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THE É K A T O M II A O I A OR PASSIONATE Centurie of Loue, Divided into two parts : whereof, the first expressed to Authours sufferance in Loue : the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie.

Composed by *Thomas Watfon* Gentleman: and published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes.

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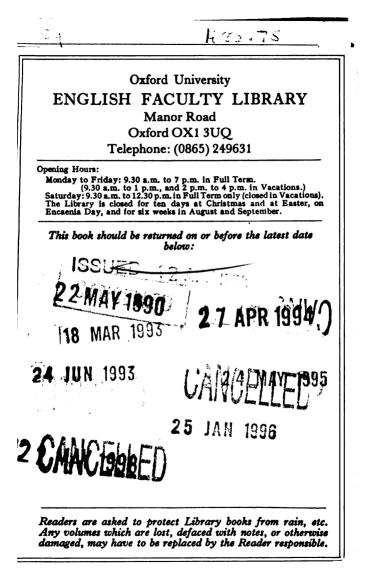
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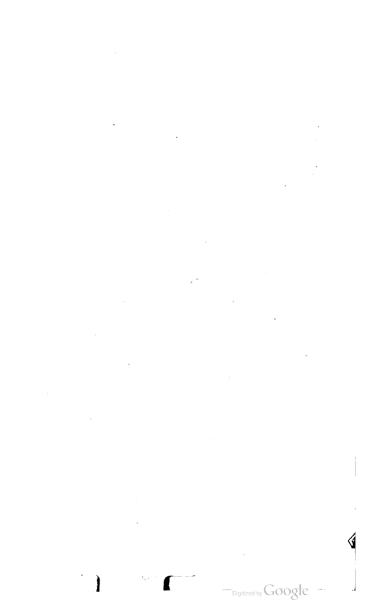
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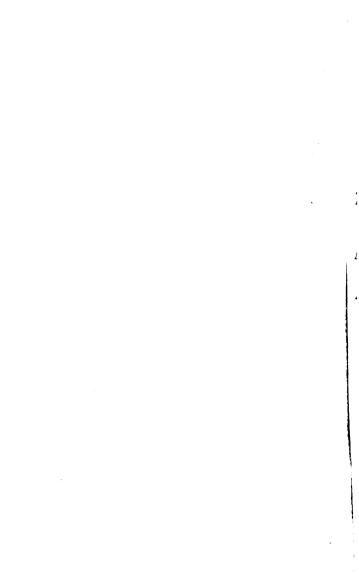






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English Reprints.

THOMAS WATSON. POEMS.

VIZ. :---

The 'EKATOMIIAOÍA or Passionate Centurie of Love. [1582.]

Melibœus, sivè Ecloga Inobitum, &c.

An Eglogue upon the death of Right Honorable Sir Francis Walfingham.

1590.

The Teares of Fancy or Love disdained.

Posthumously published in 1593. From the unique copy in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

Affociate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.



5 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

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15 Mar. 1870.

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SOME ACCOUNT of the WRITINGS of THOMAS WATSON.

GIKE a diver returning from the deep, we here gladly present four to lost Pearls of English Literature. The oblivion which has hitherto covered the name and works of Thomas Watson has been wholly unmerited. Adequately acknowledged in his own time, he gradually became lost amidst the host of competitors for the Attention of the Nation : until he himself has become unknown even to

writers of Guides or Handbooks to English Literature; and his works have become among the scarcest of the scarce in our language. Not but what there have been a succession of Scholar-Critics from Steevens to Collier, who have understood and quoted him; and have commenced a reaction in his favour. Nevertheless, it has come to pass, that Watson-singular and sweet Poet though he was-the author too of ten separately printed works, besides others which never came to the press: that this remarkable Poet has disappeared from the ordinary Literary History of England.

Among assignable reasons for this : is the timidity or incapacity of most men for original discrimination and appreciation; and for the bold avowal of an unaccredited Poet. This liability not to understand, to inflict unintentionally the injury of neglect, is not uncommon. A teacher or interpreter seems ever to attend on the works of the highest literary creators; not so much from flaws in genius and creative power; as from the multiplicity of books, or from our want of judgment, or from our hesitation to venture an adequate recognition in the teeth of ignorance. It needed Addison to point out the superlative majesty of *Paradise Lost*; and Pope had to teach the English Nation the greatness of Shakespeare. Comparing greater with smaller things; there is need for some one to call attention to Watson. Let us join together in ascertaining his true position in the Story of English Mind. Let us restore-after nearly three centuries of obliteration-his name, in golden letters, to the great Bead-Roll of the acknowledged Poets of Great Britain.

The forgetfulness of Watson is strikingly shown by the way in which his printed works have perished. No Public Library can pretend to a complete set of them. To reproduce-as far as they can now be reproduced-the four works here reprinted; recourse has been obligatory to two of the most celebrated private collections of English works in this country, those at Britvell and Stand Rectory: while I have been quite unable to meet with the Author's *Amyntas*, his translation of Coluthus, or his *Compendium Memoria* localits.

Further, in the $E_{\kappa \alpha \tau o \mu \pi \alpha \theta i \alpha}$ as will be seen below, there are references to works by Watson, which apparently never came to the press at all. These or any of them, if still in existence, have yet to be made known. It would be well if search should henceforward be made after these and other unprinted compositions that were possibly written by Watson, during the concluding ten years of his life.

Under all these circumstances; it is a matter for great congratulation that we can here present all admirers of true Poesy with four of Watson's works, one Latin, and three English, all complete; with the exception of two leaves in The Teares of Fancy, unfortunately wanting, but which, it is to be hoped, with a higher estimation of the Poet in future stimulating the search, will not be lost to us for ever.

What we now desire, is to give-more by way of temporary preface than any exhaustive enquiry, satisfying all reasonable interest-a short sketch of Watson's ascertained writings: leaving the Texts here presented, to the study, appreciation, and delight of every Reader. To Anthony-a-Wood's account of his Life, we can add but little.

THOMAS WATSON, a Londoner born, did spend some time in this university, not in logic and philosophy, as he ought to have done; but in the smooth and pleasant studies of poetry and romance, whereby he obtained an honourable name among the students in those faculties. Afterward retiring to the metro-polis, studied at common law at riper years. [Melibæus and Amintæ Gaudia are then referred to.] He hath written other things of that nature or strain, and something pertaining to pastoral, which I have not yet seen, and was highly valued among ingenious men, in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth. Ath. Oxon. i. 601. Ed. by Bliss. 1813.

As our Poet was but young on the publication of his Antigone in 1581, we may guess him to have been born about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession in 1557, and consequently dying in 1592, to have finished his career in the prime of life, probably between forty and fifty years of age. His publi-cations tells us, in one way or another, that he was of gentle blood; born in London; educated at Oxford; a student at law, probably a member of one of the Inns of Court; and that before 1581 he sojourned some while at Paris, probably associating there with the Walsingham family. In his Latin-English Eclogue Metideuts, he puts these lines into the mouth of Thomas Walsingham. hy tunes have often pleas a mile care of your, when milk-white swans did flocke to heare the sing, Design makes a double shore. See p. 157. (Tityrus)-Thy tunes have often pleas'd mine eare of vore,

Where Seane in Paris makes a double shore. He appears to have returned to England, and to have employed some part if not all the remaining twelve years of his life, in the study of poetry and polite literature: publishing in that period five Latin and three English works, and leaving, without all doubt, behind him, considerable unpublished pieces in both these languages. One in Latin, Amintæ Gaudia, was published in 1592, immediately after his death: and The Teares of Fancy in 1593: others, we know from the 'Exato $\mu\pi a\theta ia$, to have been far proceeded with : while some few, as will be presently seen, did actually escape to light in Poetical Miscellanies subsequently published.

Though Watson apparently took no degree at Oxford, he must have been a prodigious Student in those branches of knowledge to which he addicted himself. As regards languages, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, with his own mother tongue, were at his command. He made himself at home with the entire body of Greek and Latin poets, and consequently with the whole ancient Pagan mythology. He early occupied himself with translating Petrarch's Sonnets from the Italian into Latin; and seems to have delighted in many of the minor Italian poets of that school. WILLIAM BIRD and he first published Madrigals in English. With the works of PIERRE DE RONSARD, ESTIENNE FORCADEL, and other like French poets, he seems also to have been familiar. CHAUCER is referred to at β , 4τ , and SPENSER magnified in the beautiful Elegy at β . 173. So varied was his reading, so catholic his appreciation. He wrote at first and chiefly in Latin, then the speech of European cul-

ture: afterwards and constitut in a less degree in English. In connection with this, we should recollect his date. Contemporary with Spenser and Sidney, and rather before Shakespeare. His works tell us of his aristocratic acquaintance, PHILIP HOWARD, Earl of ARUNDEL, EDWARD VERE, Earl of OXFORD, Sir PHILIP and Lady MARY SIDNEY, the WALSINGHAM family, and the like; and also of his literary friends, such as W. CAMDEN, J. LYLY, M. ROYDON, T. ACHELEY, G. PEELE, who complimented him in verse; as well as SPENSER, WHETSTONE and OCKLANDE to whom he rendered like tribute.

We now come to Watson's position among the English poets of his time. If English Imaginative Poesy were classified, it might group under three classes. The earliest in time—the ALLEGORICAL—represented by Chaucer, Gower, Ste-phen Hawes, Spenser, Giles Fletcher, and others. The next in our history --the AMATORY—brought into England by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, as will be seen in our approaching Reprint of Tottel's Mis-

Sir I nomas wyat, as will be seen in our approaching Reprint of Jottel's Mite-cellany. The DRAMATIC—represented by Shakespeare and a host of others. Of these Watson belongs to the second group of Writers. He is, in the History of our Poesy, a lineal successor of Surrey and Wyatt. Among all English poems published during his lifetime, his English poetical works— if an opinion might be ventured—should rank next to Spenser. That is, he should be placed before Sidney as a Poet. Richard Barnfield in his *Affect*. tionate Shephearde, 1596, in upbraiding Love, thus refers to them all three. By thee great Collin lost his libertie,

By thee sweet Astrophel forwent his ioy;

By thee Amyntas wept incessantly.

They are all equally original; each writing after a different manner, yet in power of gifts, genius, and learning, we would put Spenser first; Watson, second; and Sidney, third. Though the Amatory group of Poets imitated foreign authors more largely than those of the other two classes, yet it was not servilely done. Their close contact with some of the best foreign Poets did but bring out the good that was in themselves; and the reader of this Reprint will recognize in it some very choice English poetry.

We have now to chronicle year by year, such scattered notices of our Poet as we have been able to collect, merely expressing a hope that subsequent gleaners will be able to add much more to our knowledge of him and his works. We shall distinguish by (a) (b) (c) &c. such additional poems by Watson as are not included in the four texts here reprinted.

And here first, we must notice several works which are referred to in The EKATOM $\pi a \theta la$.

(a) "And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, he alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long since, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue seene and perused it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which causeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe."—See 1, β . 37.

(b) "The Authour borroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of *Luppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print."—See LXXV., at \$. 111.

(c) The annotation to VI., at $\not{\rho}$ oo, begins thus. "This passion is a translation into latine of the selfe same sonnet of *Petrarch* which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth somwhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase then the English doth. The Author when he translated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in foote amongst our english Poets. But beinge busied in translating *Petrarch* his sonnets into latin new clothed this amongst many others, which one day may perchance come to light."

(b) The Latin verses Quid A mor, at p. 124, "which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and apply befitte the present title of his ouerpassed Loue, he setteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth passions of this booke."—See XCVIII. p. 134.

able for one of the hundreth passions of this booke."—See XCVIII. p. 134. These, and possibly other like completed poems in Latin, soon circulated in MS. Stephen Broelmann, a German Jurist and Poet, of Cologne, wrote to Watson while he was at Paris, the following verses (reprinted before the Antigone), urging him to print his works.

Si nostræ tecum preculæ Watsone, valerent,

Non tua tot chartis scrinia plena forent; Sub prælo tua Musa foret, lucemque viderent

Iudice quæ Phæbo candido metra facis.

Atque ego si quicquàm sapio, nouique Helicona, Carminis ille tui est ex Helicone liquor.

Classica siuè canis, teneros seu dicis amores,

Mars tumido, tenui carmine gestit amor.

Thuscanus Petrarcha tuo stat carmine diues : Mundo vtinam fieret notior ille labor.

Plebs ignara licèt Phæbeæ frondis honores

Negligat, et quicquid clarius este potest : Tu tamèn a doctis doctus dicêre Poëta,

Inque suo precio nobile carmen erit.

Præsertim Antigonen vel Zoilus ipse probabit, Ad prælum duci si paciaris opus.

Ergò tuum celebris portet super æthera nomen Fama, nec in tenebris ampliùs esse sinat.

Nam licet es inuenis, tamen haud iuuenilia pangis, Et vena polles, ingenioque bono.

Ah pudet vlterius iuuenum laudare senili

Carmine, quòd nostro carmine maior eas.

Eià age ; percolito dulces ante omnia Musas:

Vuilis ille labor, dulcis et ille labor.

Sed Venus irata est, dum celas carmen amoris : Phæbus et ipse dolet, dum sua dona tegis.

Si semper Danaën tenuisset ahænea turris,

Aurea non essent pondera nota Iouis.

1581. I. We now come to Watson's first publication ; a translation into Latin of Sophocles' Antigone : thus entered by the clerk of the Stationers' Company.

J. P. COLLIER. Ext. from Kegs. of Stat. Co. ii. 149. Ed. 1849.

Of this work, there is a copy in the British Museum. [Press mark, toyo. m. 31.] The title runs thus: "Soph oclis Antigone. Interprete Thoma Watsono \mathcal{FU} . studioso. Huic adduntur pompæ quædam, ex singulis Tragædiæ actis deriuatæ; et post eas, totidem themata sententijs refertissima; eodem THOMA WATSONO Authore. LON-DINI. Excudebat Iohannes Wolfius. 1581."

As his earliest known published poem, and his own account of his early studies, we here give his entire Dedicatory Epistle.

(e) Nobilissimo proceri, claroque multis nominibus, PHILIPPO HOWARDO Comiti Arundelize, THOMAS WATSONVS solidam fœlicitatem precatur.

Obilibus prœdiues auis, virtutibus aucte,

Dotibus Aoniis nobilitate Comes

Accipe tantilli iuuenilia carmina vatis.

Et multi modicum volue laboris opus.

Nec mea Callimachi, neque Coi Musa Philœtœ est : Quodque ferat, vulpes nil nisi tegmen habet.

Sed curant hominum mentes, non munera Diui ; Ergò age, cœlitibus par, imitare Deos.

Quid si mendosus fuerit meus iste libellus ?

Ouid si neglecto carmine culpa subest? Candida et atra suo perlustrat Cynthia vultu:

Phœbus adit radijs candida et atra suis. Vestraque consueto capiet clementia vultu,

Quœ sunt in versu candida et atra meo. Marsiæ, Arachnæ, Iri, Smyntheus, Tritonia, Cræsus,

Cantus, fila, stipem, postulat, optat, amat; Cantus, fila, stipem, Smyntheus, Tritonia, Crœsus,

Nec dedignatur, musicus, alma, potens. Tuque minora meis (recinit si vera propellus)

Carmina carminibus muneris instar habes.

Atque ego non tanti primœuos duco Poetas, Vt nihil in nostris laudibus esse velim.

Forsitàn et Phœbo, fecique volente Minerua, Vnde meo partus Marte triumphus eat.

Tu benè si censes, ego te censore beatus Apponam stimulos viribus ipse meis.

Et faciam lœtus quod multi sœpè rogarunt. Plura vt sub prœli pondere scripta crepent.

Ipse licet Momus vano submurmuret ore, Inuidus et piceo Zoilus vngue premat :

Iudicij censura tui superabit vtrumque, Et capiti ponet laurea serta meo.

Inde satis fœlix, dicar tuus esse Poeta,

Et famulus fieri cum Ganymêde Jouis. Scilicet hoc olim cœpi sperare lucellum

Dum studijs totus tempora prima dedi :

Dumque procùl patria lustrum mediumque perêgi, Discere diuersis œdere verba sonis.

Tùm satis Italiœ linguas moresque notabam;

Et linguam, et mores Gallia docta tuos. Vt potui, colui Musas, quòcunque ferebar : Charus et imprimis Iustinianus erat.

Sœpè sed inuitam turbauit Pallada Mauors, Sœpè meo studio bella fuêre morce.

Castra tamen fûgi, nisi quœ Phœbeia castra Cum Musis Charites continuêre pias.

Bartole magnus eras, neque circumferre licebat, Nec legum nodos Balde diserte tuos;

Arripui Sophoclem, docui mitescere Musas: E Grœcis prepigi metra Latina modis.

Talitèr absumens turbatus vtilis horas, Antigonen docui verba Latina loqui.

Momenti res magna, meis quoque viribus impar, Nî daret ipsa mihi sedula Pallas opem.

Tandem opus exactum volui lacerare, vel igni Tradere, quod Latio Græcio maior erat.

Plurima sed vetuit prudentûm turba virorum : Me simul Eulogijs concelebrare suis.

Indè rudes iterùm cœpi limare camœnas, Et magis intenta consolidare manu.

Tùm quœrendus erat, mihi qui Patronus adesset, Et mea qui tegeret numine scripta suo;

Qui Phœbo charus, Musis qui charus alumnus. Esset, et Aonij fontis amaret aquas;

Qui claris ortus proauis, pietatis amicus Esset, et ipsius candida cura Iouis ;

Tu quia talis eris, et masculagloria regni Supplice Mœcœnas voce vocandus eras.

Ergo tantilli non aspernare clientis,

Quod tua iam virtus sola proposcit, opus. Fabula trita, olim murem fecisse, Leoni

Quod satis acceptum, quodque salûbre fuit.

Quàmuis indignus, quàmuis ignotus adesset, Sumpsit ab infirmo paupere Pyrrhus aquam. Sic mihi sit facilis cultura potentis amici,

Sim licet ignotus, nec meruisse queam,

Velle meum pro posse datur, pro munere carmen, Et cupit Antigone charior esse tibi.

Charior esse tibi sperat, quàm chara Creonti. Quàm fuerit patrio vel peramata solo.

Iamque reuiuiscens, et Musis ducta Latinis Huc venit, et Thœbis amplius esse timet.

Mira tibi referet, si vis miracula nosse: Atque pium faceret, ni pius antè fores.

Illicitam legem tumidis mordebit Iambis; Fascibus impauido, prœferet ore Deos;

Tum quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid vtile, quid non,

Dicet : et imperij quam sit amarus amor ; Quam noceat veri monitus contemnere vatis :

Ouàm vertat celerem Sors malesana rotam:

Principis et placitum quam pendula turba sequatur,

Et quanti faciant cœtera membra caput.

Hæc, et plura tuis planè prœfiget ocellis

Antigone, studio docta docere meo.

Viue, vale Generose Comes : quot sœcula ceruus

Viuit, tot fœlix sæcula viue: vale.

Vestri honoris observantissimus, Thomas Watsonus Londoniensis.

(f) The Pompæ are four groups of impersonations such as IUSTITIA. cum sceptro. IMPIETAS, vir cum mucrone, &c., in short poems too numerous to quote here; and are preceded by this second dedication to Lord Howard of Arundell.

Hæc mea si quicquam placuit translatio, Cômes

Inclyte; materies aut bona si qua subest :

Hæc mea pompa simul positque legenti

Quam totam Antigones fabula tristis habet.

Insuper apposui pompis, quæ digna notatu,

Themata; quœque probes vtilitate sua.

Tu dignare igitur vultu lustrare benigno, Quod dedit ignoti Musa benigna viri.

Vestri honoris studiosisimus Tho. Watsonus.

(g) The four Themata "diducted out of the bowelles of Antigone in Sophocles (which he lately translated into Latine and published in print."--See \$. 115) are apparently exercises in different kinds of Latin verse. They are severally as follows :---

(1) Cæcam philautian multarum calamitatum, causam esse, ex Creontis exemplo discimus, written in lambics. (2) Quam sit malum publico Magistratus edicto non parère, Anti-

gonæ exemplum docet, written in Anapæstic Dimiters.

(3) Ouæ corrigere non possumus, ea attentare nè velimus docet Ismene, vitæ quietæ formam tradens, written in Sapphics.

(4) Amare simul et sapere vix cuiquam dari, interitus Hæmonis docet, written in Choriambic Asclepiadean verse. The 3, 4; 8th, 9th, and roth lines of this *Thema* are quoted at *p*. 115. To this work among others W. CAMDEN contributed the following

lines. M. Thoma Watsoni Antigonen.

Nè Sophoclæo Genio fas laude litare ?

Fas est thure Deo, laude litare viro.

Tum Watsone tibi victurâ laude litandum :

Laus tua sitque tibi quod sua thura Ioui.

Namque Sophoclæus Genius tibi mente receptus Insidet, Ausonium seque subindè stupet.

Antigonem quicunque legit, sic iudicat; illam

Oui lêget, relegit ; quique relêgit amat.

Vnus in alterutro Genius sic eminet, vno

Alterutro, Tragicis vnus vterque modis. Perculit ille suis numeris Orchestra Pelasgum,

Tu pompis Latiis nostra Theatra quatis.

Verba illi Græco, vernant tibi flore latino,

Venaque dicendi diues vtrique fluit.

Sed tibi quid laudes venâ de paupere promo? Sic solem fumis irradiare paro.

En victura comus Phæbi tibi laurus obumbret.

Et decus hoc minus est, quâm meruisse decus. Soon after the appearance of the Antigone, Watson must have summoned up courage to ' thrust in foote among our English Poets.' George Peele refers to

These layes of Loue, as myrth to melancholie

To follow fast thy sad Antigone.

See p. 36. (b) The earliest printed English verses by Watson with which I am acquainted, are the following prefixed to G. Whetstone's Heptameron of Ciwill Discourses, Sc. [Ent. Stat. Hall, 11 Jan. 1882.] T. W. Esquier, In the commendation of the Aucthor, and his

needefull Booke.

Ven as the fruictfull Bee, doth from a thousand Flowers E Ven as the fruictfull Bee, doth from a thousand Flowers, So, Morall Whetstone, to his Countrey doth impart, A Worke of worth, culd from ye wise, with ludgement, wit and art No Stage Toy, he sets forth, or thundring of an Hoast, But his rare Muse, a passage makes, twixt burnyng fier and frost Suche Vertues as beseme, the worthy Gentles breast, In proper colours he doth blaze, by followyng of the best: The Vertue is but rose, and Vice not yet in yee The Vertue is but rare, and Vice not yet in vse, That modestly he not commends, or mildely shewes, th' abuse Such matter in good wordes, these few leaves doo reueale, Vnforst, or strainde, as yat it seemes, a naturall common weale. Of forced Marriage, he dooth shew the foule event, When Parents ioyne, the Childrens hands, before their harts consent And how these fortunes eke, in wedlock seeldom proue, Vnequall choice, in birth, in yeeres : and Childrens hasty loue. Yet he with learned prooffes, this sacred state dooth raise, (As it deserues) aboue the Skies, in wordes of modest praise. More, euery Page, heere doth present, the Readers eyes, With such regardes, as help the weake, and doo confirm ye wise. Which needelesse were, to blase, in prayses to allure : The holy Bush, may wel be sparde, where as the Wine is pure.

п. Watson must have contributed these verses, about the time he was finishing a number of English poems, comprising a portion of those forming, with the three Latin ones, The Passionate Centurie [*i.e.* Hundred Songs] of Love; of which, as he tells us at p. 25, the Earl of Oxford 'willinglie voutsafed the acceptance.' And 'since the world hath vnderstood (I know not how) that your Honor willinglie voutchsafed the acceptance of this worke, and at conuenient leisures fauorablie perused it, being as yet but in written hande, many haue

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oftentimes and ernestly called vpon mee to put it to the presse, that for their mony they might but see, what your Lordship with some liking hath alreadie perused.'-p. 25.

Watson spontaneously wrote these poems without much definite purpose as to number. That the title of the book was the last thing thought of, is proved by the interposition in the 'Centurie' of three Latin poems; one, No. VI., being part of the Latin version of Petrarch's sonnets above referred to, and another, No. XLV., ' when he compiled' 'he thought not to have placed among these his English toyes;' also by his composition of an additional poem, No. LXVII., while the work was at the press [? in honour of the Earl of Oxford]; with the consequent thrusting out of the 'Centurie' of another Latin poem Quid Amor, possibly in the first instance in-cluding in it. In this way the ' $E\kappa a \tau o u \pi a \theta i a$ was built up.

We take it that Watson in the ceaseless activity of his mind, composed as subjects suggested themselves to him in his multifarious reading. Whether in these youthful days, unrequited affection turned him to amatory poetry; whether there was any foundation in his life for these Love-Songs and I ove-Dirges, we do not know.

He tells us, at p. 27, he wrote this work more for Poetry than Passion. 'Yet for this once I hope thou wilt in respect of my traualle in penning these loue passions, or for pitte of my paines in suffering them (although but supposed), . . . And it is quite true as he states at p. 28, 'that although Venus be my verse, yet her slipper is left out.' So that, as these four works fully show, he is one of the purest as he is one of the sweetest of our Poets.

Though there is no date in it, the 'Exato $\mu\pi a\theta ia$ was published in 1582. The registration entry of it runs thus-

"31 Mar. 1582. Mr. Cawoode. Licenced to him, &c., Watsons

into such oblivion. On the poems themselves we shall here say nothing. They reveal themselves. Each of them is headed with an 'annotation.' To these short introductions we would call attention. They are most skilfully written. Who wrote them? Who was the Annotator? May he have been the Earl of Oxford? Was he the friend, whom Watson addresses in No. LXXI., as Deere Titus mine, my auncient frend?

Or was he the author himself, writing in the third person? We cannot say. Whoever he were, he was perfectly informed-certainly by the Poet himself -as to every allusion made, every Author imitated or referred to.

The object of these annotations is stated in them. They were written to bring Watson's erudite verse to the appreciation 'of him that is no great clarke, 2, 8_3 , 'That the vulgar may the better vnderstand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Authour nameth herein, β , 98. 'Where-fore know they which know it not alreadie, β , 128. 'Yet the valearned may have this helpe geuen them by the way to know what *Galaxia* is, or *Pacto*lus, which perchaunce they have not read often in our vulgar Rimes,' p. 67.

Though they failed in their attempt to popularize the book : these annota-tions show us the vast learning of our Author. They also introduce us to foreign poets utterly unknown to cultivated Englishmen of the present day. May we here venture to suggest to the numerous verse-translators of our time, the benefit of varying their ceaseless translation of the same ancient classics with versions of the Latin or vernacular verse of the 16th century. May the testimony of Watson's friend, the Annotator; which is virtually that of Watson himself, be put in evidence respecting these. He refers to 'the works of Hercules Strozza, who in his Somnium hath written so exquisitely, that the Dreame will quite his trauaile, that shall peruse it with due attenin t_0^* , $\delta \in S$: describing as 'a noble man of *Italy*, and one of the best Poets in all his age, β , rat. Or *Estienne Forcadel*, to whom he refers under his latinized name of '*Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Cuillan, and one of the beste Poetes of Fraunce for these many yeares), p. 74. And so on, of all the rest. These annotations may well be made a starting point of enquiry in the Imaginative Poesy of Europe at that time : which being now forgotten, would by recovery become new again.

Harl. MS. 3277. is a copy, in the handwriting of the end of the sixteenth century, of the greater part of the $E\kappa\alpha\tau\sigma\mu\pi\alpha\theta l\alpha$ under the following title.

A Looking glasse for Louers; Wherein are conteyned two sortes of amorous passions: the one expressing the trewe estate and perturbations of hym, that is overgon with loue: the other, a flatt di Lybance to loue and all his lawes.

The first half hundred poems are all transcribed: but in the second, there are many omissions.

1582. CHRISTOPHER OCKLANDE, Headmaster first of the School founded by Queen Elizabeth at Southwark, afterwards of Cheltenham School, wrote a Latin poem ' Ειρηναρκια sine Elizabetha,' of which two editions appeared this year at the end of a work entitled Anglorum praina, &c. This work was ordered on 7 May 1582 by the High Commission ' too bee receyued and publiquely read and taught in all Grammar and Free Scholes.' To this work Watson contributed the following Decastichon:

(i) Ad Oclandum, de Eulogiis serinissimæ nostræ Elizabethæ post Anglorum prælia cantatis.

Rectè post Martis lituos pacalis Oliua

Suggeritur calamo cane Poëta tuo.

Scilicet, vt ferueus Martem laudauerat ætas,

Palladis expetiit ramus habere senem.

Et Martis lituos ornas, virgámque Mineruæ

Grandia siue canis, dulcia siue canis.

Seu pacem, seu bellum refers, in vtraque camœna

Vel Deus exprimitur, vel Dea maior eo.

At mihi si credes, cantus imitabere Cygni, Funeris vt sit laus Elisabetha tui.—*Thomas Watsonus*.

The next three works we have not seen; we can but quote them.

1585. III. "Amontas. Thomæ Watsoni I.V. studiosi. Excudebat Henricus Marsh, ex assignatione Thomæ Marsh. 1585. römo, 27 leaves. Dedicated to 'Henrico Nuello." - Lonndes. 0. 8856.

Cus Marsin, ex assignatione 1 nonine rearsin. 1505. Jointo, 27 leaves. Dedicated to 'Henrico Noello.''-Lowndes, p. 2856.
Y. Compendium Memoria Localis (Autore Thoma Watsoni Londini ensi J. V. studioso.) Dedicated to 'Henrico Noello vere nobiliviro.' A copy of this work was sold in 1831 at Heber's sale. Part vi. 3800: 'but, as it was imperfect at the end the date and printer are unknown.' -J. P. Collier, Bib. Caf. ii. 490.

We place it here on account of its Dedicatee being the same.

1586. V. "Coluthus' Raptæ Helenæ. Tho. Watsonæ Londinensi.' London 1586. 4to. Dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland." Lown. p. 503.

> In a MS. volume, transcribed by John Lilliat, formerly in Hearne's possession, now among Dr. Rawlinson's collection in the Bodleian MSS. Rawl. Poet. 148: are the following lines, which we reprint from Brit. Bibli. ii. 543. Ed. 1812. (8) "A gradification wnto Mr. John Case, for his learned Booke,

(k) "A gratification vnto Mr. John Case, for his learned Booke, lately made in the prayes of Musick.

- Let others praies what likes them best, I like his lynes aboue the rest, Whose pen hath paynted Musicks praies: By nature's lawe by wisdomes rule, He soundly blames the scencelesse foole, And barb'rous Scithian of our dayes.
- He writes of angels harmony, Aboue the harpe of Mercurie He writes of sweetly turninge spears : How birds and beasts, and wormes reioyce, How dolphins lou'd Arions voyce, He makes a frame for Midas ears.

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3. Then may the solemne stoicke finde, That Momus and him self ar blynde, And that rude Marsia wanteth skill : Whiles will and witlesse ears are bent, Against Apollo's sweet consent, The nursse of good, ye scourge of ill. 4. Let Eris then delight in warrs, Let Enuy barke against the starrs, Let Folly sayle which may thee please: With him I wish my dayes to spende Whose quill hath stood fayre *Musicks* friend, Chief friend to peace, chief port of ease. q⁴ Tho. Watson."

1587. ABRAHAM FRAUNCE, a versifier, published this year "The Lamentations of Amynics for the decale of Phillis, paraphrastically translated out of Latine into English Hexameters by Abraham Fraunce. London, 1587." Of this work there is a copy in the Bodleian Library. For it, Fraunce wrote the following dishonest dedication, in which he makes no allusion whatever to Watson.

To the Right Honovrable, vertuous and learned Ladie, the Ladie Mary, Countesse of Penbroke.

M Ine afflicted mind and crased bodie, together with other externall cala-M mities have wrought such sorowfull and lamentable effects in me, that for this whole yeare I have wholy given over my selfe to mournfull meditations. Among others, Amintas is one, which being first prepared for one or two, was afterwards by the meanes of a few, made common to manie, and so pitifully disfigured by the boisterous handling of vnskilful pen men, that he was like to have come abroad so vnlike himselfe, as that his own Phillis would neuer haue taken him for Amintas. VVhich tter vnoing of our poore shepeheard, I knew not well otherwise how to preuent, but by repairing his ragged attire, to let him passe for a time vnder your honourable protection. As for his foes, they either generallie nuslike this vnusuall kind of verse, or els they fancie not my peculier trauaile. For the first, I neuer heard better argument of them then this, such an one hath done but ill, therefore no man can doe wel, which reason is much like their own rimes, in condemning the art, for the fault of some artificers. Now for the second sort of reprehenders who think well of the thing, but not of my labour therein, mine answere is at hand. If there were any penaltie appointed for him that would not reade, he might well complaine of me that publish it to be read. But if it be in euerie mans choise to reade it, or not to reade, why then not in mine also to publish or not to publish it? He that will, let him see and reade ; he that will neither reade nor see, is neither bound to see nor read. He that taketh no delight in reading, let him thinke that among so manie men so diuersly affected, there may be some found of a contrarie humor. If anie begin to read, when he beginneth to take no delight, let him leaue and goe no further. If he folow on in reading without pleasure, let him neither blame me that did what I could, nor be angrie with the thing which hath no sense, but reprehend himselfe who would continue reading without

any pleasure taking. Your honours most affectionat, Abraham Fraunce. Mr. Collier, *Bib. Cat. i.* 296, has the following. "Ritson $(B, P, \phi, 241)$ gives the date of this work as 158, adding that it was printed by Charleywood; this was in fact, the second impression; and, although it has never been mentioned, there was a third in 1580, professing to have been 'newly corrected.' It was then 'Printed by Robert Robinson' for Newman and Gubbin."

1589. (1) THOMAS NASH, writing To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities, in Green's Menaphon, has the following curious passage.

But fortune the Mistres of change with a pitying compassion, respecting Master Stanihursts praise, would that Phaer shoulde fall that hee might rise, whose heroicall Poetrie infred, I should say inspired, with an hexameter fure, recalled to life, what hissed barbarisme, hath bin buried this hundred yeare; and reuiued by his rugged quill, such carterlie varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrie, but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie; a patterne whereof, I will propounde to your indgements, as neere as I can, being parte of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus,

Then did he make, heavens vault to rebound, with rounce robble hobble

Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwick thwack ihurdery bouncing. Which straunge language of the firmament neuer subject before to our common phrase, makes vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens moueings, in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some Thrasionicall huffe snuffe, for so terrible was his stile, to all milde eares, would have affrighted our peaceable Poets, from intermedling hereafter, with that quarelling kinde of verse; had not sweete Master France by his excellent translation of Master Thomas Watsons sugred Amintas, animated their dulled spirits, to such high witted endeuors. In trueth, (Master Watson except, whom I mentioned before) I knowe not

almost any of late dayes that hath shewed himselfe singular in any speciall Latine Poêm, whose Amintas, and translated Antigone may march in equipage of honour, with any of our ancient Poets.

- Robert Greene's ' Ciceronis Amor, Tullies Love,' was first published 1589. this year. Among other verse placed before the text : is Ad Lec-torem Hexasticon : which runs thus in the earliest edition, 1597, to which I have had access.
 - (1) In lucem prodit tenebris exuta malignis Romelei petulans, væsanaque flammula Phæbi ; Rorantem Authori (Lectores) spargite florem, Intyba, Narcissos, Latacen, pictique roseti Dulces diuitias : Illum concingite lauru : Emerito solers industria reddat honorem. Thomas Watson, Oxon.
- 1590. VI. This was a prolific year for Watson. (1) There appeared "The first sett, Of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the sense of the originall dittie, but after the affection of the noate. By Thomas Watson Gentleman. There are also here inserted two excellent madrigalls of Master William Byrds, composed after the Italian vaine at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson. London 1590." [British Museum. Press mark, C. 130.] This work, Watson thus dedicated to Lord Essex.

