to Charles I. Though some of these have mainly reference to the 'Ciuill Wars' poems, yet as being so placed as to be introductory to the Works, it has been deemed expedient to bring them together here. Accordingly the whole will be found in their places. Other inserted and withdrawn Poems-equally unknown with these-are also given in their places, and indicated in relative footnotes (IX. Occasional Poems in the present volume). It is just possible that other gift-copies, more especially of the 1601 folio, may yield other special Poems.

I. TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, SIR Charles Blunt Knight, Lord Mounticy, and Knight of the most Noble order of the Garter, and his most worthy Lord.¹



DO not plant thy great respected name

Here in this front, to th' end thou

shouldst protect

These my endeuors from contempt

or blame,

Which none but their owne forces

Nor do I feeke to win thy more respect,

Most learned Lord, by these Essaies of mine,

Since that cleere judgement that did first elect

To fauor me, will alwaies keepe me thine:

Nor do I this more honour to essigne

must effect:

Nor do I this more honour to affigue,

Vuto thy worth, that is not more hereby,

Since th' offrings made vuto the powers decine,

Enrich not them, but shew mens pietie:

But this I do to th' end if destinie

Shall any monument reserve of me,

Those times should see my love, how willing I 20

That liv'd by thee, would have thee live with me.

S. D.

¹ From "The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyel. Newly corrected and augmented. Actas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus. At London. Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1599" (4°). "First Foure Bookes of the Ciuill Wars," title-page 1595.

 Π_{ϵ}

S.- D.

TO HIS BOOKE, In the Dedicating thereof to the Librarie in Oxford, erected by Sir Thomas Bodley Knight.



Eere in this goodly Magazine of witte,

This Storehouse of the choisest furniture

The world doth yeelde, heer in this exquisite,

And most rare monument, that dooth immure

The glorious reliques of the best of men;
Thou part imperfect worke, voutsafed art
Aslittle roome, by him whose care hath beene
To gather all what euer might impart
Delight or Profite to Posteritie;
Whose hospitable bountie heere receives
Vnder this roose powers of Divinitie,
Inlodg'd in these transformed shape of leaves.
For which good Worke his Memorie heere lives,
As th' holy guardian of this reverent place,
Sacred to Woorth, being sit that hee which gives
Honour to others, should himselfe have grace.

From the 'Works of Samuel Daniel newly augmented,' 1601 (felio), in

50

And charitable BODLEY that hath thus Done for the good of these, and other times, Must liue with them, and haue his fame with vs. For well wee fee our groueling fortune climes Vp to that sphere of glory, to be seene From farre, by no courie else, but by this way Of dooing publique good, this is the meane To shew we were, how fram'd, of what good clay. 30 For well we see how private heapes (which care And / greedy toyle prouides for her owne endes) Doe speede with her succeeders, and what share Is left of all that store, for which it spendes It felfe, not having what it hath in vie, And no good t' others nor it selfe conferres: As if that Fortune mocking our abuse Would teach vs that it is not ours, but hers That which we leaue: and if we make it not . The good of many, she will take that paine, 40. And re-dispers th' inclosed parcelles got From many hands, t' in-common them againe. Which might aduise 'vs, that our selues should doe That worke with judgement, which her blindnesse will, And passe a State which she cannot vndoe, And haue th' assurance in our owne name still.

For this is to communicate with men
That good the world gaue by focietie,
And not like beafts of prey, draw all to' our Den
T'inglut our felues, and our owne progenie.
This is to make our giftes immortall giftes,
And thankes to last, whilit men, and bookes shall last;
This heritage of glory neuer shiftes
Nor changes Maisters; what thou leav'st thou hast.

The grounds, the lands, which now thou callest thine,

Haue had a thousand lords that term'd them theirs.

And will be foone againe pent from thy line, By fome concussion, change, or wastefull heires.

We can no perpetuitic collate

Ypon our race that euer will endure; 60
It is the worlds demaines, whereof no state

Can be by any cunning made for fure,

But at the change of Lordes for all our paine,

It will returne vnto the world againe.

And therefore did discreet Antiquitie, Heere / (seeing how ill mens private cares did speede),

Erect an euerlast[ing] Granery

Of Artes, the vniuerfall State to feede,

And made the worlde their heire, whereby their name

Holdes still a firme possession in the same. 70 Otwell given landes, wherein all the whole land

Hath an eternall share! where euery childe Borne vnto Letters, may be bolde to stand

And claime his portion, and not be beguilde.

Happy erected walles whose reuerent piles

Harbour all commers, feede the multitude:

Not like the prowd-built pallace that beguiles

The hungry foule with empty folitude;

Or onely raisde for prinate luxurie

Stands as an open marke for Enuies view,

And being the purchase of felicitie

Is Fortunes in remainder, as her due.

80

But you, blest you, the happy monuments
Of Charitie and Zeale, stand and beholde
Those vaine expences, and are documents
To shew what glory hath the surest holde.
You tell these times, wherein kind Pietie
Is dead intestate, and true noble Worth
Hath lest no heire, that all things with vs die,
Saue what is for the common good brought forth.

Which this iudicious Knight did truely note, And therefore heere hath happily begunne To shew this age, that had almost forgot This way of glory, and thereby hath wonne So much of Time, as that his memorie Will get beyond it, and will neuer die.

96

III. To her secred Maiestie.1

EERE facred Soueraigne, glorious Queen of Peace,

The tumults of disordred times I fing,

To glorifie thy Raigne, and to increase

The wonder of those blessings thou doost bring

Vpon thy land, which ioyes th' intire release From bloud and forrowes by thy gouerning, That through affliction we may see our ioyes And blesse the glorie of Elizaes dayes.

Happier then all thy great Progenitors

That ever fate vpon that powrefull Throne;
Or all thy mightiest neighbour-Genernors,
Which wonder at the blessings of thy Crowne,
Whose Peace more glorious farre than all their warres,

Haue greater powres of admiration showne; Receive these humble fruites of mine increase, Offered on th' Altare of thy sacred Peace.

¹ From 1601 folio in British Museum.

I, who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,
In quietnes, do eate the bread of rest:
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain'd
That comfort which my Muse and me hath bless,
Bring here this worke of Warre, whereby was gain'd
This blessed Vnion which these wounds redress,
That sacred Concord which prepar'd the way
Of glory for thee onely to enjoy.

Whereto if these my Labors shall attaine,
And which, if Fortune giue me leaue to end,
It will not be the least worke of thy Raigne,
Nor that which least thy glory shall commend,
Nor shall I hereby vainely entertaine
Thy Land, with ydle shadowes to no end,
But by thy Peace, teach what thy blessings are,
The more t'abhorre this execrable warre.

30

IV. AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF SAMUEL

Danyel sent to Lord Keeper Egerton with a present of his Works newly augmented, 1601, extant in the Bridgewater Library.¹

IGHT HONOURABLE,

Amongst all the great workes of your Worthynes, it will not be the least that you have done for me in the preferment of my brother, with 10 whome yet now sometimes I may eat, whilst I write, and so go on with

the worke I haue in hand which God knowes had long fince been ended, and your Honour had had that which in my haste I haue prepared for you, could I haue but sustayned myself, and made truce within, and peace with the world.

But such hath been my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of men, I have been constrayned to live with children, and contrary to myne 20 owne spirit, putt out of that scene, which nature had made my parte; for could I but live to bring this labour of mine to the Union of Henry, I should have the end of all my ambition in this life, and the utmost of my desires; for therein, if wordes can work any

thing vppon the affections of men, I will labour to give the best hand I can to the perpetuall closing vp of these woundes, and to my keeping them so, that our land may lothe to look over those blessed boundes, which the providence of God hath set us, into the 30 horror and consussion of surther and sormer clymes: and though I know the greatnes of the worke require a greater spirit than myne, yet we see that in theas frames of motions, little wheels move the greater, and so by degrees turne about the whole; and God knowes what so poore a muse as myne may worke upon the affections of men.

But however I shall herein shew my zeal to my country, and to do that which my soule tells me is sit; and to this end do I propose to retyre me to my pore 40 home, and not again to see you till I have paid your Honor my voues; and will only pray that England, which so much needes you, may long enjoy the treasure of your counsell, and that it be not driven to complayne with that good Roman: Videmus quibus extinctis jurisperitis, quam in paucis nunc spes, quam in paucigribus facultas, quam in multis audacia.

And for this comfort I have received from your goodness, I must and ever will remayne your Honour's in all &c.

I am, &c.,

SAMUEL DANYEL.

50

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Egerton, Knt., Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England.

V. To the Reager.1

EHOLD once more with ferious labor here

Haue I refurnisht out this little frame,

Repaird some parts defective here and there,

And passages new added to the same:

Some rooms inlargd, made some less the they were Like to the curious builder who this yeare Puls downe, and alters what he did the last, As if the thing in doing were more deere Then being done, & nothing likes that past.

For that we ever make the latter day. The scholler of the former, and we find Something is still amisse that must delay. Our busines, and leave worke for vs behinde, As if there were no saboath of the minde. And howsoever be it, well or ill What I have done, it is mine owne, I may Do whatsoever therewithall I will.

¹ From "Certaine Small Werkes Heretofore Divulged by Samvel Daniel, one of the Groomes of the Queenes Maiesties Privie Chamber, & now againe by him corrected and augmented. Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus. At London. Pricted by I. W. for Simon Waterson. 1607." (12°).

50

I may pull downe, raise, and reedifie: It is the building of my life, the fee 20 Of Nature, all th' inheritance that I Shall leaue to those which must come after me; And all the care I have is but to fee Those lodgings of m' affections neatly drest, Wherein so many noble friends there be Whose memories with mine must therein rest. And glad I am that I have liud to fee This edifice reflewd, who doo but long To live t' amend. For man is a tree That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long 30 Before he come t' his taste; there doth belong So much t' experience, and so infinite The faces of things are, as hardly we Discerne which lookes the likest vnto right.

Befides these curious times, stus d with the store Of copositions in this kind, to drive Me to examine my desects the more, And oft would make me not my self believe, Did I not know the world wherein I live:

Which neither is so wise, as that would seeme 40 Nor certaine judgement of those things doth give That it disliks, nor that it doth esteeme.

I know no work from man yet euer came
But had his marke, and by some error shewd
That it was his, and yet what in the same
Was rare, and worthy, euermore allowd
Safe couoy for the rest: the good thats sow'd
Though rarely paies our cost, & who so lookt
T' haue all thinges in perfection, & in frame
In mens inuentions, neuer must read books.

And howfoeuer here detraction may Disvalew this my labour, yet I know There will be found therein, that which wil pay The reckning for the errors which I owe, And likewise will sufficiently allow T' an vndistasted iudgement fit delight, And let presumptuous selse-opinion say The woorst it can, I know I shall have right.

I know I shalbe read among the rest So long as men speake english, and so long As verse and vertue, shal be in request, Or grace to honest industry belong: And England since I vie thy present tongue, Thy forme of speech, thou must be my defece If to new eares it seemes not well exprest; For though I hold not accent I hold fence.

бо

80

And fince the measures of our tong we see Confirmd, by no edict of power doth rest But onely vnderneath the regencie 70 Of vie and fashion, which may be the best Is not for my poore forces to contest: But as the Peacock, seeing himselfe to weake, Confest the Eagle fairer farre to be, And yet not in his feathers but his beake; Authoritie of powerfull censure may Prejudicate the forme wherein we mould This matter of our spirite, but if it pay The eare with substance, we have what wee wold, For that is all which must our credit hold. The rest (how euer gay, or seeming rich It be in fashion wise men will not wey),

The stamp will not allowe it but the touch.

And would to God that nothing falty were But only that poore accent in my verse, Or that I could all other recknings cleere Wherwith my heart stands charg'd, or might reverse

The errors of my iudgmēt passed here, Or els where, in my bookes, and vnrehearce What I haue vainely said, or haue addrest Vnto neglect, mistaken in the rest.

90

Which I do hope to live yet to retract And crave that England never will take note That it was mine. Ile disauow mine act, And wish it may for ever be forgot. I trust the world will not of me exact Against my will, that hath all els I wrote. I will aske nothing therein for my paine But onely to have in mine owne againe.

99

TO THE HIGH AND MOST IL-

lustrious Prince CHARLES His Excellence.1

SIR:

Resents to gods were offered by the hands of graces; and why not those of great Princes, by those of the Muses? To you therefore Great Prince of Honor, and Honor of Princes; I ioyntly present Poesie and Musicke: in the one the Service 10

of my defunct Brother, in the other, the duty of my selfc living, in both the devotion of two Brothers, your Highnes Humble servants. Your Excellence then who is of such recommendable fame, with all Nations, for the curiosity of your rare Spirit to understand, and ability of Knowledge to indge of all things, I humbly invite; leaving the Songs of his Muse, who living so sweetly chanted the glory of your High Name: Sacred is the fame of Poets, Sacred the name of Princes; To which

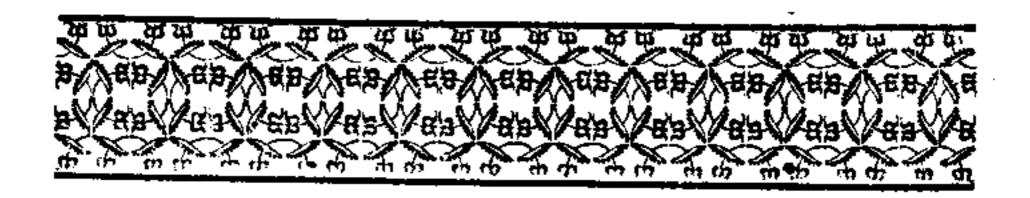
Humbly bowes, and vowes

Himself, euer your

Highnesse Seruant,

Iohn Daniel.

¹ From the 'Works' of 1623 (4°).



THE WHOLE WHORKES OF

SAMVEL DANIEL Esquire in Poetrie.



LONDON,

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for SIMON WATERSON, and are to be fold at his shoppe in *Paules* Church-yard, at the Signe of the Crowne, 1623.



The title-page of the Quarto of 1623 is given on other side, as it is our foundation-text. See Prefatory Note and Memorial-Introduction.—G.

SONNETS TO DELIA. 1592.

NOTE.

The 'Sonnets to Delia' and 'Complaint of Rosamond,' as having been the Poet's first verse-publication, as well as perhaps his most abiding proofs of his faculty, take inevitably the foremost places in any critical reproduction of his Boems. The publication of the Sonnets was in a manner forced, if we are to credit the Author's statement in his preface to the first edition (1592). The reference is to the quasi-surreptitious edition of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella' of 1591, the "rascally bookseller" being Thomas Newman, and the editor moless than Thomas Nashe. To this now very rare volume were "added sundry other rare Sonnets of diucrs Noblemen and Gentlemen." The larger proportion consists of twenty-seven of Daniel's Sonnets to Delia. Full details of these in the sequel of this Note.

The following is the original title-page, which is within a pretty wood-cut border:—

Delia.

Contayning certayne
Sonnets: with the
complaint of
Rofamond.

 (\cdot,\cdot)

Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.



AT LONDON.

Printed by I. C. for Simon Waterfold, dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Crowne.

1592.

On verso is this Note:-

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, I pray thee correct these faultes escaped in the printing, finding them as they are noted heere following.

Sonnet 5. most unkindest, read sweete unkindest.

Sonnet 14. Yer least, read Yet least.

Sonnet 20. defires, read defiers.

Sonnet 36. yee, read yee

Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow.

Sonnet 44. tunres, read turnes.

The second edition was issued in the same year, though not so marked. As the above errata are found corrected in it, we are guided to distinguish it from the other, as second, not first. The following is its title-page, which is within a somewhat poor architectural design, with two tiny miniatures in top corners (a man and a woman), and flowers in the bottom corners. The dove, = Holy Spirit, is above in arch, and the legend $\Delta \omega$, etc.:—

ΔΙΟΣ ΑΙΓΙΟΧΙΟΝ DELIA.

Containing certaine Sonnets: with the complaynt of Rofamond.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumul-

tus.

1592

AT LONDON
Printed by J. C. for S.

Watersonne,

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his "Bibliography of Old English Literature' (s.n.), describes a third edition, also of 1592. There was none such. He has confounded the actual first edidon with the second, and mis-entered the first, and made a third out of the second. He and others also prove to be mistaken in asserting that an exemplar of the first edition (entered by Hazlit as second) is at Chatsworth. His Grace the Duke of Levenshire

Fortunately a perfect copy of the first and an only slightly imperfect copy of the second edition, exist in the Bodleian (Malone and Tanner books). A third edition, in a very charming little volume (18mo), was published in 1594. Its title-page, within a miniature copy of the title-page of 1592, second edition, is as follows:

DELIA

and

ROSAMOND

Bugmented.

CLEOPATRA.

By
Samuel Daniel,

Ætas prima cenat veneres postrema tumul-

tus.

1594.

Printed at London for Simon Water fon, and are to be fold in Paules Church-yarde at the figne of the Crowne.

On verso of Sonnet to Countess of Pembroke:—
Gentle Reader correct these
faultes escaped in the
printing.

Sonnet 18. lyne 3. for error, reade terror.

G 1. page 2. for Condemning, read Conducting.

In L. page 16. Marke the Speaker, and read thus

The inflice of the heavens revenging thus,

Doth onely fatisfie it felse, not vs.

In the last chorus, for care, reade cure.

A careful collation shows that these three editions were all Daniel himself supervised throughout. Later texts give a few isolated and verbal changes, but the little volume of 1794 was evidently meant to be the ultimate text. Accordingly, at the bottom of each page of our edition of the 'Sonnets to Delia,' there are furnished the various readings and other alterations of these three editions, respectively designated 5, 3, 3;

and also such as occur in the folios of the 'Works' of 1601 and 1602 (quite distinct), these again being designated respectively', a. It is to be understood that wherever', are not adduced they agree with our own foundation-text of 1623. It has been my anxious endeavour to record everything in any way noticeable, not however noting all mere orthographic changes or minor punctuations. The following table gives the contents and varying arrangement of the five editions named:—

1592—FIRST EDITION.

- I. Title and errata (verso).
- II. Prose-epistle to Countess of Pembroke.

```
Sonnet I. Vnto...
                               so 1594, 1601, and 1602.
        2. Goe ...
        3. If...
                                        13
        4. Thefe...
                                                   "
        5. Whilst...
                                                   **
       6. Faire...
        7. O had she...
                                        **
                                                   22
        8. Thou poore...
        9. If thus...
                                        33
                                                   "
       10. O then...
                                        **
       11. Teares...
      12. My spottes...
      13. Behold...
                                        "
                                                   "
      14. Those amber...
                                        "
                                                   "
      15. If that...
                                                   75
                                        "
      16. Happie...
                                                             [and 17 is 18.
                               in 1594 and 1601-2, 17 Why should I sing.
       17. Since...
      18. Restore...
                               in 1594 is 19 19 and 20 in ', 'What, etc.
      19. If Beautie ...
                                             21 in ', '.
                                   "
      20. Come death...
                                          2I 22
                                   "
      21. Those forrdwing...
                                          22
                                               24
                                   ,,
      22. False hope...
                                         ,23
                                              -25
                                                     "
                                   >5 .
      23. Looke...
                                               26
                                          24
                                   "
      24. If I in vaine...
                                          28—not in 4, 5,
                                   "
      25. Raigne...
                                         '25 27 in 4, 3.
                                   "
      26. Whilft...
                                          26 27 is 27 of 2, and 28 in 4, 5.
                                   "
      27. The starre...
                                          29 31 in 4, 5,
                                   19
      28. Rayimg...
                                          30 And yet... 28 is 31, and in 4, 5
                                   ,,
      29. O why...
                                              34 in ', *.
                                          32
                                                                     [is 33.
                                   ,,
      30. I once...
                                          33
                                               35
                                 . 11
```

```
Sonnet 31. Looke...
                             in 1594 is 34 36 in ', *.
       32. But loue...
                                        35
                                            37
                                                                 [xxxiii.)
                                 "
                                                  **
       33. When...
                                            38
                                        36
                                                      (but
                                                              misprinted
                                                  ,,
                                 "
       34. When Winter...
                                        37 38 [sic].
                                 **
      35. Thou canft...
                                        38
                                            39 is 40 in 5.
                                 *
      36. O be not...
                                            41 in 4, 5.
                                        39
      37. Delia...
                                       40 42
                                 25
                                                  "
      38. Faire...
                                       4I
                                            43
                                 "
                                                  "
      39. Reade...
                                       42 44
                                W
                                                  "
      40. My Cynthia...
                                       43 45
                                 **
      41. How long...
                                            46
                                       44
                                ,,
                                                  "
      42. Beautie...
                                       45
                                            47
                                ,,
                                                  "
      43. I must ...
                                       46 48 🥕 "
                                "
      44. Drawne...
                                       47 O whether, etc., and 44 is 48
                                "
                                         in '94, and so 4, 5, and 50 is 51
                                         in 4, 3.
      45. Care-charmer...
                                       #9 51 in 4, 5,
                                "
      46. Set...
                                       50 As to the Roman in 51, and
                                ,,
     47. Like as...
                                       52 54 in ', 5.
                                                             [53 in 4, 5,
                                " .
     48. None...
                                           55
                                       53
                                **
                                                 "
     49. Vnhappy...
                                           56
                                       54
                                                 "
     50. Loe here...
                                       55
                                           57.
                                "
     An Ode...
                                      ibid.
                                                ibid.
     The Complaint of Rosamond...
                                                 33
     A Paftorall...
                                        "
                                                 * **
```

1592-SECOND EDITION.

```
Title, etc., and Sonnets I to 26 same as 1st edition.

27 Still in the trace...

28 Oft doe I muse...

29—30 as in 1st ed.

31 To M. P., and 27 of 1, again marked 31.

32 (numbered xxx.), My cares...

33 misprinted xxii. is 28 of 1.

34 is 30 of 1.

35 is 31 of 1.

36 is 32 of 1.

37 is 33 of 1.

38 is 34 of 1.
```

```
Sonnet 39 is 35 of 1.

40 is 36 of 1.

41 is 37 of 1.

42 is 38 of 1.

43—46 lacking in Bodleian copy.

47 is 43 of 1.

48 is 44 of 1.

49 is 45 of 1.

50 is 46 of 1.

51 is 47 of 1.

An Ode...

The Complaint...
```

Summarily, the first edition contained 50 Sonnets, the second 52, the third 55, the fourth and fifth 57, and following the third (substantially)—ours 60, exclusive of additions in the sequel of this Note from volume of 1591. In the Memorial-Introduction I make remarks on certain of the various readings and alterations and additions and withdrawals.

I would now submit the result of a collation of Thomas Newman's or Thomas Nashe's pre-publication of a considerable proportion of these Sonnets. The selection is headed as though it made a single continuous Poem thus—"The Author of this Poeme, S. D.," and commences with "Goe wayling," etc., for introduction (our Sonnet 2); and here in the outset a better reading than the Author's presents itself, viz.—'Goe wayling verse the infant of my loue' for 'infants'; and in l. 12, 'crueltie' for 'pitty' [badly], and ll. 13, 14 run—

'Knock at her hard heart: fay, I perish for her, And feare this deed will make the world abhor her.'

Then comes as Sonnet I our 1st; Sonnet 2 our 24th. Sonnet 3 was not reprinted by Daniel, but asserts its authorship. It is as follows:—

'The onely birde alone that Nature frames,
When weary of the tedious life shee lines,
By sier dies, yet sinds new life in stames:
Her ashes to her shape new essence gives.
For haplesse loe even with mine owne desires
I sigured on the table of my hart,
The goodliest shape that the worlds eye admires,
And so did perish by my proper arte.

And still I toyle to change the Marble brest Of her whose sweete *Idea* I adore, Yet cannot finde her breath vnto my rest; Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore. O blessed he that ioyes his stone and arte, Vnhappie I to loue a stonie harte.'

Sonnet 4 is our 3rd, and offers these variations:---

1. 2, ' . . . and afflicted fongs' for 'lamentable fongs.'

II. 4, 5, '... who like so me doe fare

May move them, sigh thereat and mone my wrongs.'

1 6, ' . . . my foules diftreffe.'

II. 7, 8, ' . . . you will note what is awry, Whilst blind ones see no error in my verse.'

l. 9, '... hap and errour leades.'

1. to, 'the' for 'your.'

1. 11, '... forrow reads,' o

Sonnet 5 is our 11th. In l. 1, for 'winne' it reads 'gaines,' and ll. 9-10 read-

'Though frozen will may not be thawed with teares, Though my foules Idoll skorneth all my vowes.'

I. 11, 'to deafned eares.' Sonnet 6 is our 37th, and opens, 'Why doth my Mistres,' and I. 10 reads 'the power of your face'; I. 11, 'To admire'; I. 12 (badly) 'cause' for 'case,' and closes—

'I feare your change not flower nor *Hyacinth*, Medula's eye may turne . . .'

Sonnet 7 is our 14th: l. 4 reads 'these' for 'those'; l. 6, 'stroke' for 'wound'; l. 8, 'that' for 'this fort'; l. 9, 'I list' for 'And list'; l. 10, 'this' for 'the' repeated; and l. 14, 'Ladie' for 'Delia'—showing delicacy on Nashe's part. Sonnet 8 is our 13th, and reads l. 7, 'goodliest' for 'fairest'; l. 10, 'sweete Idea' for 'sweetest grace'; and l. 13, 'O blessed he that loyes' for 'But happy,' etc. Sonnet 9 is our 27th, and yields these variations—l. 3, 'And close the way'; l. 4, 'bitter' for 'better' [very doubtful]; ll. 5-6—

'Whilest garding thus the windowes of my thought My freedomes tyrant glorying in hir art':

1. 11, 'But (ah) iweete' for 'Small is the victorie.'

Sonnet 10 is our 28th, and blunders in reading 'yeelds . . . who gaines, and 'and figh' (l. 14). Sonnet 11, again, was not accepted by Daniel, but equally again reveals its authorship. It is as follows:—

The slie Inchanter when to worke his will And secret wrong on some forspoken wight, Frames waxe, in forme to represent aright The poore vnwitting wretch he meanes to kill, And prickes the image fram'd by Magicks skill, Whereby to vexe the partie day and night: Like hath she done, whose shew bewitcht my sight, To beauties charmes, her Louers bloud to spil. For first, like waxe she fram'd me by her eyes, Whose rayes sharp poynted set vpon my brest, Martyres my life, and plagues me on this wise, With lingring paine to perish in vnrest. Nought could (same this) my sweetest saire suffice, To trie her arte on him that loues her best.'

Sonnet 12 is our 19th, and has only slight variations, e.g., L 1, 'treasure' for 'tresses,' and L 10, 'voyce yeeld to Harmonius spheares.' Sonnet 13 is another that only appears in 1591 volume, but once more is self-authenticating. It is as follows:—

'The tablet of my heavie fortunes heere,
Vpon thine Altare (Paphian power) I place;
The greeuous shipwracke of my travels deere,
In bulged barke, all perisht in disgrace.
That traitor Loue, was Pilot to my woe,
My Sailes were loose, spread with my sighs of griese,
The twine lights which my haples course did show,
Hard by th' inconstant sands of salse reliese,
Where two bright starres which led my view apart,
A Syrens voice allur'd me come so neare,
To perish on the marble of her hart,
A danger which my soule did never seare:
Lo thus he sares that trusts a calme too much;
And thus sare I whose credit hath beene such.'

Sonnet 14 is our 48th, and presents these various readings :-

- 1. 3, '... dies' for 'dries.'
- 1.6, '... the night wandring.'
- 1. 7, 'Nor euer hath his impost paid more
- 1. 8, '... my foules Queene hath euer beene.'
- Il. 9-11, 'Yet her hard rocke firme fixt for ay removing No comfort to my cares she ener gineth Yet had I louing.'

```
l. 12, 'Than to imbrace . . . . .'
      l. 13, 'I feare . . . raigning.'
Sonnet 15 is our 15th, and has these readings:-
      l. I, 'If a true . . . .'
      1. 3, 'Steruen.'
      ll. 9-12, 'If I have wept the day and fighd the night,
               Whilst thrice the Sun approcht his northern bound:
               If such a faith hath euer wrought aright,
               And well deferud, and yet no fauor found.'
      ll. 13-14, . . . . the whole world it may see
                  . . . . . the most hurt be.'
```

Sonnet 16 is our 18th, and only these variations occur: 1. 6, 'exacts' for 'exact,' and l. 7, 'So long and pure a faith no fauour.'

Sonnet 17 is the fourth and last of the Sonnets given by Newman and Nashe, but not reprinted by Daniel, albeit as certainly his. It is as follows:--

> ' Way but the cause, and give me leave to plaine me, For all my hurt, that my harts Queene hath wrought it; Shee whom I loue so deare, the more to paine me, Withholds my right, where I have dearely bought it. Dearly I bought that was so highly rated, Euen with the price of bloud and bodies wasting, Shee would not yeeld that ought might be abated, For all shee saw my Loue was pure and lasting, And yet now fcornes performance of the passion, And with her presence Iustice ouer ruleth, Shee tels me flat her beauty beares no action, And fo my plea and proces she excludeth: What wrong shee doth, the world may well perceive it, To accept of faith at first, and then to leave it.'

Sonnet 18 is our 29th, and gives these various readings :-l. 10, 'No comforts line, w[h]ich falling spirits erecteth'; 1. 14, 'And by her hand that . . . where I had hope to' Sonnet 19 is our 26th, and presents these:l. 2, ' thought to thought leade' c 1. 3, 'Fortunes Orphan, hers and the worlds'

```
1. 4. 'bad' for 'fad' [very poor]
      l. 6. ' . . . . . neuer funne yet.'
      1. 7, 'A pleafing griefe impressed hath . . . . .'
      ll. 9-10, 'Yet . . . must not.'
  Sonnet 20 is our 16th, but after the version in Nashes beneath in loco.
It badly reads in 1. 2 'hart' for 'hurt' and 'mooued' for 'inur'd';
in !. 6 of our 16th reads '. . . . mercy (mercie yet my merit)' which is
better; l. 9, 'Yet fince'; l. 10, 'Still forrowes'; and ll. 12-14 run:-
     'And nothing but her loue and my harts payning:
      Weep howrs, grieue daies, figh months, and still mourn yeerly,
      Thus must I doe because I loue her dearlie.'
  Sonnet 21 is also our 21st, and has these variations:-
        l. I, '. . . . bright be doubled . . . . ' [bad]
        11. 2, 5, '. . . . cannot thine through . . . .
                 And Difdaines vapers are thus . . . .
                 . . . . . to me quite darkened is,
                 Why trouble I the world then with my . . . .
        1. 7, . . . . 'ruthfull' for 'ruthleffe' . . . . [bad].
        1. 8, '. . . . my vntuned . . . .'
        1. 11, '. . . . ftill hold her most deare vntill my . . . .
  Our Sonnet 22 in Nashe's text opens-
            'Come Death the Anchor hold of al my thoughts,
             My last refort whereto my soule appealeth:
             For all too long on earth my fancie dotes,
             Whiles dearest blood my fierie passions fealeth.'
  Sonnet 22 is our 24th, and gives these various readings:—
        1. I, 'fire' for 'fmoake . . . .'
        1. 2, 'These are the . . . .'
        1. 3, 'And these my tyrants cruell minde fulfils.'
        11. 6-8, '. . . that yet respects no whit
                 My youth, vntimely withered with my teares
                 By winter woes . . . .'
        1, 11, '. . . . the bliffe . . . . .'
```

Sonnet 23 is our 9th, and offers in L I a much better reading, which we accept in text—' To paint on fluds,' on which see various readings in loco. Most of these also excellent:—

11. 3-4, 'With prone aspect still tending Sad horfor, pale greefe, prostrate despaire,'

```
ll. 6-8, 'Rise vp to waile, lie down to sigh, to . . .
                  With ceaseles toyle Cares restlesse stones . . . .
                  . . . . and mone . . . . whilst . . . . .
         1. 9, '.... to languish in such care . . . .'
         ll. 10-12, 'Loathing the light, the world, my felfe, and all,
                     With interrupted fleepes, freshe greses repaire
                    And breathe out horror in perplexed thrall.'
         I. 14, 'Loe then . . . .'
 Sonnet 24 is our 30th (from 1592 ), and gives these variations:—
         II. 2-5, 'My cares drawes on my euerlasting night
                  And horrors fable clowds dims my liues funne;
                  That my liues funne, and thou my worldly light,
                  Shall rife no nore to me: my daies are donne.
And these-
         ll. 7-8, '.... I'll goe,
                  And dreffe a bed of flowers.'
         1.9, 'why that.'
         l. 10, '. . . . fault . . . . and . . . . . '
         L 13, 'Although the world this deed of hirs may . . . .'
  Sonnet 25 is our 32nd, and thus variantly reads-
         1. I, 'my' for 'this.'
         11, 2-3, '... crying
                 . . . bloud and bloudie trying.'
         ll. 12-13, 'My Ocean teares drowne me and quench my . . .
                   Whiles faith doth bid my cruell Faire adieu.'--[bad].
  Sonnet 26 is our 59th, and thus opens, 'To' being a self-correcting
misprint for 'Lo,' and 'imprest' for 'impresse':--
              'To heare the imprest of a faith not faining,
                That dutie paies and her difdame extorteth:
                These beare the message of my wofull paining,
                These oliue braunches mercie still exorteth.'
And there are further these :---
         1. 5, '... plaints with chafte defires . . . .'
         1. 9, '. . . . poore soule) I live exild from . . . .'
         1. 11, '. . . . liberties . . . .'
```

11. 13-14, 'What shall I doo but figh and waile the while,

My martyrdome exceedes the highest stile.'

PREFATORY NOTE. 31 Sonnet 27 is our 38th, and gives these slight verbal various readings :---1. I, 'may' for 'fhall.' 1. 2, 'And may ' 1. 4, '.... power not' 1. 6, '.... the worlds eie doth' 1. 7, '... her praise to' 1. 8, '. . . . fades the flowers fed' Sonnet 28 (including the Introductory one as 1) is our 36th, and finally presents these variations: l. I, 'hope for 'hopes.' L 3, 'meane' for 'meanes,' and 'presumes' for 'presum'd.' I. 4, 'For disdaines thunderbolt made me retire.'

At the close is added, instead of the simple 'S. D.' of the commencement, these words—'Finis, Daniell.'

It may be helpful to add here, collectively, the succession of the 1591 Sonnets, together with the first lines :-

Goe wayling verse the infant of my lone,

Sonnet I. If so it hap the Off spring of my care,

- 2. These forrowing fighs, the smokes of mine annoy;
- 3. The onely birde alone that Nature frames,
- 4. Teares, vowes and prayers gaines the hardest hearts,
- 5. Why doth my Mistres credit so her glasse,
- 6. These amber locks are those same nets (my Deare)
- 7. Behold what hap Pigmalion had to frame,
- 8. Oft and in vaine my rebels thoughts have ventred,
- 9. Raigne in my thoughts, faire hand, fweete eye, rare voice,
- 10. The flie Inchanter, when to worke his will,
- II. Restore thy treasure to the golden ore,
- 12. The tablet of my heavie fortunes heere
- 13. My Ciuthia hath the waters of mine eies,
- 14. If a true heart and faith vnfained,
- 15. Since the first tooke that led me to this error,
- 16. Way but the cause, and give me leave to plaine me,
- 17. Whilst by her eies pursude, my poore heart flue it
- 18. Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,
- 19. Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
- 20. If Beautic bright be doubled with a frowne,
- 21. Come Death the anchor hold of al my thoughts,
- 22. If this be Loue to drawe a wearie breath,
- 23. My cares drawes on my euerlasting night,
- 24. The Starre of my mishape imposde my paining

Sonnet 25. To heare the impost of a faith not faining,

- 26. I once may fee when yeares may wrecke my wrong,
- 27. Raifing my hope on hills of high defire,

The critical student will perceive that saving four or five bad readings, probably from misreading the MS., the text of these twenty-seven Daniel Sonnets as printed by Newman and Nashe can hold their own against the Author's, and gives no sanction to his condemnation of the 1591 text, albeit his wrath may have been justified by the surreptitious way in which the transcript had been secured. It is well for us that these twenty-seven Sonnets were thus prematurely published. We are (so to say) admitted by them to the Poet's study, and get a vision of him at work and of the processes of his thought and emotion. The four rejected Sonnets are of special biographic interest. But the reader will find more in our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' on the various readings, etc., of the "Delian sonnetry."

It only remains to add here the line-arrangements of the three editions:-

1592—FIRST AND SECOND.	1594.
	
· 	
	
	
	
	
·	
	·

In 1594 edition, the prose-epistle to the Countess of Pembroke is canded, and a fresh Sonnet-dedication substituted. I place it after the Prose Epistle and separate from the 'Sonnets to Delia.' On the 'M. P.' and neighbour sonnet of 1592 (2nd ed.)—assigned by various to the Countess of Pembroke in flagrant error—see our 'Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical.' In the various readings and notes beneath each Sonnet a stands for the Quarto of 1623, and, as before noted, ?, ?, ?, * for 1592 1st and 2nd, 1594 3rd, 1601 4th, and 1602 5th edition.

A. B. G.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE Ladie Mary Countesse of Pembroke.

IGHT Honorable, although I rather defired to keep in the private passions of my youth, from the multitude, as things utterd to my selfe, and consecrated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some of my secrets

bewraide to the world, uncorrected: doubting the like of 10 the rest, I am forced to publish that which I never ment. But this wrong was not onely doone to mee, but to him whose vnmatchable lines have indured the like misfortune; Ignorance Sparing not to commit sacriledge upon so holy reliques. Yet Astrophel flying with the wings of his own fame, a higher pitch then the gross-sighted can discerne, hath registred his owne name in the Annals | of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that 20 my unboldned Muse, is forced to appeare so rawly in publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happie and indiciall Patronesse of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserve them from those hidious Beestes, Oblivion and Barbarisme. Wherby

you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an ever gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must survive your selfe. And if my times heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your 30 honourable favour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your konour in all observancy for ever,

Samuel Danyell.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE

Lady Mary, Counteffe of Pembrooke.1



ONDER of these, glory of other times, Onder thou whom Enuy eu'n is forst t'admyre:

Great Patroness of these my humble Rymes,

Which thou from out thy greatnes doost inspire:

16

Sith onely thou hast deign'd to rayse them higher, Vouchsase now to accept them as thine owne, Begotten by thy hand, and my desire, Wherein my Zeale, and thy great might is showne. 10

O leave not, still to grace thy worke in mee:
Let not the quickning seede be over-throwne,
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.
Whereof, the travaile I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory, (Madam) must be thine.

And feeing this vnto the world is knowne,

1 1594 A I, instead of the Prose Epistle-dedicatory of 1592 1, 2—as on pp. 33—34.



TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

Nto the boundlesse Ocean of thy beautie,
Runnes this poore Riuer, charg'd with streames
of zeale:

Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,

Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.

Here I vnclaspe the Booke of my charg'd soule,

Where I have cast th'accounts of all my care:

Here haue I summ'd my sighs, here I inrole

How they were spent for thee; looke what they are:

Looke on the deere expences of my youth,

And see how iust I reckon with thine eies:

Examine well thy beautie with my truth,

And crosse my cares ere greater summes arise.

Reade it (sweet maide) though it be done but sleightly; Who can shew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.



accepted from heading 'To Delia.'

Sonnet I. I. I, 'boundles', 2, 3, 4, 5; not in'; l. 2, 'Runs', 3, 4, 5; ibid., 'riuer', 3, 4, 5; 'Ryuer', 2: ibid., 'zeale;', 2; 3; nothing', 5—the colon accepted: l. 3, 'duetie', 2; 'duty', 3: l. 4, 'heere', 2, and so throughout: ibid., 'playnts', 'reueale, —period for nil accepted from 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: l. 5, 'booke', 2, 3, 4, 5: l. 7, 'fighes', 2, 3, 4, 5: ibid., 'enroule, 2; 'enrole', 3; 'inrole', 5: l. 8, 'Howe', 2: l. 8, 'thee; Looke', same in 3, 4, 5, but small 'l'—; for 'accepted: ibid., 'are,', 2, 3; 'field, 'thine eyes', 3; 'thine eies', 5: l. II, 'trueth', 1: l. I3, no () in 1, 2: ibid., 'maid', 3, 4, 5: ibid., 'doone... flightly', 3; 'fleightly', 5: l. I4, 'fhewe', 2

SONNET. II.

Oe wailing Verse, the Infants of my loue,

Mine wa-like, brought foorth without a mother:

Present the Image of the cares I proue,

Witnesse your Fathers griese exceedes all other.

Sigh out a Storie of her cruell deedes,

With interrupted accents of despaire:

A Monument that whosoeuer reedes,

May instly praise, and blame my louelesse Faire.

Say her disdaine hath cryed vp my blood,

And starued you, in succours still denying:

Presse to her eyes, importune me some good.

Waken her sleeping pitty with your crying,

Knocke at that hard hart, begge till you haue mou'd her,

And tell th'vnkinde, how dearely I haue lou'd her.

Sonnet 2. 1. 2, 'Mother', '?: 1. 3, 'image', '?: 1. 6, 'dispayre'; 'dispaire', '?: 1. 12, . for, after 'crying', !. 1. 12, 'that' accepted for 'her' of '?, '3, '4, '5: ibid., 'you', '2, '8 accepted for 'ye' of '4, '5, and 'yee' of a: 1. 14, after 'vnkinde' accepted from '1, '2, '2, '4, '6 ('vnkind').

SONNET. III.

These fatall Antheames, sad and mornefull Songs:
Come to their view, who like afflicted are;
Let them yet sigh their owne, and mone my wrongs.
But vntought hearts, with vnaffected eie,
Approach not to behold so great distresse:
Cleere-sighted you, soone note what is awrie,

-Whilst blinded ones mis e errours neuer gesse.

You blinded foules whom youth and errour leade,
You out-cast Eaglets, dazeled with your Sunne:
Ah you, and none but you my forrowes reade,
You best can judge the wrongs that she hath done.
That she hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdaine.

Sonnet 3. 1. 2, 'fad and mornefull', 2, 3, accepted for 'lamentable' of 3, 3 and a: 1. 4, 'yet ligh their', 2, accepted for 'Let them figh for their' of 4, 5, and 'Ah let them figh theyr' of 3: 1. 6, 'fo great diffresse', 2, 3, accepted for 'my heauinesse' of 4, 5, and a: 1. 7, qy., after 'Cleere-fighted'? but as in text in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: 1. 8, 'ones', 2, 3, accepted for 'foules' of 4, 5, and a: 1. 9, 'errours', 3, 3: 1. 11, 'Ah', 2, 3, accepted for 'Do' of 4, 5, and a: 1. 12, 'dunne', 2: 1. 13, 'doone', 2.

SONNET. IIII.

Hese plaintine Verse, the Postes of my desire,
Which haste for succour to her slow regard:
Beare not report of any slender sire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my passions limind for outward hew,
For that no colours can depaint my forrowes:

Delia her selse, and all the world may view
Best in my sace, how cares have tild deepe forrowes.
No Bayes I seeke to decke my mourning brow,
O cleere-eyde Rector of the holy Hill:

My humble accents beare the Oliue bough, Of intercession but to moue her will. These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne hart; My loue affects no same, nor steemes of Art.

Sonnet 4. l. 2, : accepted from 1, 2, 3 for, of 4, 5, and a: l. 8, 'how' 1, 2, accepted for 'where' of 3, 4, 5 and a, but not 'hath' of 1, 3: l. 11, 'craue ... bow' 1, 2: l. 12, 'Of her milde pittie and relenting will' 1, 2; 'Of interceffion to a Tyrants will' 3; 'Of interceffion but to moue her will' 4, 5, as in a. See errata of 1 in Note befork these Sonnets.

SONNET. V.

Hilst youth and error led my wandring minde,

And set my thoughts in heedlesse wayes to range: All vnawares, a Goddesse chaste I finde, (Diana-like) to worke my sudden change.

For her no sooner had mine eyes bewraid, But with disdaine to see me in that place; With sairest hand, the sweet vnkindest Maid, Cast water-cold Disdaine vpon my face.

Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,
Which still is chac'd, while I have any breath,
By mine owne thoughts, set on me by my Faire:

My thoughts (like Houndes) pursue me to my death. Those that I softred of mine owne accord, Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

Sonnet 5. 1. 4, no () in 1, 2: 1. 5, 'my view' 1, 2; 'mine eye' 4, 5: 1. 7, 'most vnkindest' 1: 1. 8, 'Castes' 1, 2, 3: 1. 12, no () in 1, 2,

SONNET. VI

Aire is my Loue, and cruell as she's faire;
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes are sunny,

Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despaire; And her disdaines are Gall, her sauours Hunny.

A modest Maide, deckt with a blush of honor, Whose feete doe tread greene paths of youth and loue, The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her: Sacred on earth, design'ds Saint aboue. Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,

Liue reconciled friends within her brow:

And had she pitty to conioyne with those,

Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now?

For had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,

My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

Sonnet 6. l. t, 'as fh'is' 1, 2, 3: l. z, - (hyphen) removed from 'brow shades' of a, not in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

SONNET. VII.

Then had no finger pointed at my lightnesse:
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
And cloudes obscure had shaded still her brightnesse.
Then had no Censors eye these lines survaid,
Nor graver browes have judg'd my Muse so vaine
No Sunne my blush and error had bewraid,
Nor yet the world have heard of such disdaine.
Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No downe-cast looke had signified my misse:
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
Did force me grone out grieses, and vtter this.
For being sull, should I not then have spoken,
My sence oppress'd, had faild, and heart had broken.

Sonnet 7. l. 1, 'For' 1, 4, 8, but in 2, 2 'O'—perhaps preferable, albeit the 'For' catches up 1. 13 of Sonnetavi.

SONNET. VIII.

Hou poore heart facrifiz'd vnto the fairest,

Hast sent the incense of thy sighs to heaven:

And still against her frownes fresh vowes repairest,

And made thy passions with her beautie even.

And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart

Tolde the dumbe message of my hidden griese:

And oft with carefull turnes, with silent Art,

Did treate the cruell faire to yeard reliese.

And you my Verse, the Advocates of Love,

Have sollowed hard the Processe of my case:

And vrg'd that title which doth plainely prove,

My faith should win, if Instice might have place.

Yet though I see, that nought we doe, can move,

Tis not disdaine must make me leave to love.

Sonnet 8. 1. 8, 'dread' MS.: 1, 14, 'leaue'—accepted for 'ceafe' of ², ³, ⁴, ⁵ and a.

SONNET. IX.

If this be loue, to draw a wearier breath,

To paint on floods, till the shore crie to th'aire:

With downeward lookes, still reading on the earth,

These sad memorials of my loues dispaire:

If this be loue, to warre against my soule,

Lie downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue,

The neuer-resting stone of Care to roule,

Still to complaine my grees, whist none relieue.

If this be loue, to cloathe me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntrodden paths to waile apart;
My pleasures horror, Musicke tragicke notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and sorrow at my hart.
If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
Then doe I loue and draw this wearie breath.

Sonnet 9. I. 1, ', ' Grop 'to' inadvertently: I. 12, 'my' : I. 14, 'O then loue I', ', ': in I. 2, Tieck stupidly proposed 'Pant' (his annotated copy of Daniel in B. Museum). 'My name is writ on water' catches up the 'cry' better. I accept 'To paint' of Newman and Nashe text of 1591: I. 6, 'me' and I. 8, 'me' at close in ', ': II. 5, 9, , inserted after 'loue.'

SONNET. X.

Hen doe I loue, and draw this wearie breath,
For her the cruell Faire, within whose brow
I written finde the sentence of my death,
In vnkinde Letters; wrote she cares not how.
Thou powre that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter louing Goddesse, worldly pleasures Queene,
Intenerat that heart that sets so light,
The truest loue that euer yet was seene.
And cause her leave to triumph in this wise,
Vpon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart
That serves a Trophey to her conquering eies,
And must their glory to the world impart.
Once let her know, sh'hath done-enough to prove me,
And let her pitte if she cannot love me.

Sonnet 10. l. 1, 'O then I loue' 1; 'O then loue I' 2, 3; l. 4, wrought' 1, 2, 3—perhaps preferable: l. 5, 'O thou' 1, 2, 3: l. 7, 'Gods'; in l. 11 period.

SONNET. XI.

Teares, vowes, and prayers, winne the hardest hart, Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I spent in vaine; Teares cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart, Prayers preuaile not with a quaint distaine.

I lose my teares where I haue lost my loue, I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded; I pray in vaine, a mercilesse to moue:

So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Yet, though I cannot winne her will with teares, Though my soules Idoll scorneth all my vowes; Though all my prayers be to so dease eares, No sauour though, the cruell faire allowes, Yet will I weepe, vow, pray to cruell shee:

Flint, frost, distaine, weares, meltes, and yeeldes we see.

Sonnet II. In I. II the: in 1, 2 obscures the continuous thought, but perhaps a, after 'though' in I. 12 is better. It is so in Nashe's text of 1591 (in loco)—accepted.

SONNET, XII.

Y spotlesse love houers with parest wings,
About the Temple of the proudest frame:
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
Which cleere our clouded world with brightest flame.
M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honor but what she can give:
My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort valesse she relieve.

For she that can my heart imparadize,

Holdes in her fairest hand what dearest is,

My fortunes wheeles the circle of her eies,

Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.

All my liues sweet consists in her alone,

So much I loue the most vnlouing one.

Sonnet 12. l. 1, 'hoouers with white' 1, 2: ll. 6, 8, 'me' at close in 1, 2; cf. Sonnet 1x., ll. 6, 8: l. 11, 'wheele' 1; 'wheele's' 2, 3, 4, 5.

SONNET. XIII.

And carue his proper griefe vpon a stone;
My heavy fortune is shuch like the same,
I worke on slint, and thats the cause I mone.
For haplesse loe even with mine owne desires,
I sigurde on the table of mine hart,
The fairest forme, that all the world admires,
And so did perish by my proper art.
And still I toyle, to change the Marble brest
Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore,
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
But happy he that ioy'd his stone and art,
Vnhappy I, to love a stony hart.
Sonnet 13. 1. 6, 'my' 1, 2: 1. 7, 'forme, the worldes eye' 1, 2—perhaps

Sonnet 13. 1. 6, 'my' 1, 2: 1. 7, 'forme, the worldes eye' 1, 2—perhaps preferable, but occurs elsewhere in these Sonnets (see Glossarial-Index s.v.).

SONNET. XIIII.

Hose snary locks, are those same ness (my Deere)
Wherewith my liberly thou didst surprize;
Loue was the slame that fired me so neere,
The Dart transpearsing were those Christall eies.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame;
Deepe is the wound my fighes can well report:
Yet do I loue, adore, and prayse the same,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this sort.
And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bond, the flame, the wound that sestreth so,
By knife, by liquor, or by salue to deale:
So much I please to perish in my woe.
Yet least long trauailes be aboue my strength,
Good Delia lose, quench, heale me now at length.

Sonnet 14. l. 1, 'amber' 1, 2; ibid., no () in 1, 2: l. 6, 'do' 1; 'doe' 2, 3: l. 13, 'Yer' 1—put in errata.

SONNET. XV.

If a fweet languish with a chast desire,
If hunger-staruen thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherisht but with fire:
And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken
To her that sits in my thoughts Temple sainted,
And laies to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open:
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighes still tending on her name;
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And she (th'vakindest maid) still scorns the same:
Let this suffice, that all the world may see
The fault is hers, thoughomine the hurt must be.

Sonnet 15. 1. 5, 'caracters' 1: 1. 8, a misprints 'Vultar': 1. 13, 'the world yet may see' 1, 2.

SONNET. XVI.

Appy in sleepe, waking content to languish, Imbracing clouds by night, in day time mourne,

My ious but shadowes, touch of truth, my anguish, Griefes euer springing, comsorts neuer borne.

And still expecting when she will relent, Growne hoarce with crying mercy, mercy giue, So many vowes, and praiers having spent, That weary of my life, I loath to liue.

And yet the Hydra of my cares renues Still new borne sorrowes of her fresh disdaine: And still my hope the Sommer windes pursues, Finding no end nor period of my paine. This is my state, my griefes do touch so neerly, And thus I liue because I loue her deerly.

Sonnet 16. l. 2, 'morne' 1, 2:

1. 8 in *.

' All things I loath faue her and mine owne anguish, Pleaf'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne. Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady, Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit; So many vowes and prayers ever made I, That now at length t' yeelde, meere pittie were it. But still the Hydra of my cares renuing, Reviues new forrowes of her fresh disdayning; Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing: Finding no ende nor Period of my payning. Waile all my life, my griefes do touch fo neerely, And thus I liue, because I loue her deerely.' So in 1, 2, but 2 in last L reads 'thus' for 'this' of 1 (error): 'myselfe' in

SONNET. XVII.

These sad neglected notes for her deare sake?

Why should I offer up vnto her name,
The sweetest facrifice my youth can make?

Why should I striue to make her liue for euer,
That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue?

Why should m'afflicted Muse so much endeuour,
Such honour unto craelty to giue?

If her desects haue purchast her this same,
What should her vertues ao, her smiles, her loue?

If this her worst, how should her best instame?
What passions would her milder sauours moue?

Fauours (I thinke) would sence quite ouercome,
And that makes happy Louers euer dombe.

Sonnet 17. First appeared in a, and is in a, a, and a.

SONNET. XVIII.

Ince the first looke that led me to this error,

To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending:

Still haue I liu'd in griese, in hope, in terror,

The circle of my forrowes neuer ending.

Yet cannot leave her love that holds me hatefull,

Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me;

See what reward he hath that serves the vngratefull,

So true and loyall love no savour gaines me.

Still must I whet my yong desires abated,
Vpon the slint of such a hart rebelling;
And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my soule did loue her,
(And that with teares) yet all this will not moue her.

Sonnet 18. 1.7, 'th' \(\frac{1}{2}, \frac{3}{2} : 1.4, no \(\frac{1}{2} \) in \(\frac{1}{2}, \frac{2}{2} \) and so throughout in them—this is XVII. in 1592.

SONNET. XIX.

Reftore thy treffes to the golden Ore,
Yeeld Cithereas fonne those Arkes of loue;
Bequeath the heavens the starres that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remove,
Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th'Ivory white,
T' Arabian odors give thy breathing sweete:
Restore thy blush vnto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honour of thy seete.
Let Venus have thy graces, her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice give back vnto the Spheares:
But yet restore thy sierce and cruell mind,
To Hyrcan Tygres, and to ruthles Beares.
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

Sonnet 19. See variations in introductory Note to these Delian Sonnets.

SONNET. XX.

Hat it is to breathe and line without life:

How to be pale with anguish, red with feare,

Thane peace abroad, and nought within but strife:

Wish to be present, and yet shun t'appeare:

How to be bold far off, and bashfull neare:

How to thinke much, and have no words to speake:

To crave redresse, yet hold affliction deare:

To have affection strong, a body weake,

Never to finde, and evermore to seeke:

And seeke that which I dare not hope to sinde:

T'affect this life, and yet this life disleeke:

Gratefull t'another, to my selse vnkinde.

This cruell knowledge of these contraries,

Delia my hart hath learnd out of those eyes.

Sonnet 20. First appeared in 4, and reprinted in 5.

SONNET. XXI.

That pitty shines no comfort to my blis,
And vapours of disdaine so ouergrowne
That my liues light wholy in-darkned is.
Why should I more molest the world with cries?
The ayre with sighes, the earth below with teares?
Sith I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eies,
Vexing with vntun'd moane her dainty eares.
If I haue lou'd her dearer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And still must hold her deare till after death,
And that all this mooues not her thoughts a whit,
Yet sure she cannot but must thinke a part,
She doth me wrong, to grieue so true a heart.

Sonnet 21 is XIX. in ', ': l. A, 'thus wholy darkned' ', ', ': l. 7, 'Since' ', ': l. 12, 'And if that all this cannot moue' ' ', 's; ll. 13, 14—'

'Yet let her say that she hath doone me wrong,

To vie me thus and knowe I lou'd so long' (', ', 's).

SONNET. XXII.

Ome Time the anchor-hold of my defire,

My last Resort whereto my hopes appeale,
Cause once the date of her disdaine t'expire:
Make her the sentence of her wrath repeale.
Rob her faire Brow, breake int on Beauty, steale
Powre from those eyes, which pitty cannot spare:
Deale with those dainty cheekes as she doth deale
With this poore heart consumed with dispaire.
This heart made now the prospective of care,
By louing her, the cruess I pine for her,
And never mercy to thy merit gives.
Let her not still triumph over the prize
Of mine affections taken by her eies.

Sonnet 22. l. 1, 'death of all my thoughtes' 1, 2, 3: l. 2, 'foule appealeth' 1, 3; 'appeales' 3: l. 3, 'For all too long on earth my fancy dotes' 1, 2, 3: l. 4, 'Whilst my best blood my younge desires sealeth' 1, 2; 'Whilst age vpon my wasted body steales' 3: ll. 5—14—

That hart is now the prospective of horror,
That honored hath the cruelst faire that lyueth:
The cruelst faire, that sees I languish for her,
Yet never mercy to my merit giveth.
This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
To tread me downe with soote of her disgrace:
Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,
And laide my lives rest in so saire a sace;
That rest I lost, my love, my life and all,
So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall '(!, 2):

in 3 l. 4 is 'That hart being made the prospective': 'Tyme' and text of a, first in 4 and reprinted in 4.

SONNET. XXIII.

Ime, cruell time, come and subdue that Brow
Which conquers all but thee, and thee too staies
As if she were exempt from Syeth or Bow,
From loue or yeares vnsubject to decaies.
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eies
That they may helpe thee to consume our daies?
Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
Being merciles like thee that no man weies?
And yet thou seest thy powre she disobayes,
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vaine,
And prodigall of howers and yeares betraies
Beauty and youth topinion and disdaine.
Yet spare her Time, let her exempted be,
She may become more kinde to thee or me.

Sonnet 23. First in 4 and reprinted in 5: 1. 13, cap. T accepted from 4, 5,

SONNET. XXIIII.

These forrowing sighes, the smoake of mine annoy,
These teares, which heate of sacred slame distils,
Are those due tributes that my faith doth pay
Vnto the tyrant, whose vnkindnes kils.
I facrissie my youth, and blooming yeares
At her proud seete, and she respects not it;
My flower vntimely's withred with my teares:
And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnsit.
She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
And so with lookes, prolongs my long-lookt ease,
As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,

Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appeare.

Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer, Once let her loue indeed, or els eye me neuer.

Sonnet 24. l. I, 'fmoakes', 2, 3: l. 2, after 'teares' accepted from 1, 2, 3: l. 3, 'these', 2; l. 10, 'ease', 2, 3, accepted for 'case' of 4, 5, and a; also the hyphen 'long-lookt': l. 14, 'eye me', 2, 5—more quaint and strong—accepted. This is Sonnet XXI. in 1592, and XXII. in 3.

SONNET. IXX V.

Alse Hope prolongs my euer certaine griese,
Traitour to me, and faithfull to my Loue:
A thousand times it promis me reliese,
Yet neuer any true essect I proue.
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her trechery,
Yet soone againe I must her backe recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often as I chase my hope from me,
Straight-way she hasts her vnto Delias eies:
Fed with some pleasing looke there shall she be,
And so sent backe, and thus my fortune lies.
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope softers me in vaine,
Hopes are vnsure, when certaine is my paine.
Sonnet 25. 1. 2, 'Traytrous'; 'Traytours'?

SONNET. XXVI.

From care to care that leades a life so bad;
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clouded brow doth make my daies so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares do neuer sleepe,
Lothsome their daies, whosh no sun euer ioyd,
Th'impression of her eyes do pearce so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.

But since the sweetest roote yeelds fruite so sowre,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part:
I loue th'effect the cause being of this powre,
Ile praise her sace, and blame her slinty heart.
Whilst we both make the world admire at vs,
Her sor disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Sonnet 26. l. 1, 'morne' 1, 2 cf. Sonnet XVI., l. 2: l. 7, 'Her fairest eyes doe penetrate' 1, 2, 8: l. 9, 'doth yeeld thus much' 1, 2, 8; *ibid.*, 'Sith' 3: l. 11, 'for that fuch' 1, 2, 8: l. 13, 'that we make' 1, 2, 8.

SONNET. XXVII.

To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart:
And shut those waies my friendly soe first entred,
Hoping thereby to free my better part.
And whilst I garde these windowes of this forte,
Where my harts theese to vexe me made her choice:
And thether all my forces doe transporte,
An other passage opens at her voice.
Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye:
My freedomes tyrants conquering all by arte.
But ah, what glorie can she get thereby,
With thee such powers to plague one silly harte.
Yet my soules soueraigne, since I must resigne,
Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Sonnet 27. From 1 and reprinted in 2, but not in 3, 4, 5, or a.

SONNET. XXVIII.

Aigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweete eye, rare voice,

Possesse me whole, my hearts triumvirate:
Yet heavy heart to make so hard a choise,
Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state.
For whilst they strive which shall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe;
They all erect their Trophies on my sall,
And yeeld me nought that gives them their renowne.
When backe I looke, I sigh my freedome past,
And waile the state wherein I present stand:
And see my fortune ever like to last,
Finding me rain'd with such a heavy hand.

What can I do but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,

And ferue all three, and yet they spoile me too.

Sonnet 28. No variations.

SONNET. XXIX.

To M. P.

Ike as the spotlesse Ermelin distrest,
Circumpassed round with filth and lothsome mud:
Pines in her griese, imprisoned in her nest,
And cannot issue forth to seeke her good.
So I inuiron'd with a hatefull want,
Looke to the heauens; the heauens yeelde forth no grace:

I search the earth, the earth I finde as skant, I view my selfe, my selfe in wofull case.

Heauen nor earth will not, my selfe cannot wake
A way through want to free my soule from care:
But I must pine, and in my pining lurke,
Least my sad lookes bewray me how I fare.
My fortune mantled with a clowde s'obscure;
Thus shades my life so long as wants endure.

Sonnets 29 and 30 appeared only in 1592 2 (E 3 and E 3 verso)—former misnumbered XXXI. as it follows XXVIII., folio 29 after folio 28. They are accepted and re-inserted. See our Memorial-Introduction on them, and specially on the 'M. P.' of Sonnet 29.

SONNET. XXXX.

Y cares draw on mine everlafting night,
In horrors fable clowdes fets my lives funne:
My lives fweet funne, my dearest comforts light,
Will rise no more to me, whose day is dunne.
I goe before vnto the Mirtle shades.
To attend the presence of my worlds Deere;
And there prepare her flowres that never fades,
And all things sit against her comming there.
If any aske me why so soone I came,
Ile hide her sinne and say it was my lot:
In life and death Ile tender her good name,
My life nor death shal never be her blot.
Although this world may seeme her deede to blame,
Th' Elisian ghosts shall never know the same.

SONNET. XXXI.

Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hawke, that flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.

Hilst by thy eies pursu'd, my poore heart flew

Into the facred Refuge of thy brest:

Thy rigor in that Sanctuary slew

That which thy fuccring mercy should have blest.

No priviledge of faith could it protect,

Faith being with blood, and flue yeares witnes sign'd,

Wherein no shew gaue cause of least suspect,

For well thou faw'ft my loue and how I pin'd

Yet no mild comfort would thy Brow reueale,

No lightning lookes which falling hopes erect:

What bootes to lawes of Succor to appeale?

Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes respect.

Then there I die from whence my life should come, And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

Sonnet 31. The heading first in ²: ll. 1, 3, 'it' at close in ¹, ², ³; *ibid.*, 'her' for 'thy': l. 2, 'bosome of my deerest' ¹, ², ²: ll. 3-14—

'She there in that sweete sanctuary slew it, Where it presum'd his safetie to be neerest.

My priviledge of faith could not protect it, That was with blood and three yeeres witnes figned:

In all which time she never could suspect it,

For well she sawe my loue, and how I pined.

And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee, No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth: What bootes to lawes of fuccour to appeale mee? Ladies and tyrants neuer lawes respecteth.

Then there I dye, where hop'd I to have liven; And by that hand, which better might have given' (1, 2, 3).

SONNET. XXXII.

The Starre of my mishap imposed this paine
To spend the Aprill of my yeares in griese:
Finding my fortune euer in the waine
With still fresh cares, supplied with no reliefe.
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee tis done,
But these weake whings presuming to aspire,
Which now are melted by thine eyes bright sun,
That makes me fall from off my hie desire.
And in my fall I crye for helpe with speede,
No pittying eye lookes backe vpon my seares:
No succour finde I now when most I neede,
My heates must drowne in th'Ocean of my teares.
Which still must beare the title of my wrong,
Caus'd by those cruell beames that were so strong.

Sonnet 32 is XXVII. of 1, XXXII. of 2, XXIX. of 3, XXXII. of 4, 5 and a: 1. I, 'payning' 1, 2: 1. 2, 'wayling' 1, 2: 1. 3, 'That neuer found my fortune but in wayning' 1, 2: 1. 4, 'my prefent woes affayling' 1, 2: 1. 5, 'her . . . fhe might have bleft mee' 1, 2; 1. 6, 'But my defires wings so high aspiring' 1, 2: 1. 7, 'Now melted with the sunne that hath possest mee' 1, 2: 1. 8, 'Downe now I fall from off my high desiring' 1, 2: 1. 9, 'doe cry for mercy speedy' 1, 2: 1. 10, 'mourning' 1, 2: 1. 11, 'helpe I . . . when now most sauour neede I' 1, 2: 1. 12, 'Th' Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning' 1, 2: 1. 13, 'And this my death christen her anew' 1, 2: 1. 14, 'And give the cruell Faire her tytle dew.'

SONNET. XXXIII.

Till in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceasses continually run on:
Seeking in vaine what I have ever sought,
One in my love, and her hard hart still one.

I who did neuer ioy in other Sun,
And haue no stars but those, that must suffill
The worke of rigor, satally begun
Vpon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
Iniurious Delia yet I loue thee still,
And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine,
Ile tell the world that I deserved but ill,
And blame my selfe t'excuse that heart of thine.
See then who sinnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or those in thy disdaine.

Sonnet 33. Not in 1, 2: first in 3 and reprinted in 4, 5 and a: 3 is so different that it must be reproduced here—

'Still in the trace of my tormented thought,
My ceaselesse cares must martch on to my death:
Thy least regard too deerlie haue I bought,
Who to my comfort neuer deign'st a breath.
Why should'st thou stop thine eares now to my cryes,
Whose eyes were open, ready to oppresse me?
Why shutt'st thou not the cause whence al did rise,
Or heare me now, and seeke how to redresse me?
Iniurious Delia, yet He loue thee still,
Whilst that I breathe in sorrow of my smart:
He tell the world that I deserved but ill,
And blame my selfe for to excuse thy hart.
Then judge who sinnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.'

SONNET. XXXIIII.

Ft do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies,

Are eyes, or els two madiant starres that shine

For how could Nature euer thus deuise,

Of earth on earth a substance so divine.

Starres fure they are, whose motions rule defires,
And calme and tempest follow their aspects:
Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects,
Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,
Whose instuence rule the Orbe of my poore hart?
Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,
In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starres then, not eyes, moue you with a milder view,
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

Sonnet 34. Not in 1, 2: first in 3, and reprinted in 4, 5, and a.

SONNET. XXXV.

And therefore Delia, tis to me no blot,

To blame through the flight,

Or blame through the fall the flight,

Did make the honour of the fall the more.

For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?

Danger hath honor, great designes their same,

Glory doth follow, courage goes before.

And though threuent oft answers not the same,

Suffice that high attempts have never shame.

The meane observer (whom base safety keeps)

Lives without honour, dies without a name,

And in eternall darknesse ever sleeps.

And therefore Delia, tis to me no blot,

To have attempted, though attaind thee not.

Sonnet 35. Not in 1, 2: first in 3 (xxx.), and reprinted in 4, 5 and a.

SONNET. XXXVI.