Clarisimo, et honoratissimo Heroi, Domino Roberto Deurox Comiti Essexiæ, Georgiani Ordinis Equiti aurato, multisque alijs nominibus illustrissimo. S. P.

(m) I Nclyte Mauortis, Musarum dulcis alumne, Accipe iuncta Italis Anglia verba notis :

Atque Marenzæos cantus, quos approbet auris Attica, quos Charites, quosque DIANA velit.

Si rudius quid inest, id nostri culpa laboris : Et melior primo fortè secundus erit. Attamen Hesperiœ Philomenlœ subdere voces Non est exigui debile Martis opus.

Tu dignare, precor, sincerœ munera mentis, Siuè sonent placido murmure, siuè graui. Candida et atra suo percurrit lumine Phœbus : Candida et atra volens accipe, Phœbus eris.

Phœbus eris, nisi te sacrato culmine Mauors

Auferat, armipotens vt fera bella geras. Ecquis enim vestrœ nescit conamina Musœ,

Metraque ad Aoniam sœpè canenda lyram?

Sed mitto quoscunque tuœ virtutis honores :

Maior es eulogijs, carminibusque meis, Aurea concedat foelicis tempora vitæ

Iupiter, et cœptis nolit abesse tuis.

Honoris tui studiosissimus Thomas Watsonus,

He also wrote the following of the celebrated Italian composer. Lucæ Marenzio Musicæ artis peritissimo Tho. Watsonus.

(n)

H Ei, quotiès morimur nimia dulcedine rapti, Pulsat Appollineam dúm tua Musa chelyn? O, igitur dulcis plectro depone Marenzi : Ne sit læsa tuis plurima vita sonis.

Attamèn ô dulcis plectro modulare Marenzi: Si morimur, vitam dant tua plectra nouam.

O liceat nobis, vitâ sub morte repertâ,

Sæpè tuo cantu viuere, sæpè mori.

Mille neces patior, vitas totidemque ; resumo, Dùm tua multiplici gutture musa placet :

Somnio septeno gyrantes murmure sphæras: Somnio cantantis Numina blanda sali

Somnio Threiceum Cytharcedam saxa mouentem: Somnio mulcentem carmine monstra Deum: Somnio Musarum concentus protinùs omnes :

- VII. the copy in his famed collection at Stand Rectory, near Manchester.
- VIII. (3) An Eglogue, &c., being a translation of the same into English : here reprinted on opposite pages to the Melibaus. Watson distinctly refers to Fraunce's unhandsome conduct, when he says at p. 147, 'I interpret my self, lest Melibæus in speaking English by an other mans labour, should leese my name in his chaunge, as my Amyntas did.' [Brit. Mus. Press-mark 161. m. 56.]

did.' [Brit. Mus. Press-mark 101. m. 50.] Fraunce prints for the fourth time his translation under the title of "The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch. Containing the affec-tionate life, and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas: That in a Pastorall; This in a Funerall: both in English Hexameters. By Abraham Fraunce. London 150." Its registration runs thus: "9 Feb. 150.. Wm. Ponsonbye. Entred for his copie, &c. A booke initialed the Countesse of Pembrokes Iny Chirche and Emanuel. vid." J. P. COLLER, Regs. of Stat. Co. See N. & O., 3rd Series, i. 44. In the dedication, he at length acknowledges the authorship of Amunica. 1591.

Amyntas. IF Amyntas found fauour in your gracious eyes, let Phillis bee accented for Amyntas sake. I have some what altered S. Tasaccepted for Amyntas sake. I have some what altered S. Tassoes Italian, and M. Watsons Latine Amyntas, to make them both one English. But Tassoes is Comicall, therefore this verse vnusual: vet it is also Pastoral, and in effect nothing els but a continuation of aglogues, therefore no verse fitter than this.

1592. GABRIEL HARVEY, writing at London; the third of his Foure Let-Sep.8-9. ters and certaine Sonnets, printed this year : thus enumerates Watson among a number of writers, all evidently then living.

I cordially recommend to the deere Louers of the Muses: and namely to the professed Sonnes of the same, Edmond Spencer, Richard Stanihurst, Abraham Fraunce, Thomas Watson, Samuel Daniell, Thomas Nash, and the rest : whome I affectionately thancke for their studious endeuours, commendably employed in enriching, and polishing their native Tongue, neuer so furnished, or embellished, as of late. - 1, 48. Mr. Collier, in his Bibl. Cat. ii. 490, Ed. 1865. "Thomas and Watson could not be uncommon names; but in the register

of St. Bartholomew the Less, in which parish various literary men resided, we meet with the following entry of a burial, the date of which accords with the period when it is likely that our poet expired :--'26 Sept. 1592. Thomas Watson, gent, was buried.' It has never been anywhere cited, but we have little doubt that it applies

to our poet.

Soon after this is the following entry :

1592. IX. "X" die Novembris [1592]. Mr. Ponsonby. Entered for his copie, A booke intituled Aminte gaudia, Authore Thom. Watsono, Lonvjď." di[n]ensi iuris studioso.

J. P. COLLIER. Res. of Stat. Co. See N. & O., 3rd S., i 322. The title of this work is as follows: (4) "Aminta Gaudia. Authore Thoma Watsono, Londonensi, iuris Studioso. Londini, Impri-mis, Guilhelmi Ponsonbei. 1592 :" and it has the following dedication: Illustrissimæ Heroinæ omnibus et animi, et corporis dotibus ornatissimæ,

Mariæ Penbrokiæ Comitissæ. Aurigera stirpe prognata Delia, Sydnæi vatis Apollinei genuuia soror; L Alma literarum parens, ad cuius immaculatos amplexus, confugit virtus, barbariei et ignorantiæ impetu violata, vt olim a Threicio Tyranno Philomela; Poetarum nostri temporis, ingeniorumque omnium fœlicissime pullutantium, Musa; Dia proles, quœiam rudi calamo, spiritus infundis elati furoris, quibus ipse misellus, plus mihi videor prœstare posse, quam cruda

nostra indoles proferre solet : Dignare Posthumo huic Amyntæ, vt tuo adoptiuo

filio patrocinari: Eoque magis quòd moribundus pater, illius tutelam humilimè tibi legauerat. Et licet illustre nomen tuum non solùm apud nos, sed exteras etiam nationes, latius propagatum est, quàm aut vnquàm possit æruginosa Temporis vetustate aboleri, aut mortalium encomijs augeri, (quomodò enim quicquam possit esse infinito plus?) multorum tamèn camoenis, quasi siderum diademate redimita Ariadne, noli hunc purum Phœbi sacerdotem, stellam alteram coronæ tuæ largientem, aspernari: sed animi candore, queus mastor hominum, atque deorum, lupiter, prænobill familiæ tuæ quasi hæriditarum alligauit, accipe, et tuere. Sic nos, quorum opes tennissimæ, littorea sunt Myrtus Veneris, Nymphæque Peniæ semper virens coma, prima quague poematis pagina, Te Musarum dominam in auxilium invocabimus : tua denique virtus, quœ virtutem ipsam; i psam quoque æternitatem superabit. Honoris tui studiosissimus, C. M. (?Christopher Marlowe.)

Honoris tui studiosissimus, C. M. [? Christopher Marlowe.] The registration and dedication of *Aminta Gaudia*, with Harvey's allusion, show how correct Mr. Collier's opinion is.

1593. GEORGE PEELE, M.A., has the following lines in Ad Mæcænatum Prologus, in his work entitled The Honour of the Garter.

Why thither post not all good wits from hence,

To Chaucer, Gowre, and to the fayrest Phaer

That ever ventured on great Virgils works?

To Watson, worthy many Epitaphes

For his sweet Poesie for Amintas teares

And ioyes so well set downe

The word 'Epitaphes' confirms Watson's death anterior to the composition of this Prologue.

1593.

A rare Poetical Miscellany. "The Phoenix Nest, &c. Set forth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman. Neuer before this time published;" contains three following poems by T. W. Gent. : that is, Thomas Watson, as is proved by the first of them appearing, with variations, in Englands Helicon, 1602, with his name in full after it.

Not having seen the Latin text, we can but surmise that the first is a translation of the Eighth day of *Amyntas*: and we presume that as Watson translated *Melibæus*: so he intended to have turned *Amyntas* into English. A reference to Fraunce's hexameters will show that Watson was a true Poet: and Fraunce a scribbling versifier.

(c) Aurora now, began to rise againe, From watrie couch, and from old Tithons side, In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine, Yong Cephalus, and through the golden glide, On Easterne coast, she cast so great a light. That Phoebus thought it time to make retire, From Thetis Bowre, wherein he spent the night, To light the world againe with heauenly fire. Nor sooner gan his winged steedes to chase The Stigian night, mantled in duskie vale, But poore Amyntas, hasteth him apace, In desarts thus, to weepe a wofull tale. Now silent shades, and all that dwell therein, As Birds, or Beasts, or Wormes that creepe on grounde, Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin, To rew the griefe, of mine eternall wounde. And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light, Come seate your selues with me on eu'ry side, And whilst I die for want of my delight, Lament the woes that Fancie me betide. Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire, My cause of loue, and shipwracke of my ioyes, Phillis is gone, that set my hart on fire, That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes. Phillis is fled, and bides I wot not where, Phillis (alas) the praise of woman kinde, Phillis, the Sun of this our hemisphere, Whose beames made me and many others blinde.

But blinded me (poore man) aboue the rest, That like olde Oedipus, I liue in thrall, Still feele the worst, and neuer hope the best, My mirth is mone, my honie drownd in gall. Hir faire, but cruell eies, bewitcht my sight, Hir sweete, but fading speech, enthrald my thought, And in hir deeds I reaped such delight, As brought both will, and libertie to nought. Therefore, all hope of happines adue, Adue desire the source of all my care. Dispaire me tels my weale will nere renue, Till this my soule, doth passe in Charons Crare. Meane time, my minde must suffer Fortunes skorne. My thoughts stil wound, like wounds that stil are green My weakned lyms, be laide on beds of thorne, My life decaies, although my death foreseene. Mine eies, now eies no more, but seas of teares, Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest. Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope, and feares, (I say) desire, the author of vnrest. And (would to gods) Phillis where ere thou be, Thy soule did see, the sowre of mine estate, My ioyes eclipst, for onely want of thee, My being with my selfe at foule debate. My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe My sobs, and sighes, and euerwatching eies, My plaintife teares, my wandring to and froe, My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries. No doubt but then, thy sorrows would perswade The doome of death to cut my vitall twist, That I with thee, amidst the infernall shade, And thou with me, might sport vs as we list. O if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine And hearest Orpheus, neere th' Elisian springs Entreat thy Queene, to free thee thence againe And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings. T. W. Gent.

- (p) Away, dispaire, the death of hopeles harts, For hope and truth, assure me long agoe, That pleasure is the end of lingring smarts, When time, with iust content, rewardeth woe. Sweet vertues throne is built in labours towre, Whose gals are burst with often tasted sowre, Whose gals are burst with often tasted sowre, Whose blis from hale is sprong, whose mirth from mone. I therefore striue by toyles, to raise my name, And Iason like, to gaine a golden fleece, The end of eury worke doth crowne the same, As witnes well, the happie harmes of Greece ; For if the Greekes, had soone got Pryams seat, The glory of their paines, had not been great. T. W. Cent.
- (q) I hope and feare, that for my weale or wee That heavinly lampe, which yeelds both heat and light, To make a throne, for gods on earth belowe, Is cut in twaine, and fixt in my delight, Which two faire hemispheres, through light and heat, Planting desire, driue reason from hir seate.
 No, no, my too forgetfull toong blaspheames, I should haue saide, that where these hemispheres, In harts, though eies, fixe hot and lightsome beames,

There reason works desire, and hopes breed feares,

O onely object, for an Eagles eie,

Whose lighte and heat, make men to liue and die.

Twixt these, a daintie paradise doth lie,

As sweete as in the Sunne the Phenix Bowre,

As white as snowe, as smooth as Iuorie,

As faire, as Psyches bosome, in that howre,

When she disclosde the boxe of Beauties Queene,

All this and more, is in Sıbilla seene.

Reprinted in J. P. Collier's Seven Early Poet. Misc. 1867, pp. 122-126.

T. W. Gent.

1593. X. We now come to a work in many respects of superlative interest. By the courteous kindness of S. Christie-Miller, Esq. of Britwell, near Maidenhead, the Reader may now peruse Watson's principal English posthumous work, reprinted at the end of this volume. Its authorship is established by the initials T. W. at the end : and more positively by the following registration.

"11 Aug. [1593]. John Danter. Item entred for his copie, &c., a booke initiuled The teares of fansie, or lone disdained. By T. Watson.

J. P. COLLIER. Regs. of Stat. Co. See N. & Q., 3rd S., i. 402. This work, which appears to have received but little attention while passing through the press, is here reprinted page for page. The loss of the eight Sonnets is much to be regretted.

1594. Richard Barnfield's allusion to Watson in his Affectionate Shepheard of this year, we have already quoted at p. 4.

1595. (1) In a work entitled *Polimanteia*, &c., written by W. C., and published at Cambridge [*Gren. Coll. Brit. Museum*, 537] there is at R. 3. a reference in the side notes connecting, in a literary sense, Watson with Shakespeare, (who then just began to appear in print) in a way that may best appear by reproducing the passage line for line.

All praise worthy. Lucrecia Sweet Shak speare. Eloquent Gaueston. ther countries (sweet Cambridge) enuie, (yet admire) my Virgil, thy Betrarch, diuine Spenser. And vallesse I erre, (a thing easie in such simplicitie) deluded by dearlie beloued Delia, and fortunatelie fortunate Cleopatra; Oxford thou maist extoll thy courte-deare-verse happie Daniell, whose sweete refined muse, in contracted shape, were sufficient amongst men, to gaine pardon of the Adomis Sinne to Rosemond, pittie to distressed Washen Cleopatra, and eucliuing praise to her here.

(2) In this year also appeared Spensers Colin Clouts come home again, in which occur the following lines: which under correction, we take to refer to Watson.

There also is (ah no, he is not now !) But since I said he is, he quite is gone, Anymtas quite is gone and lies full low, Haluing his Amaryllis left to mone. Helpe, O ye shepheards, help ye all in this, Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne : Her losse is yours, your losse Amymtas is, Amymtas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne, He whilest he liued was the noblest swaine, That euer piped in an oaten quill : Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine, And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.

1596. THOMAS NASH, laggardly replying in his Have with you to Saffron-walden to Gabriel Harvey, has the following allusions to our Poet, evidently then dead, at the end of that work.

WRITINGS OF THOMAS WATSON. 17

"To a bead-roll of learned men and Lords hee appeales, whether he be an Asse or no, in the forefront of whom, he puts M. Thomas VVatson, the Poet: A man he was that I dearly lou'd and honor'd, and for all things hath left few his equalls in England, he it was that in the company of diuers Gentlemen one night at supper at the Nags head in Cheape, first told me of his vanitie, and those Hexameters of him But o what newes of that good Gabriell Harvey Knowne to the world for a foole and clapt in the Fleet for a Rimer."

"He [Gabriel Harvey] raild vppon me vnder the name of Piers Pennilesse, and for a bribe that I should not reply on him, praisd me, and reckond me (at the latter end) among the famous Schollers of our time, as S. Philip Sidney, M. VVatson, M. Spencer, M. Daniell, whom he hartily thankt, and promised to endow with manie compliments for so enriching our English Tongue."

1598.

1600.

FRANCIS MERES, in Palladis Tamia, refers four times to Watson. ".... So also these Englishmen being Latine Poets, Gualter Haddon, Nicholas Car, Gabriel Haruey, Christopher Ocland, Thomas Newton with his Leyland, Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion, Brunswerd and Willey, haue attained a good report and honorable aduancement in the Latin Empyre."-f. 280. "As Italy had Danie, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, and Ari-soto: so England had Matthew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid, Robert Greene and George Peele."-p. 282, b. "These are our best for Tragedie Marlow, Peele, Wat-son, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Beniamin Iohnson."-f. 283. "As Theocritus in Greeke, Virgil and Mantuan in Latine, Sanazar in Italian, and the Authour of Amynic Gaudia and Walsinghams Melibærs are the best for pastoral!"-p. 284, a. FRANCIS MERES, in Palladis Tamia, refers four times to Watson.

In another Poetical Miscellany, England's Helicon, there are five poems by Watson. The Amyntas already given above. The poems reprinted at pp. 44, 128, 73; and the following new one.

(r) The Nimphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this Dittie.

With fragrant flowers we strew the way, And make this our cheefe holy-day. For though this clime were blest of yore ;

Yet was it neuer proud before. O beauteous Queene of second Troy : Accept of our vnfayned ioy.

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

O beauteous Oueene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie,

And trees doo whistle melodie,

Now every thing that Nature breedes, Dooth clad it selfe in pleasant weedes.

Tho. Watson. O beauteous Queene, &c.

-Mr. Collier's Reprint. p. 57.

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1602. In another Poetical collection, Davison's Poetical Rapsodie : ten poems of the Exatoumable are quoted ; but nothing fresh.

1606. A book of poetical quotations, known as Englands Parnassas has two dozen quotations from Watson, all from the 'Exa $\tau o\mu\pi a\theta la$.

We have done. Enough has been adduced to show how high Watson stood in the estimation of his contemporaries. Upon the darkness which has since covered him we will not dwell. May it prove but a long eclipse. May he be justified of his works. May he in future be better known : and recognized as our Scholler-Poet of Love, our English Petrarch.

в

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The 'Ekatom $\pi a \theta i a$ or Passionate Centurie of Love.

(a) Essues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. [1582]. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title on p. 23.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.

2. 1869. Manchester. The Spenser Society. Issue No. VI. [A Facsimile 1 vol. 4to. Reprint, limited to two hundred copies.]

11. With other Works.

3. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. English Reprints: see title at p. 1.

MELIBŒUS SIVÈ ECLOGA INOBITUM, &C.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1590. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title at p. 140.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. With other Works.

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. English Reprints : see title at p. 1.

AN EGLOGUE VPON THE DEATH, &C.

(a) Essues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1590. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title at p. 141.

(b) Essues since the Author's Death.

II. With other Works.

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. English Reprints : see title at p. 1.

THE TEARES OF FANCY OR LOVE DISDAINED.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime. None.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1593. Lond. 1 vol. 4to. See title at 9. 177. The only copy now known is in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq., at Britwell.

II. With other Works.

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. English Reprints : see title at p. 1.

.. It will be seen, that three out of the above four works are now reprinted for the first time. When, at Professor HENRY MORLEY's suggestion, the present Reprint was determined upon, it was not known that the Spenser Society's edition of the first of them was in contemplation. That edition has appeared in the interval, and there is but one regret in connection with it; that the issue of it should be limited to the two hundred members forming that society: beyond which number no copy can be obtained for love or money. When will the day of limited issues come to an end?

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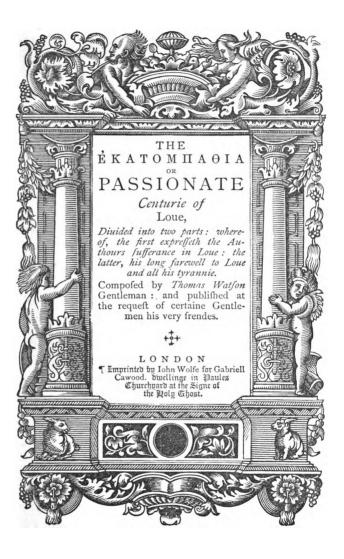
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To the Right Honorable my very good Lord Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxenford, Vicount Bulbecke, Lord of Escales, and Badlesmere, and Lord High Chamberlaine of England, all happinesse.



Lexander the Great, passing on a time by the worke/hop of Apelles, curiouslie furueyed fome of his doinges: whose long stay in viewing them, brought all the people into fo great a good liking of the painters worke-

manship, that immediatelie after, they bought vp all his pictures, what price socuer he set them at.

And the like good happe, (Right Honorable,) befel vnto mee latelie, concerning thefe my Loue Passions, which then chaunced to Apelles, for his Portraites. For fince the world hath vnderslood, (I know not how) that your Honor had willinglie voutchsafed the acceptance of this worke, and at convenient leisures fauourablie perused it, being as yet but in written hand, many have oftentimes and earnessity called vpon mee, to put it to the presse. Proved B patrons

²⁶ The Epiftle Dedicatorie.

that for their mony they might but fee, what your Lordship with fome liking had alreadie perused. And therewithall fome of them faid (either to yeeld your Honour his due prayfe, for foundnes of iudgement; or to pleafe me, of whome long fince they had conceived well) that Alexander would like of no lines, but fuch as were drawen by the cunning hand, and with the curious penfill of Apelles. VVhich I fet not downe here to that end, that I would conferre my Poemes with Apelles Portraites for worthineffe; albeit I fitlie compare your Honors perfon with Alexanders, for excellencie. But how bold foeuer I have bene, in turning out this my pettie poore flocke vpon the open Common of the wide world, where everie man may behold their nakedneffe, I humbly make request, that if any storme fall vnlooked for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads, or the poyfon of euill edged tongues) thefe my little ones maye shrowde them felues under the broad leafed Platane of your Honours patronage. And thus at this prefent, I humbly take my leaue; but first wishing the continuall encrease of your Lordships honour, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good foeuer tendeth vnto perfect happines.

Your Lordships humbly at commaund

Thomas VVatfon.

To the frendly Reader.



Ourteous Reader, if anie thing herein either pleafe or profitte thee, afforde me thy good worde in recompence of my paines: if ought offend or hurt thee, I defire that thou forget the one, and forgiue the other. <u>This toye being liked</u>, the next may prooue better; being difcouraged, wil cut of the likeliehood of my trauaile to come. But

by that meanes all will be well, and both parties pleafed. For neither fhall I repent my labour in the like, nor thou be anie more troubled with my faultes or follies.

Yet for this once I hope that thou wilt in refpect of my trauaile in penning thefe louepafsions, or for pitie of my paines in fuffering them (although but fuppofed) fo furuey the faultes herein efcaped, as eyther to winke at them, as ouerfightes of a blinde Louer; or to excufe them, as idle toyes proceedinge from a youngling frenzie; or laftlie, to defend them, by faying, it is nothing *Præter decorum* for a maiemed man to halt in his pafe, where his wound enforceth him, or for a Poete to falter in his Poëme, when his matter requireth it. *Homer* in mentioning the fwiftnes of the winde, maketh his verfe to runne in pofthafte all vpon *Dactilus*: and *Virgill* in exprefsing the ftriking downe of an oxe, letteth the endofhis hexameter fall withall, *Procumbit humi bos*.

Therefore if I roughhewed my verfe, where my fenfe was vnfetled, whether through the nature of the pafsion, which I felt, or, by rule of art, which I had learned, it may feeme a happie fault; or if it were fo framed by counfell, thou mayeft t'inke it well donne: if by chaunce, happelie.

Yet write I not this to excufe my felfe of fuch errours, as are efcaped eyther by dotage, or ignorance: but those I referre to thy gentle curtifie and fauourable conftruction, or lay manie of them vpon the Printers necke, whom I would blame by his owne preffe, if he would fuffer me.

As for any Ariftarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they <u>pinch me</u> more then is reafonable, thou courteous Reader, which arte of a better difpolition, thalt rebuke them in my behalfe; faying to the first, that my birdes are al of mine own hatching, and that my onelie ouermuch hast made *Sol* angrie in theire Birthday; to the fecond, that although *Venus* be in my verfe, yet her flipper is left out; to the last and worft, that I rather take vpon me to write better then *Charilus*, than once fuppofe to imitate *Homer*.

I am ouer long, as well for the feare I had to be bitten by fuch as are captious, as for the defire I haue to pleafe thee that art frendlie. But fince I now wel remember me, that nothing is more eaflie let flowne, nothing foner difperfed, nothing later recalled backe againe, then the bitter blaft of an euill fpoaken man, and that he, whome it fhall hurt, had no recure but by patience; I will fet it behinde my heele, as a hurt remedileffe, or els, when it comes, falue it vp with patience.

In the meane fpace (curteous Reader) I once againe craue the fauourable iudgement: and fo, for breuitie fake, abruptlie make an end; committing the to God, and my worke to thy fauour.

Thine, as thou art his, Thomas Watson.

28

John Lyly to the Authour his friend.



Y good friend, I have read your new pafsions, and they have renewed mine old pleafures, the which brought to me no leffe delight, then they have done to your felfe commendations. And certes had not one of mine eies about ferious affaires beene watchfull, both by being too too bufie had beene wanton: fuch

is the nature of persuading pleafure, that it melteth the marrowe before it forch the skin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not vnlike vnto the oyle of leat, which rotteth the bone and neuer ranckleth the sless, or the Scarab slies, which enter into the roote and neuer touch the rinde.

And whereas you defire to have my opinion, you may imagine that my flomake is rather cloyed, then quefie, and therfore mine appetite of leffe force then mine affection, fearing rather a furfet of fweetenes, then defiring a fatiffying. The repeating of Love, wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but ferching the very vaines of my hearte, I could finde nothing but a broad fcarre, where I left a deepe wounde: and loofe ftringes, where I tyed hard knots: and a table of fteele, where I framed a plot of wax.

Whereby I noted that young fwannes are grey, and the olde white, young trees tender, and the old tough, young men amorous, and growing in yeeres, either wifer or warier. The Corall in the water is a foft weede, on the land a hard flone: a fworde frieth in the fire like a blacke ele, but layd in earth like white fnowe: the heart in loue is altogether pafsionate, but free from defire, altogether carelefse. But it is not my intent to inueigh againft loue, which women account but a bare word, and that men reuerence as the beft God : onely this I would add without offence to Gentlewomen, that were not men more fuperficious in their praifes, then women are conflant in their pafsions : Loue would either shortly be worne out of vse, or men out of loue, or women out of lightnes. I can condemne none but by coniecture, nor commend any but by lying, yet fufpicion is as free as thought, and as farre as I fee as necefiary, as credulitie.

Touching your Mistres I must needes thinke well, feeing you have written so well, but as false glasses shewe the faires faces, so fine gloses amend the baddes fancies. Apelles painted the Phenix by hearesay not by sight, and Lysippus engraved Vulcan with a streight legge, whome nature framed with a poult sote, which proveth men to be of greater affection their indgement. But in that so aptly you have varied vppon women, I will not vary from you, so confesse I must, and if I should not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Love were the sweetess thing in the earth: If women were the faithfulles, and that women would be more constant if men were more wise.

And feeing you have vfed mee fo friendly, as to make me acquainted with your pafsions, I will shortly make you pryuie to mine, which I woulde be loth the printer shoulde fee, for that my fancies being neuer fo crooked he would put them in streight lines, vnfit for my humor, neceffarie for his art, who fetteth downe, blindc, in as many letters as feeing.

Farewell.



Authoris ad Libellum *fuum Protrepticon*.



Ade, precor, timidus patrium mittende per orbem, Nec nugas iacla parue libelle tuas. Si quis Ariflarchus mordaci læferit ore, Culparum caufas ingeniofus habe. Si rogat, vndè venis, dic tu de paupere Vena,

Non ambire tuas laurea ferta comas. Sique rogat, verbis quis adauxit metra folutis,

Ex animo nomen dic cecidiffe tibi. Forfitan intrabis noftræ facraria Diuæ,

Quam colit in medijs multa Diana rofis, Quæ Cybele cæli noftri ; quæ gloria regni

Vnica : quæque fui fola Sybilla foli ; Quæ vatum lima eft ; quæ doctis doctior ipfa ;

Iuno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus;

Quæ fuperat Reges, quantum querceta myricas;

Quam recinat Famæ buccina nulla fatis, Illa tuos fancto fi spectet lumine rithmos,

O quantum gemino Sole beatus eris? Tu fed stratus humi, supplex amplectere plantas,

Cuius erit vili pondere læfa manus. Hic tamen, hic moneo, né speres tanta futura; Attica non auris murmura vana probat. Hic quoque feu fubeas Sydnæi, fiue Dyeri Scrinia, quà Musis area bina patet; Dic te Xeniolum non diuitis effe clientis, Confectum Dryadis arte, rudique manu; Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur Virtute et vera nobilitate fua. Indè ferenato vultu te mitis vterque Perleget, et nœuos condet vterque tuos. Dum famulus Verum comitaris in aurea tecla. Officij semper sit tibi cura tui. Tùm fortaffe pijs Nymphis dabit ille legendum. Cùm de Cyprigeno verba iocofa ferent. Si qua tui nimiùm Domini miferetur amantis, Sic crepita folijs, vt gemuiffe putet. Tetrica si qua tamen blandos damnauerit ignes. Dic tu, mentito me tepuiffe foco; Tumque refer talos, et fixum calce figillum, Quà Venerem temnis, filiolumque fuum. Taliter efficies, vt amet te candida turba, Forfan et Autoris palma futura tui. Viue libelle, precor, Domino falicior ipfo, Quem fine demerito fors inopina premit : Denique, (fi vifum fuerit) dic montis in alto Pierij vacuum tempora dura pati.

A Quatorzain, in the com-

mendation of Master Thomas Watson, and of his Mistres, for whom he wrote this Booke of Passionat Sounctes.

He ftarr's, which did at *Petrarch's* byrthday raigne,
Were fixt againe at thy natiuity, Deftening thee the *Thufcan's* poefie,
Who fkald the fkies in lofty *Quatorzain*,
The *Mufes* gaue to thee thy fatall vaine, The very fame, that *Petrarch* had, whereby *Madonna Laures* fame is growne to hy,
And that whereby his glory he did gaine. Thou haft a *Laure*, whom well thou doft commend, And to her praife thy pafsion fongs do tend;
Yee both fuch praife deferue, as naught can fmother; In briefe with *Petrarch* and his *Laure* in grace Thou and thy Dame be equall, faue percafe

Thou paffe the one, and the excell's the other. G. Bucke.

To the Authour.

Hy booke beginning fweete and ending fowre, Deere friend, bewrayes thy falfe fucceffe in loue, Where fmiling firft, thy Miftres falles to lowre, When thou did'ft hope her curtefie to proue;

And finding thy expected lucke to fayle,

Thou falft from praife, and doft begin to rayle. To vfe great tearmes in praife of thy deuife, I thinke were vaine : therefore I leaue them out; Content thee, that the Cenfure of the wife Hath put that needeles queftion out of doubt :

Yet howe I weigh the worke that thou haft wrought, My iudgement I referre vnto thy thought.

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T. Acheley.

An Ode, written to the Mufes Concerning this Authour.

Ou facred Nymphes, Apolloes fifters faire, Daughters of Ioue, parentes of rare deuife, Why take you no delight in change of ayre?

Is Helicon your onely paradife?

Hath Britan foyle no hill, no heath, no well,

No wood, no wit, wherein you lift to dwell? Ladies voutfafe with pacience once to viewe Our liuely fprings, high hills, and pleafaunte fhades, And as you like the feat and countries hewe, Pitche downe your tentes, and vfe your fporting trades:

Hard hap it is, if nothing here you finde

That you can deeme delightfull to your minde. Loe *Watfon* preft to enterteine your powre In pleafante fprings of flowing wit, and fkill: If you efteeme the pleafures of his bower, Let *Britan* beare your fpring, your groue and hill,

That it hence foorth may of your fauour boaft, And him, whome first you heere voutfafe for hoaft. *C. Downhalus.*

Eiufdem aliud de Authore.

Ræcia permultos peperit fæcunda poetas. Quorum lapfa diu fæcula, fama manet. Aufonia Argolicæ tellus poft æmula laudis Transfulit in Latios doctum Helicona finus. Acceptam Latium tenuit fouitque poefin, Jnque dies Laurus auget, Apollo, tuas. Gallica Parnafso cæpit ditefcere lingua, Ronfardique operis Luxuriare nouis. Sola quia interea nullum paris Anglia vatem ? Versifices multi, nemo poëta tibi est. Scilicet ingenium maius fuit hactenùs arte :

Forsan et hic merces defit vtrique fua. Ingenio tandem præstans Watsonus, et arte,

Pieridas docuit verba Britanna loqui. Et faciles alijs aditus patefecit ad artem.

Quam multi cupiunt fingere, nemo refert. Jfle tuus labor eft, lúcrum eft Watfone, tuorum ; Et tua, ne defint præmia, Laurus erit.

T's feldome feene that *Merite* hath his due, Or els *Dezerte* to find his iuft defire :

For nowe *Reproofe* with his defacing crewe Treades vnderfoote that rightly fhould afpyre:

Milde Industrie difcourag'd hides his face,

And fhuns the light, in feare to meete *Difgrace*. Seld feene faid I (yet alwaies feene with fome) That *Merite* gains good will, a golden hyre, With whome *Reproofe* is caft afide for fcumme;

", That growes apace that vertue helps t' afpire ; And *Industrie* well chearish't to his face

In funfhine walkes, in fpight of fowre *Difgrace*. This fauour hath put life into the pen, That heere prefentes his first fruite in this kinde : He hopes acceptance, friendly graunte it then ; Perchaunce fome better worke doth flay behinde.

My cenfure is, which reading you fhall fee, A Pythy, fiveete, and cunning poefye. M. Rovdon.

To the Authour.

F grauer headdes shall count it ouerlight, To treate of *Loue*: fay thou to them: *A flaine Is incident vnto the fineft die.*

And yet no flaine at all it is for thee, Thefe layes of *Loue*, as myrth to melancholy, To followe faft thy fad *Antigone*, Which may beare out a broader worke then this, Compyl'd with iudgement, order, and with arte. And fhrowde thee vnder fhadowe of his winges, Whofe gentle heart, and head with learning fraight Shall yeld thee gracious fauour and defence.

G. Peele.

A Quatorzain of the Authour vnto this his booke of Louepafsi-

ons.

Y little booke goe hye thee hence away, [parte Whofe price (God know's) will countervaile no Of paines I tooke, to make thee what thou arte: And yet I ioy thy byrth. But hence I fay, Thy brothers are halfe hurt by thy delaye; For thou thy felfe arte like the deadly dart, Which bred thy byrth from out my wounded hart. But still obferue this rule where ere thou stave. In all thou mai'ft tender thy fathers fame, Bad is the Bird, that fileth his owne neft. •• If thou be much miflik't, They are to blame, Say thou, that deedes well donne to euill wreft : Or els confeffe, A Toye to be thy name : This triffing world A Toye befeemeth beft. ,,

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37

The Author in this Paſsion taketh but occafion to open his eſtate in loue; the miſerable accidentes whereof are ſuſficiently deſcribed hereaſter in the copious varietie of his deuiſes: and whereas in this Sonnet he ſeemeth one while to deſpaire, and yet by and by aſter to haue ſome hope oſ good ſucceſſe, the contrarietie ought not to oſſend, iſ the nature and true qualitie oſ a loue paſsion bee well conſidered. And where he mentioneth that once hee ſcorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece oſ worke, whiche he wrote long ſince, *Je Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perſected, to the good likinge oſ many that haue ſeene and peruſed it, though not fully to his owne ſancy, which cauſeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe.

Ell fare the life fometimes I ledde ere this, When yet no downy heare yclad my face : My heart deuoyde of cares did bath in bliffe, My thoughts were free in euery time and place : But now (alas) all's fowle, which then was faire, My wonted ioyes are turning to defpaire.

Where then I liu'd without controule or checke, An other now is miftris of my minde, *Cupid* hath clapt a yoake vpon my necke, Vnder whofe waighte I liue in feruile kinde :

I now cry creake, that ere I fcorned loue,

Whofe might is more then other Gods aboue. I haue affaide by labour to efchewe What fancy buildes vpon a loue conceite, But neartheleffe my thought reuiues anew, Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes deceite : Some comfort yet I haue to liue her thrall, In whome as yet I find no fault at all. In this passion the Author describeth in how pitious a cafe the hart of a louer is, being (as he fayneth heere) feperated from his owne body, and remoued into a darkfome and folitarie wildernes of woes. The conueyance of his inuention is plaine and pleafant enough of it felle, and therefore needeth the leffe annotation before it.