Aifing my hopes on hills of high defire,
Thinking to scale the heauen of her hart,
My slender meanes presum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of discaine forst me retire,
And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languish in so heauy smart,
Because th'attempt was farre aboue my art:
Her pride brook'd not poore soules should so aspire.
Yet I protest my high desiring will
Was not to dispossesse her of her right:
Her soueraignty should have remained still,
I onely sought the blisse to have her sight.
Her sight contented thus to see me spill,
Fram'd my desires sit for her eyes to kill.

Sonnet 36. 1. 4, a badly inserts 'to' before 'retire': 1. 8, 'should come so nye her' ', 2, 3: 1. 9, 'aspyring' ', 2, 3.

SONNET. XXXVII.

Hy doost thou DELIA credit so thy glasse, Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the skies:

And doest not rather looke on him (alas)
Whose state best shewes the force of murdering eies?
The broken tops of losty trees declare
The sury of a mercy-wanting storme;

And of what force thy wounding graces are, Vpon my felfe thou best mayst finde the forme: Then leave thy glasse, and gaze thy selfe on me,
That Mirror shewes what power is in thy sace:
To view your forme too much, may danger bee,
Narcissus chang'd t'a flower in such a case.
And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint;
I seare your eye hath turnd your heart to flint.

Sonnet 37. l. 1, 'O why dooth Delia . . . her' 1, 2, 8: l. 2, 'her' for 'thy' and 'thee' 1, 2, 8: l. 3, 'dooth' 1, 2, 8: l. 8, 'you . . . may' 1, 2, 3: ll. 7, 9, 10, 'your.'

SONNET. XXXVIII.

Once may fee when yeares shall wreck my wrong,
When golden haires shall change to siluer wier:
And those bright raies that kindle all this fire,
Shall faile in force, their working not so strong:
Then beauty (now the burthen of my song)
Vhose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yeeld vp all to tyrant Times desire;
Then fade those slowers that deckt her pride so long.
Vhen, if she grieue to gaze her in her glasse,
Which, then presents her winter-withered hew,
Goe you my verse, go tell her what she was;
For what she was, she best shall find in you.
Your firy heate lets not her glory passe,
But (Phænix-like) shall make her liue anew.

Sonnet 38. 1.8, 'which' 1, 2.

SONNET. XXXIX.

Ooke Delia how w'esteeme the halfe blowne Rose,

The image of thy blush and Sommers honor: Whilst yet her tender bud doth vndisclose That full of beauty, time bestowes vpon her.

No fooner fpreads her glory in the ayre,

But straight her wide blowne pomp comes to decline:

She then is feornd that late adornd the Fayre;

So fade the Roses of those cheeks of thine.

No Aprill can reuiue thy withered flowres, Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now: Swift speedy Time, seathred with flying houres, Dissolues the beauty of the sairest brow.

Then do not thou such treasure wast in vaine, But loue now whilst thou maist be lou'd againe.

Sonnet 39. l. 1, 'wee steeme' 1, 2, 3: l. 3—
'in . . . greene she doth inclose,

That pure sweete beautie, Time' (1, 2, 3):

1. 6, 'ful-blowne pride is in declyning' 1, 2, 3: 1. 8, 'So clowdes thy beautie, after fayrest shining' 1, 2, 3: 1. 10, 'blooming' 1, 2, 3: ibid., 'thy' for 'the' misprint of a—accepted: 1. 13, 'O let not their . . . riches' 1, 2, 3: 1. 14, 'loue whilst that thou' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. XL.

B Vt loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe, Now whilst thy May hath fild thy lap with flowers,

Now whilst thy beauty beare? without a staine; Now vse the Sommer smiles, ere Winter lowers. And whilst thou spreadst vnto the rising sunne,

The fairest flowre that ever saw the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy sweet be done.
And (Delia) thinke thy morning must have night,
And that thy brightnes sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close vp that which now thou show'st,
And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most invaile and shadow most.
Men do not wey the stalke for that it was,
When once they find her slowre her glory pas.

Sonnet 40. 1.7, 'thy' twice inserted in a before fweet': in ', 2, spelt 'dunne'—so frequently: 1. 12, hide it most, and couer lowest', 2, 3.



SONNET. XLI.

W Hen men shall find thy flower, thy glory passe,

And thou with carefull brow fitting alone:
Received hast this message from thy glasse,
That tells the truth, and sayes that all is gone;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madst,
Though spent thy slame, in me the heat remaining,
I that have lou'd thee thus before thou fadst,
My saith shall waxe, when thou are in thy waining.
The world shall sinde this myracle in me,

That fire can burne when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath bene thy selfe shall see,
And that thou wast vnkinde, thou mayst repent.
Thou maist-repent that thou hast scornd my teares,
When winter snowes upon thy sable haires.

Sonnet 41. l. 4, 'thee': l. 11, 'fhalt' 1, 2, 3: l. 14, 'golden heares'

SONNET. XLII.

Hen winter snowes vpon thy sable haires,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties
neere,

when darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,
And all lies withred that was held so deere.

Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limmed with a Pensill not all vnworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
Here read thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee.

This may remaine thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherrish,
These colours with thy fading are not spent,
These may remaine when thou and I shall perish.

If they remaine, then thou shalt live thereby,
They will remaine, and so thou canst not die.

Sonnet 42. l. 1, 'golden' 1, 2, 3; l. 2, 'flowers' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. XLIII.

In feeling hearts that can conceiue these lines;
Though thou a Laura hast no Petrarch sound,
In base attire, yet cleerly Beauty shines.
And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Do seele mine inward heat as great (I know it:)
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better show it.
But I may adde one seather to thy same,
To helpe her slight throughout the sairest Ile,
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou liue in an immortall stile.

For though that Laura better limned be, Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.

Sonnet 43. 1. 4, , accepted after 'attire', 2, 3.

SONNET. XLIIII.

E not displeased that these my papers should Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art: Or that my wits have shewed the Sest they could. (The chafteft flame that euer warmed hart) Thinke not (sweet DELIA) this shall be thy shame, My Muse should sound thy praise with mournfull warble: How many liue, the glory of whose name Shall rest in Ise, when thine is grau'd in Marble. Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd, Vnburied in these lines reserved in purenes; These shall intombe those eies, that have redeem'd Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes. Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee, Yet count it no disgrace that I have lou'd thee. Sonnet 44. l. 1, 'O be not grieu'd' 1, 2, 3: 4, 5 and a badly 'displead': 1. 7, 'liues' 1, 2, 3: 1. 8, 1 misprinted 'yee.'

SONNET. XLV.

Haue seene those walls which proud ambition rear'd

To check the world, how they intomb'd haue lien Within themselues, and on them ploughs haue ear'd. Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaind The spoyle of same deseru'd by vertuous men: Whose glorious actions luckily had gaind Th'eternall Annals of a happy pen.

And therefore grieue not if thy beauties die, Though time do spoyle thee of the fairest vaile That euer yet couered mortality,

And must instarre the Needle, and the Raile. That Grace which doth more then in woman thee, Liues in my lines, and must eternall bee.

Sonnet 45. l. 2, 'the which ambition', 2, 8: l. 5, 'for all that no' 1, 2, 3: l. 8, 'Annals' 1: l. 9, Why then though Delia fade, let that not move her', 2, 8: l. 11, 'mortallitie did couer', 2, 8: l. 12, 'which shall . . . trayle', 2, 3: l. 13, 'grace, that vertue, all that feru'd t' in woman', 2, 8: l. 14, 'Dooth her vnto eternitie assommon', 2, 8.

SONNET. XLVI.

Oft faire and louely Maide, looke from the shore, See thy Leander striuing in these waves:

Poore soule quite spent, whose force can do no more, Now send forth hope, for now calme pitty saues.

And wast him to thee with those louely eies,

A happy conuoy to a holy Land:

Now shew thy power, and where thy vertue lies, To saue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand. Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;

That hand that darts so right and neuer misses: I shall forget old wrongs, my grieses shall cease;

And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kisses. Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore, That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

Sonnet 46. l. 1, 'Faire and louely', ', ', ': l. 3, 'fore-spent': l. 5, a badly misprints 'wast': l. 11, 'He not reuenge . . . wrath', ', ', ': l. 12, 'For', ', ', ': ', ' print 'gius.'

SONNET. XLVII.

Read in my face, a volume of dispaires,
The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe:
Drawne with my blood, and painted with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd so.
Who whilst I burne, she sings at my soules wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her fride:
There my soules tyrant ioyes her, in the sack
Of her owne scate, whereof I made her guide.
There do these smoakes that from affliction rise,
Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame:
A facrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
Because their power serue to exact the same.
Thus ruines she (to satisfie her will,)
The temple, where her name was honour'd still.

Sonnet 47. l. 1, , after 'face' accepted ', 2, 3: l. 3, 'printed' ', 2, 3: last l., , after 'Temple' accepted ', 2, 3.

SONNET. XLVIII.

The ready handmayds on her grace t'attend:
That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer rife,
For to their flow she neuer grants an end.
Th'Ocean neuer did attend more duly
Vpon his souereignes course, the nights pale Queene,
Nor payd the impost of his waves more truly,
Then mine vnto her cruelty hath beene.

Yet nought the rocke of that hard heart can moue,
Where beat these teares with zeale, and sury drives:
And yet I'd rather languish for her love,
Then I would ioy the fairest she that lives.
And if I finde such pleasure to complaine,
What should I do then, if I should obtaine?

Sonnet 48. l. I, 'Cynthia' 1, 2: l. 2, 'attending' 1, 2, 3: a badly 'but neuer dries' from ', 3; giues the true reading 'but euer rife'—accepted: i. 4, 'ending' 1, 2, 3: l. 8, 'to her in truth haue euer beene' 1, 2, 3: ibid., 'Deitie become' 3: l. 10, 'these' accepted 1, 2, 3: a badly 'their' from 4, 5: ibid., 'driueth' 1, 2, 3: l. 11, 'for' 1, 2, 3: 'I'd' for 'I': l. 12, 'liueth' 1, 2, 3: ll. 13, 14—

'I doubt to finde fuch pleasure in my gayning,
As now I taste in compas of complayning' (1, 2, 3).

SONNET. XLIX.

A burden to my felfe, diftrest in minde:
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out dispaire, wherein they liue confinde?
When shal her troubled brow charg'd with disdaine
Reueale the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Ise that hath congeald her heart?
Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue doth sommon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deserved her loue?
I know her heart cannot but judge with me,
Although her eyes my adversaries be.

Sonnet 49. 1. 1, 'morne' 1, 2—cf. Schnet xvi., 1. 2: 1. 5, 'troubled' in errata', as dropped: 11. 13, 14—

'I knowe the cannot but must needes confesse it,

Yet deignes not with one simple signe t'expresse it' (', 2, 3).

SONNET. L.

DE Eautie (sweet Loue) is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh vpon the tender greene:
Cheeres for a time, but till the Sunne doth shew,
And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it sade that makes the fairest florish,
Short is the glory of the blushing Rose:
The hew which thou so carefully dost norish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinckles homeward to the earth,
And that in Beauties lease expir'd, appeares
The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.
But ah! no more, this must not be foretold,
For women grieue to thinke they must be old.

Sonnet 50. Il. 11, 12—

'When tyme hath made a pasport for thy seares,

Dated in age . . .' (1, 2, 3):

1. 13, 'hath beene often tolde' 1, 2, 3: l. 14, 'And.'

SONNET. LI.

Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile:
Flowers have a time before they come to seede,
And she is yong, and now must sport the while.
Ah sport (sweet Maide) in season of these yeares,
And learne to gather slowers before they wither:
And where the sweetest blossomes first appeares,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten foorth smiles to cleere the clouded aire,
And calme the tempest which my sighs doo raise:
Pitty and smiles doe best become the faire,
Pitty and smiles must onely yeeld thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my grieses are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Sonnet 51. 1. 3, 'a'-dropped by a inadvertently: 1. 5, 'Ah,' 1, 2, 3 accepted for 'And' of a and 4, 5: 1. 12, 'shall yeeld thee lasting' 1, 2, 3: 1. 13, 'I hope' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. LII.

At the Authors going into Italie.

And no remoue can make thy forrowes lesse?

Yet goe (forsaken) leaue these Woods, these plaines,
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy Loue forlorne, and both distaines:
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues.

Seeke out some place, and see if any place
Can give the least release vnto thy griese:
Conuay thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
Steale from thy selfe, and be thy cares owne thiese.

But yet, what comforts shall I hereby gaine?

Bearing the wound, I needes must feele the paine.

Sonnet 52. Not in 1,02: heading accepted from 3: l. 1, 'O Whether' 2.

SONNET. LIII.

This Sonnet was made at the Author's beeing in Italie.

My toucht heart turnes it to that happy cost:
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lies,
The leuell of my hopes defired most,
There where my Delia fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world doth smile,
Ioyes in that honor which her eyes haue wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happy Ile.
Florish faire Albion, glory of the North,
Neptunes best darling, held betweene his armes:
Diuided from the world, as better worth,
Kept for himselse, desended from all harmes.
Still let disarmed peace decke her and thee:
And Muse-soe Mars, abroad sarre softred bee.

Sonnet 53. Heading from accepted: l. 5, a badly misprints 'were': l. 6, 'fmyleth', 2, 3: l. 7, 'beautie wonne', 2, 3: l. 8, 'Th' eternall volume which her fame compyleth', 2: l. 10, 'Neptunes darling', 2: ibid., misprinted 'arme' in a.

ζⁿ SONNET. LIIII.

Are-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darknes borne:
Relieue my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my care returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The shipwracke of my ill aduentred youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.

Cease dreames, th'Images of day desires,

To modell forth the passions of the morrow:

Neuer let rising Sunne approue you liers,

To adde more griefe to aggrauate my forrow.

Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,

And neuer wake to feele the dayes disdaine.

€,

Sonnet 54. l. 5, 'morne' 1, 2, as before: l. 9, 'th' ymagery of our day' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. LV.

In aged accents, and vntimely words:
Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,
VVhich well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee, and those faire eies,
Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
VVhen yet th'vnborne shall say, Lo where she lies,
VVhose beauty made him speake that else was dombe.

These are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name against old age:
And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
Against the darke and times consuming rage.
Though therror of my youth in them appeare,
Suffice, they shew I liu'd and lou'd thee deare.

Sonnet 55. l. 13, 'they shall discougr' 1, 2, 3: l. 14, 'was thy louer' ...

SONNET. LVI.

As to the Roman that would free his Land,
His error was his honour and renowne:
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Then if he had the tyrant ouer-throwne.
So Delia, hath mine error made me knowne,
And my deceiu'd attempt, deseru'd more same;
Then if I had the victory mine owne:
And thy hard heart had yeelded up the same.
And so likewise, renowmed is thy blame,
Thy cruelty, thy glory; O strange case
That errors should be grac'd that merit shame,
And sinne of frownes bring honour to the sace.
Yet happy Delia that thou wast unkind,
Though happier far if thou wouldst change thy mind.

Sonnet 56. First in 8: 1. 14, 'yet' 3.

SONNET. LVII.

Ike as the Lute delights or els dislikes,
As is his art that playes vpon the same:
So sounds my Muse according as she strikes
On my heart-strings high tun'd vnto her same.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
VVhich here I yeeld in lamentable wise:
A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,
VVhose due reports give honor to her eyes.

Else harsh my stile, vntunable my Muse, Hoarce sounds the voyce that prayseth not her name;

If any pleasing relish here I vse,

Then judge the world her beauty giues the same.

For no ground els could make the Musicke such,

Nor other hand could giue so true a touch.

Sonnet 57. l. 1, 'that ioyes' 1, 2, 3: ll. 13, 14...
'O happie ground that makes
And blessed hand that gives so sweete' (1, 2, 3).

SONNET. LVIII.

Affected euer, but t'eternize thee:
All other honors doe my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary bee.
For God forbid I should my Papers blot,
With mercenary lines, with seruile Pen:
Praising vertues in them that haue them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no, my Verse respects not Thames nor Theaters,
Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,
But Auon rich in same, though poore in waters,
Shall haue my Song, where Delia hath her seat:
Auon shall be my Thames, and she my Song,
No other prouder Brookes shall heare my wrong.

Sonnet 58. 1. 11, 'rich' 1, 2, 3, accepted for 'poore' of 3, 4, 5, and a; also 'though' for 'and': 1. 14, 'Ile found her name the Ryuer all along'

SONNET. LIX.

Nhappy Pen, and ill-accepted lines

That intimate in vaine my chafte defire:

My chafte defire, which from darke forrow shines,

Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fire.

Celestiall fire, and vnrespecting powres

Which pitty not the wounds made by their might,

Shew'd in these lines, the worke of carefull houres,

The sacrifice here offred to her sight.

But fince she weighs them not, this rests for me,
Ile mone my selse, and hide the wrong I haue:
And so content me that her frownes should be
To m'infant stile the Cradle, and the Graue.
What though my Muse no honor get thereby,
Each Bird sings to her selse, and so will I.

Sonnet 59. I. I, 'papers', ', ', 's: l. 2, 'defiers', ', ', 's: l. 3, 'defiers, the euer burning tapers', ', ', 's: l. 4, 'fiers', ', ', 's: l. 5, 'fiers', ', ', 's: l. 6, 'That deigne not view the glory of your', ', ', 's: l. 7, 'In humble lines', ', ', 's: l. 8, 'I offer', ', ', 's: l. 9, 'fith', ', ', 's: ibid., 'fcornes her owne', ', ', 's: l. 13, 'felfe', ', ', 's.

SONNET. LX.

O here the impost of a faith entire
Which love doth pay, and her disdaine extorts:
Behold the message of a chast desire
Which tells the world how much my griese imports.
These tributary passions, beauties due,
I send those eyes the cabinets of love:
That Cruelty her selse might grieve to view

Th'affliction her vnkind disdaine doth moue.

And how I liue cast downe from off all myrth,
Pensiue alone, onely but with Dispaire:
My ioyes abortiue, perish in their byrth.
My grieses long liu'd, and care succeeding care.
This is my state, and Delias heart is such,
I say no more, I seare I sayd too much.

Sonnet 60. l. 1, 'vnfaining' 1, 2, 3: l. 2, 'That love hath paide extortes' 1, 2, 3: l. 3, 'my infl complayning' 1, 2, 3: l. 4, 'That shewes ... imported' 1, 2, 3: l. 5, 'plaintes fraught with defire' 1, 2, 3: l. 7, 'The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire' 1, 2, 3: ll. 8, 9—

' From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.

Wherein I thus doe liue cast downe from myrth '(1, 2, 3):
1. 10, 'none but despayre about mee' 1, 2, 3: 1. 11, 'perisht at' 1, 2, 3—
'perisht' accepted for 'perish' from 4, 3 and a: 1. 12, 'carres . . . will not dye without mee' 1, 2, 3: 'Finis' 1, 2, 3: 1. 14, qu.—'I've'?

The Ode and other related Poems appended will be found under 'IX. Occasional Poems.'

III.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

1592.

~ NOTE.

As shown by the title-pages of 1592 (1st and 2nd edition), the 'Complaint of Rosamond' accompanied the 'Sonnets to Delia'; and so in \$, 4, 5, and a. Our text (as throughout) is the 4to of 1623; but underneath the various readings, additions, etc., of the earlier texts ar recorded.

In 1594 edition (Malone 354) on last leaf (verso) the following notes are written:—

EPITAPHIUM.

Hic jacet in tombo Rosa mundi non Rosa munda. Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

Heer lyes intoumbd wthin this compast stone, ffayre *Rosamond*, not nowe the world's fayre rose; Who whilome sweetest smelt, follow'd by none, Doth nowe wth deadly staunch infest y^e nose.

F. L.

AND

This marble stone doth heere enclose The worlds sayre not now sweete rose, In whome too late the worlds repose Doth nowe wth stinch offende the nose.

F.d.

See Memorial-Introduction on Mr. J. Payne Collier's reprints of the early texts of the 'Complaint.'

A. B. G



THE

COMPLAINT

Rosamond.

Vt from the horror of infernall deepes, My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it, Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes, The spot wherewith my kind, and youth did staine it. My body found a graue where to containe it: A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,

For Fame findes neuer Tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worfe, my foule is now denied, Her transport to the sweet Elisian rest, The ioyfull bliffe for Ghosts repurified, The euer-springing Gardens of the blest: Caron denies me waftage with the rest. And faies my foule can neuer passe the Riuer,

10

Till Louers sighs on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe; for how should I Procure this facrifice amongst the liuing? Time hath long fince worne out the memorie Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing: Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

Rosamond hath little left her but her name, 20 And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

l. 4, accepted from 1, 2: also: after 'it' for .: l. 9, 'Elifean' 1: l. 18, ? for , 1, 2, 3,

No Muse suggests the pitty of my case, Each Pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint, Whilst others are prefer'd, though sarre more base; Shores wise is grac'd, and passes for a Saint; Her Legend iustifies her soule attaint.

Her well-told tale did such compassion finde, That she is pass'd, and I am lest behinde.

Which seene with griese, my miserable Ghost, (Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile, Which whilst it liu'd, was honoured of the most, And being dead, gives matter to bewaile,) Comes to sollicite thee, (whilst others faile)

To take this taske, and in thy wosull song
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse, Toill'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse, In others cares hath little time to vse, And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse: Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse, The ioyes depending on a womans grace, So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our Story,
And offer vp her fighs among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best.
Such powre she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to blesse the dead.

1. 27, hyphen accepted 1, 2, 3: 1. 33, 'fince' 1, 2, 3: 1. 37, 'affliction' accepted 1, 2, 3, for 'affection': 1. 43, 'deynge' 2, 2.

30

40

50

бо

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'st wight, By beauty might have comfort after death: That dying fairest, by the fairest might Finde life above on earth, and rest beneath. She that can blesse vs with one happy breath, Give comfort to thy Muse to doe her best, That thereby thou mayst ioy, and I might rest.

Thus faid: forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pitty (which my felfe could neuer find,)
What she desir'd, my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tell her mind.
And I (more willing) tooke this charge assign'd,
Because her grieses were worthy to be knowne,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my slippry state:
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them tis forbidden.

For whilft the Sun-shine of my fortune lasted, I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate That ever yet imperious beauty tasted, I had what glory ever slesh could get:
But this faire morning had a shamefull set.
Disgrace dark'd honour, sinne did cloude my brow, As note the sequell, and He tell thee how.

1. 65, : 1, 2, 3 for,

80

100

The bloud I stain'd, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me blest.
Had I had grace thaue knowne to vse the same.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
And all concurr'd to make me happy surst,
That so great hope might make me more accurst.

Happy liu'd I whilft parents eye did guide
The indifcretion of my feeble wayes,
And Countrey-home kept me from being eide,
Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest daies:
Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yeelds,
Deeming such beauty was vnsit for fields.

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes:
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I lost the floure which honour keepes,
There where the worser thriues, the better weepes;
Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy shelfe,
I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

There whereas fraile and tender beauty stands, With all assaulting powres inuironed; Hauing but prayers and weake seeble hands. To hold their honours Fort vnuanquished; There where to stand, and be vnconquered, Is to b'aboue the nature of our kinde, That cannot long for pitty be vnkinde.

1. 98, 1, 2, 3, accepted: 11. 99—105 first inserted in 4 are reprinted in 5, though left out in 1599 edition, but again in 1605.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth, With rarest proofe of beauty euer seene:
When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,
That it had powre to make the winter greene,
And floure affections whereas none had beene; 110
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw (though yeeres with cold conceit, Congeal'd their thoughts against a warme desire,) Yet sigh their want, and looke at such a baite; I saw how youth was waxe before the fire; I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre. Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then The enuie of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,

Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it;

Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing,

Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,

So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it;

So did the blazing of my blush appeare,

T'amaze the world, that holdes such sights so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet filent Rhetorique of perswading eyes:
Dombe Eloquence, whose powre doth moue the bloud,
More then the words or wisedome of the wise;

130
Still harmony, whose Diapason syes
Within a brow the key which possions move

Within a brow, the key which passions moue, To rauish sence, and play a world in loue.

What might I then not doe whose powre was such?
What cannot women doe that know their powre?
What women knowes it not (I seare too much)
How blisse or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre?
Whilst they inioy their happy blooming slowre,
Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires. 140

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke:
That new-found shame, a sinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a salsed cheeke:
Vilde staine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with desect to couer our desect.

Impietie of times, Chastities abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest:
Treason to counterfeit the seale of Nature,
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the highest.
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest,
Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wise,
And all that honour thee Idolatrise.

150

Farre was that finne from vs whose age was pure,
VVhen simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous brest:
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.
These were the weapons which mine honour wonne,
In all the conslicts which mine eyes begunne.

1. 139, 'her' (bis) 'proper fayre', 2, 3: l. 140, 'Which cheeres the worlde, ioyes each fight, fweetens th'ayre', 2, 3 (in 2 misprinted 'arye'): 15152, 1, 2, 3, for .: l. 158, : 1, 2, 3 fer .: l. 160, spelt 'wunne', 2: 'wun' 3.

VVhich were not small; I wrought on no meane object, A Crowne was at my seete, Scepters obey'd me: VVhom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subject, VVho did command the Land, most humbly pray'd me: Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd me,

Found well (by proofe) the priviledge of beauty, That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in France,
And all the triumphs of his honour wonne:

Vnmatcht by fword, was vanquisht by a glance,
And hotter warres within his breast begunne.

VVarres, whom whole legions of desires drew on:

Against all which, my chastitie contends,

VVith force of honour, which my shame defends.

No Armour might be found that could defend,
Transpearcing raies of cristall poynted eyes:
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age; (yet old men should be wise)
But shewes deceive, outward appearance lies.

Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all have suckt their mothers.

VVho would have thought a Monarch would have ever Obey'd his hand-maide of formeane estate; Vulture ambition feeding on his liver, Age having worne his pleasures out of date. But hap comes never, or it comes too late, For such a dainty which his youth found not, Vnto his feeble age did chaunce allot.

l. 163,: 1, 2, 3 for ,: and so l. 165: l. ?70, 'Tryumphing in the honour of his deedes' 1, 2, 3: l. 172, 'bosome breedes' 1, 2, 3: l. 173, 'desires seedes' 1, 2, 3: l. 174, 'opposes' 1, 2, 3: l. 175, 'The sielde of honour vertue neuer loses' 1, 2, 3: l. 184, 'a state' 1, 2,

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good,

For that some crosse still counter-checks our lucke;
As here behold th'incompatible blood,

Of age and youth was that whereon we stucke:

VVhose lothing, we from Natures breasts doe sucke,

As opposite to what our bloud requires;

For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, farelesse what is sitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the are old:
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so farre
The state of slesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great desect;
For drinking of the Lethe of mine eies,
H'is sorc'd forget himselse, and all respect
Of maiesty, whereon his state relies:
And now of loues and pleasures must deuise.
For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
And seekes all meanes to vndermine my youth. 210

200

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires:
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaste louer.
The Crowne that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then Chastities attires.
Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adornes,

Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

1. 195,; 1,2, 3 for,. <

220

And fafe mine honor stood, till that in truth,
One of my Sexe, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habit of like frailtie clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weakenesse had.
A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull Monster,
As by her words the Chaster fort may conster.

She set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That Court and age could cunningly deuise:
Th'one authentique, made her sit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to subtilise.
Both were enough to circumuent the wise.
A document that well might teach the sage,
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she) behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'st thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (vnhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T'oppose thy selse against thine owne good fortune,
That poynts thee out, and seemes thee to importune.

Dooft thou not see, how that thy King (thy Ioue)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate:

And showers downe gold and treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doost shut thy lap against thy Fate?
Fie Fondling sie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canst not see
What is the Fortune that doth sollow thee.

l. 230, "may", 2, 3; l. 232, 'faith' 1, 2.

Thou must not thinke thy flower can alwayes flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admired;
But that those raies which all these slames doe nourish,
Cancell'd with Time, will have their date expired,
And men will scorne what now is so desired.

Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and sade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow;
I have beene faire (I must confesse the truth)
And stood vpon as nice respects as thou;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to beginne my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine.

But thou hast yeeres and priviledge to vse them, 260 Thy priviledge doth beare Beauties great seale; Besides, the Law of Nature doth excuse them, To whom thy youth may have a just appeale. Esteeme not Fame more then thou dost thy weale. Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choice) Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lists of Reputation?
Titles which cold seueritie hath sound vs,
Breath of the vulgar, soe to recreation:

270
Melancholies opinion, Customes relation;
Pleasures plague beauties scourge hell to the faire

Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the saire, To leave the sweet for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should have reap'd the glory they had sowne:
And many have it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blast this meny-headed beast,
Whereof the wifest have esteemed least.

The fubtill City-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so:
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies do;
Tis warie walking that doth saflyest go,
With shew of Vertue, as the cunning knowes:
Babes are beguild with sweets, and men with showes.

Then vie thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparant, 290
That those who see thy face can judge thy fact;
Let her have shame that cannot closely act.
And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefest arte,
For what we seeme each sees, none knowes our hart.

The mightie who can with fuch finnes dispence,
In steed of shame doe honors great bestow,
A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the scarlet sinne as white as snow.
The Maiestie that doth descend so low,
Is not desilde, but pure remaines therein:

300
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin.

l. 279, 'blafts' 1, 2: l. 291, 'the' 1, 3: l. 294, 'fees' 1, 3, accepted for 'fee': ll. 295—301 from 1, 2, 3: l. 208, misprinted 'sarelet.'

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is old? Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon; Thy pleasures want shall be supplied with gold, Cold age dotes most when heate of youth is gone: Enticing words preuaile with such a one.

Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes, For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe beganne the cumbat in my blood:
Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull Maide.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
To sell my selfe to lust, my soule to sin:
Pure-blushing shame was even in retiring,
Leaving the sacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay prostrate for my slesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakenesse gan vpbray
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say;

Ah Rosamond, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy same:
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy seete to sinne, thy soule to lust,
Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the dust?

1. 321, 'can' 1, 2. See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

Nay first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee, 330 And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead, Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree, Or seele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed; Sussing thy selfe by lust to be misled; So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires, That Clissords race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to enioy the Aire,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of Chastitie:
Longer then thou preservist thy soule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie.

Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eie,
Where Natures care such rarities inroule;
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damne thy soule.

But what? he is my King, and may constraine me, Whether I yeeld or not, I liue desamed.

The World will thinke Authoritie did gaine me, I shall be judg'd his Loue, and so be shamed:

We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.

And if I yeeld, tis honorable shame,

If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy Maide)
Whereby thy fpotlesse foote may wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou seest is laide,
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeeres cannot resclue this doubt.
Thy Youth can neuer guide thy soote so euen,
But (in despite) some scandall will be given.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile sless did weigh me downe to sin;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way:
Whereat my wretchlesse youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the Goale, the Glory and the Day.
Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,
And bade me vse the vertue of mine cies,
For sweetly it sits the saire to wantonise.

Thus wrought to finne, soone was I train'd from Court, T'a sollitarie Grange, there to attend The time the King should thither make resort, Where he Loues long-desired worke should end. Thither he daily messages doth send, With costly Iewels (Orators of Loue,) Which (ah, too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greetes me with a Casket richly wrought;
So rare, that Arte did seeme to striue with Nature,
T'expresse the cunning Worke-mans curious thought;
The mysterie whereof I prying sought,
And sound engrauen on the lid aboue,

Amymone, how she with Neptune stroue.

1. 367, 'rechlesse' 1, 2, 3.

Amymone, old Danaus fairest Daughter,
As she was setching water all alone
At Lerna: whereas Neptune came and caught her:
From whom she striu'd and struggled to be gone,
Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone;
But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go;
Tis shame that men should vie poore maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,
At those proude seete, not satisfied with prayer:
Wayling her heavy sap, cursing the day,
In act so pitious to expresse despaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more saire.
Her teares upon her cheekes (poore carefull Gerle,)
Did seeme against the Sunne Christall and Pearle:

Whose pure cleere streames (which lo so faire appeares)
Wrought hotter slames (O miracle of Loue 401
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue;)
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This having view'd, and therewith something moved, Figured I finde within the other squares, Transformed Io, Ioues deerely loued, In her affliction how she strangely fares.

Strangely distress'd (O beauty, borne to cares)

Turn'd to a Heisser, kept with iealous eyes, Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

^{1. 390, &#}x27;Beating' 1, 2, 3, accepted for 'Bathing' of a: 1. 391, 'sh'is' 1, 2, 3: 1. 404,) inserted instead of after 1. 401 at 'Loue': 1. 406, 'that' 1, 2, 3: 1. 408, 'found' 1, 2.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was showne,
Might have fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmes have made me shun mine owne.
But Fate is not prevented, though foreknowne.
For that must hap, decreed by heavenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours. 420

Witnesse the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miseries vnken'd before they come:
Who can the Characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome?
Which though perhaps haue beene reueal'd to some,
Yet that so doubtfull (as successe did proue them)
That men must know they have the Heau'ns above
them.

I saw the sinne wherein my soote was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my slesh was ventring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it.
So weake is sence, when error hath condemn'd it.
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnesse,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnesse,
And dreadfull blacke had disposses the cleere,
Com'd was the Night (mother of sleepe and seare)
Who with her sable-mantle friendly couers
The sweet-stolne sport of ioyfull meeting Louers.

11. 433-4, 'vs' 1, 2: added 'confent,' 'repent.'

450

When lo, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of lust most vndesired:
Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,
Which yeeldes no naturall pleasure when tis hired.
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But foone his age receiv'd his short contenting,
And sleepe seal'd vp his languishing desires:
When he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires:
My nakednesse had prou'd my sences liers.
Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein;
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I finde my felfe vnparadif'd,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduif'd,
My slesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning;
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.
For Nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vie of finne did worke in me a boldnesse, And loue in him, incorporates such zeale, That iealousie increased with ages coldnesse, Fearing to loose the ioy of all his weale; Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale, H'is driuen to deuise some subtill way, How he might safelyest keepe so rich a pray.

1. 454, ; added for , ; and so 11. 466, 474, 482.

470

A stately Pallace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable wayes
With such confused errours, so beguilde
Th'vnguided Entrers, with vncertaine strayes,
And doubtfull turnings, kept them in delayes;
With bootelesse labor leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,
That seru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground, 480
And all the pleasures that delight hath sound,
T'entertaine the sense of wanton eies;
Fuell of Loue, from whence lusts slames arise.

Here I inclosed from all the world asunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case:
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,
And he himselse came guided by a threed.

490

O Iealousie, daughter of Enuie and Loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle Sire;
Fostred with seares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monster, borne a subtill lier;
Hatefull vnto thy selse, lying thine owne desire:
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renue thee,
Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand Gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart;
Hundred ey'd Argus, euer waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures smart,
Enuious Observer, prying in every part;
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God that love could be without thee.

Thou didst depriue (through false suggesting seare)
Him of content, and me of libertie:
The onely good that women hold so deere,
And turnst my freedome to captiuitie,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemie.
Enioyn'd the ransome of my bodies shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the same.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it bee not feene?
Or what is't to be feene if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd?
Neuer were cheekes of Roses, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,

(Like as the Fire for heate, the Sunne for light:) 520

The faire doe hold this priviledge as due

By ancient Charter, to live most in sight,

And she that is debar'd it, hath not right.

In vaine our friends from this, doe vs dehort,

For Beauty will be where is most resort.

^{1. 515, &#}x27;vnlesse' 1, 2, 3: L 524, 'in this vse dehorting' 1, 2, 3: 1. 525 'reforting' 1, 2, 3.

Witnesse the fairest streetes that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glittring Faire:
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The sollitary Countrey may not stay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t'adorne the West.

Here doth the curious with indiciall eies,
Contemplate Beauty gloriously attired:
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To line where we are praised and most defired.
O how we joy to see our selues admired,
Whilst niggardly our fauours we discouer:
We lone to be belou'd, yet scorne the Loner.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd From Countrey-safety, from the fields of rest:
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the best:
Happy for me, better had I beene blest,
If I vnluckily had neuer straide,
But liu'd at home a happy Countrey Maide.

Whose vnassected innocencie thinkes
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liver:
Shee's deckt with truth; the River where she drinkes
Doth serve her for her glasse, her Counsell-giver; 550
She loves sincerely, and is loved ever.

540

Her dayes are peace, and so she endes her breath, (True life that knows not what's to die till death.)

1. 531, mis-spelt 'beatties,' and 1. 532, 'Delea' in a: 1. 549, ; for , inserted.

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate:
Nor had my name inrol'd with maides misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught, (through my vnhapy fate)
This Lesson (which my selfe-learn't with expence)
How most it hurts, that most delights the sence. 560

Shame followes finne, difgrace is duely giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer fo closely done:
No walles can hide vs from the eye of Heauen,
For shame must end what wickednesse begun;
Forth breakes reproch when we least thinke thereon,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden, Entring the Closet of the Pallace dweller: Abroade reuealing what is most forbidden. Of truth and salshood both an equal teller, Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her. The Sword of Instice cannot cut her Wings, Nor stop her mouth from vtt'ring secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale, From her whom such a forfeit most concerned: The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale, That she the whole of all our practise learned, And watcht a time when least it was discerned, In absence of the King to wreake her wrong, With such reuenge as she defired long.

580

5*7*0

The Labyrinth she entred by that Threed,
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Lest there by chance, reseru'd for such a deed,
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhor'd.
Enrag'd with madnesse, scarce she speakes a word,
But slies with eager surie to my face,
Offring me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her Whelpe,
Runnes siercely ranging through the Woods astray: 590
And seeing her selse deprived of hope or helpe,
Furiously assaults what's in her way,
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)
So sell she on me in outragious wise,
As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.

And after all her vile reproches vide,

She forc'd me take the Poyson she had brought,

To end the life that had her so abusde,

And free her seares, and ease her lealous thought.

No cruelty her wrath could leaue vnwrought,

No spitefull act that to Reuenge is common;

(No beast being siercer then a lealous woman.)

Here take (faith she) thou impudent vncleane,
Base gracelesse Strumpet, take this next your heart;
Your Love-sicke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With Pleasures surfeit, must be purg'd with Art.
This potion hath a power that will conuart
To naught, those humors that oppresse you so.
And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

1. 608, 'pought' 3.

What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe? 610
Tremble you (Minion?) come, dispatch with speed;
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed;
Those dainty singers needes must doe the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you else by sorce,
And triste not, lest that I vie you worse.

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on enery side I cast:
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last:
All hope of pitty and of comfort past.
No meanes, no power; no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must give my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had bin,
They must give death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in thereat,
That body which my lust did violate,
Must facrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

630

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victorie)
And leaves m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)
To whom she did her sull revenge refer.
Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

^{11. 617—770} first appeared in 3, and reprinted in 4 and 5: also in 1599 and 1605.

Then straight my Conscience summons up my sinne,
T'appeare before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soule beginne,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace;
Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,
Death in my body, Horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise gives in evidence
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchast;
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed sence,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence;
Must here the right of Heaven needes satisfie,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Here I beganne to waile my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange vnlookt for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To give me such a fall of infamy.
And poore distressed Rosamond (said I)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Desarts where no eare can heare thee mourne?

Nor any eye of pitty to behold
The wofull end of my fad tragedie; 660
But that thy wrongs vnseene, thy tale vntold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
Thy sinne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these Walles the breath of mone,
Tell th'Aaire thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy griese wherewith thy soule doth swell.

And let thy heart pitty thy hearts remorse,
And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Did'st glorious liue, admir'd and honored:
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,

To shew in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eye the starre of thy ill sate,
Making thy sace the soe to spoyle the rest?

O Beautie thou an enemie profest

To Chastitic and vs that loue thee most,
Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost?

You, you that proude with libertie and beautie,
(And well may you be proude that you be so)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie;
Would God I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I seele, to warne you by my woe,
To keepe your seete in cleanly paths of shame,
That no inticing may diuert the same.

^{1. 680 (&#}x27;ô for thys') \$: 1. 687, 'O you's.

See'ng how against your tender weakenesse still,
The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th'assaults that euer might or skill,
Can give against a chaste and cleane intent:
Ah let not greatnesse worke you to consent.
The spot is soule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priviledge what God sorbade.

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your love,
Vnder the surest keyes of seare and shame:
And let no powers have power chaste thoughts to move
To make a lawlesse entry on your same.
Open to those the comfort of your slame,
Whose equals love shall march with equals pace,
In those pure wayes that leade to no disgrace.

For fee how many discontented beds,
Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds
710
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside:
Whilst married but to titles, we abide
As wedded Widowes, wanting what we haue,
When shadowes cannot give vs what we crave.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayre;
Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to clime;
Or whither as vnprositably faire,
Whilst those decayes which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, scorned and reprou'd.

(And O what are we, if we be not lou'd?)

720

Fasten therefore vpon occasions sit,

Lest this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,

Doe ouer-take your youth or ruine it,

And cloude with infamie your beauties shine:

Seeing how many seeke to vndermine

The treasurie that's vnpossest of any:

And hard tis kept that is desired of many.

And flie (O flie) these Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The Monsters of our Sexe) that make a pray 730
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane;
And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way
Through th'wombe of their owne shame, accursed they
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of sin,
The filth of lust, vncleannesse wallowes in.

As if t'were not inough that we (poore we)

Haue weakenesse, beautie, gold and men our soes,

But we must have some of our selves to be

Traitors vnto our selves, to ioyne with those?

Such as our seeble forces doe disclose,

And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,

To lust, to folly, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of bloud and lawes,
Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight:
Vngracious agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darkenesse, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, Deuils, that doe inuite
The wanton taste of that sorbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how soule we bee.

You in the habite of a graue aspect, 750 (In credit by the trust of yeeres) can shoe
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
The faire and willie wantons how to goe,
Hauing (your lothesome selues) your youth spent so.
And in vncleannesse guer haue beene sed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you have beene the innocent betraide,
The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtill, subtill made the maide,
The husband scorn'd, dishonored the kin:
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous bin.
Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
Whilst fathers sonnes possesse wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would have vttered then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my bloud, subscrib'd with Conscience Pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
Though I could wish (by th'example of my will)
I had not left this note vnto the faire,
But dide intestate to have had no heire.

But now, the poyson spread through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my living sences quite:
And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)
Plac'd his pale colours (th'ensigne of his might)
Vpon his new-got spoyle before his right;
Thence chac'd my soule, setting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioyes could end so soone.

1. 768, 'And ô I wish': l. 771, 'The poyson soone disperc'd', 2: l. 772, 'Had', 2, 8: l. 773, 'When naught', 2; 'and naught's; hyphen inserted.

And as convaide t'vntimely funerals,

My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,

Behold, the King (by chance) returning, fals

780

T'incounter with the same vpon the way,

As he repair'd to see his dearest ioy.

Not thinking such a meeting could have beene,

To see his Loue, and seeing bin vnseene.

Indge those whom chance deprines of sweetest treasure, What its to lose a thing we hold so deere:
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
What passions seeles that heart, inforcid to beare
The deepe impression of so strange a sight,
790
That ouerwhelmes vs, or consounds vs quite?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares, Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
For forrow that vp words, wrath kept in teares;
Consus'd affects each other doe consound.
Opprest with griefe, his passions had no bound:
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speake, when mightie griefes are dombe.

At length, extremitie breakes out a way,
Through which, th'imprisoned voice with teares attended,
Wailes out a sound that sorrowes doe bewray: 801
With armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighs that to the skies ascended.
Sighs (the poore ease calamitie assorbs)
Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

l. 791, 'Tongue, pen, nor art, can neuer shew a right' 1, 2, 3: 1. 799, 'away' 1, 2 (bad).

O Heauens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy Sunne?
Why haue I light to fee my finnes controld,
With bloud of mine owne shame thus vildely done?
How can my fight endure to looke thereon?

Why doth not blacke eternall darkenesse hide,
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

What faw my life wherein my foule might ioy;
What had my dayes whom troubler still afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This fweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted;
This, that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broiles, abroade in strife.

Vext still at home with broiles, abroade in strife, Dissension in my bloud, iarres in my bed: Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life, Spending the night in horror, daies in dread; (Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)

These miseries goe mask'd in glittering showes, Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme, He drawes him neere my body to behold it. And as the Vine married vnto the Elme With strict imbraces, so doth he insold it: And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it, Viewing the face that even death commends, On sencelesse lippes, millions of kisses spends.

ends,

830

82Q

1. 807, 'Sonne' 1, 2, 3: 1. 817, 'afflicted' 1, 2.

Pittifull mouth (faith he) that liuing gauest
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish:
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
This forrowing farewell of a dying kisse;
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Motiues of Loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleepe for euer. 840

Ah, how me thinkes I fee Death dallying feekes,
To entertaine it felfe in Loues fweet place;
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And vgly Death sits faire within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of Vermillian red,
That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beautic, oh receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For loe, my soule that now already faints,
(That lou'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to over-take thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my soule doth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde:
And I will cause Posterity shall know,
How saire thou wert about all women kinde;
And after-Ages Monuments shall sinde,
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Rose of the world, that sweetsed so the same.

I. 834, 'quoth' 1, 2, 3: 1. 845, 'ougly' 1, 2: 1. 849, 'The' 1, 2.

This faid, though more defirous yet to fay,
(For forrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)
He doth represse what griese would else bewray,
Lest he too much his passions should discouer;
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer,
So farre transported that he knowes not whither,
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill togither.

Then were my Funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuife, 870
At Godftow, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honorable wife:
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Vnto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and Brasse so little lasting be.

For those walles which the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found;
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their workes should euer so consound,
Lie like confused heapes as vnder-ground.
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
The wifer ages doe account as folly.

880

And were it not thy fauourable lines
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly affignes
Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praife.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy Rime.

1. 865, 'might' 1, 2: 1. 867, 'whether' 1, 2.

Then when Confusion in her course shall bring Sad desolation on the times to come:
When mirthlesse Thames shall have no Swanne to sing, All Musicke silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet even then it must be knowne to some, That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so, And Thames had Swannes as well as ever Po.

But here an end, I may no longer stay,
I must returne t'attend at Stygian slood:
Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray,
Tell Delia, now her sigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if I passe vnto those happy bankes,
Then she must have her praise, thy Pen her thankes.

So vanisht she, and lest me to returne
To prosecute the tenor of my woes,
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne:
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene;
Who made me knowne, must make me liue vnseene.

Il. 902, 904, 'thee' added: l. 914, 'vanisht' accepted from 1, 2, for 3 and a 'vanquisht.'

iv.

A LETTER FROM OCTAUIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

1599.

NOTE

This 'Letter from Octauia' was first published in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599, and was reprinted in the folios of 1601 and 1602, and also in 1605, 1607, 1611 onward to a. Exceptionally, a collation of the successive editions reveals practically no variations.

A. B. G.



To the right Honourable and most vertuous Lady, the Lady MARGARET Countesse of Cumberland.1



Lthough the meaner fort (whose thoughts are plac'd As in another Region, farre below

The sphere of greatnesse) cannot rightly taste

What touch it hath, nor right her passions know:

Yet haue I here aduentur's to bestow Words upon griese, as my grieses comprehend; And made this great afflicted Lady show, 10 Out of my seelings, what she might haue pend.

And here the same, I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to live with thee
Most vertuous Lady, that vouchsaf'st to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto mee,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues spread,
B'ing Secretary now but to the dead.

^{&#}x27; See Memorial-Introduction for notice of this 'Fair Lady.'



The Argument.

Pon the second agreement (the sirst being broken through iealousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the Triumuiri Octauius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, & Lepidus: Octauia the sister of Octauius Cæsar, was maried to Antonius, as a lincke to combine that which nere yet, the greatest strength

of Nature, or any power of nearest respect could long 10 hold together, who made but the instrument of others ends, and delivered vp as an Ostage, to serve the opportunity of aduantages, met not with that integrity she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction, encountred with all the grievances that beate upon the misery of greatnesse, exposed to stand betwixt the diverse tending humours of vnquiet parties. For Antonie hauing yet upon him the fetters of Ægupt, layd on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new Lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe, being 20 not himselfe, but as having his heart turned Eastward, rehither the poynt of his desires were directed, toucht with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraignty could draw a man vnto: could not truly descend to the prinate loue of a civill nurtred

Matron, whose entertainment bounded with modesty, and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours, then the plaine habit of truth: wherein she ever suted all her actions, and vsed all her best ornaments of Honestie, to winne the good 30 liking of him that held her, but as a Curtaine, drawne betweene him and Octavius, to shadow his other purposes withall: which the sharpe sight of an equally iealous · ambition could soone pierce into, and as easily looke thorow, and over bloud and nature, as he to abuse it: and therefore, to prevent his aspiring, he armes his forces, either to reduce Antonie to the ranke of his estate, or else to disranke him out of state and all. When Octauia by the imployment of Antonie (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her tryall) throwes her selfe, great 40 with childe, and as big with forrow, into the trauell of a most laboursome reconciliation: taking her iourney from the farthest part of Greece, to finde Octavius, with whom her care and teares were so good agents, that they effected __ their Commission beyond all expectation: and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunity, got ouer againe into Ægvpt, where he so forgot himselfe, that hee quite put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey 50 to his pleasures, as if he had wound himselfe out of the respect of Countrey, bloud and alliance; which gaue to Octavia the cause of much affliction, and to mee, the Argument of this Letter.

56

A Letter sent from Octauia to her husband Marcus Antonius into Ægypt.



O thee (yet deere) though most disloyall Lord,

Whom impious loue keeps in a barbarous land,

Thy wronged wife Octavia fendeth word

Of th'vnkind wounds received by thy hand:

Great Antony, O let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand
The hurt thou dost, and doe but reade her teares,
That still is thine though thou wilt not be hers.

2

Although perhaps, these my complaints may come Whilst thou in th'armes of that incestuous Queene, The staine of Ægypt, and the shame of Rome Shalt dallying sit, and blush to have them seene: Whilst proud disdainfull she, gessing from whome The message came, and what the cause hath beene, Will scorning say, Faith this comes from your Deere, Now Sir you must be shent for staying heere.

From her indeede it comes, delitious Dame, (Thou royall Concubine and Queene of lust). Whose armes yet pure, whose breasts are voyde of blame, And whose most lawfull slame proues thine vniust: Tis she that sends the message of thy shame, And his vntruth that hath betraid her trust: Pardon, deare Lord, from her these sorrowes are, Whose bed brings neither infamie nor warre.

4

And therefore heare her words, that too too much Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame, Although at first my trust in thee was such, As it held out against the strongest same:

My heart would neuer let in once a touch Of least beleese, till all confirm'd the same:

That I was almost last that would believe, Because I knew me first that most must grieve.

5

How oft haue poore abused I tooke part With Falshood, onely for to make thee true? How oft haue I argued against my heart, Not suffering it to know that which it knew? And for I would not haue thee what thou art, I made my selfe, vnto my selfe vntrue: So much my loue labour'd against my sinne, To shut out seare which yet kept seare within.

б

For I could neuer thinke th'aspiring mind Of worthy and victorious Anthonie, Could be by such a Syren so declind, As to be traind a prey to Luxury:
I could not thinke my Lord would be s'vnkind, As to despise his Children, Rome and me:
But O how soone are they deceiu'd that trust, And more their shame that will be so vniust.

7

But now that certaine fame hath open laid
Thy new relapse, and strange reuolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the passage of my sorrowes free;
For now poore heart, there's nothing in the way
Remaines to stand betwixt Despaire and thee:
All is throwne downe, there comes no succours new,
It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

8

And now I may with shame inough pull in The colours I advanced in his grace,
For that subduing powre, that him did win,
Hath lost me too, the honour of my face:
Yet why should I, bearing no part of sinne,
Beare such a mighty part of his disgrace?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine:
And his renowne being clips'd, mine cannot shine.

Which makes me, as I doe, hide from the eye Of the mifiudging vulgar that will deeme, That fure there was in me fome reason why Which made thee thus, my bed to disesteeme: So that alas, poore vndeseruing I, A cause of thy vncleane deserts shall seeme, Though lust takes neuer ioy in what is due, But still leaves knowne delights to seeke out new.

10

And yet my brother Cæsar laboured,
To have me leave thy house, and live more free:
But God forbid Octavia should be led,
To leave to live in thine, though lest by thee.
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,
Are still the obiects that remember me
What Antony was once, although salse now,
And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

11

These walles that here doe keepe me out of sight, Shall keepe me all vnspotted vnto thee, And testifie that I will doe thee right; Ile neuer staine thy house, though thou shame me: The now sad Chamber of my once delight, Shall be the Temple of my pietie, Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence, Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.

I 2

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong light draw my bloud to forseit vnto shame; Nor neede I srustrate my delights so long, That have such meanes to carry so the same, Since that the sace of greatnesse is so strong, As it dissolves suspect, and beares out blame; Having all secret helpes that long thereto, That seldome wants there aught, but will to do.

13

Which yet to doe, ere lust this heart shall frame, Earth swallow me aliue, Hell rap me hence: Shall I, because dispised, contemne my shame, And adde disgrace to others impudence? What can my powre, but give more powre to same? Greatnesse must make it great incontinence: Chambers are salse, the bed and all will tell, No doore keepes in their shame that doe not well.

14

Hath greatnesse aught peculiar else alone,
But to stand faire and bright aboue the base?
What doth divide the Cottage from the Throne,
If vice shall lay both level with disgrace?
For if vncleannesse make them but all one,
What priviledge hath Honour by his place?
What though our sinnes goe brave and better clad
They are as those in ragges, as base, as bad.

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath vndiscerning custome plac'd our kind
Vnder desert, and set vs sarre below
The reputation to our sexe assign'd:
Charging our wrong reputed weaknesse, how
We are vnconstant, sickle, salse, vnkinde:
And though our life with thousand proofes shewes no,
Yet since strength saies it, weakenesse must be so.

16

Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no share
Of power to doe of lifes best benefit:
But stand, as if we interdicted were
Of vertue, action, liberty and might:
Must you have all, and not vouchsafe to spare
Our weaknesse any int'rest of delight?
Is there no portion lest for vs at all,
But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance and thrall?

17

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
To know, to fpeake, to doe, and to be wife:
Whose words haue credit, and whose deedes, though
naught,

Must yet be made to seeme farre otherwise: You can be onely heard, whilst we are taught To hold our peace, and not to exercise The powers of our best parts, because your parts Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our harts.

We, in this prison of our selves confin'd,
Must here shut vp with our owne passions live,
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find
The vent of outward meanes that might relieve:
That they alone must take vp all our mind,
And no room left vs, but to thinke and grieve:
Yet oft our narrowed thoughts looke more direct
Then your loose wisdomes born with wild neglect.

19

For, should we to (as God forbid we should)
Carry no better hand on our defires
Then your strength doth, what int'rest could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succeede the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
What foule consusion in your bloud and race
To your immortall shame and our disgrace?

20

What? are there barres for vs, no bounds for you? Must Leuitie stand sure, though Firmenesse sall? And are you priviledg'd to be vntrue, And we no grant to be dispens'd withall? Must we inviolable keepe your due, Both to your love, and to your salshood thrall? Whilst you have stretch't your lust vpon your will, As if your strength were licenc'd to doe ill.

2 I

O if you be more strong, then be more iust, Cleere this suspition, make not the world to doubt, Whether in strong or weake be better trust, If frailty or else valour be more stout: And if we have shut in our hearts from lust, Let not your bad example let them out, Thinke that there is like seeling in our bloud: If you will have vs good, be you then good.

22

Is it, that love doth take no true delight. In what it hath, but still in what it would, Which drawes you on to doe vs this vnright, Whilst feare in vs, of loofing what we hold, Keepes vs in still to you, that set vs light, So that, what you vnties, doth vs insolde? Then Love, tis thou that dost consound vs so, To make our truth the occasion of our wo.

23

Distressed woman kind, that either must For louing loose your loues, or get neglect: Whilst wantons are more car'd for then the iust, And salshood cherisht, Faith without respect: Better she fares in whom is lesse trust, And more is lou'd that is in more suspect. Which (pardon me) shewes no great strength of mind To be most theirs, that we you most vokind

Yet well it fits, for that sinne euer must Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame; For he that holdes no faith, shall find no trust, But sowing wrong, is sure to reape the same: How can he looke to have his measure iust, That fils deceit, and reckons not of shame, And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot, Shall euer pine for that which he hath not?

25

Yet if thou couldst not love, thou mightst have sem'd Though to have seem'd, had likewise beene vniust: Yet so much are leane shewes of vs esteem'd, That oft they seede, though not suffice our trust: Because our nature grieveth to be deem'd To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must, And it's some ease yet to be kindly vs'd In outward shew, though secretly abus'd.

26

But woe to her that both in shew despised And in essect disgraced, and lest forlorne, For whom no comforts are to be deuised, Nor no new hopes can evermore be borne: O Antony, could it not have suffized That I was thine, but must be made her scorne That envies all her bloud, and doth devide Thee from thy selfe, onely to serve her pride?

What fault haue I committed that should make So great dislike of me and of my loue? Or doth thy fault but an occasion take For to dislike what most doth it reproue? Because the conscience gladly would mistake Her owne misdeeds which she would faine remoue; And they that are vnwilling to amend, Will take offence, because they will offend.

28

Or hauing runne beyond all pardon quite,
They flie and ioyne with finne as wholly his,
Making it now their fide, their part, their right,
And to turne backe, would shew thaue done amisse:
For now they thinke, not to be opposite
To what obraides their fault, were wickednesse:
So much doth folly thrust them into blame,
That even to leave off shame, they count it shame.

29

Which doe not thou, deere Lord, for I doe not Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy returne Backe to thy selfe, whom thou hast both forgot With me, poore me, that doth not spight, but mourne: And if thou couldst as well amend thy blot As I forgiue, these plaints had beene forborne: And thou shouldst be the same vnto my hart Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

Though deepe doth sit the hard recouering smart Of that last wound (which God grant be the last) And more doth touch that tender seeling part Of my sad soule, then all th'vnkindnesse past: And Antony, I appeale to thine owne hart, (If th'heart which once was thine thou yet still hast) To iudge if euer woman that did liue Had iuster cause, then wretched I, to grieve.

31

For comming vnto Athens, as I did,
Weary and weake with toyle, and all distrest,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request:
And how my trauell was considered,
And all my care and cost, thy selfe knowes best:
That wouldst not move one soote from lust for me,
That had left all was deere to come to thee.

32

For first what great adoe had I to win M'offended brother Cæsars backward will? And praid, and wept, and cride to stay the sinne Of civill rancor rising twixt you still: For in what case shall wretched I be in, Set twixt both, to share with both your ill? My bloud said I with either of you goes, Who ever win, I shall be sure to lose.

For what shame should such mighty persons get, For two weake womens cause to disagree?
Nay, what shall I that shall be deem'd to set Th'inkindled sire, seeming inflam'd for me?
O if I be the motiue of this heate,
Let these vinguilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

34

With prayers, vowes and teares, with vrging hard I wrung from him a flender grant at last, And with the rich prouisions I prepar'd For thy (intended Parthian warre) made haste, Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd, But all the tedious difficulties past: And came to Athens; whence I Niger sent, To shew thee of my comming and intent.

35

Whereof, when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no neare;
Then fent I backe, to know what should be done
With th'horse, and men, and money I had there:
Whereat perhaps when some remorse begun
To touch thy soule, to thinke yet what we were,
Th'inchantresse strait stept twixt thy heart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.

She armes her teares, the ingins of deceit And all her batterie, to oppose my loue, And bring thy comming grace to a retreit, The powre of all her subtilty to proue:

Now pale and faint she languishes, and strait Seemes in a sound, vnable more to moue:

Whilst her instructed fellowes ply thine eares With forged passions, mixt with sained teares.

37

Hard-hearted Lord, say they, how canst thou see This mighty Queene, a creature so divine Lie thus distrest, and languishing for thee, And onely wretched, but for being thine? Whilst base Octavia must intitled be Thy wise, and she esteem'd thy Concubine: Advance thy heart, raise it vnto his right, And let a Scepter baser passions quit.

38

Thus they assaile thy natures weakest side,
And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy minde,
Knowing where iudgement stood least fortified,
And how t'incounter folly in her kinde:
But yet the while, O what dost thou abide,
Who in thy selfe such wrastling thoughts dost sinde?
In what consused case is thy soule in,
Rackt betwixt pitty, forrow, shame and sin?

I cannot tell, but fure I dare beleeue
My trauels needs must some compassion moue:
For no such locke to bloud could Nature giue
To shut out Pitty, though it shut out Loue:
Conscience must leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reproue
The guilt of thine offence that caus'd the same,
For deepest wounds the hand of our owne shame.

40

Neuer haue vniust pleasures beene complete,
In ioyes intire, but still seare kept the dore,
And held backe something from that sull of sweete,
To intersowre vnsure delights the more:
For neuer did all circumstances meete
With those desires which were conceiu'd before:
Some thing must still be lest to checke our sinne,
And give a touch of what should not have bin.

4 I

Wretched Mankinde, wherfore hath nature made
The lawfull vndelightfull, th'vniust shame?
As if our pleasure onely were forbade,
But to give fire to lust, t'adde greater slame;
Or else, but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passions to confound the same;
Which though it be, yet adde not worse to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine owne will.

Redeeme thy felfe, and now at length make peace With thy divided heart opprest with toile: Breake vp this warre, this brest-dissention cease, Thy passions to thy passions reconcile: I do not onely seeke my good t'increase, But thine owne ease, and liberty: the while Thee in the circuit of thy selfe confine, And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

43

I know my pittied loue, doth aggrauate Enuy and Wrath for these wrongs offered: And that my suffrings adde with my estate, Coales in thy bosome, hatred on thy head: Yet is not that, my fault, but, my hard sate, Who rather wish to have beene vnpitied Of all but thee, then that my loue should be Hurtfull to him that is so deere to me.

44

Cannot the bufie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they must intermeddle with my mone,
And seeke t'offend me with vnsought reliefe?
Whilst my afflictions labour to moue none
But onely thee, must Pitty play the thiefe,
To steale so many hearts to hurt my hart,
And moue a part against my deerest part?

Yet all this shall not prejudice my Lord, If yet he will but make returne at last; His sight shall raze out of the sad record Of my inrowled griese all that is past: And I will not so much as once afford Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac'd: And pitty shall bring backe againe with me Th'offended harts that have forsaken thee.

46

And therefore come deere Lord, left longer stay Do arme against thee all the powres of spight, And thou be made at last the wosull pray Of sull inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite: But what presaging thought of bloud doth stay My trembling hand, and doth my soule affright? What horror do I see, prepar'd t'attend Th'euent of this? what end vnlesse thou end?

47

With what strange formes and shadowes ominous

Did my last sleepe, my grieu'd soule intertaine?

I dreamt, yee O dreames are but friuolous,

And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.

Me thought a mighty Hippopotamus

From Nilus stoating, thrusts into the maine,

Vpon whose backe, a wanton Mermaide sate,

As if she rul'd his course, and steer'd his sate.

With whom t'incounter, forth another makes, Alike in kind, of strength and powre as good: At whose ingrappling, Neptunes mantle takes A purple colour, dyde with streames of bloud; Whereat this looker on amaz'd, forsakes Her Champion there, who yet the better stood: But se'ing her gone, strait after her he hies, As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

49

On followes Wrath vpon Difgrace and Feare, Whereof th'euent forfooke me with the night But my wak'd cares, gaue me: these shadowes were Drawne but from darkenesse to instruct the light. These secret figures, natures message beare Of comming woes, were they desciphered right; But if as cloudes of sleepe thou shalt them take, Yet credite Wrath and Spight that are awake.

50

Preuent, great spirit, the tempests that begin, If Lust and thy Ambition haue lest way But to looke out, and haue not shut all in, To stop thy iudgement from a true survay Of thy estate, and let my hart within Consider in what danger thou dost lay Thy life and mine, to leave the good thou hast, To follow hopes with shadowes overcast.

5 I

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toile, Possesse thine owne with right, with trueth, with peace: Breake from these snares, thy iudgment vnbeguile, Free thine owne torment, and my griese release. But whither am I carried all this while Beyond'my scope, and know not when to cease? Words still with my increasing forrowes grow: I know thaue said too much, but not enow. Wherefore no more, but onely I commend To thee the hart that's thine, and so I end.

Finis.

V,

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE

TO

THE KING

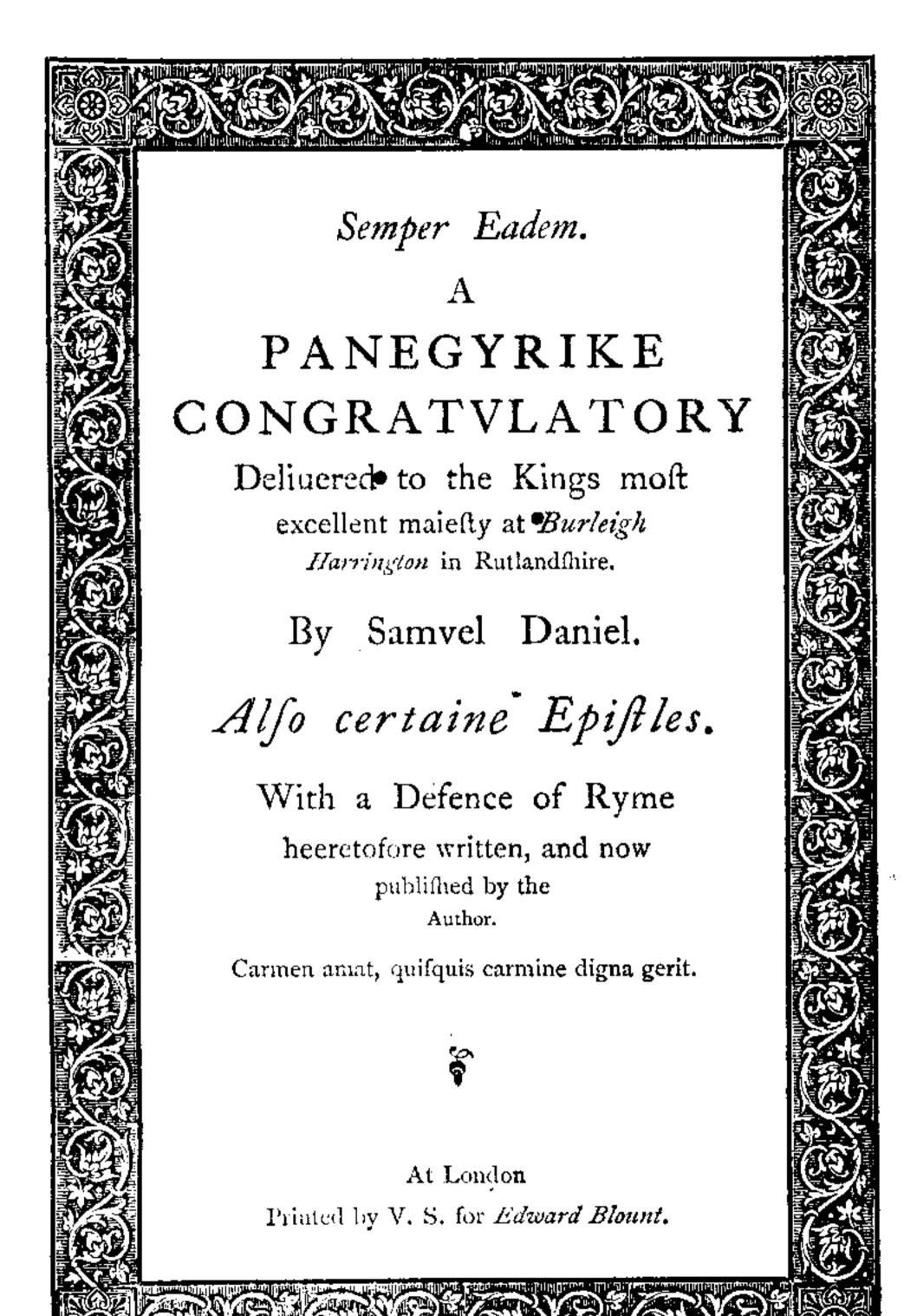
(JAMES I.).

1603.

NOTE.