Y harte is fett him downe twixt hope and feares Vpon the flonie banke of high defire,

To view his own made flud of blubbering teares

Whofe waues are bitter falt, and hote as fire:

There blowes no blaft of wind but ghoftly grones

Nor waues make other noyfe then pitious moanes As life were fpent he waiteth *Charons* boate, And thinkes he dwells on fide of *Stigian* lake : But blacke defpaire fome times with open throate, Or fpightfull Ieloufie doth caufe him quake,

With howlinge fhrikes on him they call and crie

That he as yet fhall nether liue nor die : Thus voyde of helpe he fittes in heauie cafe, And wanteth voyce to make his iuft complaint. No flowr but *Hiacynth* in all the place, No funne comes there, nor any heau'nly fainte,

But onely fhee, which in him felfe remaines, And joyes her eafe though he abound in paines. This passion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his owne heart, beeing nowe through the commandement and force of loue feparated from his bodie miraculouflie, and againft nature, to follow his miftres, in hope, by long attendance vpon her, to purchafe in the end her loue and fauour, and by that meanes to make him felfe all one with her owne heart.

Peake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place? With her, whofe birth the heauens themfelues haue bleft.

What doft thou there? Somtimes behold her face, And lodge fometimes within her criftall breft :

She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?

Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne me. With her wilt thou remaine, and let mee die? If I returne, wee both fhall die for griefe : If flill thou flaye, what good fhall growe thereby? Ile moue her heart to purchafe thy reliefe :

What if her heart be hard, and ftop his eares?

Ile figh aloud, and make him foft with teares : If that preuaile, wilte thou returne from thence? Not I alone, her heart fhall come with mee : Then will you both liue vnder my defence? So long as life will let vs both agree :

Why then difpaire, goe packe thee hence away, I liue in hope to haue a golden daie.

The chiefe grounde and matter of this Sonnet flandeth vppon the rehearfall of fuch thinges as by reporte of the Poets, are dedicated vnto *Venus*, whereof the Authour fometime wrote thefe three Latine verfes.

Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba, Hefperus, ora Pathos, Rofa, Myrtus, et infula Cyprus, Idaliumque nemus ; Veneri hæc funt omnia facra.

And Forcatulus the French Poet wrote vppon the fame particulars, but more at large, he beginneth thus,

Eß arbor Veneri Myrtus gratissima, stores Tam Rosa, quam volucres alba columba præit. Igniferum cæli præ cunctis diligit astris Hesperon, Idalium sæpt adit vna nemus. etc.

Weete *Venus* if as nowe thou fland my friende, As once thou didft vnto Kinge 1Priams fonne, My ioyfull mufe fhall neuer make an end Of praifing thee, and all that thou haft done : Nor this my penne shall ever cease to write Of ought, wherin fweete Venus takes delite. My temples hedged in with Myrtle bowes Shall fet afide Apolloes Lawrell tree, As did ²Anchifes fonne, when both his browes With Myrtle hee befet, to honour thee : Then will I fay, the Role of flowres is beft. And filuer *Dooues* for birdes excell the reft. Ile praise no starre but Hesperus alone, Nor any hill but Erycinus mounte, Nor any woodde but *Idaly* alone. Nor any fpring but Acidalian founte, Nor any land but onely Cyprus fhoare, Nor Gods but Loue, and what would Venus more?

1 Paris.

• Materna redimitus tempora Mirto. Virg.

4I

All this Pafsion (two verfes only excepted) is wholly translated out of *Petrarch*, where he writeth,

S' amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'i fento? Part prima Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio che cofa, e quale? Sonnet 103. Se buona, ond'è l'effetto afpro e mortale? Se ria, ond'è li dolce ogni tormento?

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye, are liuely expressed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his first halfe verse of this translation varieth from that fense, which *Chaeveer* vieth in translating the felse fame: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne simple private opinion, which yet he will not greatly fland vpon.

F't bee not loue I feele, what is it then ?
If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue ?
If good, how chance he hurtes fo many men ?
If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes difproue ?
If willingly I burne, how chance I waile ?
If gainft my will, what forrow will auaile ?
O liuefome death, O fweete and pleafant ill,
Againft my minde how can thy might preuaile ?
If I bend backe, and but refraine my will,
If I confent, I doe not well to waile ;

And touching him, whome will hath made a flaue, The Prouerbe faith of olde, *Selfe doe, felfe haue*.

The Prouerbe faith of olde, *Selfe doe, felfe haue.* Thus beeing toft with windes of fundry forte Through daung'rous Seas but in a flender Boat, With errour fluft, and driu'n befide the porte, Where voide of wifdomes fraight it lies afloate,

I waue in doubt what helpe I fhall require, In Sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.

1 Adduntur Tuscano hij duo vertus.

This pafsion is a translation into latine of the felfe fame fonnet of *Petrarch* which you red laftly alleaged, and commeth fomwhat neerer vnto the Italian phrafe then the English doth. The Author when he translated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him felfe to farre, as to thrutt in foote amongt our english Poets. But beinge bushed in translating *Petrarch* his fonnets into latin new clothed this amongst many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And because it besitteth this place, he is content you furuey it here as a probable figne of his dayly fufferance in loue.

Oc fi non fit amor, quod perfentifco, quid ergo eft? Si fit amor, tum quid fitamor qualifque rogandum: Si bonus eft, vndè effectus producit acerbos? Sin malus, vnde eius tormentum dulce putatur? Sique volens vror, quæ tanti caufa doloris? Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta iuuabunt? O læthum viuax, ô delectabile damnum, Quî fic me fuperes, tibi fi concedere nolim? Et me fi patior vinci, cur lugeo victus? Aduerfis rapior ventis, nulloque magiftro, Per maris effufi fluctus, in puppe caduca, Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata eft, Ipfus vt ignorem de me quid dicere poffim : Frigeo, dum media eft æftas; dum bruma, calefco.



This passion of loue is liuely expressed by the Authour, in that he lauishlie praifeth the perfon and beautifull ornamentes of his loue, one after an other as they lie in order. He partly imitateth herein Aeneas Siluius, who fetteth downe the like in defcribing Lucretia the loue of Euryalus; and partly he followeth Arioflo cant. 7. where he defcribeth Alcina: and partly borroweth from fome others where they defcribe the famous Helen of Greece: you may therefore, if you please patience as a Scholler of good iudgement hath already Christened it dury mapacurum.

⁷Arke you that lift to heare what fainte I ferue: Her yellowe lockes exceede the beaten goulde; Her fparkeling eies in heau'n a place deferue ; Her forehead high and faire of comely moulde; Her wordes are muficke all of filuer founde: Her wit fo fharpe as like can fcarfe be found : Each eybrowe hanges like Iris in the fkies; ¹ Her *Eagles* nofe is ftraight of flately frame; On either cheeke a Rofe and Lillie lies : Her breath is fweete perfume, or hollie flame; Her lips more red than any Corall flone; Her necke more white, then aged ²Swans vat mone : Her breft transparent is, like Christall rocke; Her fingers long, fit for Apolloes Lute; Her flipper fuch as ³Momus dare not mocke; Her vertues all fo great as make me mute: What other partes fhe hath I neede not fay, Whofe face alone is caufe of my decaye.

¹ Nasus Aquilinus ex Persarum opinione maiestatem personæ arguit. ² Quale suo recinit funere carmen Olor. Stroza. et vide Plin. de cantu Olorino lib, 10. nat. hist. cap. 23.

Vide Chiliad 1. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi Erasm. ex Philostrati ad vxorem epistola mutuatur.

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VIII.

Action for efpying Diana as fhee bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and fone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as Ouid defcribeth at large lib. 3. Metamorph, And Silius Italicus libr. 12. de bello Punico glaunceth at it in this manner.

> Fama eft, cum laceris Actæon flebile membris Supplicium lueret spectatæ in sonte Dianæ, Attonitum nouitate mala sugisse parentem Per freta Arislæum. etc.

The Author alluding in al this Passion vnto the fault of Acleon, and to the hurte, which hee fuscient factor of the hurte, which hee fuscient factor of the hurte, when amorous infelicitie; as *Ouid* did after his banifhmente, when in an other fense hee applied this fiction vnto himfelfe, being exiled (as it should feeme) for having at vnawares taken *Cafar* in forme great fault: for thus hee writeth.

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci ? etc. Infcius Actaon vidit fine vefle Dianam, Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille fuis.

Ctaon loft in middle of his fport Both fhape and life, for looking but a wry, *Diana* was afraid he would report What fecretes he had feene in paffing by : To tell but trueth, the felfe fame hurt haue I By viewing her, for whome I dayly die; I leefe my woonted fhape, in that my minde Doth fuffer wracke vpon the ftonie rocke Of her difdaine, who contrary to kinde Doth beare a breft more harde then any flocke;

And former forme of limmes is changed quite

By cares in loue, and want of due delight. I leefe my life in that each fecret thought, Which I conceiue through wanton fond regard, Doth make me fay, that life auaileth nought Where feruice cannot haue a due reward :

I dare not name the Nimph that works my fmart, Though loue hath grau'n her name within my hart. Clytia (as Perottus witheffeth) was a glorious Nimph, and thereof had her name: for $\kappa\lambda \delta os$ in greeke fignifieth glorie: and therfore fheafpired to be the loue of Sol him felfe, who præferring Leucothoe before her, fhe was in fhort fpace ouergonne with fuche extremitie of care, that by compaffion of the Gods fhee was transformed into a Marigolde; which is significantlie called Heliotropium, becaufe euen nowe after change of forme fhee ftill obferueth the rifing and going downe of hir beloued the funne, as Ouid mentioneth,

Illa suum, quamuis radice tenetur,

Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque feruat amorem. Metam. lib. 4. And by this it maie eafilie bee gheffed, whie in this paffion the Authour compareth him felfe with the Marigold, and his loue vnto the Sunne.

He Marigold fo likes the louely Sunne,

That when he fettes the other hides her face,

And when he ginnes his morning courfe to runne, She fpreades abroad, and fhowes her greateft grace;

So fhuts or fprouts my ioy, as doth this flow're, When my *Sheefunne* doth either laugh or lowre.

When fhee departes my fight, I die for paine,

In clofing vp my hearte with cloudie care;

And yet when once I viewe her face againe,

I streight reuiue, and ioye my wonted fare :

Therewith my heart ofte faies, when all is done,

That heau'n and earth haue not a brighter funne. A iealous thought yet puttes my minde in feare, Left *Ioue* him felfe defcending from his throne Shoulde take by ftealth and place her in his fpheare, Or in fome higher globe to rule alone : [their praye Which if he fhould, the heau'ns might boaft But I (alas) might curfe yat difmall day. The Authour hath made two or three other paffions vpon this matter that is heere conteined, alluding to the loffe of his fight and life fince the time he first beheald her face, whose loue hath thus bewitched him. But heere hee mentioneth, the blindneffe of *Tyreflas* to proceed of an other caufe, then he doth in those his other Sonnettes, And heerein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater forte of Poets, but vnto fome fewe, after whom *Polytian* hath written alfo, as followeth;

> Baculum dat deinde petentem Tyrefiæ magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam Vidit, et hoc raptam penfauit munere lucem. Suetus in offenfos baculo duce tendere greffus Nec deeft ipfe fibi, quin facro influcta furore Ora mouet, tantique parat folatia damni.

Yne 'eyes dye firft, which laft enioyed life, Not hurt by bleared eies, but hurt with light Of fuch a blazing ftarre as kindeleth ftrife Within my breft as well by day as night : And yet no poyfned *Cockatrice* lurk't there, Hervertuous beames diffuade fuch foolifh feare.

Befides, I liue as yet; though blinded nowe Like him, that fawe *Mineruaes* naked fide, And loft his fight (poore foule) not knowing howe; Or like to him, whome euill chance betide,

In ftraying farre to light vpon that place,

Where midft a fount he founde *Dianaes* grace. But he alone, who *Polyphemus* hight, Trewe patterne was of me and all my woe, Of all the reft that euer loft their fight : For being blinde, yet loue poffeft him fo,

That he each how'r on eu'ry dale and hill Sung fonges of loue to * *Galatæa* ftill.

¹ Quod naturale esse, ait Plinius 11b. ii. natur. hist c. 36.

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² Galatæa was a water Nymph and daughter to old Nereus.

In this fonnet is couertly fet forth, how pleafaunt a paffion the Author one day enloyed, when by chance he ouerharde his miftris, whilf the was finging privately by her felfe: And fone after into howe forrowfull a dumpe, or founden extaile he fell, when vpon the first fight of him she abruptlie finifhed her fong and melodie.



Goulden bird and Phenix of our age, Whofe fweete records and more then earthly voice By wondrous force did then my griefe affwage When nothing els could make my heart reioyce, Thy teunes (no doubt) had made a later end, If thou hadft knowen how much they flood my frend. When filence dround the latter warbling noate. A fudden griefe eclypft my former ioye, My life it felfe in calling Carons boate Did figh, and fay, that pleafure brought anoy;

And blam'd mine eare for liftning to the found Of fuch a fonge, as had increaft my wound.

My heavie heart remembring what was past Did forrowe more than any tounge can tell; As did the damned foules that floode agaft, When Orpheus with his wife return'd from hell:

Yet who would think, that Mufike which is fwete. In curing paines could caufe delites to fleete?

The fubic? of this paffion is all one with that, which is next before it: but that the Authour formwhat more highly here extolleth his ladies excellencie, both for the fingularitie of her voyce, and her wonderfull arte in vfe and moderation of the fame. But moreouer, in this fonnet, the Authour relateth how after the hearing of his miftris fing, his affection towardes her by that meanes was more vehemently kindled, then it had bin at any time before.

Meruaile I, why poets heretofore E) Extold 1 Arions harp or Mercuries, Although the one did bring a fifne to fhore, And th' other as a ² figne adorn'd the fkies. Yf they with me had heard an Angells voice, They would vnfay them felues, and praife my choife. Not Philomela now deferues the price, Though fweetely fhe recount her caufe of mone : Nor Phæbus arte in musicall deuife. Although his lute and voyce accord in one; Musicke her felf, and all the Muses nine, For skil or voyce their titles may resigne. O bitter fweete, or hunny mixt with gall, My hart is hurt with ouermuch delight, Mine eares wel pleaf'd with tunes, yet deafe with all : Through muficks helpe loue hath increast his might; I stoppe mine eares as wife *Vliffes* bad.

But all to late, now loue hath made me mad.

¹ Sic methymnæo gauisus Arione ² Consurgente freto cedit Lyra Delphin, Martial. lib. 8. Cyllenæa Ruff. Fest.

The Authour defcanteth on forwarde vpon the late effect, which the fong of his Miftres hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heate of his former loue. And in this patient heath fet downe fome miraculous good effectes of Muficke, hee falleth into queftion with him felfe, what fhould be the caufe, why the fweete melodie of his Miftres shoulde fo much hurte him, contrarie to the kinde and nature of muficall harmonie.

Sclepiad did cure with trumpets founde Such men as first had lost their hearing quite: And many fuch as in their drinke lay drownd Damon reuiu'd with tunes of graue delight: And Theophrast when ought his minde opprest, Vf'd mufickes helpe to bring him felfe to reft: With founde of harpe Thales did make recure Of fuch as lay with peftilence forlorne: With Organ pipes Xenocrates made pure Theire wits, whofe mindes long Lunacy had worne:

Howe comes it then, that mufick in my minde

Enforceth caufe of hurt against her kinde? For fince I heard a fecret heau'nly fong, Loue hath fo wrought by vertue of conceite, That I fhall pine vpon fuppofed wrong Vnleffe fhee yeelde, that did mee fuch deceit:

O eares now deafe, O wits al drownd in cares,

O heart furpryf'd with plagues at vnawares.

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'The Authour ftill purfuing his inuention vpon the fong of his Miftres, in the laft ftaffe of this fonnet he falleth into this fiction: that whileft he greedelie laied open his eares to the hearing of his Ladies voice, as one more then halfe in a doubt, that *Apollo* him felfe had beene at hand, Loue efpiyng a time of aduantage, tranfformed him felfe into the fubfance of aier, and fo deceitfullie entered into him with his owne great goodwill and defire, and nowe by mayne force ftill holdeth his pofieffion.

Ome that reporte great Alexanders life,
They fay, that harmonie fo mou'd his mind,
That oft he roafe from meat to warlike ftrife
At founde of Trumpe, or noyfe of battle kind,
And then, that mufickes force of fofter vaine
Cauf'd him returne from ftrokes to meat againe.
And as for me, I thinke it nothing ftrange,
That mufick hauing birth from heau'ns aboue,
By diuers tunes can make the minde to change:
For I my felfe in hearing my fweete Loue,

By vertue of her fong both tafted griefe,

And fuch delight, as yeelded fome reliefe. When firft I gan to giue attentiue eare, Thinking *Apolloes* voice did haunte the place, I little thought my Lady had beene there: But whileft mine eares lay open in this cafe,

Transform'd to ayre Loue entred with my will, And nowe perforce doth keepe poffeffion full. Still hee followeth on with further deuife vppon the late Melodie of his Miftres: and in this fonnet doth namelie preferre her before *Mulcike* her felfe, and all the three *Graces*; affirming, if either he, or els *Apollo* bee ordeined a iudge to giue fentence of their defertes on either fide, that then his Ladie can not faile to beare both pricke and prize awaie.

Owe *Muficke* hide thy face or blufh for fhame, Since thou haft heard hir fkill and warbling voice, Who far beefore thy felfe deferu's thy name, And for a *Science* fhould bee had in choife: Or if thou ftill thy title wilt retaine, Equall hir fong with helpe of all thy traine. But as I deeme, it better were to yeelde Thy place to her, to whom the price belonges, Then after ftrife to leefe both fame and field. For though rude *Satyres* like of *Marfias* fonges,

And Choridon efteeme his oaten quill:

Compare them with hir voice, and both are ill. Nay, which is more, bring forth the Graces three, And each of them let fing hir fong apart, And who doth beft twill foone appeare by mee, When fhee fhall make replie which rules my heart:

Or if you needes will make *Apollo* iudge, So fure I am to winne I neede not grudge. In this paffion the Authour vpon the late fweete fong of his Miftres, maketh her his birde; and therwithall partlie defcribeth her worthines, and partlie his owne eftate. The one parte he fneweth, by the coulour of her feathers, by her ftatelie minde, and by that fouereintie which fhe hath ouer him: the other, by defcription of his delight in her companie, and her ftrangenes, and drawing backe from a dewe acceptance of his feruice.

Y gentle birde, which fung fo fweete of late, Is not like thofe, that flie about by kind,

> Her feathers are of golde, fhee wantes a mate, And knowing wel her worth, is proud of mind: And wheras fom do keepe their birds in cage.

My bird keepes mee, and rules me as hir page. She feedes mine eare with tunes of rare delight, Mine eye with louing lookes, my heart with ioy, Wherhence I thinke my feruitude but light, Although in deede I fuffer great annoye:

And (fure) it is but reafon, I fuppofe,

He feele the pricke, that feekes to pluck the *Rofe*. And who fo mad, as woulde not with his will Leefe libertie and life to heare her fing, Whofe voice excels those harmonies that fill *Elisian* fieldes, where growes eternall fpring?

If mightie *Ioue* fhould heare what I haue hard, She (fure) were his, and all my market marde. The Author not yet having forgotten the fonge of his miftres, maketh her in this paffion a seconde *Phoenix*, though not of *Arabia*, and yet no leffe acceptable to *Apollo*, then is that bird of *Arabia*. And the cheife caufes why *Sol* fhoulde fauour hir, he accounted to be thefe two, hir excellent beawtie, and hir skill in mufike, of which two qualities *Sol* is well knowen to be an efpeciall cheife patrone, and fometimes the only author or giuer of the fame.

F Poets haue done well in times long paft,
To glofe on trifling toyes of little price:
Why fhould not I prefume to faine as faft,
Efpying forth a ground of good deuife?
A Sacred Nimph is ground whereon ile write,
The faireft Nimph that euer yet faw light.
And fince her fong hath fild mine eares with ioye,
Hir vertues pleaf'd my minde, hir face mine eye,

I dare affirme what fome will thinke a toy,

She *Phænix* is, though not of *Arabie*;

And yet the plumes about hir neck are bright,

And Sol him felfe in her hath chiefe delight.¹ You that will know why Sol afoordes her loue, Seeke but the cawfe why *Peakocks* draw the place, Where *Iuno* fitts; why *Venus* likes the *Doue*; Or why the *Owle* befitts *Mineruaes* grace;

Then yf you grudge, that fhe to *Sol* belonge, Marke but hir face, and heare hir skill in fonge.

1 Vide Plinium Natur. hist. lib. 10 cap. 2.

This fotnet is perfectly patheticall, and confifteth in two principall pointes: wherof the first conteyneth an accufation of Loue for his hurtfull effects and viuall tyrannie; the fecond part is a fudden recantation or excufe of the Authors euill words, by caftinge the fame vpon the necke of his beloued, as being the onely caufe of his late frenzy and blafpheamous rage fo lauifhly powred forth in fowle fpeaches.

Oue is a fowr delight; a fugred greefe; A liuinge death; an euerdying life; A breache of *Reafons* lawe; a fecret theefe; A fea of teares; an euerlasting strife; A bayte for fooles; a fcourge of noble witts; A Deadly wound: a fhotte which euer hitts, Loue is a blinded God; an angry boye; A Labyrinth of dowbts; an ydle luft; A flaue to *Beawties* will; a witles toy; A rauening bird, a tyraunt most vniust; A burning heate; A cold; a flattring foe; A private hell; a very world of woe. Yet mightie Loue regard not what I faye, Which lye in traunce bereft of all my witts, But blame the light that leades me thus aftraye, And makes my tongue blafpheme by frantike fitts: Yet hurt her not, left I fufteyne the fmart, Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

The Author in this passion reproueth the vsual description of loue; which olde Poetes have so long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities that he neither is a childe (as they say) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe and arrowes, neither frantike, nor wise, nor yet vncloathed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet when he hath faid al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the scret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that, whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue spent a long and tedious course of time in his feruice.

F Cupid were a childe, as Poets faine,
How comes it then that Mars doth feare his might? If blind; how chance fo many to theire paine,
Whom he hath hitte, can witneffe of his fight? If he haue wings to flie where thinkes him beft, How happes he lurketh ftill within my breft?
If bowe and fhaftes fhould be his chiefeft tooles,
Why doth he fet fo many heartes on fire?
If he were madde, how could he further fooles
To whet theire wits, as place and time require?

If wife, how could fo many leeze theire wittes,

Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike fittes? If naked full he wander too and froe, How doth not Sunne or froft offend his fkinne? If that a God he be, how falles it fo, That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?

O wondrous thing, that I, whom *Loue* hath fpent, Can fcarcely knowe him felf, or his intent. In this paffion the Authour being ioyfull for a kiffe, which he had received of his *Lowe*, compareth the fame vnto that kiffe, which fometime *Venus* beftowed vpon *Aefculapius*, for having taken a Bramble out of her foote, which pricked her through the hidden fpitefull deceyte of *Diana*, by whom it was laied in her way, as *Strozza* writeth. And hee enlargeth his invention vppon the french proverbiall fpeech, which importeth thus much in effect, that three things proceed from the mouth, which are to be had in high account, Breath, Speech, and Kisfing; the firft argueth a mans life; the fecond, his thought; the third and laft, his love.

N time long paft, when in *Dianaes* chafe
A bramble bufh prickt *Venus* in the foote,
Olde *Æfculapius* healpt her heauie cafe
Before the hurte had taken any roote: [hard
Wherehence although his beard were crifping
She yeelded him a kiffe for his rewarde.
My lucke was like to his this other day,
When fhe, whom I on earth do worfhip moft,
For kifsing me vouchfafed thus to fay,
Take this for once, and make thereof no boft:

¹ Forthwith my heart gaue figne of ioy by fkippes,

As though our foules had ioynd by ioyning lippes. And fince that time I thought it not amiffe To iudge which were the beft of all these three; Her breath, her speach, or that her daintie kiffe, And (fure) of all the kiffe beft liked me:

For that was it, which did reuiue my hart Oppreft and almost deade with dayly fmart.

1 Siquidem opinati sunt aliqui, in osculo fieri animarum combinationem.

In the first staffe of this passion the Authour imitateth Petrarch, Sonetto 211.

> Chi vuol veder quantunque pud Natura El ciel tra noi, venga à mirar costei, etc.

And the very like fenfe hath Seraphine in one of his Strambotts, where he beginneth thus,

> Chi vuol ueder gran cofe altiere e nuoue, Venga a mirar coftei, laquale adoro: Doue gratia dal ciel continuo bioue. etc.

Ho lift to vewe dame Natures cunning fkil, And fee what heau'n hath added to the fame, Let him prepare with me to gaze his fill On her apafe, whofe gifts exceed ye trump of fame: But let him come a pafe before the flye From hence, to fixe her feate aboue the fkye. By *Iunoes* gift fhe beares a flately grace, Pallas hath placed skill amidd'ft her breft;

Venus her felfe doth dwell within her face; Alas I faint to thinke of all the reft:

And thall I tell wherewith I moft have warres?

With those her eyes, which are two heau'nly starres. Theire beames drawe forth by great attractive power My moiftned hart, whofe force is yet fo fmall, That fhine they bright, or lift they but to lowre, It fcarcely dare behold fuch lights at all,

¹ But fobbes, and fighes, and faith I am vndonne; No bird but *Ioues* can looke againft the funne.

[?]Vide Plin. nat. hist lib. 10. cap. 3. Seraphinum sonet 1. vbi de aquila et lib 29 cap. 6. qui de hac re mutuatur suisque pullis per comparationem le-ex Aristotelis historia. Porró vide gantissimé canit.

The fubfance of this passion is taken out of *Scraphine* fonetto 127. which beginneth thus.

Quando nascesti amor? quando la terra Se rinueste di verde e bel colore; Di che susti creato? d'un ardore, Che cio lasciuo in se rinchiude e serra etc.

But the Author hath in this translation inuerted the order of fome verfes of *Scraphine*, and added the two laft of himfelfe to make the reft to feeme the more patheticall.

Hen werte thou borne fweet Loue? who was thy When Flora first adorn'd Dame Tellus lap, [fire? Then fprung I forth from Wanton hote defire: Who was thy nurfe to feede thee first with pap? Youth first with tender hand bound vp my heade,

Then faide, with *Lookes* alone I fhould be fed; What maides had fhe attendant on her fide, To playe, to finge, to rocke thee faft a fleepe? *Vaine Niceneffe, Beautie Faire,* and *Pompeous Pride*; By flealth when further age on thee did creepe;

Where didft thou make thy chiefe abiding place?

In *Willing Hartes*, which were of gentle race; What if't wherewith thou wageft warres with me? *Feare* colde as Ife, and *Hope* as hote as fire; And can not age or death make end of thee? No, no, my dying life ftill makes retire;

Why then fweete *Loue* take pittie on my paine, Which often dye, and oft reuiue againe. The Author in this pafsion wifheth he were in like eftate and condition with the *Looking Glaffe* of his miftres; by that meanes the oftner to be made happie with her fauourable and faire afpect. And in the laft ftaffe he alludeth fomewhat to the inuention of *Scraphine*, where he vfeth thefe words, in writing vpon the *Glaffe* of his beloued.

> Che ho visto ogni qual vetro render foco Quando è dal Sol percosfo in qualche parte, E'l Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco Douria per reflexion tutta infiammarte etc.

Hou *Glaffe*, wherein that *Sunne* delightes to fee Her own afpect, whofe beams haue dride my hart, Would God I might poffeffe like flate with thee, And ioy fome eafe to quaile my bitter fmart :

Thou gazeft on her face, and fhe on thine;

I fee not hers, nor fhe will looke on mine. Once having lookt her fill, fhe turnes thee froe, And leaves thee, though amaz'd, yet wel content; But careleffe of my cares, will I or noe, Still dwells within my breaft with tears beforent;

And yet my hart to her is fuch a thrall,

That she driu'n out, my life departs withall. But thou deceitfull *Glaffe* (I feare) with guyle Haft wrought my woes to fhield thy felfe from ill, Shot forth her beames which were in thee erewhile, And burnt my tender breft againft my will:

For *Chriflall* from it felfe reflectes the Sunne And fyres his coate, which knows not how tis done. Seraphine in his Strambotti hath many prettie inuentions concerning the Lookingglaffe of his Miftres: wherhence many particulars of this paffion are cunningly borrowed, part beeing out of one place, and part out of another. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Authour, that *Cupid* shooting his arrowe from out the faire eies of his Miftres, did fo wounde him with loue and defire, that now he is paft all recure by any phificke, and therefore is faine to vfe the olde verfe,

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

Hou glaffe, wherein my *Dame* hath fuch delight, As when fhe braues, then most on thee to gaze, I maruel howe her beames that are fo bright

Do neuer caufe thy brittle fides to craze:

Thou fhould'ft by reafon mealt or eafly breake To feele fuch force, thy fubftance being weake. For when fhe firft with feeming flately grace Beftowd on me a louing fweete regard, The beames, which then proceeded from her face Were fuch, as for the fame I found no warde,

But needes perforce I must become content

To mealt in minde till all my wittes were fpent. And therewithall *Cupido* plaid his part, He fhotte a fhaft throughout her chriftall eyes, Wherewith he cleft in twaine my yeelding heart : And this is caufe my panting heart ftill cries,

I breake, I mealt, helpe heau'ns in my behoue, No herbe doth growe whofe vertue cureth loue. It is to be confidered in reading this Pafsion, howe in fome anfweres, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward pafsion of *Loue*, is contraried by the replies of *Echo*: whofe meaning yet is not fo much to gainfay him, as to express the own miferable eftate in daily confuming away for the loue of her beloued *Narciffus*; whose vnkindnes *Ouid* defcribeth at large, together with the extreme loue of *Echo*.1

Author. N all this world I thinke none lou's but I. Ctho. None lou's but I. Auth. Thou foolifh tattling gheft,

In this thou telft a lie. Etho. thou telft a lie. Author. Why? Love him felfe he lodgeth in my breft. Etho. He lodgeth in my breft. Auth. I pine for griefe;

And yet I want reliefe. Etho. I want reliefe. Author. No flarre more faire then fhe whom I adore. Etho. Then²he, whom I adore. Auth. Herehence I burne

Stil more and more. Etho. I burne ful more and more, Author. Loue, let myheart returne. Etho. myheart, returne. Auth. Is then the Saint, for whom thou makeft mone,

And whom I loue, but one? Etho. I loue but one. Author. O heau'ns, is there in loue no ende of ills? Etho. In loue no ende of ills. Auth. Thou pratling voyce.

Dwelft thou in th' ayre, or but in hollow hills? Etho. In hollow hills. Auth. Ceafe of to vaunt thy choyfe. Etho. Ceafe of to vaunt thy choyfe. Auth. I would replie,

But here for loue I die. Echo. for loue I die.

¹ Lib. 3. Metamorph.

² S. Liquescens immutat sensum.

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with fome deepe melancholie, compareth him felfe vnto the *Nightingale*, and conferreth his vnhappie eftate (for that by no meanes his *Miftreffe* will pitie him) with her nightly complaints : to whole harmonie all those that gue attentiue eare, they conceine more delight in the mulicall varietie of her noates, then they take iuft compassion vpon her diftreffed heauines.

Hen Maye is in his prime, and youthfull fpring Doth cloath the tree with leaues, and ground with And time of yere reuiueth eu'ry thing; [flowres, And louely Nature fmiles, and nothing lowres : Then Philomela most doth ftraine her breft With night-complaints, and fits in litle reft.

This *Birds* eftate I may compare with mine, To whom fond *love* doth worke fuch wrongs by day, That in the night my heart must needes repine, And storme with fighes to ease me as I may;

Whilft others are becalm'd, or lye them ftill,

Or fayle fecure with tide and winde at will. And as all thofe, which heare this *Bird* complaine, Conceiue in all her tunes a fweete delight, Without remorfe, or pitying her payne: So fhe, for whom I wayle both day and night,

Doth fport her felfe in hearing my complaint; A iuft reward for feruing fuch a *Saint*.

XXVII.

In the first fixe verses of this Passion, the Author hath imitated persectly fixe verses in an Ode of Ronfard, which beginneth thus:

> Celui qui n'ayme est malheureux, Et malheureux est l'amoureux, Mais la misere, etc.?

And in the laft ftaffe of this Paſsion alſo he commeth very neere to the ſenſe, which *Ronſard* vſeth in an other place, where he writeth to his *Miſtreſſe* in this maner:

> En vens tu baifer Pluton La bas, apres che Caron En ses meslan-T'aura mife en fa naceffe? ges.

¹Nhappy is the wight, thats voide of Loue,
And yet vnhappie he, whom Loue torments, But greateft griefe that man is for'ct to proue, Whofe haughtie Loue not for his loue relents, But hoyfing vp her fayle of prowd difdaine, For feruice done makes no returne of gaine.
By this all you, which knowe my tickle flate,
May giue deferued blame to whome I ferue,
And fay, that Loue hath miferie to mate,
Since labour breedes but loffe, and letts me flerue :

For I am he which lives a lafting thrall

To her, whole heart affords no grace at all. She hopes (perchance) to liue and flourish still, Or els, when *Charons* boate hath felt her peaze, By louing lookes to conquer *Plutoes* will; But all in vaine: t'is not *Proferpin's* eafe:

> She neuer will permit, that any one Shall ioy his *Loue*, but fhe her felfe alone.

¹ Hii tres versus a Ronsardo describuntur ex Anacreonte Græco.

In this Pafsion the Authour doth very bufilie imitate and augment a certaine Ode of Ronfard, which hee writeth vnto his Miftres; he beginneth, as followeth,

> Plusieurs de leurs cors denués Se sont veuz en diuerse terre Miraculeusement mués, L'vn en Serøent, et l'autre en Pierre, L'vn en Fleur, l'autre en Arbrissau L'vn en Loup etc.?

Au luire des les meslanges.

Any haue liu'd in countreys farre and ny, Whofe heartes by Love once quite confum'd away. Strangely their fhapes were changed by and by, One to a Flow'r, an other to a Bay, [mone, One to a Streame, whofe courfe yet maketh One to a Dove, an other to a Stone. But harke my Deere; if wifning could preuaile, I would become a Chriftall Mirrour I, Wherein thou might'ft behold what thing I aile : Or els I would be chang'd into a Flie,

To taft thy cuppe, and being dayly gheft

At bord and bedde, to kiffe thee mid'ft thy reft; Or I would be *Perfume* for thee to burne, That with my loffe I might but pleafe thy fmell; Or be fome facred *Spring*, to ferue thy turne, By bathing that, wherein my heart doth dwell;

But woe is me, my wifhing is but vaine, Since fate bidds *Loue* to work my endleffe paine. The Authour in this Sonnet in a large maner fetteth forth the furpasinge worthines of his Ladie, reporting her beawtie and forme to be fo finguler, that neither Appelles can perfectly drawe her portraicte; nor Praxiteles trewly frame her image and likenes in any kinde of metall. And the like vnablenes he awardeth vnto Virgil and Homer the two Paragons of Poetrye, if they fhould but once endeuour to praife her. And the like infufficiencie he fayeth would be found in Tullie him felfe, if he fhould endeuour to commend her. And then finally he excufeth his owne bould hardines fhewed in prayfing her, vpon the forcible extremitie, which he abideth in Loue, and the earneft defire, which he hath to pleafe.

Vch is the Saint, whom I on earth adore,
As neuer age fhall know when this is paft,
Nor euer yet hath like byn feene before :
Apelles yf he liu'd would ftand agaft

With coulours to fet downe her comely fare,
Who farre excells though Venus were in place.