In the gift-folio of 1601 in the Bodleian and other copies, this 'Panegyrike' is found, so that it was probably privately printed and presented before the King arrived in England; albeit the 1601 volume is evidently made up of earlier and later printed pieces. A holograph MS, of this 'Panegyrike' is in the British Museum (Royal MSS. A 18.72). So far as appears it was first published in 1603: - "A Panegyrike congratulatorie to the King's Maiestie; also certaine epistles."-folio [British Museum, 837 K 9 (1)]. In the same year it was re-issued with a new general title-page, and 'Defence of Ryme' added: 'Printed by V. S. for E. Blount' [Ibid. 644, K 8 (2) folio]. Another (8vo) edition bears the same date (Ibid. 1076, f. 2). It was also contemporarily reprinted at Edinburgh (4to, 1603). special title-page in the 1601 volume is given opposite this. It is within the wood-cut border of the others. Unlike his 'Delia' and 'Funerall Poeme' for Devonshire, the Author seems to have left the 'Panegyrike' unaltered, save in the slight variations and margin-note recorded in their places, and in st. 30. See our Memorial-Introduction on this 'Panegyrike.'

A. B. G.



APANEGYRIKE

CONGRATVLATORIE

to the Kings most excellent Maiestie.

I



Oe here the glory of a greater day

Then England euer heretofore could
fee

In all her daies! When she did most display

The enfignes of her pow'r, or whenas fhe

Did spread her selfe the most, and most did sway

Her state abroade, yet could she neuer be Thus blest at home, nor euer come to grow To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2

And now she is, and now in peace therefore Shake hands with Vnion, O thou mighty State, Now thou art all *Great-Britaine* and no more, No Scot, no English now, nor no debate; No borders but the Ocean and the shore: No wall of *Advian* serves to separate Our mutuall love, nor our obedience, Being Subjects all to one imperial Prince.

St. 2, 1, 3, 'great Brittaine' 1601.

What heretofore could neuer yet be wrought By all the fwords of pow'r, by bloud, by fire, By ruine and distruction; here is brought To passe with peace, with loue, with ioy, desire: Our former blessed vnion hath begot A greater vnion that is more intire, And makes vs more our selues, sets vs at one With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

4

Glory of men, this haft thou brought to vs, And yet haft brought vs more then this by farre; Religion comes with thee, peace, righteoufnesse, Iudgement and iustice, which more glorious are Then all thy Kingdomes; and art more by this Then Lord and Sou'raigne, more then Emperor Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in To more then all the pow'rs on earth can win.

5

God makes thee King of our estates, but we Doe make thee King of our affection, King of our loue: a passion borne more free, And most vnsubject to dominion: And know, that *England* which in that degree Can loue with such a true deuotion, Those that are lesse then Kings; to thee must bring More loue, who art so much more then a King.

St. 3 in a, l. 3, 'to passe' ends l. 3 (error).

б

And King of this great Nation, populous, Stout, valiant, pow'rfull both by Sea and Land, Attemptiue, able, worthy, generous, Which ioyfully embraces thy command; A people tractable, obsequious, Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand To any forme of honor, t'any way Of high attempts, thy vertues shall assay.

7

A people so inur'd to peace, so wrought
To a successive course of quietnesse,
As th'haue forgot (and O, b'it still forgot)
The nature of their ancient stubbornnesse:
Time altred hath the forme, the meanes, and brought
The State to that proportion'd evennesse,
As 'tis not like againe 'twill ever come
(Being vs'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

8

This people, this great State, these hearts adore Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee, Touch't with as pow'rfull zeale, and if not more, (And yet O more, how could there ever be Then vnto her, whom yet we doe deplore Amidst our ioy!) And give vs leave if we. Reioyce and mourne, that cannot without wrong So soone forget her we enioy'd so long.

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we holde True after death, and bring not this respect To a new Prince for hating of the olde; Or from desire of change, or from neglect; Whereby, O mighty Soueraigne, thou art tolde What thou and thine are likely to expect From such a faith, that doth not haste to runne Before their time to an arising Supne.

10

And let my humble Muse, whom she did grace, Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead, That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace, Nor that her same become dissigured:

O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace;
Let not her honour be disquieted

Now after death: but let the Graue inclose

All but her good, and that it cannot close.

II

It addes much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our loue
Runnes thus to thee, all with fo fwift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we doe remoue
Not as in motion put from out our place,
But in one course, and doe not seeme to moue,
But in more ioy then ever heretofore;
And well we may, since thou wilt make vs more.

Our love we see concurres with Gods great love, Who onely made thy way, thy passage plaine, Levell'd the world for thee, did all remove, That might the shew but of a let retaine: Vnbarr'd the North, humbled the South, did move The hearts of all the right to entertaine; Held other states embroil'd, whose envie might Have softred sactions to impugne thy right:

13

And all for thee, that we the more might praise The glory of his powre, and reuerence thine, Whom he hath raif'd to glorifie our dayes, And make this Empire of the North to shine Against all th'impious workings, all th'assayes Of vile disnatur'd Vipers, whose designe Was to embroile the State, t'obscure the light, And that cleere brightnesse of thy sacred right.

14

To whose reproch, since th'issue and successe Doth a sufficient marke of shame returne, Let no Pen else blazon their ouglinesse; Be it enough, that God and men doe scorne Their projects, censures, vaine pretendences: Let not our children, that are yet vnborne, Find there were any offred to contest, Or make a doubt to have our Kingdome blace.

Burie that question in th'eternall graue
Of darknesse, neuer to be seene againe:
Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
And t'whom all good men knew did appertaine
Th'inheritance thy sacred birth-right gaue,
That needed n'other suffrages t'ordaine
What onely was thy due, nor no decree
To be made know'n, since none was known but thee.

16

Witnesse the ioy, the vniuerfall cheere,
The speede, the ease, the will, the forwardnesse
Of all this great and spacious State, how deere
It held thy title and thy worthinesse:
Haste could not post so speedy any where,
But Fame seem'd there before in readinesse,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaime thy name;
O greater then our hopes, more then thy same!

17

What a returne of comfort dost thou bring
Now at this fresh returning of our bloud,
Thus meeting with the opening of the Spring,
To make our spirits likewise to imbud!
What a new season of incouraging
Biginnes t'inlength the dayes dispos'd to good!
What apprehension of recourse
Of greater strength, of more abilitie!

The pulse of England neuer more did beat
So strong as now: nor ever were our harts
Let out to hopes so spacious and so great
As now they are: nor ever in all parts
Did we thus seele so comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
The whole complection of the Common-wealth,
So weake before, hop'd never for more health.

19

Could'st thou but see from *Douer* to the Mount,
From *Totnes*, to the *Orcades*, what ioy,
What cheere, what triumphs, and what deere account
Is held of thy renowne this blessed day:
A day which we and ours must ever count
Our solemne festivall, as well we may.
And though men thus court Kings still which are new,
Yet doe they more, where they find more is due.

20

They feare the humours of a future Prince,. Who either lost a good or felt a bad, But thou hast cheer'd vs of this feare long since, We know thee more, then by report we had: We have an everlasting evidence Vnder thy hand, that now we need not dread Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designes Then there thou art in those judicial lines.

St. 18, l. 5, a misprints 'freely.'

2 I

It is the greatest glory vpon earth
To be a King, but yet much more to give
The institution with the happy birth
Vnto a King, and teach him how to live:
VVe have, by thee, far more then thine owne worth,
That doth encourage, strengthen and relieve
Our hopes in the succession of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

22

VVe haue an earnest, that doth euen tie
Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne
(That els no band can binde) to ratisse
VVhat thy religious hand hath there set downe,
VVherein thy all commanding Soueraigntie
Stands subject to thy Pen and thy renowne;
There we behold thee King of thine owne hart,
And see what we must be, and what thou art.

23

There great Exemplare, Prototipe, of Kings, VVe finde the good shall dwell within thy Court; Plaine zeale and truth, free from base flatterings, Shall there be entertain'd, and haue resort; Honest discretion, that no cunning brings, But counsels that lie right, and that import, Is there received, with those whose care attends. Thee and the State more then their private ends.

There grace and fauour shall not be dispos'd,
But by proportion, euen and vpright;
There are no mightie Mountaines interpos'd
Betweene thy beames and vs, t'imbarre thy light;
There Maiesty liues not as if inclos'd
Or made a prey t'a private benefit:
The hand of Pow'r deales there her owne reward,
And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

25

There is no way to get vp to respect,
But onely by the way of worthinesse;
All passages that may seeme indirect
Are stopt vp now, and there is no accesse
By grosse corruption, bribes cannot effect
For th'vndeseruing any offices;
Th'ascent is cleane, and he that doth ascend
Must have his meanes as cleane as is his end.

26

The deeds of worth and laudable defarts
Shall not now passe thorow the straight report
Of an imbasing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours shall comport:
The Prince himselse now heares, sees, knowes what parts
Honor and Vertue acts, and in what fort:
And thereto gives his grace accordingly,
And cheeres up other to the like thereby.

Nor shall we now have vse of flatterie,
For he knowes falshood farre more subtill is
Then truth, basenesse then libertie,
Feare then love, t'invent these flourishes:
And Adulation now is spent so nie
As that it hath no colours to expresse
That which it would, that now we must be faine
T'vnlearne that Arte, and labour to be plaine.

- 28

For where there is no eare to be abuf'd None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong: The infolent deprauer stands confus'd: The impious Atheist seemes to want a tongue, Transform'd into the fashion that is vs'd. All striue t'appeare like those they liue among, And all will seeme compos'd by that same square By which they see the best and greatest are.

29

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
As that without a sword, without debate,
Without a noise (or seeling in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, forme, accommodate
Thy Kingdome, people, rule, and all effect
Without the least consulsion of the State;
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seeme a change, but onely of our ill.

We shall continue and remaine all one,
In Law, in Iustice, and in Magistrate;
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy Ancestors have laid of this Estate,
Nor grieue thy Land with innovation,
Nor take from vs more then thou wilt collate;
Knowing that course is best to be observed,
Whereby a State hath longest beene preserved.

3 I

A King of England now most graciouslie,
Remits the iniuries that have beene done
T'a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie
To checke them more then his correction;
Th'annointed bloud that stain'd most shamefully
This ill seduced State, he lookes thereon
With th'eye of griese, not wrath, t'auenge the same,
Since th'Authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

32

Thus mightie rivers quietly doe glide,
And doe not by their rage their powers professe,
But by their mightie workings, when in pride
Small Torrents roare more lowd, and worke much lesse:
Peace, greatnesse best becomes: calme power doth guide
With a farre more imperious statelinesse,
Then all the swords of violence can doe,
And easier gaines those ends she tends vnto.

St. 30. We shall continue one, and be the same
In Law, in Iustice, Magistrate and forme,
Thou wilt not touch the fundamentall frame
Of their Estate thy Ancestors did forme
But with a reuerence of their glorious same
Seek onely the corruptions to resorme (1601 folio).

Then England, thou hast reason thus to cheare, Reason to joy and triumph in this wife, When thou shalt gaine so much, and haue no seare To lose ought els but thy deformities; When thus thou shalt have health and be set cleare From all thy great infectious maladies, By fuch a hand that best knowes how to cure, And where most lie those grieses thou dost endure.

34

When thou shalt see there is another grace Then to be rich; another dignitie

Nam vbi cupi. Then money; other meanes for place do divitiarum Then gold; wealth shall not now make inuasit, neque honestie; disciplina,

neque artes pollet.

benæ neque When thou shalt see the estimation base vilum satis Of that which most afflicts our miserie: Without the which, else could'ft thou neuer see

Our wayes laid right, nor men themselues to bee.

35

By which improvement we shall gaine much more Then by Peru, or all discoueries: For this way to imbase, is to instore The treasure of the Land, and make it rise. This is the onely key t'vnlocke the dore, To let out plenty, that it may fuffice: For more then all this Ile, for more increase Of subjects then by thee, there can increase.

3б

This shall make roome and place enough for all, Which otherwise would not suffice a sew, And by proportion Geometricall Shall so dispose to all what shall be due, As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle, Intrusion, wresting, and by meanes vadue, Desert shall have her charge, and but one charge, As having but one body to discharge.

37

Whereby the all in-cheering Maiestie
Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
And spread her beames of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like defarts:
For thus to checke, imbase and vilisie
Th'esteeme of wealth, will sashion so our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good then to be rich.

38

This will make peace with Law, restore the Bar, Ther ancient silence, where contention now Makes so confus'd a noise; this will debar The fostring of debate, and ouerthrow That ougly Monster, that soule rauener, Extortion, which so hideously did grow, By making prey vpon our misery, And wasting it againe as wickedly.

The strange examples of impourishments,
Of facriledge, exaction and of waste,
Shall not be made, nor held as presidents
For times to come, but end with th'ages past:
Whenas the State shall yeeld more suppliments
(Being well imploy'd) then Kings can well exhaust;
This golden Meadow lying ready still
Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

40

Fauour, like pitie, in the hearts of men
Haue the first touches euer violent:
But soone againe it comes to languish, when
The motiue of that humour shall be spent:
But being still sed with that which first hath been
The cause thereof, it holdes still permanent,
And is kept in by course, by sorme, by kinde,
And time begets more ties that still more binde.

4 I

The broken frame of this difioynted State, Being by the bliffe of thy great Grandfather Henry the feuenth, restor'd to an estate More sound then ever, and more stedsaster, Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate Stands bond to thee that art his successer: For without him it had not beene begunne, And without thee we had beene now vndone.

He, of a private man, became a King,
Having indur'd the weight of tyrannie,
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the thing
That good men wish for in their miserie
Vnder ill Kings, saw what it was to bring
Order and forme to the recoverie
Of an vnruly State; conceiv'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

43

Thou, borne a King, hast in thy State endur'd The sowre affronts of private discontent With subjects broiles; and ever beene enur'd To this great mysterie of government: Whereby thy Princely wisdome hath allur'd A State to peace, left to thee turbulent, And brought vs an addition to the frame Of this great worke, squar'd fitly to the same.

44

And both you (by the all-working Prouidence. That fashions out of dangers, toyles, debates, Those whom it hath ordained to commence. The first, and great establishments of States) Came when your aide, your powers experience (Which out of iudgement best accommodates These ioynts of rule) was more then most desir'd, And when the times of neede the most requir'd.

St. 43, l. 1, a misprints 'Then.'

And as he laid the modell of this frame,
By which was built so strong a worke of State,
As all the powers of changes in the same,
All that excesse of a disordinate
And lustfull Prince, nor all that after came,
Nor child, nor stranger, nor yet womens sate,
Could once disjoynt the couplements, whereby
It held together in just Symetry.

46

So thou likewise art come as fore-ordaind,
To reinforce the same more really,
Which oftentimes hath but beene entertain'd
By the onely stile and name of Maiesty;
And by no other counsells oft attain'd
Those ends of her inioy'd tranquility,
Then by this forme, and by the incumbrances
Of neighbour States that gaue it a successe.

47

That hadft thou had no title (as thou haft
The onely right, and none hath els a right)
We yet must now haue bin inforc'd t'haue cast
Our selues into thy armes, to set all right,
And to auert consussion, bloudshed, waste,
That otherwise vpon vs needes must light:
None but a King, and no King els beside
Could now haue sau'd this State from being destroid'.

Thus hath the hundred yeeres brought backe againe The facred bloud lent to adorne the North, And here return'd it with a greater gaine, And greater glory then we fent it forth. Thus doth th'all-working Prouidence retaine, And keepe for great effects the feede of worth, And fo doth point the stops of time thereby, In periods of vncertaine certainty.

49

Margaret of Richmond (glorious Grandmother Vnto that other precious Margaret,
From whence th'Almighty worker did transfer This branch of peace, as from a roote well fet)
Thou Mother, Author, Plotter, Counfeller
Of vnion, that didft both conceiue, beget
And bring forth happinesse to this great State,
To make it thus intirely fortunate.

50

O couldst thou now but view this faire successe, This great essect of thy religious worke, And see therein how God hath pleas'd to blesse Thy charitable counsels and to worke Still greater good out of the blessednesse Of this conioyned Lancaster and Yorke: Which all conioyn'd within, and those shut out Whom nature and their birth had set without.

St. 48, margin-note from 1601 folio—"It is iust a hundred yeares since the Lady Margaret was married to James the fourth King of Scots."

5 I

How much hast thou bound all posterities
In this great worke to reuerence thy name!
And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wise
And learned *Mourton*, who contriu'd the same,
And first aduis'd, and did so well aduise
As that the good successe that thereof came
Shew'd well, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleere harts
Are onely fit to act such glorious parts.

52

But Muse, these deare remembrances must be In their convenient places registred, When thou shalt bring sterne discord to agree, And bloudy warre into a quiet bed: Which worke must now be finished by thee, That long hath laine vndone, as destined Vnto the glory of these dayes: for which Thy vowes and Verse have laboured so much.

5`3

Thou ever hast opposed all thy might
Against contention, surie, pride and wrong,
Perswading still to hold the course of right;
And peace hath beene the burden of thy song:
And now thy selfe shalt have the benefit
Of quietnesse, which thou hast wanted long;
And now shalt have calme peace, and vnion
With thine owne warres, and now thou must go on.

Onely the ioy of this so deare a thing
Made me looke backe vnto the cause, whence came
This so great good, this blessing of a King,
When our estate so much required the same:
When we had need of pow'r for the well ordering
Of our affaires, need of a spirit to srame
The world to good, to grace and worthinesse,
Out of this humour of luxuriousnesse.

55

And brings vs backe vnto our selues againe, Vnto our ancient natiue modestie; From out these forren sinnes we entertaine, These lothesome surfets, ougly gluttonie; From this vnmanly and this idle vaine Of wanton and superfluous brauery: The wracke of Gentry, spoyle of Noblenesse; And square vs by thy temp'rate sobernesse.

56

When Abstinence is fashion'd by the Time, It is no rare thing to be abstinent, But then it is, when th'age sull fraught with crime Lies prostrate vnto all misgouernment. And who is not licencious in the prime And heate of youth, nor then incontinent When out of might he may, he neuer will; No power can tempt him to that taste of ill.

Then what are we t'expect from such a hand That doth this sterne of faire example guide? Who will not now shame to have no command Ouer his lusts? Who would be seene t'abide Vnfaithfull to his vowes, to insringe the band Of a most sacred knot which God hath tide? Who would now seeme to be dishonoured With th'vncleane touch of an vnlawfull bed?

58

What a great checke will this chaste Court be now To wanton Court debausht with luxury; Where we no other Mistresses shall know But her to whom we owe our loyalty? Chaste Mother of our Princes, whence do grow Those righteous issues, which shall glorisie And comfort many Nations with their worth, To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

59

We shall not feare to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperial lust, that being vnrain'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betrai'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to weare
His time of life: but knowes whereto he tends,
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

бо

And that this mighty worke of vnion now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so closed, as all the ioynts may grow
Together firme in due proportion:
A worke of power and Iudgement, that must show
All parts of wisedome and discretion
That man can shew, that no cloud may impaire
This day of hope, whose morning shewes so faire.

бі

He hath a mighty burden to sustaine,
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious Prince,
Or where mens expectations entertaine
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he vndergoes a greater paine,
A more laborious worke, who must commence
The great soundation of a gouernment,
And lay the frame of Order and Content.

б2

Especially where mens desires do runne
A greedy course of eminency, gaine,
And private hopes, weighing not what is done
For the Republicke, so themselves may gaine
Their ends, and where sew care who be vndone,
So they be made, whil'st all do entertaine
The present motions that this passage brings
With th'infancy of change, vnder new kings.

So that the weight of all seemes to relie Wholly vpon thine owne discretion; Thy iudgement now must only rectifie This frame of pow'r thy glory stands vpon From thee must come; that thy posterity May ioy this peace, and hold this vnion: For whil'st all worke for their owne benefit, Thy only worke must keepe vs all vpright.

64

For, did not now thy full maturity
Of yeeres and wisdome, that discerne what showes,
What arte and colours may deceive the eye,
Secure our trust that that cleere indgement knowes
Vpon what grounds depend thy Maiesty,
And whence the glory of thy greatnesse growes;
We might distrust lest that a side might part
Thee from thy selfe, and so surprize thy heart.

65

Since th'art but one, and that against thy brest Are laid all th'ingins both of skill and wit, And all th'assaults of cunning are addrest With stratagems of Art to enter it, To make a prey of grace, and to inuest Their pow'rs within thy loue, that they might sit And stir that way which their affection tends, Respecting but themselves and their owne ends.

And fee'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule, and what strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th'interplac'd respondences
Of combinations, set to keepe the hand
And eye of power from out the Prouinces
That Auarice may draw to her command;
Which, to keepe hers, she others vowes to spare,
That they againe to her might vse like care.

67

But God, that raif'd thee vp to act this part,
Hath given thee all those powers of worthines,
Fit for so great a worke, and fram'd thy heart
Discernable of all apparences;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art
Of ord'ring man, Knowledge of Knowledges;
That from thee men might reckon how this State
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

68

That thou the first, with vs, in name, might's be The first in course, to fashion vs a new, VVherein the times hath offred that to thee, VVhich seldome t'other Princes could accrue: Thou hast th'aduantage only to be free T'imploy thy sauours where they shall be due, And to dispose thy grace in generall, And like to *Ioue*, to be alike to all.

St. 68, in margin of 1601 folio. 'ER Iupiter omnibus idem.'

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t'all thy people vniuerfally,
And not to them, but for their loue alone,
Which they account is placed worthily:
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, wheron
They rest, nor they faile in their loyalty;
Since no Prince comes deceiued in his trust,
But he that first deceiues, and prones vniust.

70

Then fince we are in this so faire a way Of Restauration, Greatnesse and Command, Cursed be he that causes the least stay In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand; And cursed he that offers to betray Thy graces or thy goodnesse to withstand; Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

71

And he that shall by wicked Offices
Be th'author of the least disturbancy,
Or seeke t'auert thy godly purposes,
Be euer held the scorne of infamy:
And let men but consider their successe
Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously:
They shall perceive their ends do still relate,
That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.

And it is iust, that they who make a prey
Of Princes sauours, in the end againe
Be made a prey to Princes, and repay
The spoiles of misery with greater gaine;
Whose sacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men, conceiu'd in their disdaine:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still,
More than ill Princes, those that make them ill.

73

But both thy iudgement and estate doth free Thee from these powers of seare and slattery The conquerours of Kings, by whom we see Are wrought the acts of all impiety: Thou art so set, as th'hast no cause to be lealous, or dreadfull of disloyalty; The pedestall whereon thy greatnesse stands, Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

St. 73, I. 7, misprinted 'the.'



VI.

A Fvnerall Poeme Vpon the Death of the late noble Earle of Deuonshire.

1606.

NOTE.

The Earl of Devonshire died on 3rd April, 1606, and this 'Funerall' Poeme,' which appeared originally as a thin quarto, having a title-page printed in white letters on a black ground, may be dated in the same year, though without date anywhere. The title-page thus runs:—

A Fynerall Poeme Vpon the Death of

the late noble Earle of Deuonshire.

(II leaves.)

An exemplar is in the British Museum. It is found in all the collective editions after 1606. A collation of the quarto of 1623 with this original edition—never before done—abundantly rewards us. At the bottom of the pages lines and whole passages left out by the Author on revision are recorded, and some re-introduced into the text. Passages in the quarto of 1623 not in the original edition are also noted. The 1607 edition supplies in margin an important name. See Memorial-Introduction on this nobleman, and for an original and unpublished letter from Daniel to him.

A. B. G.

A

FVNERALL

Роеме.

Vpon the Death of the late noble

Earle of Deuonshire.



OW that the hand of death hath layd thee there,

Where neither greatnesse, pompe, nor grace, we see,

Nor any differences of earth; and where

No vaile is drawne betwixt thy felfe and thee:

IO.

Now Devonshire that thou art but a name, And all the rest of thee besides is gone, When men conceive thee not, but by the same Of what thy vertue, and thy worth have done:

11. 7-13 in the original edition are as follows:--

Where all must be, and leuel'd thee with th' Earth—Where men are all of them alike, and where There are no seu'rall roomes for state or birth:
Now thou hast nothing lest thee but a name (O noble Deuonshire) and all is gone
With thee, except the memorie, and same
Of what thy vertue . . . hath .

Now shal my verse which thou in life didst grace, (And which was no difgrace for thee to do) Not leaue thee in the graue, that ougly place That few regard, or haue respect vnto, Where all attendance, and observance ends, Where all the Sunshine of our fauour sets, Where what was ill, no countenance defends, 20 And what was good, th'vnthankfull world forgets. Here shalt thou have the service of my pen (The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case I cannot be supposed to flatter, when I speake behinde thy backe, not to thy face: Men neuer footh the dead but where they do Find liuing tyes, to hold them therevnto. And I stand cleere from any other chaine Then of my loue which freeborne, draws free breath. The benefit thou gau'st me to sustaine 30 My humble life, I loofe it by thy death. Nor was it fuch, as it could lay on me Any exaction of respect so strong, As t'inforce m'obseruance, beyond thee, Or make my conscience differ from my tongue. Let those be vassals to such services Who have their hopes, or whose defires are hye, For me I have my ends, and know it is For I have learnt it is the property For free men to speake truth, for slaues to lye. 40

1. 16, 'darkesome'; ll. 26-7 not in original edition; l. 28, 'And am vntide'; ll. 36-8 accepted from original edition; l. 40—Here in the original edition a very striking but scarcely wrought-out passage is found, as follows:—

And if mistaken by the Parralax And distance of my standing too farre off And therefore I fincerely will report

First how thy parts were faire conuaid within,

How that braue minde was built and in what fort

All thy contexture of thy heart hath beene,

Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd

As vertue neuer had a fairer seate,

Nor could be better lodg'd nor more repos'd,

Then in that goodly frame; where all things sweete,

And all things quiet, held a peacefull rest;

Where passion did no suddaine tumults raise

That might disturbe her, nor was euer brest

Contain'd so much, and made so little noyse;

I heretofore might erre, and men might tax My being to free of prayles, without proofe. But here it is not fo, and yet the choyce Of those I made did yeald the greatest show Of honour and of worth, and had the voyce Of prefent times their virtues to allow. And if they have not made them good, it is No fault of mine, nor ought it to be layd To difrepute thefe my observances: True prayles doe adorne, the falle obrayd, And oftentimes to greatnesse we are glad To attribute those parts we wish they had. But Deuonshire I here stand cleere with thee, I have a manumiffion to be free, . I owe thee nothing, and I may be bold To speake the certaine truth of what I know: There is no power remaines in thee, to hold The tongues of men, that will be talking now: And now being dead may anatomife, And open here all that thou wert within, Shew how thy minde was built, and in what wife All the contexture . . . [See l. 39.]

1. 48, misprinted 'thing.'

That by thy silent modestie is found The emptiest vessells make the greatest sound. For thou so well discernd'st thy selfe, had'st read Man and his breath so well, as made thee force The leffe to speake, as being ordain'd to spread Thy selfe in action, rather than discourse; Though thou hadst made a generall Survey Of all the best of mens best knowledges, бо And knew as much as euer learning knew, Yet did it make thee trust thy selfe the lesse, And lesse presume; and yet when being mou'd In private talke to speake, thou didst bewray How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd That thou didst know what euer wit could say; Which shew'd thou hadst not bookes as many haue For oftentation, but for vie, and that Thy bounteous memory was fuch, as gaue A large revenue of the good, it gat. 70 Witnesse so many volumes whereto thou Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand, And markt them with that print as will shew how The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did stand; That none would thinke if all thy life had beene, Turn'd into leisure, thou couldst haue attain'd So much of time, to have perul'd and feene, So many volumes that fo much contain'd. Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight 80 Thy folitary Wansteed, where thy care Had gathered all what heart or eyes delight.

^{1. 56, &#}x27;smoake'; 'the' for 'thee'; l. 59, 'surview'; ll. 81-2, in margin, 'The Library at Wansteed,'

And whereas many others haue, we see All things within their houses worth the sight, Except themselues, that furniture of thee And of thy presence, gaue the best delight. With such a season, such a temprature Wert thou compos'd, as made sweetnes one, And held the tenor of thy life still sure, In confort with thy felfe in perfect tone; 90 And neuer man had heart more truely seru'd Vnder the regiment of his owne care And was more at command, and more obseru'd The colours of that modesty he bare Then that of thine, in whom men neuer found That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell Of any veine thou hadft that was vnfound, Or motion of thy powers, that turn'd not well. And this was thy prouision laid within, Thus wert thou to thy selfe, and now remaines. 100 VVhat to the world thou outwardly hast beene, VVhat the dimension of that side containes, Which likewise was so goodly and so large As shewes that thou wert borne t'adorne the dayes Wherein thou liu'st, and also to discharge Those parts which Englands and thy same should raise; Although in peace, thou feem'dst to be all peace Yet being in warre, thou wert all warre, and there As in thy spheere thy spirits did neuer cease To moue with indefatigable care 110 And nothing feem'd more to arride thy heart Nor more inlarge thee into iollity,

ll. 87-98 not in original edition.

Then when thou sawest thy selfe in armour girt, Or any act of armes like to be nye. The Belgique warre first tride thy martiall spirit, And what thou wert and what thou wouldst be found And markt thee there according to thy merit With honors stampe, a deepe and noble wound. And that same place that rent from mortall men Immortall Sidney, glory of the field 120 And glory of the Muses, and their pen (VVho equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*) Had likewise bin thy last, had not the sate Of *England* then referu'd thy worthy blood, Vnto the preservation of a State That much concern'd her honour and her good; And thence return'd thee to inioy the blis Of grace and fauour in Elizaes sight (That miracle of women) who by this Made thee be held according to thy right; 130 Which faire and happy bleffing thou mightst wells Haue farre more raifd had not thine enemy Retired prinacy, made thee to fell Thy greatnes for thy quiet, and deny To meet faire Fortune, when she came to thee. For neuer man did his preferment fly, And had it in that emminent degree, As thou, as if it fought thy modesty. For that which many, whom ambition toyles And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine 140

l. 128, 'eyes'; l. 130-

^{&#}x27;... held, and made thee to arise
Vnto a note more hye, which thou . . .';

^{1. 413, &#}x27;quiet' accepted for a's misprint 'quite;' 1. 138, misprinted 'sought.'

With all their thrusts, & shouldring-plots, and wiles VVas eafily made thine, without thy paine. And without any private malicing Or publique greeuance, euery good man ioy'd That vertue could come cleere to any thing, And faire deferts to be so fairely pay'd. Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee VVere not like fortunes fauours, they could fee. Eliza's cleere-eied iudgement is renown'd For making choice of thy ability: I 50 But it will euerlastingly redound Vnto the glory, and benignity Or Britaines mighty Monarch, that thou wert By him aduanced for thy great defert; It being the fairer worke of maiesty With fauour to reward, than to employ. And as thou faidst that naught thy heart did grieue, In death fo much, as that time would not yeeld Thee meanes to shew thy zeale, that thou mightst live T'haue done but one dayes seruice in the field, And that faire bed of honour died vpon, And with thy bloud haue feald thy gratefulnesse To fuch a royall Maister. Who had done So much for thee t'aduance thy feruices; Which were indeed of that defeart, as they Might aske their grace themselues: yet do we see That to successe, desert hath not a way But vnder Princes that most gracious be,

I. 149, hyphen accepted from original edition; I. 151, misprinted 'rebound'; II. 157-65 accepted and re-inserted from the original edition; I. 165 in 1623 reads, 'Although thy feruices, were fuch as they'; I. 166, 'although' for 'yet do.'

180

190

For without thy great valour we had loft The dearest purchase ever England made: And made with fuch profuse exceeding cost Of bloud and charge, to keepe and to inuade: As commutation paid a deerer price For fuch a peece of earth, and yet well paid And well aduentur'd for, with great aduice, And happily to our dominions laid; Without which out-let, England thou hadft bin From all the rest of th'earth shut but, and pent Vnto thy felfe, and forst to keepe within, Inuiron'd round with others gouernment; Where now by this, thy large imperial Crowne Stands boundlesse in the West, and hath a way For noble times, left to make all thine owne That lyes beyond it, and force all t'obay. And this important peece, like t'haue beene rent From off thy state, did then so tickle stand, As that no ioynture of the government But shooke, no ligament, no band Of order and obedience, but were then Loose and in tottering, when the charge Thereof was laid on *Montioy*, and that other men Checkt by example fought to put it off. And he out of his natiue modesty (As being no vndertaker) labours too To haue auoided that which his ability And Englands Genius would have him do

l. 169, 'For when our kingdom stood in state t' haue lost'; l. 170, 'that it' for 'euer'; l. 171, 'And what it bought with that'; l. 173, 'As neuer nation'; misprinted 'communation'; l. 177, 'hadst' for 'hast'—accepted; l. 180, 'Inuiron'd with incrocking'; l. 183, 'least' for 'lest'; l. 192, 'checkt' accepted for 'chokt' of a; l. 196, 'to' in error before 'do' in a.

Alleadging how it was a charge vnfit
For him to vndergo, feeing fuch a one
As had more power and meanes t'accomplish it
Then he could haue, had there so little done.
VVhose ill successe (considering his great worth,
Was such as could that mischiese be withstood,
It had beene wrought) did in it selse bring forth
Discouragement that he should do lesse good.

The state replide, it was not lookt he should Restore it wholy to it selfe againe,
But only now if possible he could
In any fashion but the same retaine
So that it did not fall a sunder quite,
Being thus dishinered in a desperate plicabe

Being thus dishiuered in a desperate plight.
With courage on he goes, doth exiquite

With counsell, and returnes with victory;
But in what noble fashion he did sute
This action, with what wit and industry,
Is not to be disgracde in this small carde:

It askes a spacious Mappe of more regarde.

l. 197, 'And did aleadge it'; ll. 201-4 in original edition read-

'Whose ill successe (for that he knew his worth So great, as if there could have beene redresse, He had effected it) in him brought forth Discouragement, that he should there do lesse.'

l. 206, 'being fo dis-rent'; ll. 207-8-

'And only now, if possibly he could But hold it vp, it was sufficient'-

'fufficient' rhyme-word to 'disrent' in 1. 206; 1. 211, 'execute'; 1. 212, 'With' accepted for 'Which'; 11. 215-90 not in original edition, which has only the following:—

'There is no roome to place it in this streight. Time, and my present griefes, do disappoint 200

Here is no roome to tell with what strange speed And secrecy he vsed to preuent. The enemies designes, nor with what heed He marcht before report, where what he ment Fame neuer knew her selfe till it was done, His drifts and Rumor seldome being all one; Nor will this place conueniency afford. To shew how he, when dismall winter stormes Keepes peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword, Toyles him abroad, and noble act performes; Nor how by mastring difficulties so. In times vnusuall, and by passage hard. He brauely came to disappoint his soe, And many times surprised him vnprepared.