Praxiteles might likewife ftand in doute

In metall to express her forme arighte,

Whofe praise for fhape is blowne the world throughout:

Nor Virgill could fo good a verfe indite

As onely would fuffife to tell her name;

Nor *Homer* with his *Mufe* expression from a frame; *Tully*, whose speach was boulde in eu'ry cause, Yf he were here to praise the *Saint* I ferue, The number of her gistes would make him pause, And feare to speake how well she doth deferue.

Why then am I thus bould that have no skill? Enforft by *Loue* I fhew my zealous will.

1 Here he aludeth vnto the pourtraict of Venus which Apelles drew: as Ouid doth lib. 3. de art. aman.

Si Venerem Cous nunquam pinxisset Appelles.



65

In the first part of this Passion the Author prooueth, that hee abideth more vureft and hurt for his beloued, then euer did *Læander* for his *Hero*: of which two paramours the mutuall feruency in Loue is most excellently fet foorth by *Muscus* the Greeke Poet. In the fecond part he compareth himfelfe with *Pyramus*, and *Hæmon* king *Creons* Sonne of *Thebes*, which were both fo true hearted louers, that through Loue they fuffered vntimely death, as *Ouid metam. lib*. 4. writeth at large of the one, And the Greeke Tragedian Sophocles in Antig. of the other. In the laft, in making comparison of his paynes in Loue to the paines of *Orpheus* defeendinge to hell for his *Eurydice*, he alludeth to those two vertes in *Strozza*,

Tartara, Cymba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues, Cocytes, Phlegeton, Stix, lapis, vrna, fitis.

Hat though Leander fwamme in darkfome night, Through troubled Helespont for Heroes fake;
And loft his life by loffe of Seftus light? The like or more my felfe do vndertake, When eu'ry howre along the lingring yeare, My ioye is drownde, and hope blowne out with
And what though Pyram fpent his vitall breath [feare.
For Thisbes fake? or Hamon choafe to die
To follow his Antigone by death?
In harder cafe and worfer plight am I, Which loue as they, but liue in dying ftill,

And faine would die, but can not haue my will. We reade that *Orpheus* with his Harpe of golde, For his *Euridice* went downe to hell : The toyle is more, by that time all be tolde, Which I endure for her, whofe heart is fell ; The *Stigian Curre*, the *Wheele*, the *Stone*, the *Fire*.

The Siguan Curre, the W neede, the Stone, the Fure. And Furies all are plac't in my defire. There needeth no annotation at all before this Pafsion, it is of it felfe fo plaine, and eafily conuayed. Yet the vnlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what *Galaxia* is, or *Pactolus*, which perchaunce they haue not read off often in our vulgar Rimes. *Galaxia* (to omit both the *Etimologie* and what the Philofophers doe write thereof) is a white way or milky Circle in the heauens, which *Ouid* mentioneth in this manner.

> Est via sublimis calo manifesta sereno, Metamorph. Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.

And Cicero thus in fomnio Scipionis; Erat autem is fplendidiffimo candore inter flammas circulus elucens, quem vos (vt a Graijs accepiftis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.

Pactolus is a river in Lidia, which hath golden fandes vnder it, as Tibullus witneffeth in this verfe,

Nec me regna iuuant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis. Tibul. lib. 3.

Ho can recount the vertues of my deare, Or fay how farre her fame hath taken flight,

That can not tell how many flarres appeare

In part of heau'n, which Galaxia hight,

Or number all the moates in *Phebus* rayes,

Or golden fandes, whereon Pactolus playes?

And yet my hurts enforce me to confeffe, In cryftall breaft the throwdes a bloudy hart, Which hart in time will make her merits leffe, Vnleffe betimes the cure my deadly fmart :

For nowe my life is double dying ftill,

And the defam'de by fuffrance of fuch ill; And till the time the helpes me as the may, Let no man vndertake to tell my toyle, But onely fuche, as can diftinctly fay, What Monfters *Nilus* breedes, or *Affricke* foyle: For if he doe, his labour is but loft, Whilf I both frie and freeze twixt flame and froft. Here the Authour by fayning a troublefome dreame, expressed a full Passion of *Loue*. And how focuer fome wil confter of this kinde of inuention, it is euident, that the like hath bin vfuall amongft those that haue excelled in the fweeteft vaine of Poetrie. And (to let the reft goe,) it may please him that is curious to finde fome president hereof, to visite but the works of *Hercules Strozza*, who in his *Somnium* hath written fo exquisitely, that the *Dreame* will quite his trauaile, that shall peruse it with due attention.

N Thetis lappe, while Titan tooke his reft,
I flumbring lay within my reftleffe bedde,
Till Morpheus vl'd a falfed foary ieft,
Prefenting her, by whom I ftill am ledde :
For then I thought fhe came to ende my wo,
But when I wakt (alas) t'was nothing fo.
Embracing ayre in fteed of my delight,
I blamed Loue as authour of the guile,
Who with a fecond fleepe clozd vp my fight,
And faid (me thought) that I muft bide a while
Ixions paines, whofe armes did oft embrace
Falfe darkned clouds, in fteed of Junoes grace.
When I had laine and flumbred thus a while,
Rewing the dolefull doome that Loue affign'd,

A woman Saint, which bare an Angels face,

Bad me awake and eafe my troubled minde :

With that I wakt, forgetting what was paft, And fawe t'was *Hope*, which helped thus at laft.

1 Eroticon. lib. 2.

In this Sonnet the Authour is of opinion, that his Miftres (by the fatall appoyntement of definie) was from the beginning referued to liue in thefe times, and to bee the onely gouerneffe and fubiect of his thoughtes : whereas : if either fhe had bene borne, when Paris was to giue fentence vpon Ida for beftowing the Golden Apple ; fhe had (as he fuppofeth) bene preferred before Iuno, Pallas and Venus, and moreouer fupplied that place in the loue of kinge Priams fonne, whiche Helen of Greeze obteined : or if fhee had then liued when Bacchus tooke Ariadne to wife, fhe had bene contayed in her fleede, vnto that place in heau'n, where nowe the Crowne of Ariadne called ¹Corona Cnofa doth fhine continuallie, beinge beautified with greate varietie of lightfome flarres.

Hen Priams fonne in midft of Ida plaine Gaue one the price, and other two the foile, If the for whom I ftill abide in paine Had liued then within the Troyan foile, No doubt but hers had bene the golden ball, Helen had fcaped rape, and Troy his fall. Or if my Dame had then enioyed life

When *Bacchus* fought for *Ariadnaes* loue, No doubt but fhe had onely bene his wife, And flowne from hence to fit with Gods aboue :

For the exceedes his choife of Create to farre

As *Phebus* doth excell a twinckeling flarre. But from the first all fates haue thus affign'd, That she should live in these our latter dayes, I thinke to beare a fway within my minde And feede my thoughtes with frendly sweete delayes;

If fo it be, let me attend my chaunce, And fortune pipe when I beginne to daunce.³

¹ Cuius ortum et occasum memorat ² Assai hen balla a chi Fortuna Plinius nat. hist. lib. 18. c. 28. et. c. 31. suona. The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the most rare excellencies of his mistres, auouching her to haue no equall. And he imitateth the fecond Sonnet, *Nelle rime di meffer Agnolo Fiorenzuola* the Florentine, whose beginning is all one with that heere; and this it is:

> Deh le mie belle donne et amorofe, Ditemi il ver per vostra cortesta, Non è chiara tra voi la donna mia, Come èl Sol chiar tra tutte l'altre cose ?

E flately *Dames*, whofe beauties farre excell, Of courtefie confeffe at my requeft,

Doth not my *Loue* amongft you beare the bell, As *Phebus* goulden rayes obfcures the reft Of *Planet Starres*, and dimmeth eu'ry light

That fhines in heau'n or earth by day or night ? Take wiftly heed in vewing her fweete face, Where nature hath expreft what ere fhe could Eather for bewties blaze or comely grace: Since when to prize her worke fhe breake the moulde,

So that who feekes to finde her Equall out,

Intends a thing will nere be brought about. Therefore fweete *Ladies* all voutchfafe with me To folow her defert, and my defire,

By praying her vnto the ninth degree,

" For honour by due right is vertues hire, And *Enuies* mouth muft faye when all is donne, No *Bird* but one is facred to the funne. In this Pafsion the Authour, as being blinded with Loue, first compareth himfelfe with *Tirefias* the old Soothfayer of *Thebes*, whome *Iuno* depriued of fight; but *Ioue* rewarded him with the fpirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth vnto *Actaon*: And lastly he sheweth why he is in worse case, then those, which by vewing *Medu/aes* heade were turned into stoanes, leesing both life and light at once; and so concludeth, that olde accurfed *Oedipus* of all other best beststeht him for a companion.

Hen first mine eyes were blinded with Defire, They had newe feene a Second Sunne whofe face Though cleere as beaten fnowe, yet kindled fire Within my breft, and moulte my heart apafe : Thus learned I by proofe, what others write, That Sunne, and fire, and fnowe offend the O ten times happie blinded Theban wight, [fight. Whofe loffe of fight did make him halfe diuine, Where I (alas) haue loft both life and light. Like him, whofe hornes did plague his heedles even ; And yet was he in better cafe then I, Which neither liue, nor can obtaine to dve. All Perfeus foes that fawe Medufaes heade, By leefing fhape and fenfe were quitte from thrall; But I feele paines, though blinde and double deade. And was my felfe efficient caufe of all :

Wherefore, of all that ere did ceafe to fee

¹ Old *Oedipus* were meeteft mate for me.

¹ Vide Sophocl. aut Senecam in tracedijs suis de Oedipi miserijs.

Here the Author mifliketh of his wearifome eftate in loue, for that he neither obtaineth any fauour at the handes of his Miftres for his good thought or fpeach, nor by his louinge lookes, or prefents, nor by his humilitie in writing, or long fufferance in feruitude. And herehence he blameth her ouerhardnes of heart, and the froward conftellation of his owne natiuitie : and therewithall abandoning all further defire of life, hath in requeft vntimely death, as the only end of his infelicitie.

Ach thought I thinke is frend to her I Loue; I ftill in fpeach vfe courfe of gentle wordes;

My louing lookes are fuch as ought to moue; My giftes as greate as mine eftate affordes;

My letters tell in what a cafe I ftand, [hand;

Though full of blots through fault of trembling I dewly daunce attendance as I may, With hope to pleafe, and feare to make offence ; All fou'raintie to her I graunt for aye ;

And where fhe hurtes yet make I no defence ;

Sobbes are the fonge, wherein I take delight;

And fhew'rs of teares do dayly dimme my fight. And yet all this doth make but finall auaile, Her heart is hard, and neuer will relent, No time, no place, no prayer can preuaile, The heau'ns them felues diffauour mine intent :

Why fhould I then defire a longer life, To weaue therein a webbe of endleffe firife? The Author in this pafsion doth by manner of fecret comparison preferre his beloued before all other women whatfoeuer: and perfuadeth vpon the examples of all fortes of Goddes (whom loue hath ouertaken at one time or other) that the worthines of his Miftres being well confidered, his owne fondnes in loue muft of force be in it felfe excufable.

F *Ioue* himfelfe be fubiect vnto Loue And range the woodes to finde a mortall praie: If Neptune from the feas himfelfe remoue, And feeke on fandes with earthly wightes to plaie: Then may I loue my peereleffe choife by right, Who farre excels each other mortall wight. If *Pluto* could by loue be drawne from hell, To yeeld him felfe a filly Virgins thrall: If Phebus could voutfafe on earth to dwell, To winne a ruftike maide vnto his call: Then, how much more fhould I adore the fight Of her, in whom the heau'ns themfelues delight? If cuntrie Pan might followe Nymphes in chafe, And yet through loue remaine deuoyd of blame: If Satirs were excuf'd for feeking grace To ioy the fruites of any mortall Dame:

Then, why fhould I once doubt to loue her ftill, On whom ne Goddes nor men can gaze theire fill? In the first staffe of this Passion the Authour expresses howe fondly his friendes ouertrouble him, by questioninge with him touching his loue, or accidents thereof. In the two last vertes of the second staffe he imitateth those verses of *Sophocles*:

> "Έρωτι μέν νυν δετις άντανίσταται Πύκτης ὅπως, ἐς χεῖρας, οὐ καλῶς φρονεῖ. Οῦτος γὰρ ἄρχει καὶ θεῶν, ὅπως θέλει. 🔮 In Trachinijs.

which may be thus Englished,

That man, which champion like will friue with Loue And combate hand to hand, hath little witte: For as he lift he rules the Gods aboue.

And in the laft, he fetteth downe his mind fully bent to perfift conftantly in the loue and feruice of his Ladie: like to that, which *Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the beft Poetes of Fraunce for thefe many yeares) wrote vnto his beloued *Clytia*:

Quin noclu pluuium citiùs mirabimur arcum, Solque domo Hefperidum mane propinguus erit, Quàm capiat lepidæ me fæda obliuio nymphæ, etc.?

Ome afke me, when, and how my loue begunne; Some, where it lies, and what effectes it hath; Some, who fhe is, by whome I am vndone;

Some, what I meane to treade fo lewde a path; I anfwere all alike, by anfw'ring nought,

But, ble st is he, whome Cupid neuer caught:

And yet I coulde, if forrowe woulde permit.

Tell when and howe I fix't my fancie first,

And for whofe fake I loft both will and wit,

And choafe the path, wherein I live accurft:

But fuch like deedes would breed a double foare, ,, For *lowe* gainefaide growes madder then before. But note herewith, that fo my thoughts are bound To her in whome my libertie lies thrall, That if fhe would voutchfafe to falue my wound, Yet force of this my *lowe* fhould neuer fall,

Till *Phæbus* vie to rife from out the *Weft*, And towardes night feeke lodging in the *Eaft*. The fecond part of this Passion is borrowed from out the fifte Sonnet in *Petrarch part* 1. whole words are thefe,

Piu volte gia per dir le labbra aperfi: Poi rimafe la voce in mezz'l petto: Ma qual fuon poria mai falir tant'alto? Piu volte incominciai di fcriuer verfi, Ma la penna, e la mano, e lo'ntelletto Rimafer vinto nel primier affalto.

Hen first these eyes beheld with great delight The *Phænix* of this world, or second *Sunne*, Her beames or plumes bewitched all my fight, And loue encreast the hurte that was begunne: Since when my griefe is grow'ne so much the more, Because I finde no way to cure the source,

I haue attempted oft to make complainte, And with fome dolefull wordes to tell my griefe, But through my fearefull heart my voyce doth fainte, And makes me mute where I fhoulde craue releife:

An other while I thinke to write my paine,

But ftreight my hand laies downe the pen againe. Sometimes my mind with heapes of doubtefull cares Conioyn'd with fawning hoapes is fore oppreft, And fometime fuddeine ioy at vnawares Doth moue to much, and fo doth hurte my breft;

What man doth liue in more extreemes then thefe, Where death doth feeme a life, and paines doe pleafe? The fenfe contained in this Sonnet will feeme ftraunge to fuch as neuer haue acquainted themfelues with *Loue* and his Lawes, becaufe of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to fuch, as Loue at any time hath had vnder his banner, all and euery part of it will appeare to be a familier trueth. It is almoft word for word taken out of *Petrarch*, (where hee beginneth,

.

Pace non truouo, e non ho da far guerra; Parte prima E temo, e/pero, etc.?) Parte prima Sonet. ros. All, except three verfes, which this Authour hath neceffarily added, for perfecting the number, which hee hath determined to víe in euery one of thefe his Paísions.



Ioy not peace, where yet no warre is found; I feare, and hope; I burne, yet freeze withall;

- I mount to heau'n, yet lie but on the ground;
- I compaffe nought, and yet I compaffe all; I liue her bond, which neither is my foe, Nor frend; nor holdes me faft, nor lets me goe:

Loue will not that I liue, nor lets me die; Nor lockes me faft, nor fuffers me to fcape; I want both eyes and tongue, yet fee and cry; I wifh for death, yet after helpe I gape;

I hate my felfe, but loue an other wight;

And feede on greefe, in lieu of fweete delight; At felfe fame time I both lament and ioy; I ftill am pleafd, and yet difpleafed ftill; Loue fometimes feemes a God, fometimes a Boy; Sometimes I fincke, fometimes I fwimme at will;

Twixt death and life, fmall difference I make; All this deere *Dame* befals me for thy fake. XLI.

This Pafsion is framed vpon a fomewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called $\pi \alpha \lambda i \lambda o \gamma i a$ or $d \alpha a \delta i \pi \lambda \omega \sigma i s$, of the Latines *Reduplicatio*: whereof *Sufembrotus* (if I well remember me) alleadgeth this example out of *Virgill*,

Sequitur pulcherrimus Auslur, Austur equo fidens. Æneid. 10.



Happy men that finde no lacke in *Loue*; I *Loue*, and lacke what moft I do defire; My deepe defire no reafon can remoue; All reafon fhunnes my breft, that's fet one fire; And fo the fire mainetaines both force and flame, That force auayleth not againft the fame;

One onely helpe, can flake this burning heate, Which burning heate proceedeth from her face, Whofe face by lookes bewitched my conceite, Through which conceite I liue in woefull cafe;

O woefull cafe, which hath no ende of woe,

Till woes haue ende by fauour of my foe; And yet my foe mainetaineth fuch a Warre, As all her Warre is nothing els but Peace; But fuch a Peace, as breedeth fecreat Iarre, Which Iarre no witte, nor force, nor time can ceafe;

Yet ceafe defpaire: for time by witte, or force, May force my frendly foe to take remorfe. In this Pafsion the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praife his Miftres, fo farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before *Helen* of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but alfo before howe many foeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of it felfe is fo plainely and effectually fet downe (albeit in fewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

His latter night amidft my troubled reft A Difmall Dreame my fearefull hart appald, Whereof the fomme was this: Loue made a Feaft, To which all Neighbour, Saintes and Gods were calde: The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke. And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke. Then *Ioue* amidft his cuppes for feruice done Gan thus to ieft with Ganymede his boy; I faine would finde for thee my preaty Sonne A fayrer Wife, then *Paris* brought to *Troy*: Why, fir, quoth he, if Phebus fland my frend, [end. Who know's the world, this geere will foone haue Then *Ioue* replide that *Phebus* fhould not choofe But do his beft to finde the fayreft face; And the once found thould neither will nor choofe But yeelde her felfe, and chaunge her dwelling place; Alas, how much was then my hart affright, Which bade me wake and watch my faire delight?

XLIII.

The fenfe or matter of this Paſsion is taken out of Seraphine in his Strambotti, who writeth thus,

Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in fuoco, Non me fupifice quel che fà natura, Ma coftei che è di giaccio, e io di fuoco, E in mezo del mio cuor vuie ficura; Chi la defende in cofi ardente fuoco, Che douendo fguagliar diuenta dura? Solo Amor di Natura aspro aduer/ario, Che à fuo diffetto ynifice ogni contrario.

He Salamander liues in fire and flame, And yet but wonder fmall in Natures worke: By ftraunger force *loue* winnes away her fame, As caufing colde in midft of heat to lurke. Who lift of thefe my paines to take the view, Will foone confeffe that what I fay, is true. For one as colde as hardeft frozen yfe, Is fixed faft, and lodgeth in my breft; Whome reafon can remoue by no deuife, Nor any force can caufe to let me reft:

And yet I still fo fwimme in hoate defire,

That more I burne then either flame or fire. How flraunge is this? can contraries fo gree, That *Ife* in flame will neither wafte nor melt, But ftill encreafe, and harder growe to bee, Then erft before? all this my felfe haue felt.

For *Loue* Dame *Natures* foe, without remorfe, Thus coopleth contraries in me by force.

1

In this Passion the Authour misliketh one while his eftate, and by and by after liketh of the fame againe, vppon hoape and likelyhoode of amendment, and throughout the whole Sonnet hee fayneth his Mistres to bee a *Second Sunne*: and by expressinge his private infelicitie, in either alwayes meltinge away with *Loue*, or growinge fliffe throughe Death approachinge neere him by reason of dayly cares, hee maketh allusion who the diverse effectes of the Sunne, whiche maketh the clay much harder, and the wax foster, then it was before.

Hat Second Sunne, whofe beames haue dimd my fight,

That cloggd with cares, and voide of all delight,

I onely feeke, and fue to be her thrall;

Yet foe this heate increafeth day by day,

That more and more it haft'neth my decay. Sometimes I melt, as if my limmes were wex, Sometimes grow fliffe, as if they were of clay; Thrife happy he whome *Loue* doth neuer vexe, For any *Second Sunne* doth mealt away:

Nay curfed I blafpheme the fayreft Light

That euer yet was feene by day or night. Perchaunce her parching heates will once repaire My hart againe, and make me all anew: The *Phenix* fo reuiues amids the ayre By vertue of that *Sunne* which all men view:

The vertue of my *Sunne* exceedes the fkye, By her I fhall reuiue, though firft I die. The Authour vfeth in this Pafsion the like fenfe to that which he had in the laft before it, calling his Miftres a *Second Sunne* vpon earth, wherewith Heauen it felfe is become in *Loue*: But when he compiled this Sonnet, be thought not to have placed it amongft thefe his Englift toyes.

Oelices alij iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris Aptos fecit amoribus. Exoptare folent tenebrofa crepufcula noctis. Aurora maledicere : At multo est mihi chara magis pulcherrima coniux Tythoni gelidi fenis. Dum venit in prima furgentis parte diei. Et Soles geminos mihi Apperit, et masto falices reddit ocellos, Oudd Soles videam duos. Oui fimili forma, fimili fic luce corufcant, Et mittunt radios pares. Vt Polus ipfe nouo Terræ laqueatus amore Flammis inuideat meis. Solis et ignoto fe torreat igne fecundi. Oblitus decoris fui, Haud fecus atque olim, Cum veris prima venustas Multo flore fuperbijt. Et nitidos primiìm strophijs ornâre capillos Pulchri Naïadum chori.

Here the Author bewaileth the extremitie of his effate growinge dayly to be more troublefome then before, and all through the hard hart of his beloued : whome he therefore aptly compareth vnto a flony rocke, which nothinge can moue or wafte awaye but longe continuance of time. And hereuppon, after hauing longe ftriued with himfelfe and his pafsions, hee is quyetly refolued to haue patience, and fo long to perfeuer in the ftill hoping minde of a trewe louer, till by long continuance of time *Loue* be induced to flande his friend.

Which voyde of hoape continue ftill her thrall, Whofe heart is hard, and neuer will affigne

A raunfome day, nor once will bow at all, Much like the ftony rocke, whofe hardned fide Will fcarfely weare with courfe of time or tide.

And yet, fince time can weare each thinge away, I will enforce my felfe to liue content, Till fo my thoughtes haue fed vpon delay, That Reafon rule the roaft and *loue* relent;

O vaine attempt in ftriuing with Difpaire,

I build nought els but caftles in the ayre. For why : the Sunne may fooner fhine by night, And twinckling flarres giue glimfinge fparkes by day : Then I can ceafe to ferue my *Sweete delight*, Whome neither force nor time can driue away :

Therefore in hoape that *love* will fland my frend

I thus conclude, Each thing but love hath end.

This Paísion conteineth a relation through out from line to line; as, from euery line of the first staffe as it standeth in order, vnto euery line of the fecond staffe : and from the fecond staffe vnto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleasure he shall haue in it. And this possible a scholler fet down ouer this Sonnet, when he had well confidered of it : Tam cafu, quam arte et indusfria. The two first lines are an imitation of Scraphine, Sonnetto 103.

> Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena El Tor fi fiero, e fi crudo animale, Col tempo el Falcon s'vfa à menar l'ale E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.

N time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake; In time all haggred Haukes will floope the Lures; In time fmall wedge will cleaue the flurdieft Oake; In time the Marble weares with weakeft flewres : More fierce is my fweete *loue*, more hard withall, Then Beaft, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wall. No yoake preuailes, flee will not yeeld to might; No Lure will caufe her floope, fle beares full gorge;

No wedge of woes make printe, fhe reakes no right; No fhewre of tears can moue, fhe thinkes I forge:

Helpe therefore Heau'nly Boy, come perce her breft

With that fame fhaft, which robbes me of my reft. So let her feele thy force, that fhe relent; So keepe her lowe, that fhe vouchfafe a pray; So frame her will to right, that pride be fpent; So forge, that I may fpeede without delay; Which if thou do, I'le fweare, and finge with ioy, That *Loue* no longer is a blinded Boy.

Gloss on text?

This Pafsion conteineth two principal pointes. In the first are placed two fimilitudes; in both which the Authour expressed his own wilfulnes in love. In the fecond, he compareth the beautifull eyes of his *Miftreffe* vnto the eyes of the *Bafilique*, which killeth a man with his onely fight being a farre of : whereof *Lucan lib*. 9. faith thus,

> Sibilaque effundens cunclas terrentia pefles, Ante venena nocens, latè sibi submouet omne Vulgus, et in vacua regnat Basilicus arena.

And Mantuan in like manner,

Natus in ardenti Libyæ Basiliscus arena, Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque necat.

Ike as the fillie *Bird* amids the night,
When *Birders* beate the bufh, and fhake his neft,
He fluttring forth ftreight flies vnto the light,
As if it were the day newe fprong from Eaft,
Where fo his wilfull wings confume away,
That needes he muft become the *Birders* pray :
Or, as the *Flye*, when candles are alight,
Still playes about the flame vntill he burne :
Euen fo my heart hath feene a heau'nly fight,
Wherehence againe it hardly can returne :

The beames thereof conteine fuch wondrous flame,

That *Ioue* him felfe would burne to fee the fame. I meane a *Virgins* face, whofe beautie rare, Much like the *Bafilique* in *Lybia* foyle, With onely fight is caufe of all my care. And loads my yeelding heart with endleffe toyle; Yet needes I muft confeffe fhe hath more grace, Then all the *Nimphes* that haunt *Dianaes* chafe. The Author in this Song bewrayeth his dayly Paísions in loue to be fo troublefome, that to auoide the flames thereof, hee gladly and faine would yeelde himfelfe to die, were it not that he feareth a further inconuenience would then arife. For he doubteth leaft those flames, wherein his foule continuallye burneth, fhall make *Charon* afraide to graunt him passage ouer the Lake of *Stix*, by reason, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.

O great a Light hath fet my mind on fire,
That flefh and boane confume with fecreat flame,
Each vaine dries vp, wit yeeldes to deepe defire:
I fcarce (alas) dare fay, for very fhame,
How faine my foule an interchaunge would make
Twixt this her prefent State and *Limbo lake*;
And yet fhe dread's, leaft when fhe partes from hence,
Her Heates be fuch, that *Charon* will retire,
And let her paffe for prayer, nor for ¹pence,
For feare his with'red boat be fet on fire ;
So daung'rous are the flames of Mighty *Loue*

In *Stix* it felfe, in earth, or heau'n aboue. Wherefore deere Dame voutchfafe to rew my cafe, And falue the foare which thou thy felfe haft made : My Heates first grew by gazing on thy face, Whofe lights were fuch, that I could find no shade :

And thou my weary Soule bend all thy force,

By Plaintes and Teares to moue her to remorfe.

¹ Naulum intelligit, de quo Iuuenal : Miserum est post omnia perdere naulum.

In this Pafsion is effectually fet downe, in how ftraunge a cafe he liueth that is in loue, and in how contrary an eftate to all other men, which are at defiaunce with the like follye. And this the Authour expression here in his owne perfor : therewithall calling vpon Loue, to ftand his frend ; or, if he faile, vpon death, to cut of his wearvfome life.

L.

Hile others feede, my fancy makes me fast; While others liue fecure, I feare mifchaunce; I dread no force, where other fland agast;

I follow fute where *Fortune* leades the *Daunce*, Who like a mumming mate fo throwes the Dice, That Reafon leefing all, *Loue* winnes the price;

Which *Loue* by force fo worketh in my breft, That needes perforce I muft encline my will To die in dreames, whiles others liue in reft, And liue in woes while others feele none ill.

O gentle Death let heere my dayes haue ende,

Or mightie *Loue*, fo vfe me as thy frend. Mine eyes are worne with teares, my wittes with woe, My coulour dride with cares, my hart with paines, My will bewitcht, my limmes confumed foe, That fcarfely bloud, or vitall breath remaynes:

While others ioy, or fleepe, I wayle and wake : All this (*Deere Dame*,) I fuffer for thy fake. Tityus was the fonne of *Iupiter*, and for attempting to diffoneft *Latona*, was flaine by Apollo. Since which time the Poetes faine that for punifhment he lieth in hell, miferably tormented with a rauening *Vulture*, which feedeth vpon his bowels continuallie: and they as they are confumed, ftill miraculoufly growe vp againe, to breed his endleffe miferie, as the Poet witneffeth,

Quid dicam Tityum, cuius fub vulnere fœuo Vifcera nafcuntur grauibus certantia pœnis? Claud. in Gigantomachia.

The Authour compareth his passions with the paines of this *Tityus*, and imitateth *Seneca* writing to the like effect,

Vultur relicto transuolet Tityo ferus, Meumque pænæ semper accrescat iecur.

F *Tityus* wretched wight beheld my paines,

He would confeffe his woundes to be but fmall,

A Vultur worfe then his teares all my vaines,

Yet neuer lets me die, nor liue at all :

Would Gods a while I might poffeffe his place,

To iudge of both, which were in better cafe. The *Hell* is darke, wherein he fuffreth fmarte, And wants not fome Compartners of his greefe : I liue in Light, and fee what hurtes my hart, But want fome mourning mates for my releefe ;

His Paine is iuft rewarde, his crimes were fuch :

My greateft fault is this, I loue too much. Why then, fince too much loue can breede offence, Thou daung'rous Bird, the roote of my defire, Goe pearch elswhere, remoue thy felfe from hence; I freeze like Ife, and burne like flaming fire :

Yet flay good Bird : for if thou foare away, Twixt Froft and Flame my dayes will foone decay. Here the Authour after fome dolorous difcourfe of his vnhappines, and rehearfall of fome particular hurtes which he fufteineth in the purfute of his loue : first queftioneth with his *Lady* of his deferte ; and then, as hauinge made a fufficiente proofe of his innocency, perfwadeth her to pitie him, whom the herfelfe hath hurte. Moreouer it is to be noted, that the first letters of all the verfes in this Passion being ioyned together as they ftand, do conteine this posse agreeable to his meaning, *Amor me pungu et vrit*.

World of woes doth raigne within my breft, My penfiue thoughtes are cou'red all with care, m (Of all that fing the Swanne doth pleafe me beft. 0 Reftraint of ioyes exiles my woonted fare, r Mad mooded Loue vfurping Reafons place М Extremitie doth ouer rule the cafe e P Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall bloud, Vnleffe the Saint I ferue geue helpe in time :... 11 None els, but fhe alone, can do me good. n Graunt then ye Gods, that first she may not clime g Immortall heau'ns, to live with Saintes aboue, i Then fhe vouchfafe to yeeld me loue for loue. t E Examine well the time of my diftreffe Thou dainty *Dame*, for whom I pine away, t V Vnguyltie though, as needes thou muft confeffe, Remembring but the caufe of my decay : r In vewing thy fweete face arofe my griefe, i Therefore in tyme vouchfafe me fome reliefe. t.

LIII.

The two first partes of this Sonnet, are an imitation of certaine Greeke verses of *Theocritus*; which verses as they are translated by many good Poets of later dayes, fo most aptlye and plainely by *C. Vrcinus Velius* in his Epigrammes; hee beginneth thus,

> Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem Ipfum ex alueolis clam mella fauofque legentem, Cui fummos manuum digitos confixit, at ille Indoluit, lafa tumuerunt vulnere palma: Planxit humum, et faltu trepidans pulfauit, et ipfi Oflendens Veneri, cafum narrauit acerbum, etc.

Here tender *Loue* had laide him downe to fleepe, A little *Bee* fo ftong his fingers end,

> That burning ache enforced him to weepe And call for ¹*Phebus* Sonne to ftand his frend, To whome he cride, I mufe fo fmall a thing Can pricke thus deepe with fuche a little Sting.

Why fo, fweet *Boy*, quoth *Venus* fitting by? Thy felfe is yong, thy arrowes are but fmall And yet thy fhotte makes hardeft harts to cry? To *Phebus* Sunne fhe turned therewithall,

And prayde him fhew his skill to cure the fore,

Whofe like her *Boy* had neuer felt before. Then he with Herbes recured foone the wound, Which being done, he threw the Herbes away, [ground, Whofe force, through touching *Loue*, in felfe fame By hapleffe hap did breede my hartes decay:

For there they fell, where long my hart had li'ne To waite for *Loue*, and what he fhould affigne.

¹ AEsculapius.

In this Pafsion the Authour boafteth, howe found a pleafure he lately enioyed in the companie of his *Beloued*, by pleafing effectually all his fue fenfes exterior, and that through the onely benefite of her friendly prefence, and extraordinarie fauour towards him. And in many choyfe particulars of this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verfe of *Ronfardes*, in a certaine *Elegie* to *Ianet peintre du Roy*: which beginneth thus,

Pein moi, Ianet, pein moi ie te supplie Dans ce tableau les beautés de m'amie De la façon, etc.

Hat happie howre was that I lately paft With her, in whome I fedde my fenfes all? With one fure fealed kiffe I pleas'd my taft; Mine eares with woordes, which feemed Muficall; My fmelling with her breath, like Ciuet fweete; My touch in place where modeftie thought meete. But fhall I fay, what objectes held mine eye?

Her curled Lockes of Golde, like *Tagus* fandes; Her Forehead fmooth and white as *Iuory*, Where *Glory*, *State* and *Ba/hfullnes* held handes;

Her Eyes, one making Peace, the other Warres; By *Venus* one, the other rul'd by *Mars*;

Her *Egles* Nofe; her Scarlate Cheekes halfe white; Her Teeth of *Orient* Pearle; her gracious finile; Her dimpled Chinne; her Breaft as cleere as light; Her Hand like hers, ¹who *Tithon* did beguile.

For worldly ioyes who might compare with mee, While thus I fedde each fenfe in his degree?

1 Aurora.

LV.

The whole inuention of all this Passion is deducted out of *Sera-phine*, Sonnet 63. whose verses if you reade, you will indge this Authors imitation the more praife worthy; these they are,

Come alma affai bramofa e poco accorta Che mai vifio hauea amor fe mon depinto, Difpofi vn di cercar fuo Laberinto, Vedere el montro, e tanta gente morta. Ma quel fil diragion che chi per fcorta Del qual fu tutto el ceco loco cinto Subito, ahime, fu da lui rotto e vinto, Talche mai piu trouar feppi la porta.

Y heedeleffe hart which *Loue* yet neuer knew, But as he was defcrib'd with Painters hand, One day amongft the reft would needes goe view The *Labyrinth* of *Loue*, with all his band. To fee the *Minotaure* his ougly face,

And fuch as there lay flaine within the place. But foone my guiding thrid by Reafon fpunne, Wherewith I paft a long his darkefome caue, Was broake (alas) by him, and ouerrunne, And I perforce became his captiue flaue:

Since when as yet I neuer found the way

To leaue that maze, wherein fo many flray. Yet thou on whome, mine eyes haue gaz'd fo longe May'ft, if thou wilt, play *Ariadnaes* part, And by a fecond Thrid reuenge the wronge, Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltleffe hart; Vouchfafe in time to faue and fet me free,

Which feeke and ferue none other Saint but thee.

LVI.

The first Staffe of this Passion is much like vnto that inuention of *Seraphune* in his Strambotti, where he faith,

Morte: che voui? te bramo: Eccomi appresso; Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore; Non posso: ohime, non puoi? non per adesso; Perche? però che in te non regna il core. etc.

The fecond Staffe fomewhat imitateth an other of his Strambotti in the fame leafe; it beginneth thus,

Amor, amor: chi è quel che chiama tanto? Vn tuo feruo fidel; uon ti conofco; etc.

The Authour in the lafte Staffe, returneth to entreate Death a new, to ende his dayes, as being halfe perfwaded that *Loue* would reftore vnto him his hart againe.

What is thy will? that thou abridge my woe, By cutting of my life; ceafe thy requeft,

I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why foe?

Thou want'ft thy Hart. Who ftoale the fame away?

Loue, whom thou feru'ft, intreat him fi thou may. Come, come, come Loue: who calleth me fo oft? Thy Vaffall true, whome thou fhould'ft know by right. What makes thy cry fo faint? my voyce is fofte, And almoft fpent by wayling day and night.

Why then, whats thy requeft? that thou reftore

To me my Hart, and fteale the fame no more. And thou, O Death, when I poffeffe my *Hart*, Difpatch me then at once: why fo? By promife thou art bound to end my fmart. Why, if thy *Hart* returne, then whats thy woe? That brought from colde, It neuer will defire

To reft with me, which am more hote then fire.

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Here the Authour cheerefully comforting himfelfe, rebuketh all those his frendes, or others whatfouer, which pitie his effate in *Loue*: and groundeth his inuention, for the moste part, vpon the old Latine Prouerbe, *Confuctudo eff altera natura*. Which Prouerbe hee confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being borne farre North feldome ketcheth colde; the other of the Negro, which beinge borne vnder a hote climate, is neuer fmoothered with ouermuch heate.

Ll yee, that greeue to thinke my death fo neere, Take pitie on your felues, whofe thought is blind; Can there be Day, vnleffe fome Light appeare? Can fire be colde, which yeeldeth heate by kinde? If *Loue* were paft, my life would foone decay,

Loue bids me hoape, and hoape is all my flay. And you, that fee in what effate I fland, Now hote, now colde, and yet am liuing flill, Perfuade your felues, Loue hath a mightie hand, And cuftome frames, what pleafeth beft her wil.

A ling'ring vfe of Loue hath taught my breft

To harbor firife, and yet to liue in reft. The man that dwelles farre North, hath feldome harme With blaft of winters wind or nipping froft : The *Negro* feldome feeles himfelfe too warme ¹ If he abide within his natiue coaft;

So, Loue in me a Second Nature is,

And cuftome makes me thinke my Woes are Bliffe.

¹ For both experience teacheth and smothered with the heate of the coun-Philosophical reason approueth, than trey though *Spaine* be more tempean *Ethyopian* may easily in *Spaine* be rate than *Ethyopia* is.

Actna, called in times paft Inefia, as Volaterranus witneffeth, is a hollow hill in Sicilia, whofe toppe burneth continuallie, the fire being maintained with a vaine of brimftone, and other fuch like Mineralles, which are within the faid Mountaine. Which notwithftanding, the bottome of the hill is verie pleafant, as well for the aboundance of fweete fruites and flowers, as for the number of frefhe fpringes and fountaines. The Poetes faine, that when Iuppiter had with his thunderboltes beaten downe the Gyantes of the earth, which rebelled againft heauen, he did forthwith couer and oppreffe them all with the weight of this hill Actna. Thefe thinges being well confidered, together with the verfe of Ilorace;

(Deus immortalis haberi De arte Poetica. Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam Infiluit.)

It may eafily appeare, why the Author in this passion compareth his heart vnto the hill.

Here is a monstrous hill in *Sicill* foyle, Where workes that limping God, which Vulcan hight, And rebell Gyantes lurke, whome *Ioue* did foyle, When gainft the heau'ns they durft prefume to fight; The toppe thereof breathes out a burning flame, And *Flora* fittes at bottome of the fame. My fwelling heart is fuch an other hill, Wherein a blinded God beares all the fwaye, And rebell thoughtes refifting reafons fkill Are bound by will from flarting thence awaye; The toppe thereof doth fmoake with fcalding fmart, And feldome ioves obtaine the lowest parte. Yet learne herewith the diffrence of the twaine: Empedocles confum'd with Aetnaes fire When godheade there he fought, but all in vaine: But this my heart, all flaming with defire, Embraceth in it felfe an Angels face, Which beareth rule as Goddeffe of the place.

The Author in this Paſsion accuſeth his owne eyes, as the principall or onelie cauſe of his amorous infelicitie: wherein his hearte is fo oppreſſed continuallie with euils, which are contrarie in them ſelues, that reaſon can beare no ſwaye in the cauſe. Thereſore in the ende, he inſtantlie entreateth his Ladie of her ſpeedie ſauoure and goodwill, alleaginge what hurte may growe through her longer delaye.

Hat thing, wherein mine eyes haue most delight, Is greatest cause my heart doth suffer paine: Such is the hurt that comes by wanton sight; Which reason strives to vanquiss all in vaine; This onely fense, more quicke then all the rest, Hath kindled holie fire within my brest.

And fo my mourning hearte is parching drie With fending fighes abroade, and keeping care, What needes it muft confume if longe it lye In place, where fuch a flame doth make repare:

This flame is *Loue*, whome none may well intreate,

But onely fhee, for whome I fuffer heate. Then peereleffe *Dame*, the ground of all my griefe, Voutfafe to cure the caufe of my complainte: No fauoure els but thine can yeelde reliefe. But helpe in time, before I further fainte,

- " For Daunger growes by lingringe till the laft,
- " And phifick hath no helpe, when life is paft.

The Authour groundeth this Pafsion vpon three poyntes. In the first, he sheweth how he witting and wilfully followeth his owne hurt, with such like words as *Medza* fometime vfed,

> Video meliora, proboque, Ouid Metam Deteriora (equor, etc. lib. 7.

In the fecond, he excufeth his fault vpon the maine force and tyrannie of *Loue*, being the onely gouernour of his wil. And laftly, he humbly entreateth his *Lady* for the refliction of his wonted libertie: defiring her not to exact more of him, then his abilitie of bodie or mind can well fufteine, according to the olde verfe,

Pelle magis rabida nihil est de Vulpe petendum.

As euer man, whofe *Loue* was like to mine? I follow ftill the caufe of my diftreffe,

My Hart forefeeing hurte, doth yet encline To feeke the fame, and thinkes the harme the leffe.

In doing thus, you afke me what I ayle:

Against maine force what reafon can preuaile?

Love is the Lord and Signor of my will,

How fhall I then difpofe of any deede?

By forced Bond, he holdes my freedome ftill,

He duls each fenfe, and makes my hart to bleede.

Thou Sacred Nimph, whofe vertue wanteth flaine,

Agree with *Loue*, and fet me free againe. Of this my weary Life no day fhall fall, Wherein my penne fhall once thy praife forget: No Night with fleepe fhall clofe mine eyes at all, Before I make recount of fuch a debt;

Then force me not to more then well I may, Befides his Skinne, the Fox hath nought to pay. The inuention of this Paſsion is borrowed, for the moſt parte from Seraphine Son. 125. Which beginneth,

> S'el gran tormento i fier fulmini accefi Perduti haue/si, e li /uoi ftrali Amore, I n'ho tanti traffitti in meggio el core, Che /ol da me li potriano effer refi; E fe de gli ampli mari in terra stefi Fusse priuo Neptuno, io spando fore Lagryme tante, che con più liquore Potrebbe nuoui mari hauer ripres; etc.

F Loue had loft his fhaftes, and Loue downe threw His thundring boltes, and fpent his forked fire, They onely, might recou'red be anew From out my Hart crofwounded with defire; Or if Debate by Mars were loft a fpace,

It might be found within the felfe fame place; If *Neptunes* waves were all dride vp and gone, My weeping eyes fo many teares diftill, That greater Seas might grow by them alone; Or if no flame were yet remayning ftill

In Vulcans forge, he might from out my breft

Make choife of fuch as fhould befit him beft. If *Acole* were depriu'd of all his charge, Yet foone could I reftore his windes againe, By fobbing fighes, which forth I blow at large, To moue her mind that pleafures in my paine;

What man, but I, could thus encline his will To liue in *Loue*, which hath no end of ill? That the vulgar forte may the better vnderftand this Pafsion, I will briefly touch thole, whom the Author nameth herein, being al damned 'foules (as the Poets faine) and definate vnto fundrie punifhmentes. *Tantalus* hauing his lippes ftill at the brinke of the river *Eridanus*, yet dieth for thirft. *Ixion* is tied vnto a wheele; which turneth inceffantly. A vulture feedeth vpon the bowels of *Tityus*, which growe vp againe euer as they are deuoured. *Sifyphus* rowleth a great rounde ftoane vp a fteepe hill, which being once at the top prefently falleth downe amaine. *Beiides* are fifty fifters, whofe continuall taske is, to fill a bottomlefie tub full of water, by lading in their pitchers full at once.

N that I thirft for fuch a Goddeffe grace As wantes remorfe, like *Tantalus* I die; My ftate is equall to *Ixions* cafe, Whofe rented limm's ar turn'd eternally, In that my toffing toyies can haue no end, [friend. Nor time, nor place, nor chaunce will ftand my In that my heart confuming neuer dyes, I feele with *Tityus* an equall payne, On whome an euer feeding Vultur lyes; In that I ryfe through hope, and fall againe By feare, like *Sifyphus* I labour ftill To turle a rowling ftoane againft the hill;

In that I make my vowes to her alone, Whofe eares are deafe, and will reteine no found, With *Belides* my flate is all but one, Which fill a tub, whofe bottome is not found.

A wondrous thing, yat Loue fhould make the wound, Wherein a fecond Hell may thus be found.

LXIII.

Loue hath two arrowes, as *Conradus Celtis* witneffeth in these two verses:

Per matris astrum, et per fera specula, Odarum. lib. 1. Ouæ bina fert sæuus Cupido, etc.

The one is made of leade, the other of golde, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Authour therfore faineth in this Pafsion, that when *Cupid* had ftroken him with that of lead, foone after pittying his painefull eftate, he thought good to ftrike his beloued with the other. But her breft was fo hard, that the fhaft rebounding backe againe, wounded Loue him felfe at vnawares. Wherehence fell out thefe three inconueniences; firft, that Loue himfelfe became her thrall, whome hee fhould haue conquered; then, that file became proud, where file fhould haue been friendly; and laftly, that the Authour by this meanes defpaireth to haue any recure of his vnquiet life, and therfore defireth a fpeedie death, as alluding to thofe fententious verfes of *Sophoeles*.

> τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἀν ξὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων θνήσκειν ὁ μέλλων, τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι.

Electra.

which may be thus Englished paraphrastically. What can it him auaile to liue a while, Whome, of all others, euilles are betyde?

Oue hath two fhaftes, the one of beaten gold, By ftroake wherof a fweete effect is wrought: The other is of lumpifhe leaden mould,

And worketh none effect, but what is nought: Within my breft the latter of the twaine [paine.

Breades feare, feare thought, and thought a lafting One day amongft the reft fweete *Loue* beganne To pitty mine eftate, and thought it beft To perce my Deare with golde, that fhe might fcanne My cafe aright, and turne my toyles to reft:

But from her breft more hard then hardeft flint

His fhafte flewe backe, and in him felfe made And this is caufe that *Loue* doth floup her lure, [printe. Whofe heart he thought to conquere for my fake; That fhe is proude; and I without recure:

Which triple hurte doth caufe my hope to quake: [difeafe, Hoape loft breedes griefe, griefe paine, and paine Difeafe bringes death, which death will onely pleafe. This Pafsion is of like frame and fashion with that, which was before vnder the number of XLI. whetherto I referre the Reader. But touching the fense or fubstance of this Pafsion, it is euident, that herein the Authour, by layinge open the long continued grieuesformes of his mifery in *Loue*, feeketh to moue his Mistres to fome compassion.

Y humble fute hath fet my minde on pride, Which pride is caufe thou haft me in difdaine. By which difdaine my woundes are made fo wide, That wideneffe of my woundes augmentes my paine, Which Paine is caufe, by force of fecreate iarres, That I fustaine a brunt of private Warres. But ceafe deere Dame to kindle further ftrife. Let Strifes haue ende, and Peace enjoy their place; If Peace take place, Pitie may faue my life, For Pitie fhould be fhow'ne to fuch as trace fawry. Most daung'rous wayes, and tread their stepp's Or live my woes: and fuch a one am I. Therefore My Deere Delight regard my Loue, Whome Love doth force to follow Fond Defire, Which Fond Defire no counfell can remoue; For what can counfell doe, to quench the fire

That fires my hart through fancies wanton will?

Fancie by kind with Reafon striueth still.

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^{,,}

In the first and fecond part of this passion, the Author proueth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, A maiori ad minus, that he may with good reason yeeld him felfe to the imperie of Love, whome the gods them felues obey; as *Juppiter* in heaven, Neptune in the feas, and Pluto in hell. In the last ftaffe he imitateth certaine Italian verses of M. Girolamo Parabofco; which are, as followeth.

> Occhi tuoi, anzi stelle alme, et fatali, Selua Seconda. Oue ha prescritto il ciel mio mal, mio bene: Mia lagrime, e sospir, mio riso. e canto; Mia spene, mio timor; mio soco e giaccio; Mia noia, mio piacer; mia vito e morte.

Ho knoweth not, how often Venus fonne
Hath forced Iuppiter to leaue his feate?
Or els, how often Neptune he hath wunne
From feaes to fandes, to play fome wanton feate?
Or, howe he hath conftraind the Lord of Stix
To come on earth, to practife louing trickes?
If heau'n, if feaes, if hell muft needes obay,
And all therein be fubiect vnto Loue;
What fhall it then auaile, if I gainfay,
And to my double hurt his pow'r do proue?
No, no, I yeeld my felfe, as is but meete:
For hetherto with fow'r he yeeldes me fweet.
From out my Millres eyes, two lightfome flarres,

He deftinates eftate of double kinde,

My teares, my fmyling cheere; my peace, my warres; My fighes, my fonges; my feare, my hoping minde;

My fyre, my froft; my ioy, my forrowes gall; My curfe, my prayfe; my death, but life with all.

LXVI.

This Latine passion is borrowed from *Petrarch Sonetto* 133. which beginneth.

Hor, ch'l ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace, E le fere, e gli angelli il fonno affrena, Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena, E nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace; etc.

Wherein he imitated Virgill, fpeaking of Dido, thus. Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant feffa foporem Corpora etc.

And this Author prefumeth, vpon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully tranflating it, to place it amongft these his owne passions, for a figne of his greate fufferance in loue.



Vm cælum, dum terra tacet, ventufque filefcit, Dumque feras, volucrefque quies complectitur alta, Noxque agit in gyrum stellantes sydere currus, Inque suo lecto recubat sine stumine Pontus,

Multa ego contemplor; studeo; conflagro; gemifco Et, mea quæ dulcis pæna est, mihi semper oberrat. In me bella gero plenusque doloris et iræ,

Paxque mihi modica est Lauræ folius in vmbra.

Oritur ex vno claro mihi fonte et acerbum,

Et quod dulce fapit; quorum depafcor utroque: Vnica meque manus lædit, læfoque medetur,

Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite claufum eft, Mille neces pacior, vitas totidemque refumo Quoque die; fuperefique mihi fpes nulla falutis. A man finguler for his learning, and magiftrate of no fmall accoumpt, vpon flight furuey of this booke of pafsions, eyther for the liking he had to the Author, or for his owne priuate pleafure, or for fome good he conceyued of the worke, voutchfafed with his own hand to fet down certaine pofies concerning the fame: Amongft which, this was one, *Loue hath no leaden heeles.* Whereat the Author glaunceth throughout al this Sonnet; which he purpofely compyled at the prefie, in remembrance of his worfhipfull frend, and in honour of his golden pofie.

Hen Cupid is content to keepe the fkies, He neuer takes delight in flanding flill, But too and froe, and eu'ry where he flies, And eu'ry God fubdueth at his will, As if his boaw were like to Fortunes wheele,

Him felfe like her, hauing no leaden heele. When other whiles he paffeth *Lemnos* Ile, Vnhappy boy he gybes the ¹Clubfoote Smith, Who threatens him, and bids him ftay a while, But laughing out he leaues him he forthwith,

And makes him felfe companion with the Winde

To fhew, his heeles are of no leaden kinde. But in my felfe I haue too trewe a proofe: For when he first efpyde my raunging *Heart*, He *Falcon* like came fowfing from aloofe, His fwiftly falling stroake encreast my fmart:

As yet my *Heart* the violence it feeles, Which makes me fay, *Loue hath no leaden heeles*.

¹ Vulcan.

LXVIII.

The Author hath wrought this passion out of certaine verses of Stephanus Forcatulus, which are these.

> Cor mihi punxit amor, fed punxit præpete telo; figitur hoc tum plus, cum magis excutio. etc. Carpere dictamum Cretæa nil iuuet Ida, quo vellunt cerui /picula fixa leues. Telephus hæc eadem fatalia vulnera fenfit, fanare vt tantum, qui facit illa, queat.

And whereas the Author in the end of this passion, alludeth to the woundes of *Telephus*, he is to be vnderstoode of that *Telephus*, the Sonne of *Hercules*, of whose wounde, being made and healed by *Achilles* onely, *Ouid* writeth thus.

> Vulnus Achillæo quod quondam fecerat hofti, De remed. Vulneris auxilium Pelias hafta tulit lib. x.

And Propertius in like manner lib. 2.

Mysus et Hæmonia iuuenis qui cuspide vulnus Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.

Suidas mentioneth an other Telephus, an excellent Grammarian of Pergamus.

N fecrete feate and centre of my hearte,

Vnwares to me, not once fufpecting ill,

Blinde *Cupides* hand hath fixt a deadly dart, Whereat how ere I plucke, it flicketh flill,

And workes effect like those of Arab foyle,

Whofe heades are dipt in poyfon fleed of oyle.

If 't were like those, wherewith in Ida plaine

The Crætan hunter woundes the chafed deere,

I could with Dictame drawe it out againe,

And cure me fo, that skarre should scarce appeare:

¹ Or if *Alcides* fhaft did make me bleed,

Machaons art would fland me in fome fleede. But being, as it is, I muft compare

With fatall woundes of *Telephus* alone,

And fay, that he, whofe hand hath wrought my care, Muft eyther cure my fatall wounde, or none:

Helpe therefore gentle *Loue* to eafe my heart, Whofe paines encreafe, till thou withdraw thy dart In the first staffe of this Passion, The Authour as one more then halfe drowping with despaire, forrowfully recounteth fome particular causes of his vnhappiness in Loue. In the refidue, he entreateth a better aspecte of the Planets, to the end, that either his life may bee inclined to a more happie course, or his death be hastned, to end all his milery at once.

Y ioyes are donne, my comfort quite difmay'd, My weary wittes bewitch't with wanton will, My will by *Fancies* heedeles faulte betrayd, Whofe eyes on *Beauties* face are fixed ftill, And whofe conceyte *Folly* hath clouded foe, That Loue concludes, my heart muft live in woe. But change afpect ye angry flarres aboue, And powrs diuine reftore my liberty, Or graunte that foone I may enioye my *Love*, Before my life incurre more mifery :

For nowe fo hotte is each affault I feele

As would diffolue a heart more harde then fleele. Or if you needes muft worke my deadly fmart, Performe your charge by hafting on my death In fight of her, whofe eyes enthrall my heart : Both life and death to her I doe bequeath,

In hope at laft, fhe will voutfafe to fay, I rewe his death, whofe life I made away. In this passion the Authour fome what a farre off imitateth an Ode in *Gervalius Sepinus* written to *Cupid*, where hee beginneth thus:

> Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra vbinam ef? Erotopægni-Vbi arcus referens acuta Lunæ Erotopægnicon. lib. 1. Bina cornua ? vbi flagrans Amoris fax ? vbi igneus ille arcus, in quo De ipfis Cælicolis, virifque vičlis Vinctifque ante ingum aureus triumphas ? Haud poffent tua fumma numina vnam, Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam ? Qui fortes animos pudicæ Elifæ Fortioribus irrigans venenis Vicifi : etc.

Vpid, where is thy golden quiuer nowe? Where is thy flurdy Bowe? and where the fire, Which made ere this the *Gods* themfelues to bow? Shall fhe alone, which forceth my *Defire*,

Report or thinke thy Godhead is fo fmall,

That fhe through pride can fcape from being Whilom thou ouercam'ft the flately minde [thrall? Of chaft E...ja queene of Carthage land, And did'ft conftraine Pafiphae gainft her kind, And broughteft Europa faire to Creta fande,

Quite through the fwelling Seas, to pleafure Ioue,

Whofe heau'nly heart was touch't with mortall loue. Thus wert thou wunt to fhewe thy force and flight, By conqu'ring thofe that were of higheft race, Where nowe it feemes thou changeft thy delight, Permitting ftill, to thy no fmall difgrace,

A virgin to defpife thy felfe, and me, Whofe heart is hers, where ere my body be. The Authour writeth this Sonnet vnto his very friend, in excufe of his late change of fludy, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of *Loue*. And here by examples he proueth vnto him, (calling him by the name of *Titus*, as if him felfe were Gy/ippus) that Loue not onely worketh alteration in the mindes of men, but also in the very Gods them felues; and that so farre forth, as first to drawe them from their Celeftiall feates and functions, and then to enfnare them with the vnfeemely defire of mortall creatures, a Passion ill befitting the maiefty of their Godheads.

Las deere *Titus* mine, my auncient frend, What makes thee mufe at this my prefent plight, To fee my woonted ioyes enioy their end And how my Mufe hath loft her old delight? ,, *This is the least effect of Cupids dart*, ,, To change the minde by wounding of the heart. Alcides fell in loue as I haue done, And layd afide both club and Lions fkinne : Achilles too when he faire Bryfes wunne,

To fall from warres to wooing did beginne.

Nay, if thou lift, furuey the heau'ns aboue,

And fee how Gods them felues are chang'd by Loue. Ioue fleales from fkies to lye by Lædaes fide; Arcas defcendes for faire Aglaurus fake, And Sol, fo foone as Daphne is efpied, To followe her his Chariot doth forfake :

No meruaile then although I change my minde, Which am in loue with one of heau'nly kinde. In this Sonnet The Authour feemeth to fpecifie, that his Beloued maketh her aboade in this our beautifull and faire Citty of London; fituate vpon the fide of the Themfe, called in latine *Thamefis*. And therefore, whilf he faineth, that *Thamefis* is honourably to be conueyed hence by all the Gods, towardes the Palace of old *Nereus*, he feemeth to growe into fome iealofie of his miftres, whofe beautie if it were as well known to them, as it is to him, it would (as he faith) both deferue more to be honoured by them, and pleafe *Tryton* much better, then *Thamefis*, although fhe be the faireft daughter of old Oceanus.

Ceanus not long agoe decreed To wedd his deareft daughter Thamefis To Tryton Neptunes fonne, and that with fpeede: When Neptune fawe the match was not amiffe, Hee prayde the Gods from higheft to the leaft, With him to celebrate the Nuptiall feaft. Loue did defcend with all his heau'nly trayne, And came for Thamefis to London fide,

In whofe conduct each one imployd his paine To reuerence the flate of fuch a *Bride*:

But whilft I fawe her led to Nereus Hall,

My iealous heart begann to throbb withall. I doubted I, left any of that crewe, In fetching *Thamefis*, fhou[1]d fee my *Loue*, Whofe tifing face is of more liuely hewe, Then any *Saintes* in earth, or heau'n aboue : Befides, I fear'd, that *Tryton* would defire

My Loue, and let his Thamefis retyre.

Here the Author, by faining a quarrell betwixt Loue and his Heart, vnder a fhadow expression the tyrannie of the one, and the miferie of the other : to fturre vp a just hatred of the ones iniustice, and cause due compassion of the others vnhappines. But as he accufeth Love for his readines to hurt, where he may; fo he not excufeth his Heart, for defiring a faire imprifonment, when he neded not : thereby fpecifying in Loue a wilfull malice, in his *Heart* a heedleffe follie.



Rue to thinke vpon the difmall day When Cupid first proclamed open warre Against my *Hearte*; which fledde without delay, But when he thought from Loue to be most farre, The winged boy preuented him by flight, And led him captiuelyke from all delight. The time of triumph being ouerpaft, He fcarcely knewe where to beftowe the fpoile,

Till through my heedleffe Heartes defire, at laft, He lockt him vp in Tower of endleffe toyle,

Within her breft, whofe hardned wil doth vexe

Her filly gheft fofter then liquid wex.

This prifon at the first did pleafe him well,

And feem'd to be fome earthly Paradife,

Where now (alas) Experience doth tell,

That Beauties bates can make the fimple wife, And biddes him blame the bird, that willingly Choafeth a golden cage for liberty.

The Author in this passion, vpon a reason fecret vnto him felfe, extolleth his Mistres vnder the name of a Spring. First he preferreth the fame before the facred fount of *Diana*, which (as *Ouid* witness the states in the valley *Gargaphie*, adioyning to *Thabes* : then, before *Tagus* the famous river in *Spaine*, whose fandes are intermixt with state of gold, as may be gathered by those two verses in *Martiall lib*. 8.

> Non illi fatis est turbato fordidus auro Hermus, et Hesperio qui sonat orbe Tagus.

And laftly, before *Hippocrene*, a fountaine of *Baotia*, now called the well of the *Mufes*, and fained by the *Poëts*, to have had his fource or beginning from the heele of *Pegafus* the winged horfe.

Lthough the droppes, which chaung'd Actaons Were halfe diuine, and from a facred fount; [fhape, Though after Tagus fandes the world do gape; And Hippocrene ftand in high account:

Yet ther's a Spring, whofe vertue doth excell

Dianaes fount, Tagus, and Pegafe well. That happie how'r, wherein I found it furft, And fat me downe adioyning to the brinke, My fowe it felfe, fupprif'd with vnknow'n thurft, Did wifh it lawfull were thereof to drinke;

But all in vaine : for Loue did will me flay

And waite a while in hope of fuch a pray. This is that *Spring* quoth he, where *Nectar* flowes, Whofe liquor is of price in heaun's aboue ; This is the *Spring*, wherein fweet *Venus* flowes, By fecrete baite how *Beautie* forceth *Loue*.

Why then, quoth I, deere *Loue* how fhall I mend. Or quench my thurft, vnleffe thou fland my frend? In this passion the Authour boroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of *Juppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print. Some of the verses may be thus cited to the explaining of this passion, although but lamelie.

> Accipe vt ignaram candentis imagine Tauri Luferit Europam ficta etc. Quàm nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore. etc. Qualis et Afterien aquilinis prefferit alis : Quoque dolo Ladam ficto fub olore fefellit. Adde quòd Antiopam Satyri fub imagine etc. Et fuit Amphytrio, cum te Tirynihia etc. Æginæque duos ignis fub imagine natos etc. Parrhafiam ficta pharetra Vultuque Dianæ, Mnemofynen paflor; ferpens Devida lufit. etc.

Ouid writeth fomewhat in like manner. Metam. lib. 6.

Ot fhe, whom *Ioue* transported into *Crete*; Nor *Semele*, to whom he vow'd in haft ; Nor fhe, whofe flanckes he fild with fayned heate;

Nor whome with Ægles winges he oft embrast; Nor Danaë, beguyl'd by golden rape;

Nor fhe, for whome he tooke Dianaes fhape ;

Nor faire Antiopa, whole fruitefull loue

He gayned Satyr like ; nor fhe, whofe Sonne

To wanton *Hebe* was conioyn'd aboue;

Nor fweete Mnemofyne, whofe loue he wunne

In fhepheardes weede ; no fuch are like the *Saint* Whole eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.

And *Ioue* him felfe may ftorme, if fo he pleafe,

To heare me thus compare my Loue with his :

No forked fire, nor thunder can difeafe

This heart of mine, where ftronger torment is: But O how this furpaffeth all the reft, That fhe, which hurtes me moft, I loye her beft. In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in halfe a madding moode, falleth at variance with *Loue* himfelfe, and blafphemeth his godheade, as one that can make a greater wounde, then afterwardes he him felfe can recure. And the chiefe caufe that he fetteth downe, why he is no longer to hope for helpe at *Loues* hande, is this, becaufe he him felfe could not remedie the hurt which he fufteyned by the loue of faire $P/yches.^1$

Hou foolifh God the Author of my griefe,
If *Pfyches* beames could fet thy heart on fire,
How can I hope, of thee to haue reliefe,
Whofe minde with mine doth fuffer like defire ?
Henceforth my heart fhall facrifice elfwhere
To fuch a *Sainte* as higher porte doth beare.
And fuch a *Saint* is fhe, whom I adore,
As foyles thy force, and makes thee ftand aloofe ;
None els, but fhe, can falue my feftred foare ;
And fhe alone will ferue in my behoofe :
Then blinded boye, goe packe thee hence away,
And thou *Sweet Soule*, giue eare to what I fay.

And yet what fhall I fay? ftraunge is my cafe, In mid'ft of froaft to burne, and freze in flame : Would Gods I neuer had beheld thy face, Or els, that once I might poffeffe the fame :

Or els that chaunce would make me free againe, Whofe hand helpt *Loue* to bring me to this paine.

¹ Vide Apul.

The chiefe contentes of this Passion are taken out of Seraphine Sonnet, 132.

Col tempo paffa gli anni, i mefi; e l'hore, Col tempo le richeze, imperio, e regno, Col tempo fama, honor, fortezza, e ingegno, Col tempo giouentu con belta more etc.

But this Authour inverteth the order, which Seraphine vfeth, fome times for his rimes fake, but for the most part, vpon fome other more allowable confideration.

Time wafteth yeeres, and month's, and howr's:

Time kills the greeneft Herbes and fweeteft flowr's : Time weares out youth and beauties lookes at length:

Time doth conuey to ground both foe and friend,

And each thing els but Loue, which hath no end. Time maketh eu'ry tree to die and rott : Time turneth ofte our pleafures into paine : Time caufeth warres and wronges to be forgott : Time cleares the fkie, which firft hung full of rayne :

Time makes an end of all humane defire,

But onely this, which fettes my heart on fire. Time turneth into naught each Princely flate : Time brings a fludd from newe refolued fnowe : Time calmes the Sea where tempeft was of late : Time eates what ere the Moone can fee belowe :

And yet no time preuailes in my behoue, Nor any time can make me ceafe to loue.

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LXXVIII.

This Pafsion concerneth the lowring of his Miftres and herein for the moft part the Authour imitateth *Agnola firenzuola*; who vpon the like fubiect, write thas followeth...

Ó belle donne, prendam pietade Di me pur hor in talpa trafformato D'huom, che pur dianza ardiua mirar fifo Come Aquila il fol chiar in paradifo. Cofi va l'mondo, e cofi fpeffo accade A chi fi fida inamorofo flato, etc.

Hat fcowling cloudes have ouercaft the fkie, That thefe mine eies can not, as woonte they Beholde their fecond *Sunne* intentiuely? [were, Some ftrange Eclipfe is hap'ned as I feare,

Whereby my Sunne is either bard of light, Or I my felfe haue loft my feeing quite. Moft likely foe, fince Loue him felfe is blinde, And Venus too (perhaps) will haue it fo, That Louers wanting fight fhall followe kinde. O then faire Dames bewaile my prefent woe,

Which thus am made a moale, and blindefolde runne

Where $\mathcal{A}gle$ like I late beheld the Sunne. But out alas, fuch guerdon is affignde To all that loue and followe *Cupids* carre: He tyres their limmes and doth bewitch their minde, And makes within them felues a lafting warre.

Reafon with much adoe doth teach me this, Though yet I cannot mend what is a miffe. The Au[t]hour in this Pafsion feemeth vppon miflike of his wearifome eftate in loue to enter into a deepe difcourfe with him felfe touching the particular miferies which befall him that loueth. And for his fenfe in this place, hee is very like vnto him felfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of *Autigone* in *Sophocles* (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth.

"Mali quando Cupidinis Venas æftus edax occupat intimas, Artes ingenium labitur in malas; Iactatur variè, nec Cereris fubit Nec Bacchi udium; peruigiles trahit Noctes; cura animum follicita atterit, etc.

And it may appeare by the tenour of this Paſsion that the Authour prepareth him fclfe to fall from Loue and all his lawes as will well appeare by the fequell of his other Paſsions that followe, which are all made vpon this Poſie, My Loue is paſt.

Here heate of loue doth once posses the heart. There cares oppreffe the minde with wondrous ill. ,, Wit runns awrye not fearing future fmarte, ,, And fond *defire* doth ouermaster will : ,, The *belly* neither cares for meate nor drinke, ,, Nor ouerwatched eyes defire to winke : •• Footesteps are false, and wauring too and froe; •• The brightfome *flow'r of beauty* fades away : ,, Reafon retyres, and pleafure brings in woe: ,, And wifedome yeldeth place to black decay : ,, Counfell, and fame, and friendship are contem'nd: ,, And bashfull /hame, and Gods them selues condem'nd. " Watchfull *fufpect* is linked with *defpaire* : •• Inconstant hope is often drown'd in feares : ,, What *folly* hurtes not *fortune* can repayre; ,, And *mifery* doth fwimme in Seas of *teares* : ,, Long vfe of *life* is but a lingring foe, ,, And gentle *death* is only end of woe. "

LL fuch as are but of indifferent capacitie, and haue fome fkill in *Arithmetike*, by viewing this Sonnet following compiled by rule and number, into the forme of a piller, may foone iudge, howe much art and fludy the Author hath beftowed in the fame. Wherein as there are placed many preaty obferuations, fo thefe which I will fet downe, may be marked for the principall, if any man haue fuch idle leafure to looke it ouer, as the Authour had, when he

- I framed it. First therefore it is to be noted, that the whole piller (except the basis or foote thereof) is by relation of either halfe to the other *Antitheticall or*
- 2 Antifillabicall. Secondly, how this pone (17) infanire) runneth twyfe through out ye Columne, if ye gather but the first letter of euery whole verfe orderly (excepting the two last) and then in like manner take but the last letter of euery one of the faid
- 3 verfes, as they fland. Thirdly is to be obferued, that euery verfe, but the two laft, doth end with the fame letter it beginneth, and yet through out the whole a true rime is perfectly obferued, although not after our
- 4 accuftomed manner. Fourthly, that the foote of the piller is *Orchematicall*, yat is to fay, founded by tranfilition or ouer fkipping of number by rule and order, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7, and 9; the fecret vertue whereof may be learned in ¹*Trithemius*, as namely by tables of transilition to decypher any thing that is written by fecret transposition of letters, bee it
- 5 neuer fo cunningly conueighed. And lattly, this obferuation is not to be neglected, that when all the forefaide particulars as performed, the whole piller is but iuft 18 verfes, as will appeare in the page following it, *Per modum expansionis*.

1 Polygraphiæ suæ, lib. 5.

LXXXI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Pafquine Piller erected in the despite of Loue.

At I A 2 laft, though 3 late, farewell 4 olde well a da: A **m** 5 Mirth or mifchance ftrike a 6 vp a newe alarM. And m 7 Cypria la nemica **r** 8 miA Retire to Cyprus Ile, a **e** 9 and ceafe thy waRR, Els must thou proue how **r** E 10 Reafon can by charmE Enforce to flight thy e **g II** blindfolde bratte and thee. So frames it with mee now, Ε t 12 that I confefS, The life I ledde in Loue deuoyde t I 12 of reiT, It was a Hell, where none felte more than I, Ť n 11 Nor anye with lyke miferies forlorN. Since n 8 10 therefore now my woes are wexed lefS, And s я. 9 Reafon bidds mee leaue olde welladA, a n 8 No longer fhall the worlde laugh mee i 7 to fcorN; I'le choofe a path that n r 6 shall not leade awrie. Reft i 5 then with mee from your 4 blinde Cupids carR r e. 3 Each one of 2 you, that I ferue, 3 and would be 5 freE. H'is dooble thrall e. 7 that liu's as Loue thinks beft, whole 9 hande ftill Tyrant like to hurte is prefte.1 1 Huius Columnae Basis, pro silla- barum numero et linearum proportione

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est Orchematica.

LXXXII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Expansio Columnæ præcedentis.