Yet let me touch one point of that great Act, That famous fiege, the Master-worke of all, Where no distresse nor difficulties lackt T'afflict his weary tyred Campe with all. That when inclos'd by powerfull enemies One either side, with feeble troupes he lay Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miseries; Kept waking with Alarumes night and day. There were, who did aduise him, to withdraw His army to some place of safe desence, From the apparent perill which they saw Was to consound them, or to sorce them thence.

My willingnes. Besides being of that weight
Tis sinne to place it in a narrower point,
And better now say nothing then to say
But little; there remaines for this behind,
A Trophey to b'erected that will stay
To all posterityes, and keepe in minde
That glorious worke, which did a kingdome saue,
Kept the Crowne whole & made the Peace we haue.'

220

230

For now the Spaniard had possess three ports. The most important of this He say they,
And sooner fresh supplyments, Spaine transports. To them then England can to vs conuay;
The Reble is in heart, and now is ioyn'd. With some of them already, and doth stand. Here ouer vs, with chiefest strength combin'd. Of all the desperate forces of the land;
And how vpon these disaduantages. Your doubtfull troupes will sight your Honour guess. Th'vndaunted Montioy hereto answers this.

My worthy friends, the charge of this great state And kingdome to my faith committed is, And I must all I can ingeniate
To answere for the same, and render it
Vpon as faire a reckning as I may;
But if from hence I shall once stirre my feete,
The kingdome is vndone, and lost this day.

All will fly thither where they find is hart, And feare shal haue none stand to take his part;

And how shal we answere our Country then At our returne, nay answere our owne same? Which howsoeuer we have done like men Will be imbranded with the marke of blame. And since we here are come vnto the point For which we toild so much and staid so long, Let vs not now our travailes disappoint Of th'honour which doth thereunto belong. We cannot spend our blood more worthily Then in so saire a cause, and if we fall

270

We fall with glory, and our worth thereby Shalbe renowned, and held deare of all. And for my part I count the field to be The honourablest bed to die vpon; And here your eies this day either see My body laid, or els this action done.

The Lord the chiefe and soueraigne Generall Of Hosts, makes weake to stand, the strong to

fall. 280

With which braue resolution he so warm'd
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble worke; which they perform'd
As gallantly as euer men haue done.
Of which tis better nothing now to say,
Then say too little: For there rests behind
A Trophey to b'erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keepe in minde
That glorious act which did a kingdome saue,
Kept the Crowne whole and made the peace we haue.

And now I will omit to shew therefore, His management of publike businesses: Which oft are under fortunes conduct more Then ours, and tell his private carriages; VVhich on his owne discretion did relie, VVherewith his spirit was furnisht happely.

Milde, affable, and easie of accesse
He was, but with a due reservednes:
So that the passage to his sauours lay
Not common to all commers, nor yet was

l. 291, 'here' for 'now'; l. 292, 'buf'neffes'; ll. 285-90—see footnote on pp. 179-80.

So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way To such as fitly might or ought to passe: Nor fold he fmoke, nor tooke he vp to day Commodities of mens attendances. And of their hopes, to pay them with delay, And intertaine them with faire promises. But as a man that lou'd no great commerce With businesse, and with noise, he euer flies That Maze of many waies, which might disperse Him, into other mens vncertainties. 310 And with a quiet calme fincerity, H'effects his vndertakings really. His tongue and heart did not turne-backes, but went One way, and kept one course with what he ment. He vs'd no maske at all, but euer ware His honest inclination open fac'd, The friendthips that he you'd, most constant were, And with great judgment, and discretion plac'd.

And Devonshire thy faith hath her reward,
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and show,
That worthinesse, which merits to remaine
Among th'examples of integrity;
Whereby themselues no doubt shall also gaine,
A like regard vnto their memory.

Now muttering enuy, what canst thou produce To darken the bright luster of such parts? Cast thy pure stone, exempt from all abuse. Say what defects could weigh downe these deserts? 330

Summon detraction, to object the worst That may be told, and vtter all it can. It cannot find a blemish to b'inforst, Against him, other, then he was a man, And built of flesh and blood, and did liue here Within the region of infirmity; VVhere all perfections neuer did appeare, To meet in any one fo really, But that his frailty euer did bewray Vnto the world, that he was fet in clay. 340 But yet his vertues, and his worthinesse Being seene so farre aboue his weaknesse, Must euer shine, whilst th'other vnder ground, With his fraile part, shall neuer more be found And gratitude, and charity I know, Will keepe no note, nor memory will haue, Of any fault committed, but will now Be pleafd, to bring all within his Graue. Seeing only fuch stand euer base and low That strike the dead, or mutter vnder-hand: 350 And as dogges bark at those they do not know, So they at such they do not vnderstand. The worthier fort, who know we do not liue With perfect men, will neuer be so vnkinde; They will the right to the disceased giue, Knowing themselues must likewise leaue behind,

^{1. 334, ,} for , accepted; 11. 341-4 re-inserted and accepted from original edition; 11. 347-8 accepted for a's--

^{&#}x27;Of ought, but of his worthy vertues now Which still will line; the rest lies in his grane';

^{1. 349, &#}x27;lie' for 'fland'; 1. 354, 'be so vnkinde' accepted for 'f'vnkind';

Those that will censure them. And they know how, The Lyon being dead euen Hares infult. And will not vrge a passed error now, Whenas he hath no party to confult, 360 Nor tongue, nor aduocate, to shew his minde: They rather will lament the losse they finde, By fuch a noble member of that worth, And know how rare the world fuch men brings forth. For neuer none had heart more truly feru'd, Vnder the regiment of his own care, And was none at command, and none obseru'd The coullours of that honesty he bare, Then that of his: who neuer more was knowne; To vie immodest act, or speech obscene, 370 Or any leuity that might haue showne, The touch but of a thought that was vncleane. So that what euer he hath done amisse, Was vnderneath a shape that was not knowne; As *Iupiter* did no vnworthinesse, But was in other formes, not in his owne. But let it now fufficient be, that I, The last Scene of his act of life bewray; Which giues th'applause to all, doth glorifie The worke. For t'is the euening crownes the day. 380 This action of our death especially Shewes all a man. Here only is he found. With what munition he did fortifie His heart, how good his furniture hath bin. And this did he performe in gallant wife: In this did he confirme his worthinesse.

I. 359, 'a passed error' accepted for 'an impersection'; Il. 365-76 re-inserted and accepted from original edition.

390

400

For on the morrow after the surprise That sicknes made on him with fierce accesse, He told his faithfull friend whom he held deere (And whose great worth was worthy so to be) How that he knew those hot diseases were Of that contagious force, as he did fee That men were ouer-tumbled fudainly, And therefore did defire to fet a course And order this affaires as speedily; As might be, ere his ficknes should grow worse: And as for death, said he, I do not wey, I am resolu'd and ready in this case. It cannot come t'affright me any way, Let it looke neuer with so grim a face: And I will meete it smiling, for I know, How vaine a thing all this worlds glory is. And herein did he keepe his word. Did show Indeede as he had promifed in this. For ficknesse neuer heard him grone at all, Nor with a figh confent to fliew his paine; Which howfoeuer being tirannicall, He sweetly made it looke, and did retaine A louely countenance of his being well, And fo would euer make his tongue to tell. Although the feruour of extremity,

Although the feruour of extremity,
Which often doth throw those defences downe,
VVhich in our health, wall in infirmity,
Might open lay more then we would have knowne:
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one peece of nature ill set in;

1. 389-in 1607 edition here in margin 'Sir William Godolphin,'

420

430

440

Those lightnesses that any thing will say Could fay no ill of what they knew within; Such a fure locke of filent modesty VVas set in life vpon that noble heart As that no anguish, nor extremity Could open it t'impaire that worthy part. For having dedicated still the same Vnto denotion, and to facred skill, That furnish perfect held, that blessed flame Continued to the last in feruour still. And when his spirit and tongue, no longer could Do any certaine feruices beside, Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold VVith feruent zeale, how only he relide Vpon the merits of the precious death Of his redeemer; and with rapt defires H'appeales to grace, his foule deliuereth Vnto the hand of mercy, and expires. Thus did that worthy, who most vertuously And mildly liu'd, most sweete, and mildly dy. And thus Great Patrone of my muse haue I

Paid thee my vowes and fairely cleer'd the accounts VVhich in my loue I owe thy memory.

And let me fay that herein there amounts

Something vnto thy fortune, that thou haft
This monument of thee, perhaps may laft.

Which doth not t'euery mighty man befall:

For loe how many when they die, die all.

And this doth argue too, thy great deferts,

For honour neuer brought vnworthinesse

Further then to the graue, and there it parts

And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulnes.

And we do see that nettles, thistles, brakes
(The poorest workes of nature) tread vpon

The proudest frames that mans invention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But Devonshire thou hast another Tombe
Made by thy vertues in a safer roome.

SAMVEL DANIELL.

1. 455, 'Samuell:'

FINIS.

VII.

CERTAINE EPISTLES.

1601-3.

NOTE.

These 'Certaine Epiftles' are also found in the gift-folio of 1601, but probably like the 'Panegyrike' (which precedes them) were of later dates. They were described by the Author as 'after the manner of Horace.' A collation of the after-texts shows no various readings except slight orthographical changes. They appear in all the editions. See our Memorial-Introduction on the persons addressed.

A. B. G.

TO

Sr. THOMAS EGERTON

Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great feale of England.



Ell hath the pow'rfull hand of Maiesty,
Thy worthines, and Englands hap
beside,

Set thee in th'aidfull'st roome of dignity,

As th'Isthmus, these two Oceans to divide,

Of Rigor and confus'd Vncerteinty;

To keepe out th'entercourse of wrong and pride, to That they ingulph not vp vnsuccoured right By the extreme current of licencious might.

Now when we see the most combining band, The strongest fastning of society,

Law; whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remaine concussed with vncerteinty,
And seeme to softer rather than withstand

Contention, and embrace obscurity,
Only t'afflict, and not to fashion vs,
Making her cure farre worse than the disease;

As if she had made couenant with Wrong, To part the prey made on our weaknesses, And suffred Falshood to be arm'd as strong Vnto the combate, as is Righteousnesse, Or suted her, as if she did belong Vnto our passions, and did even professe Contention, as her only mystery, Which she restraines not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same sh'is now in ages past?
Or was she lesse when one was vied lesse:
And growes as malice growes, and so comes cast
Inst to the forme of our vnquietnesse?
Or made more slow, the more that strife runs fast,
Staying t'vndo vs ere she will redresse?
That th'ill she checks seemes suffred to be ill,
When it yeelds greater gaine than goodnes will.

30

Must there be still some discord mixed among
The Harmony of men? whose mood accords
Best with Contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong,
That when warre failes, peace must make warre with words,

40

And b'arm'd vnto destruction euen as strong, As were in ages past our ciuill swords; Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds, That whenas sury failes, wisdome consounds.

If it be wisdome, and not cunning, this
Which so imbroiles the state of truth with brawles,
And wraps it vp in strange consusednesse,
As if it liu'd immur'd within the walls

Of hideous termes, fram'd out of barbarousnesse. And forren customes, the memorialis Of our subjection, and could neuer be Deliu'red but by wrangling subtilty.

50

Whereas it dwells free in the open plaine, Vncurious, Gentle, easie of accesse; Certaine vnto it selfe, of equall vaine, One face, one colour, one assurednesse: It's falshood that is intricate and vaine, And needes these labyrinths of subtlenesse: For where the cunningst courings most appeare, It argues still that all is not sincere.

60

Which thy cleere-ey'd experience well discries Great Keeper of the state of Equity, Resuge of mercy, vpon whom relies The succour of oppressed misery; Altar of safegard, whereto affliction slies From th'eager pursuit of seuerity; Hauen of peace, that labour'st to withdraw suffice from out the tempests of the Law.

And fet her in a calme and even way,
Plaine, and directly leading to redresse,
Barring these counter-courses of delay,
These wasting dilatory processes:
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, essoines, and traverses;
The heads of *Hydra* springing out of death,
That gives this monster, Malice, still new breath.

That what was made for the vtility
And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt,
To make him worser by his remedy,
And cast him downe, with what should him support: 80
Nor that the state of Law might lose thereby
The due respect, and reu'rence of her port;
And seeme a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deeds
Vnto a like infinity arife,
As being a Science, that by nature breeds
Contention, striefe, and ambiguities:
For altercation controuers feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:

The field of Cauill lying all like wide,
Yeelds like advantage vnto either side.

Which made the graue Castillian king deuise

A prohibition, that no Aduocate

Ferdinand Should be conuai'd to th'Indian Colonies,

Castile (1601.) Lest their new setting, shaken with debate,

Might take but slender root, and so not rise

To any perfect grow'th of sirme estate:

For having not this skill, how to contend,

Th'vnnourisht strife wold quickly make an end.

So likewise did th'Hungarian, when he saw

The king of These great Italian Bartolists, who were

Hungarie. Call'd in of purpose to explane the Law,

T'imbroile it more, and make it much lesse cleere;

110

Cauf'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw With this infestious skill, some other-where:

Difficultation Whose learning, rather let men farther out, facit doctrina. And opened wider passages of doubt.

Seeing euen Iniustice may be regulare,
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endlesse motion are,
And th'ordinances which are alwayes fixt;
Ten thousand lawes more can not reach so far,
But malice goes beyond, or liues Immixt
So close with goodnesse, as it euer will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterset it still.

And therefore did those glorious Monarchs, (who Divide with God the stile of Maiesty For being good, and had a care to do The world right, and succour honesty)

Ordaine this sanctuary, whereunto
Th'opprest might slie, this seat of Equity;
Whereon thy vertues sit with saire renowne,
The greatest grace and glory of the Gowne.

Which Equity, being the foule of law,
The life of iustice, and the spirit of right,
Dwell's not in written lines, or lives in awe
Of bookes: deafe powers, that have nor eares nor sight
But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw
The essence of a judgement requisit;
And is that Lesbian square, that building sit,
Plies to the worke, not forc'th the worke to it.

Maintaining still an equal paralell,
Inst with th'occasions of humanity;
Making her indgement ener liable
To the respect of peace and amity;
When surely Law, sterne, and vnassable,
Cares only but it selfe to satisfie:
And often innocencies scarse desends,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

140

But Equity, that beares an euen raine Vpon the present courses, holds in aw, By giving hand a little, and doth gaine By a gentle relaxation of the law; And yet inviolable doth maintaine The end whereto all constitutions draw; Which is the well-fare of society, Consisting of an vpright policy:

Which first being by necessity composed,

Necessitas est Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate; 150
lex temporis. Where, whenas instice shall be ill disposed,

It sickens the whole body of the State:

For if there be a passage once disclosed,

That Wrong may enter at the selfe-same gate

Which serues for Right, clad in a coate of Law,

What violent distempers may it draw:

And therefore do'st thou stand to keepe the way, And stop the course that malice seekes to run, And by thy prouident *Iniunctions* stay This neuer ending Altercation;

Sending contention home, to the end men may There make their peace whereas their strife begun, And free these pestred streets they vainely weare, Whom both the state, and theirs, do need elsewhere.

Left th'humor which doth thus predominate
Conuert vnto it selse all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And come t'exceede th'affaires it vndertakes:
As if the only Science of the State
That tooke vp all our wits for gaine it makes;
Not for the good that thereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearely bought.

What shall we thinke whenas ill causes shall Inrich men more, and shall be more desir'd Than good, as farre more beneficiall?
Who then desends the good? Who will be hir'd To entertaine a right, whose gaine is small?
A Remedie for Vnlesse the Aduocate that hath conspir'd desending ill causes.
To plead a wrong, be likewise made to runne His Clients chance, and with him be vndone.

So did the wifest nations ever strive
To binde the hands of Instice vp so hard,
That lest she falling to prove Lucrative
Might basely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her provisions sit to live
Out of the publike, as a publike guard
That all preserves, and all doth entertaine,
Whose end is only glory, and not gaine.

190

200

That eu'n the Scepter which might all command, Seeing her s'vnpartiall, equall regular, Was pleaf'd to put it selse into her hand, Whereby they both grew more admired far. And this is that great blessing of this land, That both the Prince and people vse one Barre; The Prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood) is never bad but where himselse is good.

This is that ballance which committed is
To thy most even and religious hand,
Great Minister of Instice, who by this
Shalt have thy name still gracious in this land:
This is that seale of pow'r which doth impresse
Thy acts of right, which shall for ever stand:
This is that traine of State, that pompously
Attends upon thy rev'rent dignity.

All glory els besides ends with our breath,
And mens respects, scarse brings vs to our graue:
But this of doing good, must out liue Death,
And haue a right out of the right it gaue:
Though th'act but sew, th'example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing haue.

210
The worlds respect growes not but on desarts,
Pow'r may haue knees, but iustice hath our hearts.

THE LORD HENRIE

HOWARD, one of his Maiesties

Priny Councell.

Raife, if it be not choice, and layd aright,

Can yeeld no lustre where it is bestow'd,

Nor any way can grace the giuers Art,

(Tho'it be a pleafing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can
be shew'd

Will beare it well, but Vertue and Defart.

And though I might commend your learning, wit, And happy vttrance; and commend them right, As that which decks you much, and giues you grace, Yet your cleere iudgement best deserueth it; Which in your course hath carried you vpright, And made you to discerne the truest face,

And best complexion of the things that breed The reputation and the loue of men; And held you in the tract of honesty, Which euer in the end we see succeed;

20

IO

Though oft it may have interrupted beene Both by the times and mens iniquity.

For fure those actions which do fairely runne. In the right line of honour, still are those. That get most cleane and safest to their end, And passe the best without confusion, Either in those that act or els dispose, Hauing the scope made cleere, whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbroile And intricate the passage of affaires, As that they seldome sairely can get out; But cost, with lesse successe, more care and toyle, Whil'st doubt and the distrusted cause impaires Their courage, who would els appeare more stout.

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they Haue divers doores whereby they may let out Their wills abroad without disturbancy, Int'any course, and into eu'ry way Of humor that affection turnes about; Yet haue the best but one t'haue passage by,

And that so surely warded with the gard Of conscience and respect, as nothing must Haue course that way, but with the certaine passe Of a perswassue right; which being compar'd With their conceit, must thereto answere just, And so with due examination passe.

Which kind of men, raif'd of a better frame, Are meere religious, constant and vpright, And bring the ablest hands for any effect, And best beare vp the reputation, same, And good opinion, that the action's right When th'vndertakers are without suspect:

30

40

But when the body of an enterprize Shall go one way, the face another way, As if it did but mocke a weaker trust, The motion being monstrous, can not rise To any good, but falls downe to bewray, That all pretences serue for things vniust;

Apparency, or that it hath a course Concentrike with the vniuersall frame Of men combin'd; whom it concerneth how These motions runne, and entertaine their force; Hauing their being resting on the same.

And be it, that the vulgar are but groffe, Yet are they capable of truth, and fee, And fometimes geffe the right, and do conceiue The nature of that text that needs a gloffe, And wholy neuer can deluded be: All may a few, few cannot all deceiue.

And these strange disproportions in the traine And course of things doe euermore proceed From th'ill-set disposition of their mindes, Who in their actions cannot but retaine Th'incumbred formes which doe within them breed, And which they cannot shew but in their kindes.

Whereas the wayes and counsels of the light So sort with valour and with manlinesse, As that they carry things assuredlie Vndazling of their owne or others sight: There being a blessing that doth give successe To worthinesse and vnto constancie.

And though fometimes th'euent may fall amisse, Yet shall it still haue honour for th'attempt,

бо

70

When craft begins with feare and ends with shame, And in the whole designe perplexed is; Vertue, though lucklesse, yet shall scape contempt, And though it hath not hap, it shall have same.

TO

THE LADIE MARGARET

Countesse of Cumberland.



E that of fuch a height hath built his minde,

And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts fo strong,

As neither feare nor hope can shake the frame

Of his refolued powr's, nor all the winde

Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
His fetled peace, or to disturbe the same;
What a saire seate hath he, from whence he may
The boundlesse wastes and wildes of man suruay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe Vpon these lower regions of turmoyle! Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat On slesh and bloud; where honour, pow'r, renowne Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle; Where greatnesse stands upon as feeble seet. As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme. To little minds, who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes upon the mightiest Monarchs warres
But onely as on stately robberies;
Where euermore the fortune that preuailes
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding marres

The fairest and the best-fac't enterprize:
Great Pirat Pompey lesser Pirats quailes;
Instice, he sees, as if seduced, still
Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He fees the face of Right t'appeare as manifolde As are the passions of vncertaine man; Who puts it in all colours, all attires, To ferue his ends and make his courses holde: He sees, that let Deceit worke what it can, Plot and contriue base wayes to high desires; That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet All disappoint, and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mou'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of Tyrants threats, or with the furly brow
Of power, that proudly fits on others crimes,
Charg'd with more crying finnes then those he checks;
The stormes of sad consusion, that may grow
Vp in the present, for the comming times,
Appall not him, that hath no side at all
But of himselfe, and knowes the worst can fall.

Although his heart so neere allied to earth, Cannot but pitty the perplexed State Of troublous and distrest mortalitie, That thus make way vnto the ougly birth Of their owne forrowes, and doe still beget Affliction vpon imbecillitie:

Yet seeing thus the course of things must runne, He lookes thereon, not strange, but as foredone.

50

70

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
And is incompast; whil'st as crast deceives
And is deceived; whil'st man doth ransacke man,
And builds on bloud, and rises by distresse;
And th'inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes; he lookes thereon
As from the shore of peace with vnwet eie,
And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd 60 A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom I see you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as neare
His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, Madam, are so soundly fashioned By that cleere iudgement that hath carryed you Beyond the seeble limits of your kinde, As they can stand against the strongest head Passion can make; inur'd to any hue The world can cast; that cannot cast that shinde Out of her forme of goodnesse, that doth see Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoeuer here befalles You in the region of your selfe remaine; Where no vaine breath of th'impudent molests, That hath secur'd within the brasen walles Of a cleere conscience, that without all staine Rises in peace, in innocencie rests; Whilst all what malice from without procures, Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge
Then women vie to doe; yet you well know,
That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd
Then being pursu'd: leauing to him t'auenge
To whom it appertaines; wherein you show
How worthily your cleerenesse hath condemn'd
Base malediction, liuing in the darke,
That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.

80

90

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roule; where all th'aspects of miserie
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must beare, being pow'rlesse to redresse;
And that vnlesse aboue himselse he can
Erect himselse, how poore a thing is man!

And how turmoyl'd they are, that leuell lie 100 With earth, and cannot lift themselues from thence; That neuer are at peace with their desires, But worke beyond their yeeres, and euen denie Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence With death: that when ability expires, Desire liues still: so much delight they have To carry toyle and trauell to the graue.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best They reach vnto, when they have cast the summe And reckonings of their glory; and you know This sloting life hath but this Port of rest, A heart prepar'd, that feares no ill to come: And that mans greatnesse rests but in his show; The best of all whose dayes consumed are Either in warre, or peace conceiving warre.

This concord, Madame, of a well-tun'd minde
Hath beene so set, by that all-working hand
Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worst.
To put it out, by discords most vnkinde;
Yet doth it still in perfect vnion stand
With God and man, nor euer will be forc't
From that most sweet accord, but still agree
Equall in Fortunes inequalitie.

And this note (Madame) of your worthinesse Remaines recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th'inheritance of Fame you must possesse;
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisit
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

ΤO

THE LADIE LVCIE

Countesse of Bedford.



Hough vertue be the fame when low fhe stands,

In th'humble shadowes of obscuritie, As when she either sweats in martiall bands,

Or fits in Court clad with authoritie; Yet, Madam, doth the strictnesse of her roome

Greatly detract from her abilitie:

For as in-wall'd within a liuing tombe,

10

Her hands and armes of action, labour not; Her thoughts, as if abortiue from the wombe,

Come neuer borne, though happily begot,

But where she hath mounted in open sight

An eminent and spacious dwelling got.

Where shee may stirre at will, and vse her might,

There is the more her felfe, and more her owne;

There in the faire attire of honor dight,

She fits at ease and makes her glory knowne:

Applause attends her hands, her deeds haue grace,

. Her worth new-borne is strait as if full growne.

With fuch a godly and respected face Doth vertue looke, that's fet to looke from hie; And fuch a faire aduantage by her place Hath state and greatnesse to doe worthily. And therefore well did your high fortunes meet With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby: And well was let into a house so sweet, So good, so faire, so faire so good a guest; Who now remaines as bleffed in her feat, As you are with her residencie blest. And this faire course of knowledge whereunto Your studies, learned Lady, are addrest, Is th'only certaine way that you can go Vnto true glory, to true happinesse: All passages on earth besides, are so Incumbred with fuch vaine disturbances; As still we lose our rest in seeking it, Being but deluded with apparances; And no key had you else that was so fit T'vnlocke that prison of your sex, as this, To let you out of weaknesse, and admit Your powers into the freedome of that bliffe That fets you there where you may ouer-fee This rowling world, and view it as it is; And apprehend how th'outsides doe agree With th'inward, being of the things we deeme And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be Of highest value and of best esteeme; Since all the good we have rests in the minde, By whose proportions onely we redeeme Our thoughts from out confusion, and doe finde

The measure of our selues, and of our pow'rs;

30

40

And that all happinesse remaines confinde Within the Kingdome of this breast of ours: Without whose boundes all that we looke on lies In others jurisdictions, others pow'rs, Out of the circuit of our liberties. All glory, honor, fame, applause, renowne, Are not belonging to our royalties, бо But t'others wils, wherein th'are onely growne: And that vnlesse we find vs all within, We neuer can without vs be our owne, Nor call it right our life that we liue in: But a possession held for others vse, That seeme to have most int'rest therein; Which we doe so disseuer, part, traduce, Let out to custome, fashion, and to shew, As we enioy but onely the abuse, And haue no other deed at all to shew. 70 How oft are we constrained to appeare With other countenance then that we owe, And be our selues farre off, when we are neere! How oft are we forc't on a cloudie hart To fet a shining face, and make it cleere; Seeming content to put our selues apart, To beare a part of others weakenesses! As if we onely were compos'd by Art, Not Nature, and did all our deeds addresse T'opinion, not t'a conscience, what is right: 80 As fram'd b'example, not aduisednesse, Into those formes that entertaine our sight. And though books, Madam, cannot make this minde Which we must bring apt to be set aright, Yet doe they rectifie it in that kinde,

And touch it so, as that it turnes that way

Where iudgement lies: and though we cannot find
The certaine place of truth, yet doe they stay

And entertaine vs neere about the same;
And giue the soule the best delight that may

Encheere it most, and most our spirits inslame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends:

And therefore in a course that best became
The cleerenesse of your heart, and best commends

Your worthy pow'rs, you run the rightest way
That is on earth, that can true glory giue;

By which when all consumes, your same shal liue.

TO

THE LADIE ANNE

Clifford.



Nto the tender youth of those faire eies.

The light of judgement can arise but new;

And yong the world appeares t'a yong conceit,

Whil'st thorow the vnacquainted faculties

IO .

20

The late inuested soule doth rawly view Those objects which on that discretion wait.

Yet you that such a faire aduantage haue Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t'out go, And be before your yeeres, can fairely guesse What hue of life holdes surest without staine; Hauing your well-wrought heart sull surnish't so With all the images of worthinesse,

As there is left no roome at all t'inuest Figures of other forme but sanctitie: Whilst yet those cleane-created thoughts, within The Garden of your innocencies rest; Where are no motions of deformitie, Nor any doore at all to let them in.

With so great care doth she, that hath brought sorth That comely body, labour to adorne

That better part, the mansion of your minde, With all the richest furniture of worth; To make y'as highly good as highly borne, And set your vertues equall to your kinde.

She tels you how that honour onely is A goodly garment put on faire defarts; Wherein the smallest staine is greatest seene, And that it cannot grace vnworthinesse; But more apparant shewes desective parts, How gay soeuer they are deckt therein.

She tels you too, how that it bounded is, And kept inclosed with so many eies, As that it cannot stray and breake abroad Into the private wayes of carelesnesse; Nor ever may descend to vulgarize, Or be below the sphere of her abode.

But like to those supernall bodies set Within their Orbs, must keepe the certaine course Of order, destin'd to their proper place; Which onely doth their note of glory get. Th'irregular apparances inforce

A short respect, and perish without grace:
Being Meteors seeming high, but yet low plac't,
Blazing-but while their dying matters last:

Nor can we take the iust height of the minde, But by that order which her course doth shew, And which such splendor to her actions gives; And thereby men her eminencie sinde, And thereby onely doe attaine to know The Region, and the Orbe wherein she lives.

For low in th'aire of grosse vncertaintie Consusion onely rowles, order sits hie. 30

40

And therefore since the dearest thinge on earth, This honour, Madam, hath his stately frame From th'heau'nly order, which begets respect; And that your Nature, vertue, happy birth, Haue therein highly interplac'd your name, You may not runne the least course of neglect,

бо

For where, not to observe, is to prophane
Your dignity; how carefull must you be
To be your selfe? And though you may to all
Shine faire aspects, yet must the vertuous gaine
The best effects of your benignitie:
Nor must your common graces cause to fall
The price of your esteeme t'a lower rate,
Then doth besit the pitch of your estate.

70

Nor may you build on your sufficiencie, For in our strongest parts we are but weake; Nor yet may ouermuch distrust the same: Lest that you come to checke it so thereby, As silence may become worse then to speake; Though silence women neuer ill became.

And none we see were euer ouerthrowne

By others flattery more then by their owne. For though we liue amongst the tongues of praise, And troopes of smoothing people that collaud All that we doe, yet 'tis within our harts Th'ambushment lies, that euermore betraies Our judgements, when our selues be come t'applaud Our owne abilitie and our owne parts.

80

So that we must not onely sence this fort Of ours, against all others fraud, but most Against our owne; whose danger is the most, Because we lie the neerest to doe hurt, And foon'ft deceive our felues, and foon'ft are lost
By our best pow'rs, that doe vs most transport.

Such are your holy bounds, who must conuay

(If God so please) the honourable bloud

Of Clifford, and of Russell, led aright
To many worthy stems; whose ofspring may

Looke backe with comfort, to have had that good

To spring from such a branch that grew s'vpright;

Since nothing cheeres the heart of greatnesse more

Then th'Ancestors saire glory gone before.

1. 89 misprinted 'transpord' in 1623 4to.

TO

HENRY VVRIOTHESLY

Earle of Southamton.

Non fert vllum ictum illæfa fælicitas.



E who hath neuer warr'd with miserie, Nor euer tugg'd with Fortune and distresse,

Hath had n'occasion nor no field to trie

The strength and forces of his worthinesse:

20

Those parts of judgement which selicitie Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse; 10 And onely men shew their abilities, And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had neuer taken so sull note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not beene vindone;
And onely thy affliction hath begot
More same, then thy best fortunes could have done;
For ever, by adversitie are wrought
The greatest workes of admiration.
And all the saire examples of renowne
Out of distresse and miserie are growne.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus, Did make the miracles of faith and zeale, Exile renown'd, and grac'd Rutilius; Imprisonment and poyson did reueale

The worth of Socrates; Fabritius'
Pouertie did grace that Common-weale
More then all Syllaes riches, got with strife;
And Catoes death did vie with Cæsars life.

Not to b'vnhappy is vnhappynesse;
And misery not thaue knowne miserie:
For the best way vnto discretion, is
The way that leades vs by aduersitie.
And men are better shew'd what is amise,
By_th'expert singer of calamitie,
Then they can be with all that Fortune brings;
Who never shewes them the true sace of things.

How could we know that thou could'ft haue indur'd With a reposed cheere, wrong and disgrace; And with a heart and countenance assur'd Haue lookt sterne death and horror in the face! 40 How should we know thy soule had beene secur'd In honest counsels and in way vnbase! Hadst thou not stood to shew vs what thou wert, By thy affliction, that discri'd thy heart.

It is not but the Tempest that doth show
The Sea-mans cunning; but the sield that tries
The Captaines courage: and we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst ieoperdies:
For lo, how many haue we seene to grow
To high renowne from lowest miseries,
Out of the hands of death, and many a one
Thaue beene vndone, had they not beene vndone.

50

He that indures for what his conscience knowes
Not to be ill, doth from a patience hie
Looke onely on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his miserie:
The more h'endures, the more his glory growes,
Which neuer growes from imbecillitie:
Onely the best compos'd and worthiest harts
God sets to act the hardest and constant'st parts.

бо

S. D.

VIII.

Musophilus, or Defence of all Learning. 1602-3.

NOTE.

In the 1601 gift-folio, again, 'Musophilus' is found with this title (undated):—

Α

Defence of Ryme

Against a Pamphlet entituled

Observations in the Art of English Poesie.

Wherein is demonstratively proued, that Ryme is the fittest harmonie of words that comportes with our language.

By Sa. D.

At London

Printed by V. S. for Edward Blount.

As Dr. Thomas Campion's 'Observations' did not appear until 1602, the 'Desence' cannot have been printed sooner than 1602-3. A collation of the after-texts yields no various readings save slight orthographical changes. See our Memorial-Introduction on 'Musophilus,' and Daniel's prose 'Desence' (in his Prose Works). The general title was thus altered later.

Mvsophilus:

Containing

A General Defence of Learning.

In the 4to of 1623 and elsewhere the placing of the stanzas is irregular (from p. 248, l. 717); all have been made uniform, i.e., 8 lines each, with first line projecting instead of a line projecting and two lines; also l. 728 a misprint 'temp'ring' corrected by 'tamp'ring.'

To the right VVorthy and Iudicious

Fauorer of Vertue, Master Fulke Greuill.