Α	At laft, though late, farewell olde wellada ;	Α
m	Mirth for mifchaunce strike vp a newe alarm;	m
a	And Ciprya la nemica mia	a
r	Retyre to Cyprus Ile and ceafe thy warr,	r
e	Els must thou proue how Reafon can by charme	e
E	Enforce to flight thy blyndfold bratte and thee.	E
s	So frames it with me now, that I confess	s
t	The life I ledde in Loue deuoyd of reft	t
Ι	It was a Hell, where none felt more then I ,	I
n	Nor any with like miferies forlorn.	n
s	Since therefore now my woes are wexed leff,	s
a	And Reafon bids me leaue olde wellada,	a
n	No longer fhall the world laugh me to fcorn :	n
i	I'le choofe a path that fhall not leade awri.	i
r	Reft then with me from your blinde Cupids carr	r
e	Each one of you, that ferue and would be free.	e
"	H'is double thrall that liu's as <i>Loue</i> thinks b	eft
,,	Whofe hand ftill Tyrant like to hurt is preft,	

1 Τόν τοι τύραννον εὐσεβείν, οὐ ῥάδιον. Sophoc. in Aia. flagell.

,

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of Ronfardes * Odes; which beginneth thus

Les Mufes lierent vn iour De chaifnes de rofes Amour, Et pour le garder, le donnerent Aus Graces et à la Beaule : Qui voyans fa defloyautê, Sus Parnafe l'emprisonnerent, etc.

* Au liure de ses meslanges.

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He Mufes not long fince intrapping Loue In chaines of roafes linked all araye, Gaue Beawtie charge to watch in theire behoue With Graces three, left he fhould wend awaye : Who fearing yet he would efcape at laft, On high Farnaffus toppe they clapt him faft. When Venus vnderftoode her Sonne was thrall, She made pofthafte to haue God Vulcans ayde, Solde him her Gemmes, and Cefton therewithall,¹ To ranfome home her Sonne that was betraide;

But all in vaine, the Mufes made no floare

Of gold, but bound him fafter then before. Therefore all you, whom *Loue* did ere abufe, Come clappe your handes with me, to fee him thrall, Whofe former deedes no reafon can excufe, For killing thofe, which hurt him not at all :

My felfe by him was lately led awrye, Though now at laft I force my loue to dye.

1 Vt Martis reuocetur amor, summique Tonantis, A te Iuno petat Ceston, et ipsa Venus. Martialis.

The Authour in this Sonnet expressed his mallice towardes *Venus* and her Sonne *Cupid*, by currying fauour with *Diana*, and by fuing to have the felfe fame office in her walkes and forreft, which fometimes her chaft and beft beloued *Hippolitus* enioyed. Which *Hippolitus* (as *Seruius* witneffeth) dyed by the falle deceipt of his Stepmother *Phadra*, for not yeelding ouer himfelfe vnto her inceftuous loue : whereuppon *Seneca* writeth thus,

> Iuuenisque castus crimine incesta iacet, Pudicus, insons.

Iana, fince Hippolytus is deade, Let me enioy thy fauour, and his place : [fteade, My might through will fhall fland thee in fome To drive blinde Love and Venus from thy chafe : For where they lately wrought me mickle woe, I vow me nowe to be theire mortall foe. And doe thou not mistrust my chastetie, When I shall raunge amidst thy virgine traine : My raynes are chaftned fo through miferie, That *Loue* with me can nere preuaile againe : The childe, whofe finger once hath felt the fire, •• To playe therewith will have but fmale defire. ,, Befides, I vow to beare a watchful eye, Difcou'ring fuch, as paffe along thy groue; If *Iuppiter* him felfe come loytring by, Ile call thy crew; and bid them fly from *Ioue*; For if they flay, he will obtaine at laft, What now I loathe, becaufe my loue is paft.

The chiefeft fubftance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certeine Latin verfes of *Strozza* a noble man of *Haly*, and one of the beft Poëts in all his age : who in defcribing Metaphorically to his friend *Antonius* the true forme of his amorous eftate, writeth thus :

> Unda hic funt Lachrima, Venti fupiriæ, Remi Vota, Error velum, Mens malefana Ralis; Spes Temo, Curæ Comites, Confiantia Amoris Eft malus, Dolor eft Anchora, Nauita Amor, etc.

He fouldiar worne with warres, delightes in peace; The pilgrime in his eafe, when toyles are paft;

The fhip to gay ne the porte, when ftormes doe ceafe;

And I reioyce, from Loue difcharg'd at laft; Whome while I feru'd, peace, reft, and land I loft,

With grieufome wars, with toyles, with florms betoft. Sweete *liberty* nowe gives me leaue to fing, What worlde it was, where *Love* the rule did beare; Howe foolifh *Chaunce* by lottes rul'd every thing; Howe *Error* was *maine faile*, each *wave* a *Teare*;

The master, Loue him felfe; deep fighes were winde; ,,

Cares rowd with vowes the fhip vnmery minde. " Falfe hope as healme oft turn'd the boat about; " Inconflant faith flood vp for middle mafte " Defpaire the cable twifted all with Doubt " Held Griping Griefe the pyked Anchor faft; " Beautie was all the rockes. But I at laft, " Am now twife free, and all my loue is paft. "

The fenfe of this Sonnet is for the moft part taken out of a letter, which *Æneas Syluius* wrote vnto his friend, to perfuade him, that albeit he lately had published the wanton loue of *Lucretia* and *Euryalus*, yet hee liked nothing leffe then fuch *fond Loue*; and that he nowe repented him of his owne labour ouer idlely beftowed in defcribing the fame.

Weete *liberty* reflores my woonted ioy,
And bids me tell, how painters fet to viewe
The forme of *Loue*. They painte him but a *Boy*,
As working moft in mindes of youthfull crewe :
They fet him *naked* all, as wanting fhame
To keepe his fecret partes or t'hide the fame.
They paint him blinde in that he cannot fpy
What diffrence is twixt vertue and default.
With *Boe in hand*, as one that doth defie,
And cumber heedeleffe heartes with fierce affault :
(His other hand doth hold a *brand of fire*,

In figne of heate he makes through hot defire. They giue him *winges* to flie from place to place, To note that all are wau'ring like the winde,

Whofe liberty fond Loue doth once deface.

This forme to Loue old paynters have affignd :

Whofe fond effects if any lift to proue, Where I make end, let them begin to *Loue*.

LXXXVII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in the first ftaffe of this Sonnet, expressed how Loue first went beyond him, by perfuading him that all was golde which gliftered. In the fecond, hee telleth, how time broughte hym to trueth, and Trueth to Reason: by whole good counfell he found the way from worse to better, and did ouergoe the malice of blinde Fortune. In the third ftaffe, he craueth pardon at euery man for the offences of his youth ; and to Loue, the onely cause of his long errour, hee geueth his voltimum vale.

Outh made a fault through lightnes of Beleefe, Which fond Beleefe *Loue* placed in my breft : ,, But now I finde, that Reafon giues reliefe; [beft; ,, And time fhewes Trueth, and Wit, thats bought, is Mufe not therefore although I chaunge my vaine, ,, He runnes too farre which neuer turnes againe. Henceforth my mind thall haue a watchfull eye, Ile fcorne *Fond Loue*, and practife of the fame : The wifedome of my hart fhall foone defcrie Each thing thats good, from what deferueth blame :

My fong fhalbe; Fortune hath fpitte her fpight,

And Loue can hurt no more withall his might. Therefore all you, to whome my courfe is knowne, Thinke better comes, and pardon what is paft: I finde that all my wildeft Oates are fowne, And Ioy to fee, what now I fee at laft;

And fince that *Loue* was caufe I trode a wry, I heere take off his Bels, and let him flie.

This whole Sonnet is nothing els but a briefe and pithy morall, and made after the felfe fame vaine with that, which is laft before it. The two firft staffes, (excepting onely the two firft verfes of all) expreffe the Authours alteration of minde and life, and his change from his late vaine eftate and follies in loue, by a metaphore of the fhipman, which by fhipwrakes chaunce is happely reftoared on a fodeine vnto that land, which he a long time had moft wifhed for.



Long maintayned warre gainft *Reafons* rule, I wandred pilgrime like in *Errors* maze, I fat in *Follies* fhip, and playde the foole, Till on *Repentance* rocke hir fides did craze : Herewith I learne by hurtes alreadie paft,

", That each extreme will change it felfe at laft. This fhipwrackes chance hath fet me on a fhelfe, Where neither *Loue* can hurte me any more, Nor *Fortunes* hand, though fhe enforce her felfe; *Difcretion* graunts to fet me fafe on fhoare,

Where guile is fettred fast and wifedome rules,

To punifh *heedeles* hearts and *wilfull fooles*, And fince the heau'ns haue better lot affign'd, I feare to burne, as having felte the fire; And proofe of harmes fo changed hath my minde, That witt and will to *Reafon* doe retyre:

Not *Venus* nowe, nor *Loue* with all his fnares Can drawe my witts to woes at vnawares.

The two first staffes of this Sonnet are altogether fententiall, and euerie one verfe of them is grownded vpon a diuerfe reafon and authoritie from the reft. I have thought good for breuitie fake, onelie to fet downe here the authorities, with figures, whereby to applie euerie one of them to his due lyne in order as they ftand. ,I. Hieronimus : In delicijs difficile est feruare castitatem. 2. Aufonius : di/pulit inconfultus amor etc. 3. Seneca : Amor eft ociofæ caufa follicitudinis. 4. Propertius : Errat, qui finem vefani quærit amoris. 5. Horatius: Semper ardentes acuens fagittas. 6 Xenophon fcribit amorem effe igne, et flamma flagrantiorem, quod ignis vrat tangentes, et proxima tantum cremet, amor ex longinquo spectante torreat. 7. Calenti : Plurima Zelotito funt in amore mala. 8 Ouidius: Inferet arma tibi faua rebellis amor. 9. Pontanus: Si vacuum fineret perfidiofus amor. 10. Marullus: Quid tantum lachrimis meis proterue Infultas puer? 11. Tibullus : At lasciuis amor rixa mala verba ministrat. 12. Virgilius : Bellum sape petit ferus exitiale Cupido.

Oue hath delight in fweete delicious fare; Loue neuer takes good Counfell for his frende; 1 2 *Toue* author is, and caufe of ydle care; 3 Loue is diffraught of witte, and hath no end; 4 ,, Loue fhoteth fhaftes of burning hote defire; 5 ,, Loue burneth more then eyther flame or fire; 6 •• "Loue doth much harme through Iealofies affault; 7 "Loue once embraft will hardly part againe; 8 "Loue thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault; 9 "Loue makes a fporte of others deadly paine; 10 Loue is a wanton Childe, and loues to brall. 11 •• Loue with his warre bringes many foules to thrall. 12 Thefe are the finalleft faultes that lurke in Loue. Thefe are the hurtes which I have caufe to curfe, Thefe are those truethes which no man can disproue, Thefe are fuch harmes as none can fuffer worfe.

All this I write, that others may beware, Though now my felfe twife free from all fuch care.

1 Hierom.			10 Marull.	
* Propert.	b Horat.	Xenoph.	12 Virgil, de	Vino et Venere.
i Calent.	⁸ Ouid.	Pont.	-	

In this Latine passion, the Authour translateth, as it were, paraphrastically the Sonnet of *Petrarch*, which beginneth thus. *Tennemi Amor anni vent' vno ardendo*, *Lieto net foco, e nel duol bien di sone. etc.*

But to make it ferue his owne turne, he varieth from *Petrarches* wordes, where he declareth, howe manie yeares he liued in loue, as well before, as fince the death of his beloued *Lawra*. Vnder which name alfo the Authour, in this Sonnet, fpecifieth her, whom he lately loued.

E fibi ter binos annos vnumque fubegit Diuus Amor ; lætufque fui, licet ignibus arfi ;

Spemque habui certam, curis licèt iclus acerbis.

Iamque duos alios exutus amore perêgi,

Ac fi fydereos mea Laura volârit in orbes,

Duxerit et fecum veteris penetralia cordis.

Pertæsum tandem vitæ me pænitet actæ,

Et pudet erroris pene abfumpfiffe fub vmbra.

Semina virtutum. Sed quæ pars vltima restat,

Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,

Et malè transactæ deploro tempora vitæ,

Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite curfus,

Litis in arcendæ studijs, et pace colendæ.

Ergò fumme Deus, per quem fum claufus in iflo Carcere, ab æterno falcum fac effe perielo. In the latter part of this Sonnet the Authour imitateth those verses of *Horace*.

Me tabula facer Votiua paries indicat vuida Su/pendisse potenti Vestimenta maris Deo.

Ad Pyrrham ode. 5.

Whom alfo that renowned *Florentine M. Agnolo Firenzuola* did imitate long agoe, both in like manner and matter, as followeth.

O miferi coloro, Che non prouar di donna fdee mai : Il pericol, ch'io corfi Nel tempeflofo mar, nella procella Del lor crudel Amore Mostrar lo può la tauoletta posta E le vesti ancor molli Sospese al tempio del horrendo Dio Di questo mar crudele.

E captiue foules of blindefold *Cyprians* boate Marke with aduife in what eftate yee flande, Your *Boteman* neuer whiftles mearie noate, And *Folly* keeping flerne, ftill puttes from lande, And makes a fport to toffe you to and froe Twixt *fighing windes*, and furging *waues of woe*.

On *Beawties* rocke fhe runnes you at her will, And holdes you in fufpenfe twixt *hope* and *feare*, Where dying oft, yet are you liuing ftill, But fuch a life, as death much better were ;

Be therefore circumfpect, and follow me,

When *Chaunce*, or *chaunge of maners* fets you free. Beware how you returne to feas againe : Hang vp your votiue tables in the quyre Of *Cupids* Church, in witneffe of the paine You fuffer now by *forced fond defire* :

Then, hang your throughwett garmentes on the wall, And fing with me, *That Loue is mixt with gall*.

XCII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delightes and deedes of blinde *Cupid* with the honeft delightes and deedes of other his fellow Goddeffes and Gods, doth bleffe the time and howre that euer he forfooke to follow him; whom he confeffeth to haue bene greate and forcible in his doings, though but litle of ftature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, *Hebe* is feldomeft redde, wherfore know they which know it not alreadie, that *Hebe* (as Seruius writeth) is *Junoes* daughter, hauing no father, and now wife to *Hercules*, and Goddeffe of youth, and youthlie fporting. and was cupbearer to *Joue*, till fhe fell in the prefence of all the Goddes, fo vnhappelie, that they fawe her priuities, whereupon *Joue* being angry, fubflituted *Ganimedes* into her office and place.

Hebus delightes to view his *Lawrel Tree*; The *Popplar* pleafeth *Hercules* alone;

The ropping pleatern merilies alone;

Melifla mother is, and fautrix to the Bee,

Pallas will weare the Olive branche or none;

Of shepheardes and theire flocke Pales is Quene;

And *Ceres* rypes the corne, was lately greene; To *Chloris* eu'ry flower belonges of right; The *Dryade Nimphs* of woodes make chiefe accoumpt; *Oreades* in hills haue theire delight;

Diana doth protect each bubblinge Fount;

To Hebe louely kiffing is afign'd;

To Zephire eu'ry gentle breathing winde.

But what is *Loues* delight? to hurt each where;

" He cares not whome, with dartes of deepe defire;

- " With watchfull iealofie, with hope, with feare,
- " With nipping cold, and fecrete flames of fire.
 - O happye howre wherein I did forgoe This litle God, fo greate a caufe of woe.

In the first and fixt line of this Passion the Authour alludeth to two fentencious verfes in Sophocles; whereof the first is. ῶ μῶρε, θυμός δ' έν κακοῖς οὐ ζύμφορον, O foole, in euills fretting nought auailes.

The fecond

φανθέν τίς αν δύναιτ' άγέννητον ποιείν.2 For who can make undon what once is done?

τδ γαρ.

In the other two ftaffes following, the Authour purfueth on his matter, beginning and ending every line with the felfe fame fillable he vfed in the first : wherein hee imitateth fome Italian Poets, who more to trie their witts, [t]hen for any other conceite, haue written after the like manner.



Y loue is paft, we woorth the day and how'r When to fuch folly first I did encline, Whereof the very thought is bitter fow'r. And still would hurte, were not my foule diuine. Or did not *Reafon* teach, that care is vaine For ill once paft, which cannot turne againe. My Love is paft, bleffed the day and how'r. When from fo fond eftate I did decline. Wherein was little fweet with mickle fow'r, And loffe of minde, whofe fubftance is diuine, Or at the left, expence of time in vaine,

For which expence no Loue returneth gaine. My Love is paft, wherein was no good how'r : When others joy'd, to cares I did encline. Whereon I fedde, although the tafte were fore'r. And flill beleu'd Loue was fome pow'r diuine,

Or fome inftinct, which could not worke in vaine. Forgetting, Time well fpent was double gaine.

1 In Oedipo-Colonze.

9 In Trachiniis

XCIIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Pafsion the Authour hath but augmented the inuention of *Seraphine*, where he write[t]h in this manner.

Biastemo quando mai le labbra apersi Per dar nome à costei, che accid me induce. Biastemo il tempo, e quanti giorni hà persi A seguitar si tenebrosa luce: Biastemo charta, inchiostro, e versi, Et quanto Amor per me fama gliaduce; Biastemo quando mai la vidi anchora, El mese, l'anno, e giorno, el punto, e lhora.

Curfe the time, wherein thefe lips of mine [kinde: Did praye or praife the *Dame* that was vn-I curfe both leafe, and ynke, and euery line My hand hath writ, in hope to moue her minde: I curfe her hollowe heart and flattring eyes, Whofefile deceyte did caufe my mourning cryes: I curfe the fugred fpeach and *Syrens* fong, Wherewith fo oft fhe hath bewitcht mine eare: I curfe my foolifh will, that flay'd fo long, And tooke delight to bide twixte hoape and feare:

I curfe the howre, wherein I first began

By louing lookes to proue a witheffe man : I curfe thofe dayes which I haue fpent in vaine, By feruing fuch an one as reakes no right : I curfe each caufe of all my fecret paine, Though *Loue* to heare the fame haue fmall delight : And fince the heau'ns my freedome now reftore, Hence foorth Ile liue at eafe, and loue no more.

A Labyrinth is a place made full of turnings and creekes, where hence, he that is once gotten in, can hardly get out againe. Of this forte ¹Pliny mentioneth foure in the world, which were moft noble. One in Crete made by Dædalus, at the commaundement of king Minos, to flut vp the Minotastre in : to which monfter the Atheniens by league were bound, euery yeere to fend feuen of their children, to bee deuoured ; which was perfourmed, till at the laft, by the helpe of Ariadne, Thefeus flewe the monfter. An other he mentioneth to haue beene in Ægipt, which alfo Pomponius Mela defcribeth in his firft booke. The third in Lemnos, wherein were erected a hundreth and fifty pillers of finguler workmanfhip. The fourth in Italy, builded by Porfenna king of Hetruria, to ferue for his fepulchre. But in this Palsion the Authour alludeth who that of Crete only.

Hough fomewhat late, at laft I found the way To leaue the doubtfull Labyrinth of *Loue*, Wherein (alas) each minute feemd a day: Him felfe was *Minotaure*; whofe force to proue I was enforft, till *Reaton* taught my mind

To flay the beaft, and leaue him there behind. But being fcaped thus from out his maze, And paft the dang'rous Denne fo full of doubt, *Falfe Thefeus* like, my credite fhall I craze, Forfaking her, whofe hand did helpe me out?

With Ariadne Reafon shall not fay, I fau'd his life, and yet he runnes away.

No, no, before I leaue the golden rule, Or lawes of her, that floode fo much my friend, Or once againe will play the louing foole, The fky fhall fall, and all fhall haue an end :

I wifh as much to you that louers be, Whofe paines will paffe, if you beware by me.

XCVI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Paísion, the Authour in fkoffing bitterly at Venus, and her fonne Cupid, alludeth vnto certaine verfes in Ouid, but inuerteth them to an other fenfe, then Ouid vfed, who wrote them vpon the death of Tibullus. Thefe are the verfes, which he imitateth,

Écce puer Veneris fert euerfamque pharetram, Et fractos arcus, et fine luce facem. Elegiar. lib. x]x]. A[d] / pice demi/sis vt eat miferabilis alis, Pectoraque infe/ta tondat aperta manu. etc. Nec minus eft confu/a Venus. etc. Quàm iuuenis rupit cum ferus inguen aper.

Hat ayles poore Venus nowe to fit alone In funerall attyre, her woonted hew [to moan : Quite chang'd, her fmile to teares, her myrth As though Adonis woundes now bled anew, Or fhe with young Iulus late return'd From feeing her Æneas carkas burn'd.

Alack for woe, what ayles her little Boy, To haue his tender cheekes befprent with teares, And fit and fighe, where he was wonte to toy? How happes, no longer he his quiuer weares,

But breakes his Boe, throwing the fhiuers by,

And pluckes his winges, and lettes his fyrebrand dye? No, *Dame* and *Darling* too, yee come to late, To winne me now, as you haue done to fore : I live fecure, and quiet in eftate,

Fully refolu'd from louing any more :

Goe pack for fhame from hence to *Cyprus Ile*, And there goe play your prankes an other while.

The Authour in this pafsion alludeth to the fable of *Phineus* which is fette down at large in the *Argonauticks*. of *Apollonius*, and *Valerius Flaccus*. He compare hhim felfe vnto *Phineus*; his Miftres vnto the *Harpyes*; and his thoughtes vnto *Zethes*, and his defires vnto *Caluis*, the two twinnes of *Boreas*; and the voyce of *Ne plus vltra* [poaken from Heauen to *Calais* and *Zethes*, vnto the *Diuine grace*, which willed him to follow no further the miferies of a Louers eftate, but to profefe vnfainedlie, that his Loue is paft. And, laft of all, the Author concludeth againft the fower fawce of *Louc* with the French prouerbe : *Pour vn plaifir mille douleurs*.

THe Harpye birdes, that did in fuch defpight Greiue and annoy old *Phinëus* fo fore, Where chaf'd away by Calais in flight And by his brother Zeth for euermore; Who follow'd them, vntill they hard on hye A voyce, that faid, Ye Twinnes No further fly. Phineus I am, that fo tormented was; My Laura here I may an Harbye name : My thoughtes and luftes bee Sonnes to Borëas, Which neuer cea'ft in following my Dame, Till heau'nly Grace faid vnto me at laft, Leaue fond *Delightes*, and fay thy loue is paft. My loue is paft I fay, and fing full glad; My time, alas, mifpent in Loue I rewe, Wherein few ioyes, or none at all I had, But floare of woes: I found the prouerbe true, For eu'ry pleafure that in *Loue* is found,

A thoufand woes and more therein abound.

XCVIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this pafsion, telling what Loue is, eafeth his heart, as it were, by rayling out right, where he can worke no other manner of reuenge. The inuention hereof, for the moft part of the particulars conteyned, is taken out of certeine Latine verfes, which this Authour composed vpon Quid Amor. Which becaufe they may well importe a pafsion of the writer, and aptly befitte the prefent title of his ouerpaffed Loue, he fetteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth paffions of this booke.

Arke wanton youthes, whome *Beawtie* maketh blinde. And learne of me, what kinde a thing is *Loue*; Loue is a Braineficke Boy, and fierce by kinde; A Willfull Thought, which Reafon can not moue; A Flattring Sycophant; a Murd'ring Thiefe; A Poyfned choaking Bayte ; a Tyling Griefe ; A Tyrant in his Lawes; in fpeach vntrue; A Blindfold Guide; a Feather in the winde; A right ¹Chameleon for change of hewe: A Lamelimme Lust; a Temper of the minde; A Breach of Chastitie; all vertues Foe; A Private warre; a Toilfome webbe of woe; A Fearefull Iealofie; a Vaine Defire; A Labryrinth ; a Pleafing Miferie ; A Shipwracke of mans life; a Smoakleffe fire; A Sea of teares; a lasting Lunacie · A Heavie feruitude; a Dropfie Thur ft; A Hellish Gaile, whose captives are accurst.

1 Vide Plin natura Hist. lib. 28, cap. 8.

Quid Amor?

Vid fit amor, qualifque, cupis me scire magistro ? Est Veneris proles : cælo metuendus, et Orco ; Ét leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis; Peruigil excubitor; fallax comes; inuidus hofpes; Armatus puer ; infanus iuuenis ; nouitatis Ouesitor, belli fautor ; virtuti inimicus ; Splendidus ore, nocens promiffo; lege tyrannus; Dux cæcus; gurges viciorum; noctus alumnus; Fur clandestinus; mors viuida; mortua vita; Dulcis inexpertis, expertis durus : Eremus Stultitiæ; facula ignescens; vesana libido; Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas; Pluma leuis; morbus iecoris; dementia prudens; Infamis leno; Bacchi, Cererifque minister; Prodiga libertas animæ; pruritus inanis; Prauorum carcer; corrupti fanguinis ardor; Irrationalis motus; fycophanta bilinguis; Struma pudicitiæ; fumi expers flamma; patronus Periuræ linguæ; prostrato fæuus; amicus Immeritis; animi tempestas; luxuriosus Præceptor, fine fine malum; fine pace duellum; Naufragium humanæ vitæ; læthale venenum; Flebile cordolium; graue calcar; acuta fagitta; Sontica pernicies, nodofæ caufa podâgræ; Natus ad infidias vulpes : pontus lachrymarum; Virgineæ Zonæ ruptura; dolofa voluptas; Multicolor ferpens; vrens affectus; inermis Bellator; fenijque caput, feniumque iuuentæ? Ante diem funus; portantis vipera; mæstus Pollinctor; fyren fallax; mors prœuia morti; Infector nemorum; erroris Labyrinthus; amara Dulcedo; inuentor falfi; via perditionis; Formarum egregius (pectator ; pæna perennis ; Suspirans ventus; fingultu plena querela; Triste magisterium; multæ iactura diei; Martyrium innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus Sifyphium; radix curarum; defidis efca; Febris anhela; fitis morofa; hidropicus ardor; Vis vno dicam verbo ? incarnata Gehenna est.

This passion is an imitation of the first Sonnet in Seraphine, and grownded vpon that which Ariftotle writeth¹ of the Ægle, for the proofe fhe maketh of her birdes, by fetting them to behold the Sonne. After whom Pliny hath written, as followeth: Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos fuos percutiens, Subinde cogit aduer/os intueri Solis radios: et f conniuentum humeetantemque animaduertit, pracipitat e nido, velut adulterinum ataue decenerem: illum, cuius acies firma contra fleterit, educat.²

He haughtie Ægle Birde, of Birdes the beft,
Before the feathers of her younglinges growe.
She liftes them one by one from out theire neft,
To vewe the Sunne, thereby her owne to knowe;
Thofe that behold it not with open eye,
She lettes them fall, not able yet to flye.
Such was my cafe, when Lowe poffeft my mind;
Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light
Of her my Sunne, whofe beames had made me blinde,
I made my Will fuppreffe it with Defpight :

But fuch a thought, as could abide her beft,

I harbred fill within my carefull breft. But those fond dayes are past, and halfe forgotte; I practife now the quite cleane contrary: What thoughtes can like of her, I like them not, But choake them streight, for feare of ieopardy;

For though that Loue to fome do feeme a Toy,

I knowe by proofe, that Loue is long annoy.

1 Lib. 9. Hist. animal.

Nat Hist lib. 10 cap. 1.

The Authour faineth here, that *Loue*, effaying with his brand, to fire the heart of fome fuch Lady, on whome it would not worke, immediately, to trie whether the old vertue of it were extinguified or no, applied it vnto his owne breft, and thereby foolifhlie confumed him felfe. This inuention hath fome relation vnto the Epitaph of *Loue*, written by *M. Girolimo Parabo/co*;

In cenere giace qui sepolto Amore, Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, etc.

Efolu'd to duft intomb'd heere lieth *Loue*, Through faulte of her, who heere her felfe fhould lye; He ftrooke her breft, but all in vaine did proue To fire the yfe : and doubting by and by His brand had loft his force, he gan to trye Vpon him felfe ; which tryall made him dye.

In footh no force ; let those lament who lust, Ile fing a carroll fong for obsequy ; For, towardes me his dealings were vniust, And cause of all my passed misery :

The Fates, I thinke, feeing what I had paft,

In my behalfe wrought this reuenge at laft. But fomewhat more to pacyfie my minde, By illing him, through whome I liu'd a flaue, Ile caft his afhes to the open winde, Or write this *Epitaph* vppon his graue;

Here lyeth Loue, of Mars the bastard Sonne, VVhose foolish fault to death him selfe hath donne. This is an Epilogue to the whole worke, and more like a praier then a Paffion : and is faithfully translated out of *Petrarch*, *Sonnet.* 314, 2. *parte*, where he beginneth,

> I vð piangendo i mici pafsati tempi I quai poli in amar cofa mortale, Senza leuarmi à volo, hauend io l'ale Per dar forfe di me non bafsi efsempi. etc.

Vgeo iam querulus vitæ tot luftra peracta, Quæ malè confumpfi, mortalia vana fecutur, Cùm tamen alatus potui volitaffe per altum, Exemplarque fuifse alijs, nec inutile forfan.
Tu mea qui peccata vides, culpasque nefandas, Cæli fumme parens, magnum, et venerabile numen, Collapfæ fuccurre animæ; mentifque caducæ Candida defectum tua gratia fuppleat omnem.
Ut, qui fuftinui bellum, durafque procellas, In pace, et portu moriar; minimeque probanda Si mea vita fuit, tamen vt claudatur honeste.
Tantillo vitæ fpacio, quod fortè fuperfit, Funeribufque, meis præfentim porrige dextram; Jpfe vides, in te quàm fpes mea tota reposa est.

FINIS.

The Labour is light, where Loue is the Paiemistres.



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THOMAS WATSON.

II. Meliboeus.

A LATIN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF

SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.

1590.

III. An Eglogue, etc.

BEING A TRANSLATION OF THE SAME INTO ENGLISH.

1590.

. •. THE TWO WORKS HAVE BEEN PLACED UPON OPPOSITE PAGES : AND, AS FAR AS MAY BE, WITH LINE CORRESPONDING TO LINE.

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MELIBOEVS THOMÆ WATSONI

Siuè,

ECLOGA JN OBJTVM HONORATISSIMI VIRI,

> Domini Francisci Walsinghami, Equitis aurati, Diuæ ELIZABETHÆ a secretis, et fanclioribus confilijs.



L O N D I N I, Excudebat Robertus Robinfonus. M. D. L x x x x.



AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the

Right Honorable Sir Francis Walfingham, Late principall Secretarie to Her Maiestie, and of her moste Honourable Privie Councell.

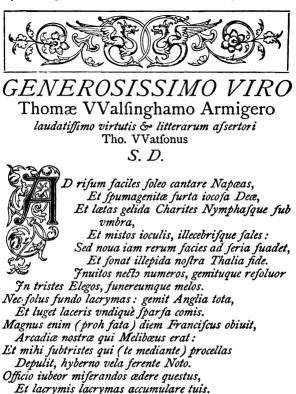
Written first in latine by Thomas Watfon, Gentleman, and now by himfelfe translated into English.

Mufis mendicantibus infultat A'µovola.



AT LONDON, Printed by Robert Robinfon. 1590.





Tu clemens dignare pias audire querelas:

Dumquè ego fum Corydon, Tityrus efse voli.

Ereptum nobis Melibæum flebimus ambo:

Flebimus, vt raptum fleuit amicus Hylam.

Dignitatis tuæ ftudiofus Thomas Watfonus.

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[ECLOGA INOBITVM, &c.]

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To the most vertuous Lady, Lady Francis

Sydney, all honour and happineffe.



Adam, vnder the Patronage of M. Thomas walfingham I publi/hed a Latine Funerall poëme, where with a pafloral Mufe I vndertake (in loue and duetie) to commend the vertuous life, and bewaile the vntimely death of our great Melibœus the right honorable Sir Francis Walfingham, your late deceafed Father, a found piller of

our common wealth, and chiefe patron of vertue, learning, and chiualrie. In which poeme albeit I neuer attaine the heigth of his worthineffe, yet manie (rather affecting his praife, then my verfe) have requested and perfwaded me to publish Melibœus in English, for the more generall understanding thereof: that as his life was to all men both pleasing and profitable, fo his death might be honored with a publike forrow: and that the whole body of this realme, in lamenting the lofse of fo vigilant a gouernor, might learne therby, (as by a iust necessitie) the more to love, honor, and obey those few, that yet furvive, refembling him in high eftate, and vertuous condition. Such as the translation is, I humblie offer it to your Ladiships protection, hoping it will be as fauorablie redd and accepted, as it is affectionatly written and prefented.

> Your Ladifhips in all duetie Thomas Watfon.

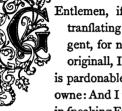
146 [ECLOGA INOBITVM, &c.]



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To the courteous Reader.



Entlemen, if you suppose me vaine, for tranflating myne owne poeme: or negligent, for not doing it exactly to the latin originall, I thus defire to fatisfie you. It is pardonable for a man to be bold with his owne: And I interpret myfelf, left Melibæus in fpeaking English by an other mans labour,

fhould leefe my name in his chaunge, as my Amyntas did. A third fault (haply) will bee found, that my paftorall difcourfe to the vnlearned may feeme obfcure: which to preuent, I have thought good, here to aduertife you, that I figure Englande in Arcadia; Her Maiestie in Diana; Sir Francis Walfingham in Melibœus, and his Ladie in Dryas; Sir Phillippe Sidney in Astrophill, and his Ladie in Hyale, Master Thomas Walsingham in Tyterus, and my felfe in Corydon.

Defirous to pleafe you

Tho. VVation.





ECLOGA

HONORATISSIMI VIRI,

Domini Francisci Walsinghami, Equitis aurati, Diuæ ELIZABETHÆ a fecretis, et fanctioribus confilijs.

Corydon.

Tityrus.



Ityre, iam quoniam prati per amæna vireta Sparguntur pecudes, et nos confedimus ambo, Huius (fi quid amas) effare fub arboris vmbra, Quæ noua follicitos apportent fata dolores:

Cur tua cum molli Zephyro fufpiria pugnant, Atque ferenato minitantur prælia cælo, Qui tenuem placida Mufam meditatus auena, Demulcere foles ventos in bella paratos? Squalida quid fibj vult curarum confcia veflis? Pectore cur fingultus inest? cur lumine fletus? Quid fedet in vultu macies? quid in ore querela? Dic age; mærorem fit fas lenire monendo, Aut faltèm lacrymis noftros connectere planctus: Non leuis eft, luctus focios habuiffe, voluptas.



AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the

Right Honorable Sir Francis Walfingham

late principall Secretarie to her Maiestie, and of her most Honourable *Privie Councell*.

Corydon.

Tityrus.



Owe *Tityrus*, fince wee at eafe are lade, And both our flockes orefpred the flowrie plaine:

- Sweete friend vnfolde vnder this platan shade
- The fecrete caufe of thy concealed paine,
- How haps thy fighing threats the cleered skie,

with gentle Zephyr waging often warres,

Whofe Mufe of yoare with hunnie melodie,

- did calme fierce winds, and ceafe their boiftrous iarres?
- What means this moorning weed? thy weeping eine? thy pale afpect? thy murmuring complaints?
- O fpeake, that I may joine my teares with thine, and eafe thy burdened heart before it faints.

Tityrus.

O Corydon, Corydon, noli perquirere caufas Altiùs, et dirum fando renouare dolorem : Triste recrudefcet blando tantamine vulnus, Nullaque lugentem comitum lamenta inuabunt : Jmmedicabilibus morbis adhibere medelam Define : folus ego per fyluas luce carentes, Solus ego miferæ flens infortunia vitæ, Vt viduus turtur, putri de vimine questus Cælorum contra crudelia fydera fundam.

Corydon.

Te per ego trinas Charites, hilaresque Napæas, Quæ totiés choreas iflos duxêre per agros: Per pičlum Floræ strophium, Cererisque coronam: Per Satyros, Panes, Fauni venerabile numen: Per vitreas Thamesis lymphas: per lustra Dianæ, Seu mauis, ipfum per sacræ nomen Elisæ: Deniquè per storem mutati nuper Amyntæ, Sanguineum storem, synceri pignus amoris, Obtestor, cæcum né celes pečlore vulnus. Pande, precor, tanti quæ sit tibi causa doloris. Qui tecum risu sub verno sole fruebar, Nubila nûnc hyemis plorabo tempora tecum : Vna duobus erit fors, et mens vna duobus.

Tityrus.

Jnuitum taciti mæroris prodere fontes Supplicibus votis, et amico fædere cogis. Accipe, quod fari gemitus permittet acerbus : Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Ergò, fi quid habes Corydon (quià te quoque vatem Dicimus Arcadici) numerofos incipe luctus : Anxia namquè mihi fistunt fuspiria linguam.

Tityrus.

O Corydon forbeare by deepe inquire to rip the skarred wounds of my vnreft : No teares, no counfell can abate the fire, which louing forrow kindles in my breft.
I all alone in darkefom vnkoth place, I all alone muft like the Turtle Doue, Whofe ioy is flaine, bewaile my wretched cafe.

and powre out plaints agenft the gods aboue,

Corydon.

By fyluane nymphs, and louely Graces three, that on our lawnes doe fport them to and fro; By countrie powres of what fo ere degree; by *Floraes* chaplet; by *Dianaes* boe, By fruitfull *Pales*, *Ceres* wheaten crowne.

- by filuer Thamefis old Oceans dame ;
- By chang'd *Amintas* flow'r, that decks the downe; and laftlie by *Elifaes* vertuous name,
- By thefe, and those that guide cælestial spheares, I here coniure thee to discloasethy griefe,
- That I maie flake thy fighing with my teares, whofe comforts oft haue bred my harts relief.

Tityrus.

Then thus (though loath) as griefe will fuffer me, my faltring tongue thall tell my difcontent : That cares by fympathie maie worke on thee, and thou vpholde fome part of my lament. *Alas too foone by Defins fatall knife Sweet* Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.* Now *Corydon* (for eurie fhepheard fwaine reports thee skilfull in a facred verfe)

In fuch a meeter helpe me to complaine, as maie befit great *Mclibæus* hearfe.

Corydon.

Incipio : mecum Diuæ lugete Camænæ, Et tu laurigeri collis regnator Apollo. Pegafeas ripas lacrymarum flumen inundet: Munere Mufarum pennis induta nigellis Euclitent late totum lamenta per orbem. Nos etiàm, quamuis luna stellisque priores Arcades, astricolis et gens chariffima Diuis, Obliti folitæ pietatis, murmure rauco Gyrantes flammas alti culpemus Olimpi. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Tantæne insidunt animis cælestibus iræ. Vt neque præcipui pastoris candida virtus; Nec prudens rebus folertia parta gerendis; Nec peclus varia fuffultum Palladis arte; Nec fuauem referens facundia docla Periclem; Nec pius et patriæ tutandæ feruidus ardor; Nec vigil in nostræ Dictynnæ cura falutem : Nec magni tituli, feriesque et splendor auorum, Nec res innumeræ, quarum fulgebat honore, Saturni poffent frontem pacare malignam. Et nocuum Lunæ frigus, Martisque calorem? O rigidos ignes, ô exitiabile cælum : Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Attamen ô iusto mærori parcite cæli; Quà non credideram, miferæ defectio mentis Impulit, et pietas, et adurens æstus amoris. Ah pudet, inque Deos prauè piget effe loquutum : Crimine Parcarum cecidit, non crimine vestro. O æterne parens, nutu qui nubila cogis, Et fixi rutilos, mundique rotatilis ignes Officio feruire iubes, terramque fouere Mobilibus radijs; dirarum facta fororum Infpice, quæ nufquam virtuti parcere norunt : Supplicijs cohibe duris, et vindice pæna. Nofter enim Pastor, nondum poscente senecta, Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

I now beginne : Apollo guide my founde, and weepe yee fifters of the learned hill: That your Pægafean fprings may leap their bound. and from their floate maie feas of teares diftill. Let deadly forrow with a fable wing, throughout the world go brute this tragedie : And let Arcadians altogether fing a woefull fong agenft heauns tirannie. Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life. Are wheeling orbs fo full of foule defpight, that neither wifdome, nor true pietie, Nor learned skill, nor fpeech of choice delight, nor care of countries fweete fecuritie, Nor watchfull fludie for *Dianaes* health. nor gentle birth which vertues worth did raife. Nor honors titles, nor abundant wealth, nor thousand gifts deferuing endlesse praife Could fmooth the mallice of old Saturnes brow. or heate of Mars, or Lunaes deathfull colde : O enuious heauns, that winde I wotte not how, grudging the glories of this earthly molde. Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife: Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life. Yet glorious heauns, ô pardon my blafpheme, whofe witte in forrowes Labyrinth is ftraide : All that I fpake was but a furious dreame, it was not you, but *Fates* that him betraide. O thou eternall Monarcke, at whofe becke the planets mooue and make their influence : O give the *Deftinies* a wrathfull checke, afflict them for their fpightfull infolence. In cafe mine oraifon feeme ouerlarge, ô yet vouchfafe me but this one requeft, That fatall lawes be giun to Saintes in charge, whofe hands and harts wil alwaies work the beft. Sin maiora precor quam fit mortalibus æquum, Hoc tamen, hoc vnum mifero concede petenti: Ille Deus nostri certissima gloria ruris. Oui tua legatus recle mandata faceffit. In furuos lapfus thalamos Iunonis Auernæ. Immites Parcas rapidi Phlegetontis ad undam Increpet, et iubeat pastorum absistere fatis, Tam propero quoniam deuoluunt flamina fufo. Posthac ætherea cælorum fiat in arce Illud opus, dignum Superis. Ouid Noctis alumnæ. Atque Erebi poffunt, quam candida rumpere fila ? Morta rofam piceo vernantem corripit ungue : Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Inuidet (heu) fummis pastoribus improba Morta. Astrophilum pridem rapuit vitalibus auris, Delicias Melibæe tuas, Hyalesque maritum Candidulæ nymphæ pulchrum, dùm fata finebant.

Cum Pyrenæïs leo descendisset Iberus Montibus, et curfu longinqua per æquora vectus, Belgarum tandem violens armenta voraret : Astrophilus ferro cinclus, fudibufque præuftis, Finibus erupit nostris, validoque furentem Marte lacefluit, folo virtutis amore. Cætera ne dicam, lacrymæ, gemitusque fatigant. Ad focerum redeo. Generi certamina lugens Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Dicite nunc focij, fi dicere forte potestis, Quis vice defuncti crescentes aggere claudet Montofo riuos, nè pafcua picta pererrent ? Quis fofsa torrentis aquas prohibebit agello, Ne fimul et lætas mefses, et pinguia late Deuastent culta, heù miseris ploranda colonis? Quis pice languiduli scabiem curabit ouilis, Aut alios vario fubeuntes corpore morbos Tollet, et immundum mer fabit flumine vellus ? Quis molles pratis agnos, agnos trepidantes, Et teneros celsis imponet montibus hædos, Nocleque sub prima saturos in tecta reducet? Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus objuit.

[AN EGLOGVE, &r.]

What can thofe Imps of euerclowding mift, thofe ruthleffe daughters of eternall night; But (tyrantlike) funder their vitall twift, whofe fhining vertues are the worldes chiefe light? Alas too foone by defins fatall knife,

Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

And was not Astrophill in flowring prime, by cruell Fates cut off before his daie, Yong Astrophill, the mirrour of our time, faire Hyales chiefe ioy, till his decay? When late a dreadfull Lyon in his pride defcended downe the Pyranaan mount, And roaring through the pastures farre and wide, deuowr'd whole Belgian heards of chief account : Stout Astrophill incenft with fole remorfe. refolu'd to die, or fee the flaughter ceaft : Then fenft with fire and fword, with manly force he made affalt vpon the furious beaft. But of this tale teares d[r]owne the latter part : I must returne to Melibaus fall, Who mourning still for Astrophils depart, forfooke his friends, and loft himfelfe withall. Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife, Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Nowe tell me fhephards all, and fellow fwaynes, who fhal with rampiers fence our country foile? And keep the fluds from breaking ore the plaines? and fheild our tender flocks from deadly fpoile? Who fhall recure their faintie maladies, and purge their fleeces in foft running ftreams?

Who fhall defend our lambs from icoperdies? and fhrowd our kids from *Titans* parching beames? Quis preffo vacuam tellurem findet aratro, Pinguia diuiduis ut fulcis femina mandet, Et glebis fubigat dentata crate folutis ? Quis metet, et vincilas stridentibus undiqué plaustris Exportabit agro, ponetque sub horrea fruges, Sirius urenti spicas ubi coxerit astro? Quis positis minuet pastorum iurgia faxis, Consilioque feras lites, privataque bella Molliet eloquio, dum quisque aliena stubintrat Arua, nec assuet compatur limite stringi? Publica quis vidui curabit commoda ruris? Seria quis ludis miscebit, et utile dulci? Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus objuit.

Tityrus.

Sæpe meis olim placuit tua stridula canna Auribus, ad Parios quandó cantabat olores, Sequana diuisam quà fluctibus alluit urbem, Falicem, licito si regi seruiat, urbem. Tùm tua cordatis (memini) iuuenilia plettra Perplacuere viris, vpupisque es visus hyrundo. At nunc ô Corydon, quantum mutaris ab illo Tempore i prima nouis superatur Musa querelis; Dumque pio mortem Melibœi carmine defles. Arcadiæ toti dulcis philomela vidêris. Attamen ut lasso supebo carmine cantus. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

J nfælix mifero canitur dum nænia verfu, o quotquot primæua parens animantia terris Indidit, aut gelido ponto, cæloque patenti, Omnia nunc simul ad mæslos concurrite planctus; Vt pulchella meas mundi totius imago Testetur lacrymas, atque illætabile murmur.

Primùm fignifero magnus quas fixit in orbe Arbiter, ô mecum cunclæ lugete figuræ. Carcinus ardorem lacrymofo temperet imbre. Æftinusque Leo rugitibus impleat auram: [AN EGLOGVE, ඊංැ.]

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Who now fhal til our ground, and reape our corne?

who shall assuge the strife of swelling pride,

When eurie fwynard fhall exceede his borne,

and will not by God Terminus be tyde?

Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife,

Sweet Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Tityrus

Thy tunes have often pleaf'd mine eare of yoare, when milk-white fwans did flocke to heare thee fing. Where Seane in Paris makes a double fhoare. Paris thrife bleft if fhee obey her King. But now ô Corydon, that lightfome vaine is changd from youth to aged grauitie, That whilft I heare thee bitterlie complaine, me thinks Apollo fings in Arcadie. And yet afford thy moorning Mufe fome reft, while I (though skil and voice are both decaide) With termes of duetie from a penfiue breft bewaile my friend, whom cruell Fates betraide. Alas too foone by Destins fatall knife Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life. O all that all the *Vniuers* containes in heaun, or aire, or earth, or watrie deepe : With mutual plaints make light my fecret pains, for forrow wafts in teares, where manie weepe. And first ye Figures in the Zodiacke line, that decke heauns girdle with æternall light : O faine fome griefs, and knit them vnto mine, fuch griefs as may this bafer worlde affright. Now Cancer flake thy heate with brackifh raine, and Leo roare, to make the skie difmaide :

Et nolit faltare Aries : fletumque perennem Amphora distillet : quid enim nisi flere potestis ? Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Libra diem tepido non æquet fydere nocti : Nam magis arridet tenebrofa dolentibus umbra. Splendida quam lucis facies : lux confona lætis. Vulneret Arcitenens infectis cruda fagittis Numina Parcarum, vt diro cruciata veneno, Horrendis trepidum turbent ululatibus Orcum. Et piger inducat Capricornus frigora brumæ Manfuræ, pluuias et Piscis mutuet undas. Et feriat cornu Taurus ; caudaque minaci Scorpius : et nusquam Gemini pereuntia fratres Carbafa fustentent. Tu denique candida Virgo Vngue genas lacera : quid enim nifi trifte fuperfit ? Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Lucentis porró finuofa volumina cæli. O simùl ad nostras accedite singula curas: Ne Superûm fedes, mundo lacrymante minori. Diffluat ad luctum, quoniam nihil es nifi luctus : Nam mihi fi vates pastorum maximus Orpheus Veridice motus, viresque reclusit Olimpi, Plumbeus et gelidus cyclum percurris auaro Progreffu, tardique premunt vestigia calcis Tristities, gemitus, lacrymæ, lamenta, dolores, Deliræ tenebræ, terror, difcordia, pallor, Per dulces nobis comites in funere, quando Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Tu verò celebris nymphæ Cretenfis alumne, Qui laudata tenes in lampade regna fequenti, Exue nunc veteres animos ad gaudia promptos, Atque falutaris mutetur gratia stella, Nec blanda virtute Deum compesce furentem. Diffundant lites flammata palatia Martis Pectus in humanum : nec, te miferante, cruenta Sistatur cædes, aut frænos perferat ira. Auree Sol mundo non amplius esto benignus : Quæque præis, fequerisque (fuo fed tempore) Solem, Soluare in lacrymas : Êt tu chariffime Stilbon.

 Aquarius powre thou downe falt teares amaine, and Aries let thy dancing now be flaide. Now Libra make not aquinocliall, but fuffer night to ouergrow the daie : For darkenes fits all vs that liue in thrall, let thofe haue light that lift to fport and plaie. Now let the Centaure with his poifned fleele vpon the Fates inflict a deadlie wounde : That for mifguiding late their fatall wheele they may lament with guofts of vnder-ground. Now let the winter vnder Capricorne laft fill : and Pifces lend him watrie flowres: Let Taurus wound the welkin with his horne, and Scorpio with his taile fling fatall powres. Now Gemini forbeare with gladfome fhine, to comfort Sea-men in their chiefe difpaire : Virgo make fountains of thy daie-bright eine, and teare the treafure of thy golden haire. Alas too foone by Defins fatall knife Sweete Melibœus is deprivd of life.
Yee <i>feaunfold flames</i> , whofe euer-circling fires maintain this earth with influence from your fphears, And with your powre guide mortall mens defires,
now leaue your harmonie, and fall to teares. Yet cankred <i>Saturne</i> it were all in vaine,
with my intreats to call for thy lament,
For if old Orpheus but a footh haue faine,
to miferies thy minde is alwaies bent.
Thou still art lumpish, waiward, cold, and sloe,
attended on with Terror, doating night,
Pale discontent, sighs, discord, teares, and woe,
fit mates for me that want my chiefe delight.
But thee faire <i>Iupiter</i> I must require,

to change the gratious vertue of thy flarre,

And not to temper with thy gentle fire, the raging heates of him that breedeth warre. Opposito Phabi lucem confunde galero; Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Ultima mobilium sphærarum, sed mihi prima, Dum varios mutata fubis, fundisque labores. Luna tuo nostros auge conamine questus. Define furari Phæbo fua lumina, pennæ Noctis ut obuelent denfa caligine terram, Deque polo sperent solatia nulla miselli Arcades, eximij Pastoris morte miselli. Defectusque tuæ doleant mortalia lucis Omina : fubtimidi Reges, populique tremifcant, Effigiem noctis quando fine nocle figuras. Humorum tam larga tuo descendat ab ore Copia, transiliant omnes ut marmora metas. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Iamque graues audi spirabilis aura querelas : Et quæcunque tuus, spatio diffufus inani, Continet amplexus, dignentur promere mecum Funebre lamentum. Radijs ex æquore tracti Humores, gemitu pulsi mutentur in imbrem. Efficiant lacrymæ nubes, fufpiria caufas Ventorum, varium discordia semina fulmen. Rubræ pyramides, ardens candela, fagittæ Accenfæ, fcintilla volans, ignita capella, Idolum, grando, tonitru, stellæque cadentes, Cunctaque quæ pando generantur in æthere, mira Defuper ad nostros ædant portenta dolores. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

Nunc mihi ceffatum fatis est : tu Tityre paulùm, Dum pofitos iterùm tento depromere luctus, Refpira, grauibusque modum concede querelis. Alternis flentes vicibus cantabimus ambo, Ceruicesque iugo parili fubdemus uterque. Tu (fateor) grandi tetigifti magna cothurno, Æthereos tractus numerans, orbisque remoti Virtutes. At humi tandèm mea Mufula ferpet, Ac humili texet nifi pafloralia cantu :

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- Let Mars roaue vncontrold and kindle strife,
 - that Sorrowes may fit downe by Slaughters fide :
- And golden Sol furcease to fauour life; and Venus weepe, as if Adonis dide.
- And Stillon with thy hatt cloude Phæbus face, and Luna fee thou steale no more his beames :
- But let thy Steedes forbeare their nightlie race, and from thy bofome powre downe weeping ftreames. Alas too joone by Defins fatal knife, Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Now Aire, and what thy circuites doe containe, helpe to lament great Melibæus death:
Let clouds of teares with fighs be turnd to raine, admit no winde but euergroaning breath.
Now fet thy firie Pyramids to viewe, thy diuers Idols, Candles burning bright:
Inflamed Shafts, Comets of dreadfull hewe; Sparkles that flie, and Starres that fall by night.
Let all thy Meteors, of what euer kinde, with terror fort them felues in iuft araie:
And worke fuch fear in euery mortall minde, that all the world may waile for ones decaie. Alas to[o] foone by Deflins fatal knife, Sweete Melibœus is deprived of life.

Corydon.

O Tityrus thy plaint is ouerlong,

here pause a while, at Corydons request:

Of what is wanting in thy farfet fong,

my moorning voice shall striue to tell the rest.

But I must forrow in a lower vaine,

not like to thee, whofe words have wings at wil:

Est mea simplicitas rudibus contenta camænis. Attamen ô vtinàm jacro de fonte bibiffem Dignos perpetua Melibæi laude liquores, Et solidas possem rupes mollire canendo : Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Omnia nunc istic spaciofi Numina ruris Accelerate gradus, viridique in cespite Diui Cumbentes, sparsisque genas humoribus alto Defluxis cerebro, variato murmure nostras (Nam vester Melibæus erat) fulcite camænas. Et cultæ Charites paulisper mittite lucos Suauibus exhilarare fonis, aut fole foreno Pectere flauentes per eburnea colla capillos. Dulcis ad ascaula numeros non motibus usquam Saltetur leuibus : defistant ludere nymphis Permisti Satyri · lacrymæ sint sola voluptas. 7 sta nouos etenim deposcunt tempora mores : Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. In fyluis, exuta fuis iam quælibet arbos Frondibus, amiffum doleat nudata virorem. Iuniperi vernix exudet corpore fecto, Et spiss Myrrhæ fæcundo cortice rores. In fyluis corui crocitent, et bubo, Strygesque, Vulturiusque gemant : strepitent sturni, graculique, Vnifonas rudibus cuculis geminantibus odas. Sed turdus, fringilla, rubella, et alauda, et Acanthis, Et reliquæ taceant volucres, quæ dulce fufurrant. In fyluis Vri, vulpes, vrsique lupique, Et frendens aper, et catulis comitata leæna, Vicinas feriant metuendis questibus auras: Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Jam viduis in agris fegetes capita inclinate, Nec teuuis grauidam spicam fustentet arista, Agricola rapto, qui vos runcare folebat. Iam viduis in agris teneræ marcescite vites. Inque nouo crescens moriatur palmite gemma, Quandoquidem perijt, qui vinitor effe folebat. Iam viduis in agris crudi putrescite fructus, Castaneæ, pyra, pruna, nuces, et citrea mála,

An humble flile befits a fimple Swaine. my Muse shall pipe but on an oaten quill. Immortall Fauni, Satvrs, and great Pan. the Gods and guiders of our fruitfull foile, Come feat your felues by me, and waile the man, whofe death was haftned by his vertuous toile. Yee comelie Graces neither dance nor plaie, nor kembe your beauteous treffes in the Sun. But now fince Melibæus is awaie, fit downe and weepe, for wanton daies are dun. Now in the woods be leafeleffe eury Tree, and beare not pleafant fruits as heretofore : Myrrha let weeping gums diftill from thee. and help to make my dolefull plaint the more. Now in the woods let night-rauns croak by daie, and gladies Owles fhrike out, and Vulturs grone: But *fmaller birds* that fweetly fing and play, be whift and ftill: for you can make no mone. Now in the fields each corne hang down his head, fince he is gon that weeded all our corne: Apd forouting Vines wither till you be dead, fince he is dead, that fhielded you from ftorme.

Infitor occubuit, mala qui castrare folebat. Iam viduis ab agris pulchri discedite flores, Lilia, narciffi, caltha, violaque, rofaque. Qui dudum noster topiarius effe folebat, Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. O vidui ruris vepres, viburna, rubeta : O valles, campi, montes; ô flebilis Eccho; O quæ lugetis defunctum examina regem; O fontes, riui, vada, flumina, stagna, paludes; Tuque coaxatrix ad craffas rana lacunas ; Et nymphæ gelidis habitantes antra fub undis Saxea, fed molli femper viridantia mufco; O armenta, fues, et oues, ouiumque magistri, Infantes, pueri, iuuenesque, virique, fenesque, Matronæque graues, nuptæ, innuptæque puellæ. Ouotquot in Arcadia vitalem ducitis auram. Ŏ fimul, ô mecum miferos effundite questus : Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Tityrus.

If thac mitte mihi : me, me magis ista decebunt, Quem dolor augefcens curis mordacibus urit. Öccidis ô dulcis Melibæe, ô patrue dulcis, O pater, ô quid non? ô nostri gloria ruris Mascula, firmatum Diuæ munimen Elisæ. Sicut enim robor, vel quæ fuperminet ingens Ornus, in excelfas dum furgit vertice nubes, Perferat ipfa licet violenti fulminis iclus, Luctantesque ruant venti circumque fupraque, Perque comas, perque ora imber fluat, illa nec atro Fulmine, nec vento luctante, nec imbre fatifcit: Haud fecus ille vices fortunæ pertulit omnes, Sed femper constans, et Elifæ fidus. At eheu, Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Tu refte Corydon ad nostras rura querelas Impellis clamore tuo : Sed totus ut orbis Nobifcum rapti deploret Solis acerbum Occafum, falfo regnantia Numina campo

Now in the fields rot *fruits* while you are greene, fince he is gon that vfde to graff and grace you: And die faire *Flowres*, fince he no more is feene,

that in *Dianaes* garland vfde to place you.

- O heards and tender flocks, ô handfmooth plains, ô Eccho dwelling both in mount and vallie :
- O groues and bubling fprings, ô nimphs, ô fwains, ô yong and olde, ô weepe all Arcadie. Alas too foone by Deftins fatall knife Sweete Melibœus is depriu'd of life.

Tityrus.

O let me interrupt thee yet once more, for who fhould more lament his loffe then I,
That oft haue tafted of his bounteous flore, and knew his fecret vertues perfectlie?
We haue alreadie fummond euerie part, excepting that which in the Ocean lies :
To ftand copartners of our wofull fmart, and beate the fenfeleffe aire with Elegies.
Now therfore Neptune grant me this one boone, depofe great *Ioue* for fo mifguiding fate :

Compellare libet, lucluque fubire profundum : Omnia nam gremio complectitur Amphitrite. Huc ades & Neptune pater, furcaque tridenti 7gnauo minitare polo, qui fydere nullo Immites Erebi, Fatique coercuit iras; Non impune ferat tantam patientia cœli Delictum : fub aquis cogatur viuere magnus Iuppiter, et suprà tu fati dirige leges : Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Huc ades O Nerei nunquam nisi vera canentis Glauce fenex vates; et tu Terræque marisque Fili Phorce veni. Ceto comitate marita. Quæ feruaturum fuluo pomaria fructu Confita ferpentem peperit, mirabile monstrum : Tuque nouis dudum titulis imbute Palæmon : Et tot diversas olim mentite figuras. Ad nos Carpathio vates è gurgite prodi: Et Tethis, natuque minor Thetys: Ilicet omnes Dijque Deæque maris, nymphæque, Pherufa, Ligæa, Lamprothöe, Melite, Galatæaque, Cymothöeque, Nobifcum flentes totos infumite riuos. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit. Intereá Triton stridenti marmora concha Personet extremas præterlabentia terras. Et rauco celebret Melibæi funera cantu, Lugûbri cantu, quem cærula deferat unda In varias oras Phæbo fub utroque iacentes, Et tristi præter folitum rumore fufurrans, Innumeros voluat per inania littora planctus. Non ità lasciui surgant delphines in altum. Ut capiant pueros, cythara vel Arionis ipfi Sint iterùm capti ; fed abundent lumina fletu. Et tepidum, fed fyncerum nunc improba Syren Exundet rorem, sparsos laniata capillos. Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

Iam fatis eft lacrymis indultum Tityre : paulùm

[AN EGLOGVE, &c.]

That Melibæus wounded all too foone. by Mortaes malice dies before his date. And thou old *Glaucus* with divining bleft. Prophet to him that neuer fpeakes but truth, Come with Palamon, Phorcus, and the reft, and here giue oracle of endles ruth. Come Tethis come with Thetis after thee. and all thy watrie nymphs, a louelie traine: Vouchfafe to fit vpon thefe bankes with me, that I may heare both thee and them complaine. And thou great Triton with thy founding fhell, impart my grieuance vnto euerie fhore : And with a murmure make the waves goe tell, that worthie Melibeus breaths no more. Now let no Dolphins feeke Arions Mufe, nor play by fhore to ketch vp heedles boies : Let them fuppofe fweete Muficke out of vfe, and wanton louetricks to be foolifh toies. Deceitfull Mermaids leaue your auncient guife, forbeare to fing while tempeft troubles vs : Let me behold whole fountains in your eies, for weeping fits vnhappie Tityrus.

Corydon.

But Tityrus inough, leaue of a while :

Aufculta, et compone meis fermonibus ora, Dum meliora loquar cælesti Numine doclus: Nam mihi, nescio quo, plenum spiramine pectus Lætitias ardet muliebria post lamenta. Tu mecum lætare fimul, quid nubila tecum Vnanimis luxi: fit tempus vtrique ferenum. Non ita multa fubefl ità longi caufa doloris. Ab falso querimus Melibœum fata fubiffe Lurida, cùm diræ molis compage folutus, Et mæstam placido commutans sydere terram, Æternas luces oculis miratur apertis. Ille fupra cælos (quifquis fuit ille Deorum, Qui mihi fuggeffit) virtuti præmia liuor Ne raperet, vitam firmantis pocula fumpfit Nectaris, et nostras ridet super astra querelas. Tityre fœlici lætum Pæana canamus. Cælestes inter turmas, quas ordo nouenus Diuidit, (antiquo fi fas est credere vati) Fam noster Melibæus agit; quà flammea latè Collucent Seraphin : Et facro plena liquore Plus fapiunt Cherubin : et quà cenfura potentis Iusta Thronos intrans mortalia singula librat: Quà fimul a facro dominantia numina nomen Officio capiunt, multum parentque iubentque : Qud princeps numerus fubieclis myslica pandit Ciuibus : et femper fuperantibus vtitur armis Turba Protestatum : Virtutes mira faceffunt : Deniquè quà maiora ferens Archangelus orbi Cantat, et Angelicus qui nunciat ordo minora. Tityre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus.

 ftop moorning fprings, drie vp thy drearie eine, And blithlie intertaine my altred flile, inticd from griefs by fome allure diuine. For now my mind reclaimd from carefull mone, gins fault hir giuing place to forrows fourfe : And in hir change intreats thee ceafe to grone, that as we grieud, fo we may ioie by courfe. In iuft complaint though forrowes were begun, and all too litle for the man we waile : Yet now at laft our forrows muft be done, and more then moorning reafon muft preuail. Iniuftlie grudge we Melibœus death, as though his worth were buried in his fate : But neither are his vertues drenchd in Leath, nor vertuous foule remoud to meaner flate : His faith hath framd his fpirit holie wings, to foare with A/lrophil aboue the Sun : And there he ioies, whence euery comfort fprings, and where the fulnes of his bliffe begun. Let vs be ioifull after long annoie, Since Melibœus lius in perfect ioie. Our Melibœus lius where Seraphins doe praife the Highe/l in their glorious flames : Where flowes the knowledge of wife Cherubins : where Dominations rule and yet obaie : where Principalities to lower powers Deepe hidden mifteries doe ftill bewraie : where Vertues practife miracles and wunder : where Vertues practife miracles and wunder : where both Archangels and fweet Angels fing, Whofe office is, to vs, that liue here vnder, from heaun cælefliall meffages to bring. Let vs be ioifull after long annoie, Since Melibœus lius in perfit ioie.
Since Melibœus lius in perfit ioie. Now Melibœus in compareleffe place, drinkes Nectar, eates diuine Ambrofia;
And hath fruition of eternall grace, and with his countnance cheeres <i>Arcadia</i> .

1

Cum superis Divis divinas incolit arces Ambrosijs epulis pastus Melibæus : et alto Culmine despiciens per tralucentis Olimpi Stellas, Arcadiam vultu folatur amico. Nos ex officio, dùm spiritus incolit astra, Spargamus violis, et olenti corpus Acantho, Purpureifque rosis, casiaque, thymoque et amomo : Et merito tantum careat nè funus honore, Ornemus velo, pulchrifque tapetibus artus, O præclare, tuo dignos, Maufole, fepulchro. Ducamus vigiles nocles ad triste cadauer, Eulogijs plenos recitantes undiquè verfus. Tityre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus. Solemur Dryadem, nimio quæ victa dolore, (Heu vereor) ficut quondam Philacëia coniux, Amplexans gracilem defuncti coniugis umbram, Expirabit amans. Hyalen folemur honoræ Matris adhærentem lateri, iunclisque querelis Mollia ad immites tendentem brachia cælos. Brachia Sithoniis niuibus mage candida, quorum Astrophilus toties in vincula grata cucurrit. Ut cingi cupidæ finuofis vitibus ulmi. Deniquè vexillis nigrum parmisque ferêtrum Condamus, furuos infignia debita pannos Tigridis ut vultu decorent, et fronte minaci. Titvre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus. 7mprimis autèm facram conemur uterque,

Then while his fpirit dwels in heaunlie towres. let vs performe what honor dutie willes: Let vs adorne his facred tumb with flowres. and fweete it with the riches of our hilles. Our vernall *Flora* that bewailes our loffe. will gladlie let hir flowrie locks be rent : And clad hir felfe in moornfull roabes of moffe. if all the treafure of hir buds were fpent. Then *Flora* lends vs thime and violets. fweete balme and rofes for his buriall: Beftow no wealth on wanton amorets. but fpare it to adorne his funerall. And Pales bath his lims in fluds of milke. and couer him with coftly ornament: Infhrine his corps in fheetes of fofteft filke, for he deferus Maufolus monument. And Tityrus let vs before the reft fet holie lights, and watch his breathles corfe, Singing fweet himns for him whofe foule is bleft, though parted from his flefh by deaths diuorce. Now cheere we Dryas in hir miferie. who ouerlong bewailes hir haplefie cafe : Left ouerlouing like Laodamie, fhee loofe hir felfe in deepe fuppofd imbrace. Now call we Hyale from whifpring ftreames, increast with teares (true feruants of annoie) Who takes no pleafure but in griefs extreames, nor ioies in ought but in hir want of ioie: Faire Hvale, who wringing oft hir armes, hir armes far whiter then Sythonian fnoa, With doubling fighs bewails hir helples harmes, Alas that helples harmes flould vexe hir fo. Yet beuteous Nymph thy carefull mother liues, (long may fhee liue, and liuing eafe thy hart) Accept what comfort hir furuiuing giues, and in lifes comfort drown thy forrows fmart. Helpe thou with vs, and eurie countrie wight, to chace all grieuance from *Dianaes* minde : From drad Diana, earths and heauns delight, Diana, glorie of hir fexe and kinde;

Totaque folari nobifcum rura Dianam; Ouæ caput est huius regni, quæ gloria regni; Quæ Cybele cæli nostri, quæ nostra Sybilla; Quæ pietatis amans; placidæ quæ pacis amica; Quæ genus et proauos proprijs virtutibus ornat; Quæ varijs loquitur linguis; quæ vatibus ipfa Indulget vates, et doclis doctior ipfa; Ouæ Iunonis habet gestum, moresque Mineruæ, Et veneris formam; quæ, fit licèt innuba virgo. Exuperat reges, quantum querceta myricas. Sed quid eam refero, quæ nostro carmine maior, Est cantanda tuo dulcis Spencere cothurno, Cuius ineft numeris Hiblæi copia mellis. Tu quoque nobifcum (quoniàm tu noster Apollo) Lugentem folare Deam, quotiès Melibæi Tristia lacrymulis preciosis funera deflet. Dic illi (tu namquè potes fælice camæna) Arcadas innumeros, quanquam Melibœus obiuit, Præstantes fuperesse viros, similes Melibœi. Damœtam memora, quo non præclarior alter, Non quifquam ingenio melior, non promptior ore, Non grauior vultu, nec ad arma paratior extat : flle est Damætas, qui iuris corrigit iram, Ouem vocat Hattonum Triuiæ venerabile Numen. Damonem memora, qui Nestora pluribus annis Confilioque refert nunquam nifi vera monenti : Nam quod erat magno maturus Neftor Atridæ,

Diana. wondrous mirrour of our daies : Diana matchleffe Queene of Arcadie; Diana, whofe furpaffing beauties praife Improous hir worth past terrene deitie; Diana, Sibill for hir fecret skill ; Diana, pieties chief earthlie friend ; Diana. holie both in deede and will; Diana whofe iuft praifes haue no end. Ah but my Mufe, that creeps but on the ground, begins to tremble at my great prefume, For naming hir, whofe titles onelie found doth glad the welkin with a fweet perfume. For in hir minde fo manie vertues dwell, as eurie moment breed new pieties : Yet all in one coioind doe all excell. and crowne hir worth with fundrie deities. But that vnwares my forie ftile proceeds drad Cynthia pardon : loue defires difpenfe : As *Ioues* high Oaks orelook *Pans* flender reeds. fo boue all praifing flies thine excellence. Yet left my homefpun verfe obfcure hir worth, fweet Spencer let me leave this taske to thee, Whofe neuerflooping quill can beft fet forth fuch things of flate, as paffe my Mufe, and me. Thou Spencer art the alderliefeft fwaine, or haply if that word be all to bafe, Thou art Apollo whofe fweet hunnie vaine amongft the Mufes hath a chiefeft place. Therefore in fulnes of thy duties loue, calme thou the tempeft of Dianaes breft, Whilft fhee for Melibaus late remoue afflicts hir mind with ouerlong vnreft. Tell hir forthwith (for well fhee likes thy vaine) that though great Melibæus be awaie : Yet like to him there manie ftill remaine. which will vphold hir countrie from decaie. First name Damætas, flowre of Arcadie, whofe thoughts are prudent, and fpeech vertuous, Whofe looks have mildnes joind with Maieftie, whofe hand is liberall and valorous:

2.1

Qui patrem patriæ multis Aiacibus vnum Prætulit, id noftræ Damon longæuus Elifæ: Regales gazas reclos conferuat in ufus Damon, Cæcilium quem diximus Arcades olim. Ægonem memora, vicinas lintribus undas Qui tegit, et validi Neptuni munere fungens, Jngentes noftro profligat littore phocas: Howardum veteres fæclo dixere priori. Denique tu Mopfum, tu Daphnim, tu Alphefibæum, Syluanum, Fauftum, et fapientem multa Menalcam, Et reliquos numera paflores, quotquot Elifam Peclore fyncero, nullam paffisque quietem Luminibus, vigiles auido tutantur ab hofte. Ambrofios illi fiftent hæc nomina fletus.

Tityrus.