Doe not here vpon this hum'rous Stage,
Bring my transformed Verse, apparelled
With others passions, or with others
rage;

With loues, with wounds, with factions furnished:

But here present thee, onely modelled

IO

In this poore frame, the forme of mine owne heart:
Where, to reviue my selfe, my Muse is led
With motions of her owne, tast her owne part;
Striving to make her now contemned Art,
As faire ther selfe as possibly she can;
Lest, seeming of no force, of no desert,
She might repent the course that she began;
And, with these times of disolution, fall
From Goodnesse, Vertue, Glory, Fame and all.

MVSOPHILVS

Containing,

A generall Defence of all Learning.

Philocosmus.



Ond man Musophilus, that thus dost spend,

In an vngainefull Arte thy deerest dayes,

Tyring thy wits, and toyling to no end, But to attaine that idle smoake of Praise:

Now when this busie world cannot attend Th'vntimely Musicke of neglected layes. Other delights then these, other desires This wifer profit-seeking Age requires.

Musophilus.

Riend Philocofmus, I confesse indeede,
I loue this facred Arte thou sett'st so light,
And though it neuer stand my life in steede,
It is enough, it gives my selfe delight;
The whiles my vnafflicted minde doth seede
On no vnholy thoughts for benefit,

OI

Be it, that my vnfeasonable Song Come out of time; that fault is in the Time, And I must not doe Vertue so much wrong, As loue her aught the worfe for others crime: And yet I finde some blessed spirits among, That cherish me, and like, and grace my Rime. Againe, that I doe more in Soule esteeme, Then all the gaine of dust the world doth craue: And, if I may attaine, but to redeeme My name from Dissolution and the Graue; 30 I shall haue done enough, and better deeme T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue dide to haue. Short-breath'd Mortalitie would yet extend That spanne of life so farre forth as it may, And robbe her Fate; seeke to beguile her end Of some few lingring dayes of after-stay, That all this little All, might not descend Into the darke, a vniuerfall pray. And giue our labours yet this poore delight, That when our daies doe end, they are not done: 40 And though we die, we shall not perish quite, But liue two liues, where other haue but one.

Philocosmus.

Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of Aire,
That having done the vttermost he can,
Leaues yet, perhaps, but beggarie to his heire:
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feedes not his race, or makes his house more faire.

And what art thou the better, thus to leaue 50 A multitude of words to small effect, Which other times may scorne, and so deceive Thy promif'd name, of what thou dost expect? Besides, some viperous Criticke may bereaue Th'opinion of thy worth for some desect; And get more reputation of his wit, By, but controlling of some word or sence, Then thou shalt honour for contriuing it, With all thy trauell, care and diligence; Being Learning now enough to contradict, бо And censure others with bold insolence. Besides, so many so consusedly sing, Whose diuerse discords have the Musicke mar'd, And in contempt that mysterie doth bring, That he must sing alowd that will be heard: And the receiu'd opinion of the thing, For some vnhallowed string that vildely iar'd, Hath so vnseason'd now the eares of men, That who doth touch the tenour of that vaine, Is held but vaine; and his vnreckned pen 70 The title but of Leuitie doth gaine. A poore light gaine, to recompence their toyle, That thought to get Eternitie the while. And therefore, leaue the left and out-worne course Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how To fit the times with what is most in force; Be new with mens affections that are new; Striue not to runne an idle counter-course, Out from the scent of humours, men allow. For not discreetly to compose our partes 80

Vnto the frame of men (which we must be)

Is to put off our selues, and make our Artes Rebels to Nature and Societie; Whereby we come to burie our desarts, In th'obscure graue of Singularitie.

Musophilus.

Oe not prophane the worke of doing well, Seduced man, that canst not looke so hie From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell The wayes of Right, which Vertue doth descrie; 90 That ouer-lookes the base contemptibly, And low-laid follies of Mortalitie: Nor mete out Truth and right-discerning Praise, By that wrong measure of Confusion, The vulgar foote; that neuer takes his wayes By Reason, but by Imitation, Rowling on with the rest; and neuer weighs The course which he should goe, but what is gone. Well were it with Mankinde, if, what the most Did like, were best: But Ignorance will live 100 By others fquare, as by example loft:

And man to man must th'hand of Errour giue That none can fall alone, at their owne cost; And all, because men judge not, but beleeve.

For what poore bounds haue they, whom but th'earth bounds;

What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got, relieues not, but confounds,
Hauing but trauell to succeede their paines?
What ioy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and Griefe his gaines?

I 10

Gath'ring, incroching, wresting, joyning to, Destroying, building, decking, furnishing, Repayring, altring, and fo much adoe, To his foules toyle, and bodies trauelling ! And all this doth he, little knowing who Fortune ordaines to haue th'inheriting. And his faire house rais'd hie in Enuies eie; Whose Pillars rear'd (perhaps) on bloud and wrong, The spoyles and pillage of Iniquitie: Who can affure it to continue long? 120 If Rage spar'd not the walles of Pietie, Shall the prophanest pyles of sinne keepe strong? How many proud aspiring Pallaces Haue we knowne, made the prey of wrath and pride; Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulnesse; Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide, Or ciuill tumults, or an orderlesse Order, pretending change of some strong side? Then where is that proud Title of thy name, Written in yee of melting vanitie? 130 Where is thine heire left to possesse the same? Perhaps, not so well as in beggarie. Something may rife to be beyond the shame Of vile and vnregarded Pouertie. Which I confesse, although I often striue To clothe in the best habit of my skill, In all the fairest colours I can giue: Yet for all that, me thinkes she lookes but ill. I cannot brooke that face, which dead-aliue Shewes a quicke body, but a buried will, 140 Yet oft we see the barres of this restraint

Holdes goodnesse in, which loose wealth would let flie;

And fruitlesse riches barriner then want, Brings forth small worth from idle Libertie: Which when Disorders shall againe make scant, It must refetch her state from Pouertie. But yet in all this interchange of all, Vertue we see, with her faire grace, stands fast: For what high races hath there come to fall, With low disgrace, quite vanished and past, Since Chaucer liu'd; who yet liues, and yet shall, Though (which I grieue to fay) but in his last. Yet what a time hath he wrested from Time, And wonne vpon the mighty waste of dayes, Vnto th'immortall honour of our clime! That by his meanes came first adorn'd with Bayes; Vnto the facred Relickes of whose rime, We yet are bound in zeale to offer praise? And, could our lines, begotten in this age, Obtaine but fuch a bleffed hand of yeares, 160 And scape the fury of that threatning rage, Which in confused cloudes gastly appeares; Who would not straine his trauels to ingage, When fuch true glory should succeede his cares? But whereas he came planted in the Spring, And had the Sunne, before him, of Respect: We, fet in th'Autumne, in the withering And fullen feason of a cold defect, Must taste those sowre distasts the times do bring Vpon the fulnesse of a cloy'd Neglect; 170 Although the stronger constitutions shall Weare out th'infection of distempred dayes,

And come with glory to out-liue this fall:

Recouring of another springing of Praise,

Cleer'd from th'oppresing humours wherewithall The Idle multitude furcharge their laies. Whenas (perhaps) the words thou scornest now May liue, the speaking picture of the minde; The extract of the foule, that laboured, how 180 To leaue the Image of herfelfe behinde; Wherein Posteritie, that loue to know The iust proportion of our Spirits, may finde. For these Lines are the veines, the arteries, And vndecaying life-strings of those harts That still shall pant, and still shall exercize The motion, spirit and Nature both imparts; And shall, with those aliue so sympathize, As, nourisht with their powers, inioy their parts. O bleffed Letters, that combine in one, All Ages past, and make one liue with all: 190 By you, we doe conferre with who are gone, And, the dead-liuing vnto Councell call: By you, th'vnborne shall haue communion Of what we feele, and what doth vs befall. Soule of the world, Knowledge, without thee, What hath the Earth, that truly glorious is? Why should our pride make such a stirre to be, To be forgot? What good is like to this, To doe worthy the writing, and to write . Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight? 200 And let th'vnnaturall and wayward Race, Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame, That neuer read t'obserue, but to disgrace; Raise all the tempest of their powre, to blame. That puffe of folly neuer can deface,

The worke a happy Genius tooke to frame.

Yet why should ciuill Learning seeke to wound And mangle her owne members with despight? Prodigious wits, that study to confound The life of wit, to seeme to know aright, 210 As if themselues had fortunately found Some stand from off the earth beyond our sight; Whence, ouer-looking all as from aboue, Their grace is not to worke, but to reproue. But how came they plac'd in so high degree Aboue the reach and compasse of the rest? Who hath admitted them onely to be Free-denizons of skill, to judge the best? From whom the world as yet could neuer see The warrant of their wit foundly exprest. 220 T'acquaint our times with that perfection Of high conceipt, which onely they possesse; That we might haue things exquisitely done, Measur'd with all their strict observances: Such would (I know) scorne a Translation, Or bring but others labours to the Presse: Yet, oft these monster-breeding mountaines will Bring forth small Mice of great expected skill, Presumption euer fullest of desects, Failes, in the doing, to performe her part: And I haue knowne proude words and poore effects, Of fuch indeede as doe condemne this Arte: But let them rest, it euer hath beene knowne, They others vertues scorne, that doubt their owne. And for the diuers disagreeing cordes Of inter-iangling Ignorance, that fill The dainty eares, and leaue no roome for words,

The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will:

Knowing the best he hath, he frankely foordes, And scornes to be a niggard of his skill. 240 And that the rather, fince this short-liu'd race, Being fatally the fonnes but of one day; That now with all their powre plie it apace, To hold out with the greatest might they may, Against Confusion, that hath all in chace, To make of all, an vniuerfall pray. For now great Nature hath laid downe at last That mighty birth, wherewith so long she went, And ouer-went the times of ages past, Here to lye in, vpon our fost content: 250. Where fruitfull she, hath multiplyed so fast, That all she hath, on these times seem'd t'haue spent. All that which might haue many ages grac'd, Is borne in one, to make one cloy'd with all; Where Plenty hath imprest a deepe distast, Of best and worst, and all in generall: That Goodnesse seemes Goodnesse to have defac't, And Vertue hath to Vertue given the fall. For Emulation, that proude nurse of Wit, Scorning to stay below or come behinde, 260 Labours vpon that narrow top to fit Of sole Perfection in the highest kinde: Enuy and Wonder looking after it, Thrust likewise, on the selfesame blisse to finde: And so, long striuing, till they can no more, Doe stuffe the place, or others hopes shut out; Who, doubting to ouertake those gone before, Giue vp their care, and cast no more about: And so in scorne, leave all as fore possest,

And will be none, where they may not be best. 270

Eu'n like some empty Creeke, that long hath laine, Left or neglected of the River by, Whose searching sides, pleas'd with a wandring vaine, Finding some little way that close did lie; Steale in at first, then other streames againe Second the first, then more then all supply; Till all the mighty maine hath borne, at last, The glory of his chiefest powre that way; Plying this newfound pleasant roome so fast, Till all be full, and all be at a stay: 280 And then about, and backe againe doth cast, - Leauing that full to fall another way: So fares this hum'rous world, that euermore Rapt with the current of a present course, Runnes into that which lay contemn'd before: Then glutted, leaues the same, and falles t'a worse: Now Zeale holdes all, no life but to adore, Then cold in spirit, and faith is of no force. Strait, all that holy was, vnhallowed lies, The scattred carcasses of ruin'd vowes: **2**90 Then Truth is false, and now hath Blindnesse eies, Then Zeale trusts all, now scarcely what it knowes: That euermore, to foolish or to wise, It fatall is to be feduc'd with showes. Sacred Religion, mother of Forme and Feare, How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deckt? What pompous vestures doe we make thee weare? What stately piles we prodigall erect? How fweet perfum'd thou art, how shining cleare? How folemnely obseru'd, with what respect? 300

^{1. 280, &#}x27;folempnly' 1601; l. 289, misprinted 'vnhollowed.'

Another time, all plaine, all quite thread-bare, Thou must have all within, and nought without; Sit poorely without light, difrob'd, no care Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout; Powrelesse, vnfollowed, scarcely men can spare The necessary rites to set thee out. Either Truth, Goodnesse, Vertue are not still The felfesame which they are, and alwayes one, But alter to the project of our will, Or we, our actions make them waite vpon, 310 Putting them in the livery of our skill, And cast them off againe when we have done. You mightie Lords, that with respected grace Doe at the sterne of faire example stand, And all the body of this populace Guide with the turning of your hand; Keepe a right course, beare vp from all disgrace, Observe the poynt of glory to our land: Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground, Keepe Vertue in request, giue Worth her due, Let not Neglect with barbarous meanes confound So faire a good, to bring in night anew. Be not, O be not accessary found Vnto her death, that must giue life to you. Where will you have your vertuous name fafe laide? In gorgeous Tombes, in facred Cels fecure? Doe you not see those prostate heapes betraide Your fathers bones, and could not keep them fure? And will you trust deceitfull stones faire laide, And thinke they will be to your honour truer? 330 No, no, vnsparing Time will proudly send A warrant vnto Wrath; that with one frowne Will all these mock'ries of Vaine-glory rend, And make them, as before, vngrac'd, vnknowne; Poore idle honours that can ill defend Your memories, that cannot keepe their owne. And whereto ferue that wondrous Trophei now, That on the goodly Plaine neere Wilton stands? That huge dumbe heape, that cannot tell vs how, Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands, 340 Nor for whose glory, it was set to shew How much our pride mocks that of other lands? Whereon, whenas the gazing passenger Hath greedy lookt with admiration, And faine would know his birth, and what he were, How there erected, and how long agone: Enquires, and askes his fellow traueller, What he hath heard, and his opinion: And he knowes nothing. Then he turnes againe, And lookes, and fighs, and then admires afresh, 350 And in himselfe with sorrow doth complaine The misery of darke Forgetfulnesse: Angry with Time that nothing should remaine Our greatest wonders wonder, to expresse. Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse, Robbing faire Arte and Cunning of their right, Tels, how those stones, were by the Deuils force, From Affrike brought to Ireland in a night, And thence, to Britannie, by Magicke course, From Gyants hands redeem'd, by Merlins sleight. 360

And then neere Ambri plac'd, in memorie

Of all those noble Britons murthered there,

By *Hengist* and his Saxon trecherie, Comming to parlee in peace at vnaware. With this old Legend then Credulitie Holdes her content, and closes up her care: But is Antiquitie so great a liar? Or, doe her yonger fonnes her age abuse, Seeing after-commers still, so apt t'admire The graue authoritie that she doth vse, 370 That reverence and Respect dares not require Proofe of her deedes, or once her words refuse? Yet wrong they did vs, to presume so far, Vpon our easie credit and delight: For, once found false, they strait became to mar Our faith, and their owne reputation quite, That now her truths hardly beleeved are: And though sh'auouch the right, she scarce hath right. And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame, That stands corrupted so with times despight, 380 And giu'st false euidence, against their same That set thee there, to testifie their right; And art become a Traitour to their name That trusted thee with all the best they might. Thou shalt stand still belide, and slaundered, The onely gazing-stocke of Ignorance; And by thy guile, the wife admonished, Shall neuer more desire such heapes t'aduance; Nor trust their liuing glory with the dead That cannot speake, but leave their fame to Chance: Considering in how small a roome doe lie, **391** And yet lie safe, as fresh as if aliue, All those great worthies of antiquitie;

Which long foreliu'd thee, and shall long suruiue;

Who stronger tombes found for Eternitie, Then could the powres of all the earth contriue. Where they remaine these trisles to obraid Out of the reach of Spoyle, and way of Rage; Though Time with all his power of yeeres hath laid Long batterie, back'd with vndermining Age, Yet they make head, onely with their owne aide And warre, with his all-conquering forces, wage. Pleading the Heau'ns prescription to be free, And thaue a grant, tindure as long as hee.

Philocosmus.

DEholde how euery man, drawne with delight Of what he doth, flatters him in his way; Striuing to make his courfe seeme onely right Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray: Imagination bringing brauely dight, 410 Her pleasing Images in best aray. With flattering glasses that must shew him faire, And others foule: his skill and wit best, Others seduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their: His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest. Not feeing how thefe Minions in the aire Present a face of things falsely exprest, And that the glimmering of these errours showne, Are but a light, to let him see his owne. Alas poore Fame, in what a narrow roome, 420 As an incaged Parrot art thou pent Here amongst vs, where, euen as good be dombe As speake, and to be heard with no attent? How can you promise of the time to come,

Whenas the present are so negligent?

Is this the walke of all your wide renowne, This litle Point, this scarce discerned Ile, Thrust from the world, with whom our speech vnknowne Made neuer any traffike of our Stile? And in this All, where all this care is showne, 430 T'inchant your fame to last so long a while? And for that happier tongues haue wonne so much, Thinke you to make your barbarous language such? Poore narrow limits for so mightie paines, That cannot promise any forraine vent: And yet, if here, to all, your wondrous vaines Were generally knowne, it might content: But loe, how many reades not, or disdaines The labour of the chiefe and excellent? How many thousands neuer heard the name 440 Of Sidney, or of Spencer, or their Bookes? And yet braue fellowes, and presume of Fame, And seeme to beare downe all the world with lookes? What then shall they expect of meaner frame, On whose indeuours few or none scarce lookes? Doe you not see these Pamphlets, Libels and Rymes, These strange confused tumults of the minde, Are growne to be the sicknesse of these times, The great disease inflicted on mankinde? Your Vertues by your Follies made your crimes, 450 Haue issue with your indiscretion ioyn'd. Schooles, Artes, Professions, all in so great store, Passe the proportion of the present state; Where, being as great a number as before, And fewer roomes them to accommodate: It cannot be but they must throng the more,

And kick, and thrust, and shoulder with Debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attaine Th'expected good, which they account their right, And yet perceive others to reape that gaine 460 Of farre inferiour vertues in their fight: They present, with the sharpe of Enuie, straine To wound them with reproches and despight: And for these cannot have as well as they, They scorne their faith should deigne to looke that way. Hence, discontented Sects and Schismes arise, Hence interwounding Controuersies spring, That feede the Simple, and offend the Wise, - Who know the consequence of cauelling Difgrace, that these to others doe deuise: 470 Contempt and Scorne on all in th'end doth bring, Like scolding wives, reckning each others fault, Make standers-by imagine both are naught. For when to these rare dainties, time admits All commers, all complexions, all that will, Where none should be let in but choisest wits, Whose milde discretion could comport with skill: For when the place their humour neither fits, Nor they the place, who can expect but ill? For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand, 480 And for aught els whereto they shall b'addrest, They eu'n become th'incumbrance of the land, As out of ranke, disordring all the rest: This grace of theirs, to feeme to vnderstand, Marres all their grace, to doe, without their rest. Men finde, that action is another thing, Then what they in discoursing papers reade:

The worlds affaires require in managing,

More Artes then those wherein you Clerkes proceede:

Ν'n

Whilst timorous Knowledge stands considering, 490 Audacious Ignorance hath done the deede; For who knowes most, the more he knowes to doubt; The least discourse is commonly most stout; This sweet inchaunting Knowledge turnes you cleene Out from the fields of naturall delight, And makes you hide, vnwilling to be seene

In th'open concourse of a publike sight: This skill, wherewith you have so cunning beene,

Vnsinues all your powres, vnmans you quite.

Publike societie and commerce of men

Require another grace, another port:

This Eloquence, these Rymes, these Phrases then,

Begot in shades, doe serue vs in no sort;

Th'vnmateriall swelling of your Pen

Touch not the spirit that action doth import:

A manly stile, sitted to manly eares
Best grees with wit; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gawdy liu'ry weares
Of nice Corruptions, which the times doe sway,
And waites on th'humour of his pulse that beares 510
His passions set to such a pleasing kay:
Such dainties serue onely for stomackes weake;
For men doe sowlest, when they finest speake.

Yet doe I not dislike that in some wise

Be sung, the great heroicall deserts,

Of braue renowned spirits; whose exercise

Of worthy deeds may call vp others hearts,

And serue a modell for posterities,

To fashion them sit for like glorious parts:

But so, that all our spirits may tend hereto,

To make it, not our grace, to say, but do.

520

Musophilus.

Vch thou hast said, and willingly I heare, As one that am not so possess, with Loue Of what I doe, but that I rather beare An eare to learne, then a tongue to disproue: I know men must, as carried in their spheare, According to their proper motions, moue. And that course likes them best which they are on, Yet Truth hath certaine bounds, but Falshood none. I doe confesse our limits are but small, 5 3 I Compar'd with all the whole vaste earth beside; All which, againe, rated to that great All, Is likewise as a poynt, scarcely descride: So that in these respects, we may this call, A poynt but of a poynt, where we abide. But if we shall descend from that high stand Of ouer-looking Contemplation, And cast our thoughts, but to, and not beyond This spacious circuit which we tread vpon; 540 We then may estimate our mighty land, A world, within a world standing alone. Where, if our fame confind cannot get out, What, shall we imagine it is pen'd, That hath so great a world to walke about, Whose bounds with her reports haue both one end? Why shall we not rather esteeme her stout, That farther then her owne fcorne to extend? Where being so large a roome, both to doe well, And eke to heare th'applause of things well done, 550 That farther, if men shall our vertues tell,

We have more mouthes, but not more merit won:

It doth not greater make that which is laudable, The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one. And for the few that onely lend their eare, That few, is all the world; which with a few Doe euer liue, and moue, and worke, and stirre. This is the heart doth feele and onely know The rest of all, that onely bodies beare, Rowle vp and downe, and fill vp but the row. 560 And serues as others members, not their owne, The instruments of those that doe direct. Then what difgrace is this, not to be knowne To those know not to give themselves respect? And though they swell with pompe of folly blowne, They liue vngrac'd, and die but in Neglect. And for my part, if onely one allow The care my labouring spirits take in this, He is to me a Theater large enow, And his applause onely sufficient is: 570 All my respect is bent but to his brow, That is my All; and all I am, is his. And if some worthy spirits be pleased too, It shall more comfort breede, but not more will. But what if none? It cannot yet vndoo The loue I beare vnto this holy skill: This is the thing that I was borne to doo, This is my Scene, this part must I sulfill. Let those that know not breath, esteeme of winde, And fet t'a vulgar ayre their feruile fong; 580 Rating their goodnesse by the praise they find, Making their worth on others fits belong; As Vertue were the hireling of the minde,

And could not liue if Fame had ne'r a tong.

Hath that all-knowing powre that holdes within The goodly prospective of all this frame, (Where, whatsoever is, or what hath bin, Reslects a certaine image of the same)

No inward pleasures to delight her in,

But she must gad to seeke an almes of Fame?

590

біо

Must she, like to a wanton Curtezan,

Open her brests for shew, to winne her praise; And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man As if she were enamour'd of his wayes, And knew not Weakenesse, nor could rightly scan To what desects his hum'rous breath obayes?

She that can tell, how proud Ambition

Is but a Beggar, and hath nought at all, But what is giu'n of meere Deuotion:

For which, how much it sweats, how much it's thrall?

What toyle it takes, and yet, when all is done, 601

Th'endes in expectation neuer fall;

Shall she ioyne hands with such a seruile mate,
And prostrate her faire body, to commit
Folly with earth, and to defile that state
Of cleerenesse, for so grosse a benefit?
Hauing Reward dwelling within her gate,

And Glory of her owne to furnish it:

Her selse, a recompence sufficient

Vnto her felfe, to give her owne content.

I'st not enough, that she hath rais'd so hie,
Those that be hers, that they may sit and see
The earth below them, and this All to lie
Vnder their view, taking the true degree
Of the iust height of swolne Mortalitie,
Right as it is, not as it seemes to be?

And vndeceived with the Paralax Of a mistaking eye of passion, know By these mask'd outsides what the inward lackes; Meaf'ring man by himselfe, not by his show; Wondering not at their rich and golden backes, That haue poore mindes and little else to shew: Nor taking that for them which well they fee Is not of them, but rather is their loade: The lies of Fortune, wherewithall men be Deemed within, when they be all abroade: [knee, Whose ground, whose grasse, whose earth haue cap and Which they suppose, is on themselues bestow'd, And thinke like Isis Asse, all Honours are Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done 630 Vnto the painted Idoll which they beare, That onely makes them to be gazed on: For take away their packe, and shew them bare, And fee what best this Honour rides vpon. Hath Knowledge lent to hers the priuy kay, To let them in vnto the highest Stage Of Causes, Secrets, Counsels, to survay The wits of men, their hearts, their colds, their rage, That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gainesay, Beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age. б40 And shall we trust goodnesse as it proceedes From that vnconstant mouth, which with one breath Will make it bad againe vnlesse it seedes The present humour that it fauoureth? Shall we esteeme and reckon how it heedes Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloweth? Then whereto serues it to haue bin inlarg'd

With this free manumission of the mind,

246 If for all that, we still continue charg'd With those discourred errors which we finde? 650 As if our knowledge onely were discharg'd, Yet we our selues staid in a seruile kinde. That Vertue must be out of countenance, If this groffe spirit, or that weake shallow braine, Or this nice wit, or that distemperance, Neglect, distaste, vncomprehend, disdaine; When fuch ficke eyes can neuer cast a glance, But through the colours of their proper staine. Though, I must needes confesse, the small respect, That these great-seeming best of men doe give, (Whose brow begets th'inferior forts neglect,) Might moue the weake irresolute to grieue: But stronger, see how instly this defect Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue:

That Learning needs must runne the common fate Of all things else, thrust on by her owne weight, Comporting not her felfe in her estate Vnder this burthen of a felfe conceit: Our owne diffentious hands opening the gate Vnto Contempt, that on our quarrels waite,

Discou'red haue our inward gouernement, And let in hard opinion to Difgrace

The generall, for fome weake impotent That beare out their disease with a stolne face; Who (filly foules) the more wit they have spent,

The lesse they shew'd, not bettring their bad case.

And fee how foone this rowling world can take Aduantage for her diffolution,

Faine to get loofe from this withholding stake Of ciuill Science and Discretion:

680,

670

How glad it would runne wilde, that it might make One formeleffe forme of one confusion? Like tyrant Ottomans blindefolded state, Which must know nothing more, but to obay: For this, feekes greedy Ignorance t'abate Our number, order, liuing, forme and sway: For this, it practifes to diffipate Th'vnsheltred troupes, till all be made away. For, since our Fathers sinnes pull'd first to ground 690 The pale of their disseuered dignitie, And ouerthrew that holy reuerent bound That parted learning and the Laiety, And laid all flat in common, to confound The honour and respect of Pictie: It did so much invile the estimate Of th'opened and inuulgar'd mysteries, Which now reduc'd vnto the basest rate, Must waite upon the Norman subtilties, Who (being mounted vp into their state) Doe best with wrangling rudenesse sympathize. And yet, though now fet quite behinde the traine Of vulgar sway (and light of powre weigh'd light) Yet would this giddy innouation faine Downe with it lower, to abase it quite: And those poore remnants that doe yet remaine The spoyled markes of their divided right: They wholly would deface to leaue no face Of reuerent Distinction and Degree, As if they weigh'd no diffrence in this case, Betwixt Religions Age and Infancie: 710

Where th'one must creepe, th'other stand with grace,

Lest turn'd to a child it ouerturned be.

Though to pull backe th'on-running state of things,
(Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers dayes)
Vnto the forme of their first orderings,
Is the best meanes that dissolution stayes,
And to goe forward, backward, right, men brings,
T'observe the line from whence they tooke their wayes.
Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not level to the times condition:

720

To alter course, may bring men more astray,
And leauing what was knowne to light on none;
Since eu'ry change the reuerence doth decay,
Of that which alway should continue one.

. For this is that close kept Palladium

Which once remoou'd, brings ruine euermore: This stir'd, makes men fore-setled, to become Curious, to know what was beleeu'd before: Whilst Faith disputes that vsed to be dombe,

And more men striue to talke, then to adore.

For neuer head-strong Reformation will

Rest, till to th'extreame opposite it runne, And ouer-runne the meane distrusted still, As being too neare of kinne, to that men shunne: For good, and bad, and all, must be one ill, When once there is another truth begunne.

*73*0

So hard it is an euen hand to beare,

In tamp'ring with such maladies as these;
Lest that our forward passions launce too neare,
And make the cure proue worse then the disease: 740
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it growes with that, which doth displease:

And faults are easier lookt in, then redrest: Men running with such eager violence,

At the first view of errours fresh in quest; As they, to rid an inconvenience, Sticke not to raise a mischiese in the steed. Which after mocks their weake improvidence: And therefore doe make not your owne fides bleed To pricke at others: you that would amend By pulling downe, and thinke you can proceed, By going backe vnto the farther end, Let stand that little Couert left behinde, Whereon your fuccours and respects depend. And bring not downe the prizes of the minde, With vnder-rating of your felues so base: You that the mighties doores doe crooching find, To fell your felues to buy a little grace, Or waite whole months to out-bid Symonie, For that, which being got, is not your place: 760 For if it were, what needed you to buy What was your due; your thirsting shewes your shift, And little worth that seekes iniuriously A worthier from his lawfull roome to lift? We cannot fay, that you were then prefer'd, But that your money was, or some worse gift. O fcattring gath'rers, that without regard Of times to come, will to be made, vndo_ As if you were the last of men, prepar'd To bury in your graues all other to. *77*0 Dare you prophane that holy portion Which neuer facrilegious hand durst do? Did forme-establishing Deuotion, To maintaine a respectiue reuerence Extend her bountifull prouision,

With fuch a charitable prouidence,

For your deforming hands to diffipate, And make Gods due, your impious expence? No maruell then, though th'ouerpestred State Want roome for goodnesse, if our little hold 78o Be lefned vnto fuch a narrow rate, That Reuerence cannot sit, fit as it should: And yet what neede we thus for roomes complaine, That shall not want voyde roomes if this course hold? And more then will be fill'd; for who will straine To get an empty title, to betray His hopes, and trauell for an honour vaine, And gaine a Port, without support or stay? What neede hath Enuy to maligne their state, That will themselues, so kind, giue it away? 790 This makes indeede our number passe the rate Of our prouisions: which, if dealt aright, Would yeeld sufficient roome t'accommodate, More then we have in places requisite. The ill disposing onely doth vs set In difaray, and out of order quite. Whiles other guifts then of the minde shall get Vnder our colours, that which is our dues, And to our trauels, neither benefit, Nor grace, nor honour, nor respect accrewes: The sicknesse of the States soule, Learning, then The bodies great distemprature insues. For if that Learnings roomes to learned men

Were as their heretage distributed,
All this disordred thrust would cease: for when
The sit were call'd, th'vnworthy srustrated,
These would b'asham'd to seeke, those to b'vnsought,
And stay'ng their turne, were sure they should be sped.

840

Then would our drooping Academies, brought Againe in heart, regaine that reuerend hand 810 Of lost Opinion, and no more be thought, Th'vnnecessary furnish of the land, Nor discourag'd with their small esteeme, Conful'd, irrefolute and wauering stand: Caring not to become profound, but feeme Contented with a superficial skill; Which for a fleight reward enough they deeme, When th'one fucceedes as well as th'other will: Seeing shorter wayes leade sooner to their end, And others longer trauels thriue fo ill. 820 -Then would they onely labour to extend Their now vnfearching spirit beyond these bounds Of others powres; wherein they must be pend, As if there were besides, no other grounds: And fet their bolde *Plus vltra* farre without The pillers of those Axioms Age propounds: Discouring daily more and more about, In that immense and boundlesse Ocean Of Natures riches; neuer yet found out, Nor fore-clof'd, with the wit of any man. 830 So farre beyond the ordinary course That other vnindustrious Ages ran, That these more curious times, they might divorce From the opinion they are linckt vnto Of our disable and vnactiue force, To shew true knowledge can both speake and do: Arm'd for the sharpe, which in these dayes they finde, With all prouisions that belong thereto: That their Experience may not come behinde

The times conceipt, but leading in their place,

May make men see the weapons of the minde Are States best strengths, and kingdomeschiefest grace; And roomes of charge, charg'd full with worth and praise,

Makes Maiestie appeare with her full face,
Shining with all her beames, with all her raies,
Vnscanted of her parts, vnshadowed
In any darkened poynt; which still bewrayes
The wane of Powre, when powr's vnsurnished,
And hath not all those intire complements
Wherewith the State should for her state be sped. 850
And though the fortune of some age consents

Vnto a thousand errours grossely wrought,
Which flourisht ouer with their saire euents,
Haue past for currant, and good courses thought:

The least whereof, in other times againe Most dang'rous inconueniences haue brought,

Whilst to the times, not to mens wits pertaine,
The good successes of ill manag'd deedes:
Though th'ignorant deceiued with colours vaine,
Misse of the causes whence this lucke proceedes. 860
Forraine desects giuing home-faults the way,
Make eu'n that weakenesse sometimes well succeedes.

I grant, that some vnlettred practique may (Leauing beyond the Alpes, Faith and Respect To God and man) with impious cunning, sway The courses fore-begunne with like effect, And without stop, maintaine the turning on, And have his errours deem'd without defect:

But when some powerfull opposition,

Shall, with a found incountring shocke, disioynt 870 The fore-contriued frame, and thereupon,

Th'experience of the present disappoynt, And other stirring spirits, and other hearts Built-huge, for action, meeting in a poynt: Shall drive the world to fommon all their Artes, And all too little for so reall might, When no aduantages of weaker parts Shall beare out shallow councels from the light: And this sence-opening action (which doth hate Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right. 88o Who then holdes up the glory of the State (Which letred armes, and armed letters won) Who shall be fittest to negotiate, Contemn'd Iustinian, or else Littleton? When it shall not be held wisedome to be Priuately made, and publikely vndone: But found designes that judgement shall decree Out of a true discerne, of the cleere wayes That lie direct, with safe-going Equitie; Imbroyling not their owne and others dayes. 890 Extending forth their prouidence, beyond The circuit of their owne particular: That eu'n the ignorant may vnderstand, How that deceit is but a cauillar; And true vnto it selfe can neuer stand, But still must with her owne conclusions warre. Can Truth and Honestie, wherein consists The right, repose on earth? the surest ground Of Trust, come weaker arm'd into the lists, Then Fraud or Vice, that doth it selfe confound? 900 Or shall Presumption that doth what it lists, Not what it ought, carry her courses sound?

Then, what fafe place out of confusion

Hath plaine proceeding Honestie to dwell? What fute of grace hath Vertue to put on, If Vice shall weare as good, and doe as well? If Wrong, if Craft, if Indifcretion, Act as faire parts, with ends as laudable? Which all this mighty volume of euents, The world, the vniuerfall map of deedes 910 Strongly controwles, and proues from all discents, That the directest courses best succeedes When Craft, wrapt still in many comberments With all her cunning thriues not, though it speedes. For, should not graue and learn'd Experience That lookes with th'eyes of all the world beside, And with all ages holdes intelligence, Goe fafer then Deceit without a guide? Which in the by-paths of her diffidence Crossing the waies of Right, still runs more wide: 920 Who will not grant? and therefore this obserue, No state stands sure, but on the grounds of Right, Of Vertue, Knowledge, Iudgement to preserue, And all the powres of Learning requisite: Though other shifts a present turne may serue, Yet in the tryall they will weigh too light. And doe not thou contemne this swelling tide And streame of words, that now doth rise so hie Aboue the viuall bankes, and ipreads io wide Ouer the borders of Antiquitie: 930 Which I confesse comes euer amplifide With th'abounding humours that doe multiplie: And is with that same hand of happinesse Inlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:

Yet so, as if let out but to redresse,

And calme, and fway th'affections it commands: Which as it stirres, it doth againe represse And brings in, th'out-gone malice that withstands. Powre aboue powres, O heauenly Eloquence, That with the strong reine of commanding words, 940 Dost manage, guide, and master th'eminence Of mens affections, more then all their fwords: Shall we not offer to thy Excellence, The richest treasure that our wit affords? Thou that canst doe much more with one poore pen Then all the powres of Princes can effect: And draw, diuert, dispose and fashion men Better then force or rigour can direct: Should we this ornament of Glory then As th'vnmateriall fruits of shades, negle ct? 950 Or should we carelesse, come behinde the rest In powre of words, that goe before in worth, Whenas our accents equall to the best, Is able greater wonders to bring forth: When all that euer hotter spirits exprest, Comes bettred by the patience of the North. And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores This gaine of our best glory shall be sent, -T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our stores? 960 What worlds in th'yet vnformed Occident May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours? Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand The greatnesse of our stile is now-ordain'd? What powrs it shall bring in, what spirits command, What thoughts let out, what humours keepe restrain'd,

What mischiese it may powrefully withstand,

And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd.

And as for Poesie (mother of this force)

That breedes, brings forth, and nourishes this might,

Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,

971

With comely motions how to goe vpright:

And fostring it with bountifull discourse,

Adornes it thus in fashions of delight,

What should I say? since it is well approu'd

The fpeech of heauen, with whom they have commerce;

That onely feeme out of themselues remou'd,

And doe with more then humane skills converse:

Those numbers wherewith heau'n and earth are mou'd,

Shew, weakenesse speakes in Prose, but powre in Verse.

Wherein thou likewife feemest to allow,

981

That th'acts of worthy men should be preseru'd:

As in the holiest Tombes we can bestow

Vpon their glory that haue well deseru'd,

Wherein thou dost no other Vertue show,

Then what most barbrous Countries haue obseru'd:

When all the happiest Nations hitherto

Did with no lesser glory speake, then do.

Now to what else thy malice shall object,

For Schooles, and Artes, and their necessitie: 990

When from my Lord, whose judgement must direct,

And forme, and fashion my abilitie,

I shall have got more strength; thou shalt expect

Out of my better leasure, my reply.

FINIS.

IX.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

FROM

VARIOUS SOURCES.

1593-1607.

NOTE.

The sources of these scattered Poems are recorded in their places. See on them our 'Memorial-Introduction II.-Critical' in closing volume.

A. B. G.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

An Ode,1



OW each creature ioyes the other,
paffing happy dayes and howers;
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of filuer showers;
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes Floras lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
chearing plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refresh of better hap.

Ecciio, daughter of the Aire,
(babling guest of Rocks and hils,)
Knows the name of my fierce Faire,
and sounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
whilst that she her Louer kils.

Appeared originally in 1502 Delia 21 2

Whilst that she (O cruell Mayd)
doth me and my true loue despise;
My liues florish is decayed,
that depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obeyed,
and well he ends for loue who dies.

A Paftorall.1

Happy golden Age, Not for that Riuers ranne With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees; Not that the earth did gage 3 L Vnto the husband-man Her voluntary fruites, free without fees: Not for no cold did freeze, Nor any cloud beguile, Th'eternall flowring Spring Wherein liu'd euery thing, And whereon th'heauens perpetually did smile; Not for no ship had brought From forraine shores, or warres or wares ill fought. 40 But onely for that name, That Idle name of wind: That Idoll of deceit, that empty found Call'd HONOR, which became

1 Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,' 1 2,

And so torments our Nature without ground;

The tyran of the minde,

Was not yet Vainly found:

Nor yet fad griefes imparts

Amidst the sweet delights Of ioyfull amorous wights, 50 Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts. But golden lawes like these Which nature wrote. That's lawfull which doth pleafe. Then amongst flowres and springs Making delightfull sport, Sate Louers without conflict, without flame; And Nymphs and shepheards sings, Mixing in wanton fort Whisp'rings with Songs, then kisses with the same Which from affection came: бо ∸ The naked virgin then Her Roses fresh reueales, Which now her vaile conceales: The tender Apples in her bosome seene. And oft in Riuers cleere The Louers with their Loues conforting were. HONOR, thou first didst close The fpring of all delight: Denying water to the amorous thirst Thou taught'st faire eyes to lose The glory of their light; Restrain'd from men, and on themselues reuerst. Thou in a lawne didft first Those golden haires incase. Late fpred vnto the wind; Thou mad'st loose grace vnkind, -Gau'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.

That mak'ft that flealth, which love doth free allow

O Honour it is thou

Our griefes, and torments thus:
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The quallifier of Kings,
What doest thou here with vs
That are below thy power, shut from aboue?
Goe and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let vs neglected, base,
Liue still without thy grace,
And th'vse of th'ancient happy ages keepe:

20
Let's loue: this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue: the fun doth fet, and rife againe, But whenas our short light Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.



A Description of Beauty, translated out of Marino.1

1



Beauty (beames, nay flame
Of that great lampe of light)
That shines a while, with same,
But presently makes night:
Like Winters short-liu'd bright,
Or Summers suddaine gleames,
How much more deare, so much
losse-lasting beames.

2

Wing'd Loue away doth flye,
And with it time doth beare;
And both take suddainly
The sweate, the faine, the deare:
A shining day, and cleare,
Succeedes an obscene night,
And forrow is the hewe of sweet delight.

3

With what then dost thou swell,
O youth of new-borne day?
Wherein doth thy pride dwell
O beauty made of clay?

¹ First appeared in 4to of 1623.

Not with to swift away
The headlong corrant flyes,
As do the sparkling rayes of two faire eyes.

4

Do not thy felfe betray
VVith wantonizing yeares:
O beauty, traytors gay,
Thy melting life that weares,
Appearing, disappeares,
And with thy flying dayes,
Ends all thy good of price, thy faire of prayse.

5

Trust not, vaine creditor

Thy apt deceived view,

In thy false counsellor,

That never tels thee true:

Thy forme, and flattred hew,

Which shall so soone transpasse,

Is farre more faire, then is thy looking-glasse.

б

Inioy thy Aprill now,
Whilst it doth freely shine;
This lightning slash and show,
With that cleare spirit of thine,
Will suddainly decline;
And thou faire murthering eyes
Shalbe loues tombes, where now his cradle lyes.

7

Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkled cheekes, and staines,
With motion troublesome,
With skinne and bloodlesse veines,
That liuely visage reauen,
And made deform'd and old,
Hates sight of glasse, it lou'd so to behold.

8

Thy gold, and scarlet shall
Pale silver colour bee,
Thy rowe of pearles shall fall
Like withred leaves from tree;
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and haire to grow
All plough'd with surrowes, over-sowne with snow.

9

That which on Flora's breft,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly drest,
Saw in her dawning spring;
Quite dry and languishing
Depriu'd of honour quite,
Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

10.

Faire is the Lilly, faire
The Rose, of flowers the eye;
Both wither in the ayre,

Their beautious colours die;
And so at length shall lye
Depriu'd of former grace,
The lillies of thy brests, the roses of thy face.

ΙI

What then wilt it auaile,
O youth adulfed ill,
In lap of beauty fraile
To nurse a way-ward will;
Like snake in sunne-warme hill?
Plucke, plucke, betime thy flower,
That springs, and parcheth in one short howre.

To the Angell Spirit of the most excellent, Sr. Phillip Sidney.1



O the pure Spirit, to thee alone address.

Is this ioynt worke, by double intrist thine;

Thine by his owne, and what is done of mine

Inspir'd by thee, thy secret powre imprest. [combine

My Muse with thine, it selfe dar'd to

20

As mortall staffe with that which is divine: Let thy faire beames give luster to the rest.

That Ifraels King may daygne his owne transform'd
In substance no, but superficiall tire:
And English guis'd in some fort may aspire
To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd:
His sacred Tones, age after age admire.
Nations grow great in pride, and pure desire
So to excell in holy rites perform'd.

O had that foule which honour brought to rest To soone not least, and reast the world of all What man could shew, which we perfection call; This precious peece had sorted with the best. But ah! wide sestred wounds that neuer shall Nor must be closed, vnto sresh bleeding sall: Ah memory, what needs this new arrist.

First appeared in 4to of 1623—query for Sidney's 'Psalmes.' See

Yet bleffed griefe, that sweetnes can impart
Since thou art blest. Wrongly do I complaine;
What euer weights my heauy thoughts sustaine
Deere feeles my soule for thee. I know my part,
Nor be my weaknes to thy rites a staine;
Rites to aright, life bloud would not refraine:
Assist me then, that life what thine did part.

30

40

Time may bring forth, what time hath yet supprest, In whom, thy losse hath layd to vtter wast. The wracke of time, vntimely all defac't, Remayning as the tombe of life disceast: VVhere, in my heart the highest roome thou hast; There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac't: Triumph of death, in life how more then blest.

Behold! O that thou were now to behold,
This finisht long perfections part begun;
The rest but peic'd, as least by thee vndone;
Pardon blest soule, presumption ouerbold:
If loue and zeale hath to this error run
Tis zealous loue, loue that hath neuer dun,
Nor can enough, though instly here contrould.

But fince it hath no other scope to go,
Nor other purpose but to honour thee,
That thine may shine, where all the graces be;
And that my thoughts (like smallest streames that slow,
Pay to their sea, their tributary see)
Do striue, yet haue no meanes to quit nor free,
That mighty debt of infinits I owe.

To thy great worth which time to times inroule VVonder of men, fole borne, foule of thy kind Compleat in all, but heauenly was thy mind, For wisdome, goodnes, sweetnes, fairest soule: To good to wish, to faire for earth, refin'd For Heauen, where all true glory rests confin'd: And where but there no life without controule.

O when from this accompt, this cast-vp somme,
This reckning made the Audit of my woe,
Some time of rase my swelling passions know,
How work my thoughts, my sense, is striken dombe
That would the more then words could euer shew;
Which all fall short. Who knew thee best do know.
There liues no wit that may thy prayer become.

And rest saire monuments of thy saire same,
Though not complete. Nor can we reach, in thought,
What on that goodly peece, time would have wrought.
Had divers so spar'd that life (but life) to frame
The rest: alas such losse the world hath nought
70
Can equall it, nor O more grievance brought,
Yet what remaines must ever crowne thy name.

Receiue these Hims, these obsequies receiue, (If any marke of thy secret spirit thou beare) Made only thine, and no name els must weare. I can no more deare soule, I take my leaue, My sorrow striues to mount the highest Sphere.

Vlisses and the Syren.1

Syren. Come worthy Greeke, Vlisses come Possesse these shores with me: The windes and Seas are troublesome, And heere we may be free. Here may we fit, and view their toile That trauaile on the deepe, And loy the day in mirth the while, And spend the night in sleepe. Vlis. Faire Nimph, if fame, or honor were ΙΟ To be atteynd with ease, Then would I come and rest with thee, And leaue fuch toyles as these. But here it dwels, and here must I With danger seeke it forth: To fpend the time luxuriously Becomes not men of worth. Syr. Vlisses, O be not deceiu'd With that vnreall name: This honour is a thing conceiu'd, 20 And rests on others same. Begotten onely to molest Our peace, and to beguile (The best thing of our lise) our rest, And give vs vp to toile.

From "Certaine Small Poems Lately Printed: with the Tragedie of Philotas. Written by Samvel Daniel.

At London. Printed by G. Eld for Simon Waterson 1605 (12mo)," also in 1607, 1611, etc., but not in 4to of 1623.

Vlis.	Delicious Nimph, suppose there were	
	Nor honour, nor report,	
	Yet manlines would fcorne to weare	
	The time in idle sport.	
	For toyle doth giue a better touch,	30
	To make vs feele our ioy:	J .
	And ease finds tediousnesse as much	
	As labour yeelds annoy.	
Syr.	Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore	
	Whereto tends all your toyle,	
	Which you forgo to make it more,	
	And perish oft the while.	
	Who may disporte them diversly,	
	Finde neuer tedious day,	
	And ease may haue varietie,	40
	As well as action may.	40
Vlis.	But natures of the noblest frame,	
	These toyles, and dangers please,	
	And they take comfort in the same,	
	As much as you in ease.	
	And with the thoughts of actions past	
	Are reuealed still;	
	When pleasure leaues a touch at last,	
	To shew that it was ill.	
Syr.	That doth opinion onely cause,	Ē0
	That's out of custome bred,	50
	Which makes vs many other lawes	
	Then ever Nature did	

No widdowes waile for our delights, Our sportes are without bloud, The world we see by warlike wights, Receives more hurt then goud.

Vlis. But yet the state of things require These motions of vnrest, And these great Sports of high desire, бо Seeme borne to turne them best. To purge the mischieses that increase And all good order mar: For oft we see a wicked peace, To be well chang'd for war. Well, well Vlisses then I see Syr. I shall not have thee heare, And therefore I will come to thee, And take my fortunes there. I must be wonne that cannot win, 70 Yet loft were I not wonne: For beauty hath created bin, T'vndoo, or be vndonne.

ΙO

** "The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the Sea, and having in his Boate two Women, of whom, he loved the one that distained him, and scorned the other who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them, to appease the rage of the tempest, but which, was referred to his owne choice."—Prefixed to this poem in the solio of 1602 is the sollowing short letter:—

"To Edward Seymour Earle of Hertford:

Concerning his question of a distressed man in a Boate vpon the Seas.

Noble Lord, the judgements according to men, as euer the fet of their affections, and as the images of their passions are drawn within, so they send forth the forme of their opinions: and accordingly must I judge of this case (which your Honour hath moued vnto me) as my selfe do stand looking thorow the prospective of min owne imagination, that onely takes measure of other mens passions by that itselfe feeles. Referring the same to the better censure of your honour,

Who shall euer commaund me,

Samvel Daniel."

28



V vnkinde Loue, or she that loues me deare,

Neptune will have cast forth to calme the Seas.

One of these two, or all must perish here:

And therefore now, which shall I faue of these?

Ah! doe I make a question which to saue,
When my desires share but one onely part!
Who should it be but she to whom I have
Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my hart?
She, she must live, the tempests of whose brow
Consound me more then all these stormes can doo,
And but for whom I live: And therefore how
Can any life be life, lesse she live too?
For by that meanes I both may pacifie
The rigour of these waves, and her hard heart,
Who must save him who would not let her die:
Nor can she but reward so great desert.

She cannot, but in mercy needes must giue Comfort to him, by whom her selfe doth liue.

Pars altera.

By the bloud of her that loues me then

Be facrifiz'd to her disdainefulnesse

That scornes my loue? and shall I hope to win

Mercia from her, by being mercilesse?

Will not her safety being thus attain'd, Raise her proude heart t'a higher set of scorne, When she shall see my passions are distain'd With bloud, although it were to serue her turne? Since th'act of ill, though it fall good to vs, Makes vs yet hate the doer of the same: 'And though my hand should have preseru'd her thus, 30 Yet being by cruell meanes, it is my shame; Which she will but ascribe to my defects, And th'imperfections of my passions; which She knowes the influence of her eyes effects, And therein ioyes t'haue vanquisht me so much. And when desert shall seeme t'exact reward, It breedes a loathing in the heart of Grace; That must worke free out of her owne regard, And haue no dues t'obraid her to her face. So shall I then have bent against my soule Both her disdaine, and th'horror of that deed; Which euer must my crueltie controule, And checke the wrong that neuer can succeed. And though it be requir'd that one must go, By message sent me from the powrs Diuine, Yet will I not redeeme my fafety so; Though life be in their hand, death is in mine. And therefore since compassion cannot be Cruell to either, Neptune take all three.

Resumptio.

Vt that were to be cruell to all three, Rebell to Nature, and the gods arrest, Whose ordinances must obserued be; Nor may our frailty with the beauenc contact

40

Why then that must be done that's least vniust, And my affections may not beare a part With crueltie and wrong. But here I must Be of a side, to goe against my hart, And her disdaine her due reward must have:

She must be cast away that would not save.

S.D.

Of William Jones, his "Nennio 1595."

To be indenized with vs, and made our owne,
Nobilitie; whose name indeed is worne

By manie that are great, or mightie growne:

But yet to him most natural, best knowne,
To whom thou doost thy labours sacrifize,
And in whom al those vertues best are showne
Which here this little volume doth comprize.

Wheron when he shall cast his worthie eies,
He here shal glasse himselfe, himselfe shal reed:
The modell of his owne perfections lies
Here plaine described, which he presents indeed:
So that if men can not true worth discerne
By this discourse, looke they on him and learne.

Sa. Danyel.

1. 6, the person meant is "Robert Devreux [sic], Earle of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley," etc., to whom Wm. Jones dedicates Nennio. This Sonnet follows Ed. Spenser's "Who so wil feeke by right deferts t'attaine," etc., and precedes George Chapman's Sonnet, "Accept thrice Noble Nennio at his hand," etc.

G.

From "Penelopes Complaint: Or, A Mirrour for wanton Minions. Taken out of Homer's 'Odiffea,' and written in English Verse. By Peter Colse, 1596" appended to "Willobie's Auisa" (Dr. Grosart's "Occasional Issues," 1880).

Amico suo charissimo P. C .- S. D.

Vid quærit titulos, quid dotes iactat Auisa. Anne ea Penelope est æquiparanda tuæ? Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis: Auisa obscura, obscuro semina nata loco. 10 Penelope satrapæ est coniux illustris: Auisa coniux cauponis, filia pandochei. Penelope casta est cum sponsus abesset: Auisa casta suo sponso nocte diéque domi. Penelopeia annos bis denos mansit: Auisa tot (vix credo) dies intemerata foret. Penelopeia procos centum neglexit: Auisa Vix feptem pretium fustinuit precem, Penelope neuit, pensum confecit: Auisæ lassauit runquam pendula tela manus. 20 Penelope Graijs, Latijs celebratur: Auifæ vnus homo laudes, nomen, & acta canit. Ergo Penelope vigeat, cantetur: Auisa nullo Penelope est æquiualenda modo.

20

Translation (from Introduction to Willobie's Avisa, pp. xxv-vi).

To his most dear friend P. C.—S. D.1

Hy seeks she titles, boasts she riches, why—Avisa?

Is she with thy Penelope to vie?

The one renowned, revered, true to her own: Avisa

An unknown woman from a place unknown.

The one spouse of a prince of glorious name: Avisa

Child of an innkeeper, wife of the same.

The one is chaste, her husband being away: Avisa.

Chaste when he is at home, by night and day.

The one through twice ten years strong to endure:
Avisa

Through scarce as many days could be kept pure.

The one to a hundred lords refused her hand: Avisa

The force and prayers of seven could scarce withstand.

The one would spin until her task was done: Avisa

Ne'er tired the spinning-wheel with what she spun.

The one to the Greeks and Romans praise: Avisa

Has but one man her name and fame to raise.

Long live Penelope and flourish fair: Avisa

May never with Penelope compare.

As in Introduction *supra*, I doubt if the S. D. represent our Daniel; still others think so, and it isn't impossible.

From "Il Pastor Fido; or The Faithfull Shepheard." Translated out of Italian into English. 1602.

To the right worthy and learned Knight, . . . Syr Edward

Dymock, Champion to her Maiestie, concerning this translation of Pastor Fido.

Do reioyce learned and worthy Knight, - That by the hand of thy kinde Country-man (This painfull and industrious Gentleman) 10 Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light: Who in thy loue I know tooke great delight As thou in his, who now in England can Speake as good English as Italian, And here enioyes the grace of his owne right. Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd Vnto us both the vertues of the North, Saying, our costes were with no measures grac'd, Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth. I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store, 20 Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more. Sam. Daniell.

From "BARTAS his Deuine Weekes & Workes." Translated by Iosuah Syluester, 1605.

To my good friend, M. Syluester, in honour of this facred Worke.

The best of treasures, from a Forraine Coast,
And take that wealth wherin they gloried most,
And make it Ours by such a gallant pray,
And that without in-instice; doth bewray
The glory of the Worke, that we may boast
Much to haue wonne, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away.
As thou industrious Sylvester hast wrought,
And heere enritch'd vs with th'immortall store
Of others sacred lines: which from them brought
Comes by thy taking greater then before:
So hast thou lighted from a slame deuout,
As great a slame, that neuer shall goe out.

Samuel Daniel. 20

From Clement Edmundes (Remembrancer of the Cittie of London): his "Observations vpon". Cæsars Comentaries, 1609."

To my friend, Maister Clement Edmonds.

Ho thus extracts, with more then Chymique Art,
The spirit of Bookes, shewes the true way to
finde

Th'Elixer that our leaden Parts conuart Into the golden Metall of the Minde.

Who thus observes in such materials kinde
The certaine Motions of hie Practises,
Knowes on what Center th'Actions of Mankinde
Turne in their course, and sees their fatalnes.

And hee that can make these observances,
Must be aboue his Booke, more then his Pen.
For, wee may be assur'd, hee men can ghesse,
That thus doth Cæsar knowe; the Man of men.
Whose Work, improu'd here to our greater gaine,
Makes Cæsar more then Cæsar to containe.

Sam. Danyell.

From "Queen Anna's New World of Words," etc. Collected by John Florio, 1611.

To my deare friend and brother M. Iohn Florio, one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties Royall Priuy-chamber.

I Stand not to give praise before the face Of this great worke, that doth it selfe commend: But to congratulate the good and grace That England com's thereby to apprehend: And in hir name to thanke your industry 10 Laborius Flório, who have so much wrought To honour hir in bringing Italy To speake hir language, and to give hir note Of all the treasure that rich tongue containes: Wherein I cannot but admire your paines In gathering up this universall store, And furniture of words for every arte, And skill of man: So that there seem's no more Beyond this fearch, that knowledge can impart. Which being a worke which would take up the powers 20 Of more then one whole man, I wonder how You could subtract so many serious howres From that great summe of service that you orve. But that it seemes the beaming Gracefulnesse That lightens from the most refulgent QUEENE Our facred Mistris, work's that ablenesse As mak's you more, then els you could haue beene. Wherein the power of Princes well is seene

That can infuse such force, and make age greene.

And it were well, if in this season, when 30 They leave erecting Churches, Colledges, And pious monuments, they would build men Who of their glory may be witnesses, And what they doe be theirs: As Mazons raise Work's not for them, but for their masters praise. For, would they but be plef'd to know, how small A portion of that over-flowing waste Which run's from them, would turne the wheeles and all The frame of wit, to make their glory last: I thinke they would doe something: but the stirre 40 Still about greatnesse, gives it not the space To looke out from it selfe, or to conferre -Grace but by chance, and as men are in place. But that concern's not me, It is ynow I doe appland your worke. Thus from my Plow. Samuel Daniel.

10

20

From John Florio's 1613 edition of his "Done into English" Essayes written in French by Michael Lord of Montaigne.

To my deare brother and friend M. IOHN FLORIO, one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties most Royall Privile Chamber.

A Ooks, like superfluous humors bred with ease So stuffe the world, as it becomes opprest With taking more than it can well digest; And now are turn'd to be a great disease. For by this overcharging we confound The appetite of skill they had before: There being no end of words, nor any bound Set to conceit the Ocean without shore. * As if man laboured with himselfe to be As infinite in writing, as intents; And draw his manifold uncertaintie In any shape that passion represents: That these innumerable images And figures of opinion and discourse Draw'n out in leaues, may be the witnesses Of our defects much rather than our force. And this proud frame of our prefumption, This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit, Seemes only checkt with the confusion ' Of our mistakings that dissolueth it.

And well may make vs of our knowledge doubt, Seeing what vncertainties wee build vpon, To be as weake within booke as without; Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.

But yet although wee labor with this store

And with the presse of writings seeme opprest, And have to many bookes, yet want wee more,

Feeling great dearth and scarcenesse of the best;

Which cast in choiser shapes have bin produc'd,

To give the best proportions to the minde

Of our confusion, and have introduced

The likeliest images frailtie can finde.

And wherein most the skill-desiring soule

Takes her delight, the best of all delight;

And where her motions eucnest come to rowle About this doubtfull center of the right.

Which to discover this great Potentate,
This Prince Montaigne (if he be not more)
Hath more adventur'd of his owne estate
Than over man did of himselfe before:
And hath made such bold sallies out von
Custome: the mightie tyrant of the earth,
In whose Seraglio of subjection

Wee all seeme bred-vp, from our tender birth;
As I admire his powres, and out of love,
Here at his gate do stand, and glad I stand
So neere to him whom I do so much love,
T'applaude his happie setting in our land:
And safe transpassage by his studious care
Who both of him and vs doth merit much,

Plac'd him in the best lodging of our speach.

Having as sumptuously, as he is rare

30

40

50.

бо

And made him now as free, as if borne here,
And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud
That he is theirs, though he be every where
To have the franchife of his worth allow'd.

• It be'ing the proportion of a happie Pen,
Not to b'inuassal'd to one Monarchie,

But dwell with all the better world of men,
Whose spirits all are of one communitie;
Whom neither Ocean, Desarts, Rockes nor Sands
Can kcepe from th'intertrassique of the minde,
But that it vents her treasure in all lands,
And doth a most secure commercement sinde.

Wrap Excellencie vp neuer so much,
In Hierogliphicques, Ciphers, Caracters,
And let her speake neuer so strange a speach,
Her Genius yet finds apt discipherers:
And neuer was she borne to dye obscure,
But guided by the starres of her owne grace,
Makes her owne fortune, and is ever sure
In mans best hold, to hold the strongest place.

And let the Critick say the worst he can,
He cannot say but that Montaigne yet,
Yeeldes most rich pieces and extracts of man;
Though in a troubled frame confus dly set,
Which yet his blest that he hath ener seene,
And therefore as a guest in gratefulnesse,
For the great good the house yeelds him within,
Might spare to taxe th'unapt convayances.
But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,
Whilst England English speakes, is of that store
And that choyse stuffe, as that without the same
The richest librarie can be but poore.

70

80

And they unblest who letters doe professe

And have him not: whose owne fate beates their want

With more sound blowes, then Alcibiades

Did his Pedante that did Homer want.

By SAM, DANIEL one of the Gentlemen extraordinarie of hir Maiesties most royall privile Chamber. 98

10

Concerning the honor of bookes.1

Since How well do they deferue that memorie
And leave in bookes for all posterities
The names of worthyes, and their vertuous deedes
When all their glorie els, like water weedes
Without their element, presently dyes,
And all their greatnes quite forgotten lyes:
And when, and how they florisht no man heedes.
How poore remembrances, are statutes, Toomes
And other monuments that men erect
To Princes, which remaine in closed roomes
Where but a few behold them; in respect
Of Bookes, that to the vniverfall eye
Shew how they lin'd, the other where they lye.

This Sonnet in 1613 edn. (not 1603) immediately follows the preceding poem, and though it has no signature, seems to belong to Daniel. G.

From "The Essayes, of Morall Politike and Millitarie Discourses of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne, Knt, 1603 edition." 1

To my deere friend M. *Iohn Florio*, concerning his translation of Montaigne.

10

20

B Ookes the amasse of humors, swolne with ease, The Griefe of peace, the maladie of rest; So stuffe the world, falne into this disease, As it receives more then it can digest: And doe so overcharge, as they confound The apetite of skill with idle store: There being no end of words, nor any bound Set to conceipt, the Ocean without shore. As if man labor'd with himselfe to be As infinite in words, as in intents, And drawe his manifold incertaintie In eu'ry figure, passion represents; That these innumerable visages And strange shapes of opinions and discourse Shadowed in leaves, may be the witnesses Rather of our aefects, then of our force. And this proud frame of our presumption, This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit, Seemes onely checkt with the confusion Of our mistakings, that dissolueth it.

1 The re-casting of this poem for 1613 edn., or ten years later, seems to

And well may make vs of our knowledge doubt, Seeing what vncertainties we build vpon,

To be as weake within booke as without;

Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.

But yet although we labor with this store
And with the presse of writings seems oppress,
And have too many bookes, yet want we more,
Fecling great dearth and scarsenesse of the best;
Which cast in choiser shapes have bin produced,
To give the best proportions to the minde
Of our confusion, and have introduced
The likeliest images frailtie can sinde.
And wherein most the skill-desiring soule
Takes her delight, the best of all delight;
And where her motions evenest come to rowle
About this doubtfull center of the right.

Which to discouer this great Potentate, This Prince Montaigne (if he be not more) Hath more adventurd of his owne estate Then ever man did of himselfe before: And hath made such bolde sallies out vpon Custome: the mightie tyrant of the earth, In whose Seraglio of subjection We all seeme bred-vp, from our tender birth; As I admire his powers, and out of love, Here at his gate do stand; and glad I sand, So neere to him whom I do so much loue, T'applaude his happie setling in our land: And safe transpassage by his studious care, Who both of him and vs doth merit much; Having as sumptuously, as he is rare Place thim in the best lodging of our speach.

30

40

And make him now as free, as if borne here,
And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud
That he is theirs; though he be every where
That he franchise of his worth allowed.

It being the portion of a happie Pen,
Not to b'inuassal'd to one Monarchie,
But dwell with all the better world of men
Whose spirits are all of one communitie.
Whom neither Ocean, Desarts, Rockes nor Sands
Can keepe from th'intertrassique of the minde,
But that it vents her treasure in all lands,
And doth a most secure commercement finde.

Wrap Excellencie vp neuer so much,
In Hierogliphicques, Ciphers, Caracters,
And let her speake neuer so strange a speach,
Her Genius yet finds apt discipherers:
And neuer was she borne to dye obscure,
But guided by the Starres of her owne grace,
Makes her owne fortune, and is ever sure
In mans best hold, to hold the strongest place.

And let the Critic say the worst he can,
He cannot say but that Montaigne yet,
Yecldes most rich pieces and extracts of man;
Though in a troubled frame confus'dly set.
Which yet his selft that he hath ener seene,
And therefore as a guest in gratefulnesse,
For the great good the house yeelds him within
Might spare to taxe this napt convayances.
But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,
Whilst England English speakes, is of that store
And that choyse stuffe, as that without the same

The richest librarie can be but poore.

бо.

70

And they viblest who letters do professe 90

And have him not: whose owne fate beates their want

With more sound blowes, then Alcibiades

Did his Pedante that did Homer want.

SAM. DANYEL.

Lemes Montague. Lord Bishop of Winchester, Deane of the Chapell, and one of his Maiesties most Honorable Priny Councell.



Lthough you haue out of your proper ftore

The best munition that may fortifie A Noble heart as no man may have more,

Against the batteries of mortality:
Yet reuerend Lord voutsafe me leaue
to bring

IO

20

One weapon more vnto your furnishment;
That you the Assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sicknesse may preuent:
For that my selfe haue struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do;
And let me tell you this you neuer could
Haue found a sentler warring enemy,
And one that with more faire proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity,
Nor give sincre time to make resistances
And to repaire your breaches, then will this.
For whereas other sicknesses surprize,

Our spirits at vnawares disweopning sodainely,

From Quarto of 1623. A holograph copy is preserved in H.M. Publice Record Office. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' on this.—G.

All sense of vnderstanding in such wise,

As that they lay vs dead before we die,

Or fire vs out of our instanced fort,

With rauing Phrensies in a fearefull fort;

This comes and steales vs by degrees away;

And yet not that without our privity
They rap vs hence, as Vultures do their pray;
Confounding vs with tortures instantly.
This fairely kills, they fowly murther vs,

Trippe vp our heeles before we can discerne;
This gives vs time of treaty to discus

Our fuffring, and the cause thereof to learne.

Besides therewith we oftentimes have truce For many months, fometimes for many yeares, And are permitted to inioy the vse Of study, and although our body weares Our wit remaines; our speach, our memory Faile not, or come before our selues to die: We part together and we take our leaue Of friends, of kindred; we dispose our state, And yeeld vp fairely what we did receive And all our businesses accomodate: So that we cannot fay we were thrust out, But we depart from hence in quiet fort; The foe with whom we have the battal e fought, Hath not subdu'd vs but got our Fort, And this disease is held most incident To the best natures and most innocer-

And therefore reverend Lord, there cannot be A gentler passage then there is hereby, Vnto that port wherein we shall be free From all the stormes of worldly misery.

30

40

And the gh it show vs dayly in our glasse, Our sading lease turn'd to a yellow hue, And how it withers as the sap doth passe, what we may exspect is to insue.

Yet that I know disquiets not your mind, Who knowes the brittle mettaile of mankind, And haue all comforts vertue can beget, And most the conscience of well acted dayes; Which all those monuments which you have set On holy ground to your perpetuall praise, (As things best set) must euer testifie; And shew the worth of Noble Montague. And so long as the Walls of Piety Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you; 'And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall show Their faire repaires to all Posterity; And how much bleft and fortunate they were That euer Gracious hand did plant you there; Besides, you have not only built vp walls But also (worthier edifices) men; By whom you shall have the memorialls And cuerlasting honor of the pen That whenfoeuer you shall come to make Your Exit from this Scene wherein you have Perform'd so noble parts, you then shall take Teaue with honor, haue a glorious graue.

SAM. DANIEL.

б**о**~

70

80

END OF VOL. I.

"Then when her are esteem'd and loued best?"

" For then can men go better to their rest