Quales Oebalij faustifima lumina fratres, Exhaustos pelagi rabie, pulsuque frementum Æolidum, grato tranquillant sydere nautas, Dum ponunt venti, pluuiæ ceduntque tenêbræ: Sic tuus ô tandèm (Corydon) peramabilis aures Sermo meas mulcens, exêmit pectore curam, Et lacrymas oculis, et acerbas ore querelas.

Eccè fed adueniens fuadet difcedere vefper : Jre domum libeat, pecudesque includere feptis, Difcam paulatim rigidos de difcere iuclus. He is Damatas, that is wont to blame extreamest iustice voide of equitie: Diana terms him by an other name. Hatton, vnleffe I faile in memorie. The name old Damon, whom fhee knows of old for fuch as Neftor was to Gracians guide: Worth ten of Aiax, worth all Craffus gold, if his deferts in ballance could be tride. Damon is he that counfels ftill aright. and heedfullie perferus Dianaes ftore : And wakes when others reft them felus by night. we Arcads cald him Cecill heretofore. Then name braue \mathcal{A} gon, that with fhips defence about our coaft orefpreds the Ocean plaines, To keepe fell monfters of the fea from hence: we cleape him *Howard*, that are countrie fwaines. Name Mopfus, Daphnis, Faustus, and the reft, whofe feurall gifts thy finging can expresse: When thou fhalt tell how fhee in them is bleft, their verie names will comfort hir diftreffe.

Tityrus.

Caftor and Pollux, Lædaes louelie twins. whofe bright afpect cheers moornful Mariners, Shewing them felues when pleafant calme begins, of gladfome newes two welcome meffengers, Conuey great comfort to the weltred minde, and with their fheen appearance breed delight : Yet Corydon thy leare and loue combinde pleafe more by hearing, then those twain by fight, For they portending flormie windes furceafe, but by portending caufe the hearts content : Thy learnd perfuades command my forrow ceafe, and fweetnes doth allure to merriment. But hie we homeward, night comes on apace, weel learne beliue forget our doleful notes : See where faire *Venus* fhewes hir radiant face, lets hence, and fhut our fheepfolds in their coat. FINIS.



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THE TEARS OF Fancie. OR, Loue Difdained.

Ætna grauius Amor.



Printed at London for William Barley, dwelling in Gratious ftreete ouer against Leaden Hall. I 593.





Oe Idle lines vnpolifht rude and bafe, Vnworthy words to blafon beauties glory: (Beauty that hath my reftles hart in chafe, Beauty the fubiect of my ruefull ftory.) I warne thee fhunne the bower of her abiding,

Be not fo bold ne hardy as to view her : Leaft fhee inraged with thee fall a chiding, And fo her anger proue thy woes renewer. Yet if fhee daigne to rew thy dreadfull fmart, And reading laugh, and laughing fo miflike thee : Bid her defift, and looke within my hart, Where fhee may fee how ruthles fhee did ftrike mee. If fhee be pleafde though fhee reward thee not, What others fay of me regard it not.







Sonnet. 1,

N prime of youthly yeares as then not wounded, With Loues impoifoned dart or bitter gall : Nor minde nor thoughts on fickle Fancie grounded, But careleffe hunting after pleafures ball. I tooke delight to laugh at Louers follie, Accounting beautie but a fading bloffome : What I efteemd prophane, they deemed holie, Ioying the thraldome which I counted loathfome. Their plaints were fuch as no thing might relieue them, Their harts did wellnie breake loues paine induring : Yet ftill I fmild to fee how loue did grieue them, Vnwife they were their forrowes felfe procuring. Thus whilft they honoured *Capid* for a God, I held him as a boy not paft the rod.

Sonnet. 2.

Ong time I fought, and fiercely waged warre, Againft the God of amarous Defire : Who fets the fenfes mongft themfelues at iarre, The hart inflaming with his luftfull fire. The winged boy vpon his mothers knee, Wantonlie playing neere to *Paphos* fhrine : Scorning that I fhould checke his Deitie, VVhofe dreaded power tam'd the gods diuine. From forth his quiuer drew the keeneft dart, VVherewith high *Joue* he oftentimes had wounded : And fiercely aimd it at my flubborne hart, But backe againe the idle fhaft rebounded. Loue faw and frownd, that he was fo beguiled, I laught outright, and *Venus* fweetely fmiled.

Son[net]. 3.

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Sonnet. 3.

Hee fmild to fee her fonne in fuch a rage, I laught to thinke how I had Loue preuented : He frownd and vowd nought fhould his ire affwage, Fill I had ftoopt to Loue, and loue repented. The more he rag'd the greater grew our laughter, The more we laught the fiercer was his ire : And in his anger fware my poore harts flaughter, VVhich in my breaft beautie fhould fet on fire. Faire Venus feeing her deere fonne in chollar, Fearing mifhap by his too hafty anger : Perfwaded him that fhee would worke my dollor, And by her meanes procure my endles langor. So Loue and loues Queene (Loue hauing confented,) Agreed that I by Loue fhould be tormented.

Sonnet. 4.

Ho taking in her lap the God of loue, Shee lightly mounted through the Chriftall aire : And in her Coach ydrawne with filuer Doues, To *Vulcans* fmokie Forge fhee did repaire. VVhere hauing wonne the Ciclops to her will, Loues quiuer fraught with arrowes of the beft : His bended bow in hand all armd to kill, He vowd reuenge and threatned my vnreft. And to be fure that he would deadly firike me, His blindfold eies he did a while vncouer : Choofing an arrow that fhould much miflike me, He bad wound him that fcornes to be a Louer. But when he faw his bootles arrow fhiuer, He brake his bow, and caft away his quiuer.

Sonnet. 5.

181 Sonnet. 5.

Opeles and helpeles too, poore loue amated, To fee himfelfe affronted with difdaine : And all his skill and power fpent in vaine, At me the onely object that he hated. Now *Cytherea* from *Olimpus* mount, Defcending from the fphere with her deere fonne : VVith Douelike wings to *Alcidalyon*, Loue on her knee, fhee by the Chriftall fount ; Aduifde the boy what fcandall it would bee, If Fame fhould to the open world difcouer How I furuiu'd and fcornd Loues facred power. Then *Cupid* lightly leaping from her knee, Vnto his mother vowd my difcontenting : Vnhappie vowe the ground of my lamenting.

Sonnet. 6.

Hen on the fodaine faft away he fled,
He fled apace as from purfuing foe: Ne euer lookt he backe, ne turnd his head,
Vntill he came whereas he wrought my woe.
Tho cafting from his backe his bended bow.
He quickly clad himfelfe in ftrange difguife:
In ftrange difguife that no man might him know,
So coucht himfelfe within my Ladies eies.
But in her eies fuch glorious beames did fhine,
That welnigh burnt loues party coloured wings,
VVhilft I flood gazing on her funne-bright eien,
The wanton boy fhee in my bofome flings.
He built his pleafant bower in my breft,
So I in loue, and loue in me doth reft.

Sonnet. 7.

Sonnet. 7.

Ow Loue triumphed having got the day, Proudly infulting, tyrannizing ftill : As Hawke that ceazeth on the yeelding pray. So am I made the fcorne of Victors will. Now eies with teares, now hart with forrow fraught. Hart forrowes at my watry teares lamenting : Eves fhed falt teares to fee harts pining thought. And both that then loue fcornd are now repenting. But all in vaine too late I pleade repentance, For teares in eies and fighs in hart must weeld me: The feathered boy hath doomd my fatall fentence. That I to tyrannizing Loue must yeeld me. And bow my necke erft fubiect to no voke.

To Loues falfe lure (fuch force hath beauties ftroke.)

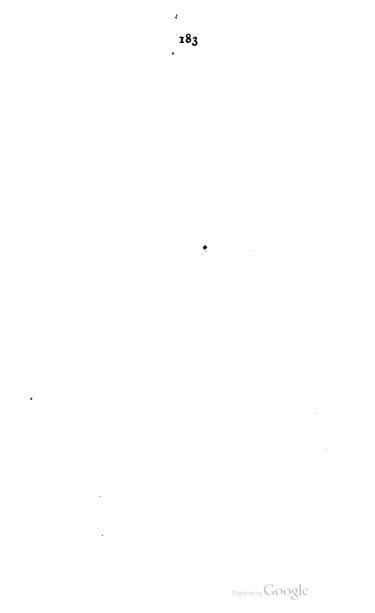
Sonnet. 8.



What a life is it that Louers ioy, VVherein both paine and pleafure fhrouded is: Both heauenly pleafures and eke hells annoy,

Hells fowle annoyance and eke heauenly bliffe. VVherein vaine hope doth feede the Louers hart. And brittle ioy fuftaine a pining thought: VVhen blacke difpaire renewes a Louers fmart, And quite extirps what first content had wrought. VVhere faire refemblance eke the mind allureth. To wanton lewd luft giuing pleafure fcope: And late repentance endles paines procureth, But none of these afflict me faue vaine hope. And fad difpaire, difpaire and hope perplexing, Vaine hope my hart, difpaire my fancie vexing.

Sonnet. 9.







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Sonnet. 17.

Hen from her fled my hart in forrow wrapped.
Like vnto one that fhund purfuing flaughter : All welnigh breathles told me what had happed,
How both in Court and countrie he had fought her.
The drerie teares of many loue repenting,
Corriuals in my loue whom fancie ftroked :
Partners in loue and partners in lamenting,
My fellow thralls whofe necks as mine were yoked.
The fhepheards praifes and their harts amis,
Vrged by my Miftres ouetweening pride :
For none that fees her but captiued is,
And laft he told which to my hart did glide ;
How all the teares I fpent were vaine and forceles,
For fhee in hart had vowd to be remorceles.

Sonnet. 18.

Ho with a fhowre of teares I entertained, My wounded hart into my breaft accloied : VVith thousand fundrie cares and griefes vnfained, Vnfained griefes and cares my hart annoied. Annoving forrowes at my harts returning, Affaild my thoughts with neuer ceasing horror : That even my hart, hart like to Ætna burning. Did often times confpire for to abhorre her. But enuious loue still bent to eke my mourning, A grieuous pennance for my fault inflicted : That eies should weepe and hart be euer groaning ; So loue to worke my forrowes was addicted. But earths fole wonder whofe eies my fenfe appalled, The fault was loues, then pardon me, for loue is franticke called. Sonnet. 10.

Sonnet. 19.



Y hart impos'd this penance on mine eies, (Eies the first caufers of my harts lamenting : That they fhould weepe till loue and fancie dies. Fond loue the laft caufe of my harts repenting. Mine eies voon my hart inflict this paine. (Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue) That it fhould loue and purchase fell difdaine. A grieuous penance which my hart doth proue. Mine eies did weepe as hart had them impofed, My hart did pine as eies had it conftrained : Eies in their teares my paled face difclofed, Hart in his fighs did fhow it was difdained. So th'one did weepe th'other fighed, both grieued, For both must live and love, both vnrelieved.

Sonnet. 20.



Y hart accus'd mine eies and was offended. Vowing the caufe was in mine eies afpiring : Mine eies affirmd my hart might well amend it, If he at first had banisht loues defiring. Hart faid that loue did enter at the eies. And from the eies defcended to the hart : Eies faid that in the hart did fparkes arife. Which kindled flame that wrought the inward fmart. Hart faid eies tears might foone haue quencht that fl[ame.] Eies faid harts fighs at first might loue exile: So hart the eies and eies the hart did blame, VVhilft both did pine for both the paine did feele. Hart fighed and bled, eies wept and gaz'd too much, Yet must I gaze because I see none such.

Sonnet. 21.

Sonnet. 21.

Ortune forwearied with my bitter mone, Did pittie feldome feene my wretched fate : And brought to paffe that I my loue alone, Vnwares attacht to plead my hard eftate. Some fay that loue makes louers eloquent, And with diuineft wit doth them infpire : But beautie my tongues office did preuent, And quite extinguifhed my firft defire. As if her eies had power to ftrike me dead, So was I dafed at her crimfon die : As one that had beheld Medufaes head, All fenfes failed their Mafter but the eie. Had that fenfe failed and from me eke beene taken, Then I had loue and loue had me forfaken.

Sonnet. 22.

Saw the object of my pining thought, VVithin a garden of fweete natures placing : VVhere in an arbour artificiall wrought, By workemans wondrous skill the garden gracing. Did boaft his glorie, glorie farre renowned, For in his fhadie boughs my Miftres flept : And with a garland of his branches crowned, Her daintie forehead from the funne ykept. Imperious loue vpon her eielids tending, Playing his wanton fports at euery becke, And into euerie fineft limbe defcending, From eies to lips from lips to yuorie necke. And euerie limbe fupplide and t'euerie part, Had free acceffe but durft not touch her hart.

Sonnet. 23.

Sonnet. 23.

Ye me that loue wants power to pierce the hart, Of my harts object beauties rareft wonder : VVhat is become of that hart-thrilling dart, VVhofe power brought the heauenly powers vnder. Ah gentle loue if empty be thy quiuer, Vnmaske thy felfe and looke within my breft : VVhere thou fhalt find the dart that made me fhiuer, But can I liue and fee my loue diftreft. Ah no that fhaft was caufe of forrow endles, And paine perpetuall fhould my Lady proue : If hart were pierft, the deare loue be not friendles, Although I neuer found a friend of loue, If not without her hart, her loue be gained, Let me liue ftill forlorne and die difdained.

Sonnet. 24.

Till let me liue forlorne and die difdained, My hart confenting to continuall languifh : If loue (my harts fore) may not be obtained, But with the danger of my Ladies anguifh. Let me oppofe my felfe gainft forrowes force, And arme my hart to beare woes heauy load : Vnpittied let me die without remorce, Rather than monfter fame fhall blafe abroad ; That I was caufer of her woes induring, Or brought faire beauty to fo fowle a domage : If life or death might be her ioyes procuring, Both life, loue, death, and all fhould doe her homage. But fhee liues fafe in freedomes liberty, I liue and die in loues extremitie.

[Sonnet.] 25.

Sonnet. 25.

He private place which I did choofe to waile, And deere lament my loues pride was a groue : Plac'd twixt two hills within a lowlie dale, Which now by fame was cald the vale of loue. The vale of loue for there I fpent my plainings, Plaints that bewraid my ficke harts bitter wounding : Loue ficke harts deepe wounds with difpaire me paining, The bordering hills my forrowing plaints refounding. Each tree did beare the figure of her name, VVhich my faint hand vppon their backs ingraued : And euery tree did feeme her fore to blame, Calling her proud that mee of ioyes depraued. But vaine for fhee had vowed to forfake mee, And I to endles anguifh muft betake mee.

Sonnet. 26.

T pleafd my Miftris once to take the aire, Amid the vale of loue for her difporting . The birds perceauing one fo heauenly faire, With other Ladies to the groue reforting. Gan dolefully report my forrowes endles, But fhee nill liften to my woes repeating : But did proteft that I fhould forrow friendle S So liue I now and looke for ioyes defeating. But ioyfull birds melodious harmonie, Whofe filuer tuned fongs might well haue moued her : Inforft the reft to rewe my miferie, Though fhee denyd to pittie him that lou'd her. For fhee had vowd her faire fhould neuer pleafe me, Yet nothing but her loue can once appeafe me. Sonnet. 27.

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Sonnet. 27.

He banke whereon I leand my reftles head, Placd at the bottome of a mirtle tree : I oft had watered with the teares I fhed, Sad teares did with the fallen earth agree. Since when the flocks that grafe vpon the plaine, Doe in their kind lament my woes though dumbe : And euery one as faithfull doth refraine To eate that graffe which facred is become. And euerie tree forbeareth to let fall, Their dewie drops mongft any brinifh teares : Onelie the mirth* whofe hart as mine is thrall, To melt in forrowes fourfe no whit forbeare. So franticke loue with griefe our paind harts wringing, That ftill we wept and ftill the graffe was fpringing.

Sonnet. 28.

Aft flowing teares from watery eies abounding, In tract of time by forrow fo conftrained : And framd a fountaine in which Eccho founding, The'nd of my plaints (vaine plaints of Loue difdained.) VVhen to the wel of mine owne eies weeping, I gan repaire renewing former greeuing : And endles moane Eccho me companie keeping, Her vnreuealed woe my woe reuealing. My forrowes ground was on her forrow grounded, The Lad was faire but proud that her perplexed : Her harts deepe wound was in my hart deepe wounded, Faire and too proud is fhe that my hart vexed. But faire and too proud muft releafe harts pining, Or hart muft figh and burft with ioies declining.

* ? myrrh.

Sonnet. 29.

193 Sonnet. 29.

Aking a truce with teares fweete pleafures foe, I thus began hard by the fountayne fide : O deere copartner of my wretched woe, No fooner faide but woe poore eccho cride. Then I againe what woe did thee betide, That can be greater than difdayne, difdayne : Quoth eccho. Then fayd I O womens pride, Pride anfwered echo. O inflicting payne, When wofull eccho payne agayne repeated, Redoubling forrow with a forrowing found : For both of vs were now in forrow feated, Pride and difdaine difdainefull pride the ground. That forft poore Eccho mourne ay forrowing euer, And me lament in teares ay ioyning * neuer.

Sonnet. 30.

Bout the well which from mine eies did flow, The woefull witnes of harts defolation : Yet teares nor woe nor ought could worke com-Did diuers trees of fundry natures growe. [paffion, The mirrhe fweet bleeding in the latter wound, Into the chriftall waues her teares did power : As pittying me on whome blind loue did lower, Vpon whofe backe I wrote my forrows ground, And on her rugged rind I wrote forlorne, Forlorne I wrote for forrowe me oppreffed : Oppreffing forrowe had my hart diftreffed, And made the abiect outcaft of loues fcorne, The leaues confpiring with the winds fweet founding, With gentle murmor playnd my harts deepe wounding.

* ? ioying.

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Sonnet. 31.

VVrote vppon there fides to eke their plaining, If fad laments might multiply their forrowe : My loues faire lookes and eke my loues difdaining, My loues coy lookes conftraines me pine for woe. My loues difdaine which was her louers dolour : My loues proud hart which my harts bliffe did banifh : My loues transparent beames and rofy colour, The pride of which did cause my ioyes to vanish. My loues bright shining becautie like the starre, That early rifeth fore for the sunnes appearance : A guide vnto my thoughts that wandring arre, Doth force me breath abroad my woes indurance. O life forlorne, O loue vnkindly frowning, Thy eies my heart dispaire my fad hope drowning.

Sonnet. 32.

Hofe whofe kind harts fweet pittie did attaint, With ruthfull teares bemond my miferies : Thofe which had heard my neuer ceasing plaint, Or read my woes ingrauen on the trees. At laft did win my Ladie to confort them, Vnto the fountaine of my flowing anguifh : VVhere fhe vnkind and they might boldly fport them, VVhilft I meanewhile in forrows lappe did languifh, Their meaning was that fhe fome teares fhould fhed, Into the well in pitty of my pining : She gaue confent and putting forth her head, Did in the well perceaue her beautie fhining. VVhich feeing fhe withdrew her head puft vp with prid And would not fhed a teare fhould I haue died.

Sonnet. 33.

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Sonnet. 33.

Ome fay that women loue for to be praifed, But droope when as they thinke their faire muft Ioying to haue their beauties glorie raifed, [die: By fames fhril trompe aboue the ftarrie fkie. I then whome want of fkill might be with drawing, Extold her beautie not as yet deferued : She faid my words were flatterie and fayning, For good intent to bad euent foone fwerued, Some fay againe they will denie and take it, I gaue my hart, my hart that dearly coft me : No fooner offerd but fhe did forfake it, Scorning my proffered gift fo ftill fhe croft me. But were I (alas I am not) falfe and truthles : Then had fhe reafon to be fterne and ruthles.

Sonnet. 34.

Hy liue I wretch and fee my ioyes decay,
VVhy liue I and no hope of loues aduancing :
VVhy doe myne eies behold the funnie day,
VVhy liue I wretch in hope of better chancing.
O wherefore tells my toung this dolefull tale,
That euery eare may heare my bitter plaint :
VVas neuer hart that yet bemond my bale,
VVhy liue I wretch my pangs in vaine to paint.
VVhy ftriue I gainft the ftreame or gainft the hill,
VVhy doe I toile and loofe my labour ftill,
VVhy doe I feede on hope or bild on truft.
Since hope had neuer hap and truft finds treafon,
VVhy liue I wretch difdainde and fee no reafon?

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Sonnet. 35.

Mongft the Idle toyes that toffe my brayne, And reaue my troubled mynd from quiet reft : Vyle cruell loue I find doth ftill remayne, To breede debate within my grieued breft. VVhen weary woe doth worke to wound my will, And hart furchargd with forrow liues opreffed : My fowlen eyes then cannot wayle there fill, Sorrow is fo far fpent and I diftreffed. My toung hath not the cunning fkill to tell, The fmalleft greife that gripes my throbbing hart : Myne eies haue not the fecret power to fwell, Into fuch hugie feas of wounding fmart. That will might melt to waues of bitter woe, And I might fwelt or drowne in forrowes fo.

Sonnet. 36.

Y waterie eies let fall no trickling teares, But flouds that ouer flow abundantly : VVhofe fpring and fountaine firft inforft by feares, Doth drowne my hart in waues of mifery. My voice is like vnto the raging wind, VVhich roareth ftill and neuer is at reft : The diuers thoughts that tumble in my minde, Are reftleffe like the wheele that wherles alway. The fmokie fighes that boyle out of my breft, Are farre vnlike to those which others vfe : For Louers fighes fometimes doe take their reft, And lends their minds a little space to muse. But mine are like vnto the furging stas, VVhom tempeft calme nor quiet can appease.

Sonnet. 37.

Sonnet. 37.

Here may I now my carefull corps conuay, From company the worker of my woe: How may I winke or hide mine eies alwaies, VVhich gafe on that whereof my griefe doth growe, How fhall I feeme my fighes for to fuppreffe, VVhich helpe the hart which elfe would fwelt in funder, VVhich helpe the hart which elfe would fwelt in funder, VVhich helps and hurts, O woefull wearie wonder, How now, but thus in folitarie wife: To ftep afide and make hie waie to moane, To make two fountaines of my dafled eies, To figh my fill till breath and all be gone. To die in forrow and in woe repent me, That loue at laft would though too late lament me.

Sonnet. 38.



VVould my loue although too late lament mee, And pitty take of teares from eies diftilling : To beare thefe forrowes well I could content me,

And ten times more to fuffer would be willing. If fhe would daine to grace me with her fauour, The thought thereof fuffained greife fhould banifh : And in beholding of her rare behauiour, A fmyle of her fhould force difpaire to vanifhe : But fhe is bent to tiran[i]ze vpon me, Difpaire perfwades there is no hope to haue her : My hart doth whifper I am woe begone me, Then ceafe my vaine plaints and defift to craue her. Here end my forrowes here my falt teares ftint I, For fhes obdurate, fterne, remorfeles, flintie.

Sonnet. 39.

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Sonnet. 39.

Eere end my forrow, no here my forrow fpringeth, Here end my woe, no here begins my wailing : Here ceafe my griefe, no here my griefe deepe Sorrow, woe, griefe, nor ought elfe is auailing. [wringeth Here ceafe my teares, no here begins eies weeping, Here end my plaints, no here begins my pining : Here hart be free, no fighes in hart ftill keeping, Teares, plaints, and fighes, all caufe of ioyes declining. Here end my loue, no here doth loue infpire me, Here end my life, no let not death defire me, Loue, hope, and life, and all with me muft perifh. For forrow, woe, griefe, teares, and plaints oft plained, Sighes, loue, hope, life, and I, muft die difdained.

Sonnet. 40.

He common ioye, the cheere of companie, Twixt myrth and mone doth plague me euermore: For pleafant talke or muficks melodie, Yelds no fuch falue vnto my fecret fore. For ftill I liue in fpight of cruell death, And die againe in fpight of lingring life : Feede ftill with hope which doth prolong my breath, But choackt with feare and ftrangled ftill with ftrife, VVitnes the daies which I in dole confume, And weary nights beare record of my woe : O wronge full world which makft my fancie fume, Fie fickle Fortune fie thou art my foe. O heauie hap fo froward is my chance, No daies nor nights nor worlds can me aduance.

Sonnet. 41.

Sonnet. 41.

Mperious loue who in the prime of youth, I light efteemed as an idle toy : Though late thy fierie dart hath caufd my ruth, And turnd fweet happines to darke annoy. VVhy haft thou pleafure in my harts deepe groning, And doft not rew and pittie my vexations ? VVhy haft thou ioy at my laments and moning, And art not moued at my imprecations ? VVhy haft thou ftroke my hart with fwift defire, And perft my Ladies eies with fell difdaine ? VVhy hath fond fancie fet my thoughts on fire, And pent my hart in prifon of fad paine ? VVhy am I drownd in dolors neuer ceafing, My ioies ftill fading, and my woes increafing.

Sonnet. 42.



Thou that ruleft in *Ramnis* golden gate, Let pittie pierce thy vnrelenting mind : Vnlade me of the burthen cruell fate.

(Fell enuious fates too cruell and vnkind) Haue heapt vpon me by too froward loue, Too froward loue the enemie of fortune : Whofe fierce affaults my hart (too late) did proue, My fillie hart which forrow did importune. Yet in thy power is my harts redeeming, My harts redeeming from vile thraldomes force : Vile thrall to one my forrowes not efteeming, Though fhee be cruell yet haue thou remorce. Be thou to me no more inconftant variable, But let thy fickle wheele reft firme and ftable.

Sonnet. 43.

Sonnet. 43.

Ong haue I fwome againft the wifhed waue, But now confirained by a lothfome life : I greedilie doe feeke the greedie graue, To make an end of all thefe flormes and ftrife. Sweete death giue end to my tormenting woes, And let my paffions penetrate thy breft : Suffer my heart which doth fuch griefes inclofe By timelie fates inioie eternall reft. Let me not dwell in dole fith thou maift eafe me, Let me not languifh in fuch endles durance : One happie ftroke of thy fad hand will pleafe me, Pleafe me good death it is thy procurance. To end my harts griefe (heart fhee did abhorre thee) O haft thee gentle death I linger for thee.

Sonnet. 44.

Ong haue I fued to fortune death and loue, But fortune, loue, nor death will daine to hear me: I fortunes frowne, deaths fpight, loues horror proue, And muft in loue difpairing liue I feare me. Loue wounded me, yet nill recure my wounding, And yet my plaints haue often him inuoked : Fortune hath often heard my forrowes founding, Sorrowes which my poore hart haue welnigh choked. Death well might haue beene moued when I lamented, But cruell death was deafe when I complained : Death, loue, and fortune all might haue relented, But fortune, loue, and death, and all difdained. To pittie me or eafe my refles minde, How can they choofe fince they are bold and blinde.

Sonnet. 45.

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Hen neither fighs nor forrowes were of force I let my Miftres fee my naked breft: Where view of wounded hart might worke re-And moue her mind to pittie my vnreft. [morce. With ftedfaft eie fhee gazed on my hart. Wherein fhee faw the picture of her beautie : Which having feene as one agaft fhee flart, Accufing all my thoughts with breach of duetie. As if my hart had robd her of her faire. No, no, her faire bereaud my hart of ioy : And fates difdaine hath kild me with difpaire. Difpaire the fountaine of my fad annoy. And more, alas, a cruell one I ferued, Left loued of her whofe loue I moft deferued.

Sonnet. 46.



Y Miftres feeing her faire counterfet So fweetelie framed in my bleeding breft : On it her fancie shee so firmelie set. Thinking her felfe for want of it diftreft. Enuying that anie fhould inioy her Image, Since all vnworthie were of fuch an honor : Tho gan fhee me command to leaue my gage, The first end of my ioy, last cause of dolor. But it fo fast was fixed to my hart. Ioind with vnfeparable fweete commixture, That nought had force or power them to part : Here take my hart quoth I, with it the picture. But oh coy Dame intollerable fmart. Rather then touch my hart or come about it, She turnd her face and chofe to goe without it.

Sonnet. 47.

Sonnet. 47.

Ehold deare Miftres how each pleafant greene, Will now renew his fommers liuerie : Thefragrantflowers which haue not long beene feene, Will flourifh now ere long in brauerie. But I alas within whofe mourning mind, The grafts of griefe are onelie giuen to grow : Cannot inioy the fpring which others find, But ftill my will muft wither all in woe. The luftie ver that whilome might exchange, My griefe to ioy, and my delight increafe : Springs now elfe where and fhowes to me but flrange, My winters woe therefore can neuer ceafe. In other coafts his funne doth clearely fhine, And comfort lend to euery mould but mine.

Sonnet. 48.

And winters rage inforft to hide their head : Will fpring and fprowt as they doe now begin, That euerie one will ioy to fee them fpread. But cold of care fo nips my ioies at roote, There is no hope to recouer what is loft : No funne doth fhine that well can doe it boote, Yet ftill I ftriue but loofe both toile and coft. For what can fpring that feeles no force of ver, What hower can flourifh where no funne doth fhine : Thefe balles deare loue, within my breft I beare, To breake my barke and make my pith to pine. Needs muft I fall, I fade both root and rinde, My branches bowe at blaft of euerie winde.

Sonnet. 49.

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Sonnet. 49.

Iana and her nimphs in filuane brooke. Did wash themselues in secret farre apart : But bold Acteon dard on them to looke. For which faire *Phabe* turnd him to a Hart. His hounds vnweeting of his fodaine change, Did hale and pull him downe with open crie : He then repenting that he fo did range. Would fpeake but could not, fo did figh and die. But my Diana fairer and more cruel. Bereft me of my hart and in difdaine : Hath turnd it out to feede on fancies fuel. And live in bondage and eternal paine. So hartles doe I live yet cannot die. Defire the dog, doth chafe it to and fro: Vnto her breft for fuccour it doth flie, If fhee debarre it whither fhall it go. Now lives my hart in danger to be flaine, Vnleffe her hart my hart wil entertaine.

Sonnet. 50.

And, hart and eie, tucht thought and did behold, The onelie glorie that on earth doth grow : Hand quakt, hart fighd, but eie was foolifh bold, To gaze til gazing wrought harts grounded woe. The object of thefe fenfes heauenlie faint, With fuch a maieflie did me appall : As hand to write her praife did feare and faint, And heart did bleede to thinke me Beauties thrall. But eie more hardie than the hand or hart, Did glorie in her eies reflecting light : And yet that light did breede my endles fmart. And yet mine eies nill leaue there former fight. But gazing pine, which eie, hand, hart doth trie, And what I loue, is but hand, hart, and eie.

Sonnet. 51.

Sonnet. 51.



Ach tree did boaft the wifhed fpring times pride, When folitarie in the vale of loue : I hid my felfe fo from the world to hide. The vncouth paffions which my hart did proue.

No tree whofe branches did not brauelie fpring No branch whereon a fine bird did not fit : No bird but did her fhrill notes fweetelie fing. No fong but did containe a louelie dit. Trees, branches, birds, and fongs were framed faire. Fit to allure fraile minde to careles eafe : But carefull was my thought, yet in difpaire, I dwelt, for brittle hope me cannot pleafe. For when I view my loues faire eies reflecting. I entertaine difpaire, vaine hope rejecting.

Sonnet. 52.

Ach Creature ioyes Appollos happie fight, [ing And feede them felues with his fayre beames reflect-Nyght wandering trauelers at Cinthias fight, Clere vp their clowdy thoughts fond fere rejecting But darke difdayne eclipfed hath my fun, VVhofe fhining beames my wandering thought were For want whereof my litle worlde is done [guiding, That I vnneath can flay my mind from fliding, O happie birds that at your pleafure maie : Behold the glorious light of fols a raies, Most wretched I borne in fome difmall daie : That cannot fee the beames my fun difplaies, My glorious fun in whome all vertue fhrowds, That light the world but fhines to me in clowds.

Sonnet. 53.

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Sonnet. 53.

N Clowdes the thines and to obfcurely thineth, That like a mattles thipe at feas I wander : For want of her to guide my hart that pineth, Yet can I not entreat ne yet command her. So am I tied in Laborinths of fancy, In darke and obfcure Laborinths of loue : That euerie one may plaine behold that can tee, How I am fetterd and what paines I proue. The Lampe whofe light thould lead my thip about, Is placed vpon my Miftres heauenlie face. Her hand doth hold the clew muft lead me out, And free my hart from thraldomes lothed place. But cleane to lead me out or Lampe to light me, She fcornefullie denide the more to fpight me.

Sonnet. 54.

Lame me not deere loue though I talke at randon. Terming thee fcornefull, proud, vnkind, difdaineful Since all I doe cannot my woes abandon, Or ridde me of the yoake I feele fo painefull. If I doe paint thy pride or want of pittie, Confider likewife how I blafe thy beautie : Inforced to the firft in mournefull dittie, Conftrained to the laft by feruile dutie : And take thou no offence if I mifdeemed, Thy beauties glorie quencheth thy prides blemifth : Better it is of all to be efteemed, Faire and too proud than not faire and too fquemifhe. And feeing thou muft fcorne and tis aprooued, Scorne to be ruthles fince thou art beloued.

Sonne[1]. 55.

Sonnet. 55.



Y loue more bright than *Cinthias* horned head, That fpreads her wings to beautifie the heauens: When Titan coucheth in his purple bed.

Thou liueft by Titan and inioieft his beames. Shee flies when he begins to run his race, And hides her head his beautie ftaines her brightnes : Thou ftaieft thy beautie yeelds the funne no place, For thou excelft his beames in glories fweetnes. Shee hath eclips, thou neuer doeft eclips, Shee fometimes wanes thy glorie ftill doth waxe : None but Endymyon hangeth at her lips, Thy beautie burnes the world as fire doth flaxe. Shee fhines by months, thou houres, months, and yeares, Oh that fuch beautie fhould inforce fuch teares.

Sonnet. 56.

Ere words diffolued to fighs, fighs into teares, And euerie teare to torments of the mind : The minds diftreffe into those deadly feares, That find more death than death it felfe can find. VVere all the woes of all the world in one, Sorrow and death fet downe in all their pride : Yet were they infufficient to bemone, The refiles horrors that my hart doth hide. Where blacke dispaire doth feede on euerie thought, And deepe dispaire is cause of endles griefe : Where euerie fense with forrowes ouer-wrought, Liues but in death dispairing of reliefe. Whilf thus my heart with loues plague torne asunder, May of the world be cald the wofull wonder.

Sonnet. 57.

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Sonnet. 57.

He hunted Hare fometime doth leaue the Hound, My Hart alas is neuer out of chace : The liue-hounds life fometime is yet vnbound, My bands are hopeles of fo high a grace. For natures fickenes fometimes may haue eafe, Fortune though fickle fometime is a friend : The minds affliction patience may appeafe, And death is caufe that many torments end. Yet I am ficke, but fhee that fhould reftore me, VVithholds the facred blame that would recure me : And fortune eke (though many eyes deplore me,) Nill lend fuch chance that might to ioy procure me. Patience wants power to appeafe my weeping, And death denies what I haue long beene feeking.

Sonnet. 58.

Hen as I marke the ioy of euery wight, [ceafeth Howe in their mindes deepe throbbing forrow And by what meanes they nourifh their delight, Their fweet delight my paine the more increafeth. For as the Deare that fees his fellow feede, Amid the lufty heard, himfelfe fore brufed : Or as the bird that feeles her felfe to bleede, And lies aloofe of all her pheeres refufed. So haue I found and now too deerely trie, That pleafure doubleth paine and bliffe annoy : Yet fill I twit my felfe of Surcuidrie, As one that am vnworthy to inioy. The lafting frute of fuch a heauenly loue, For whom thefe endles forrowes I approue.

Sonnet. 59.

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Sonnet. 59.

Ft haue I raild againft loue many waies, But pardon loue I honour now thy power: For were my Pallace Greece Pyramides, Cupid fhould there erect a flately bower. And in my Pallace fing his fugred fongs, And Venus Doues my felfe will finely feede: And nurce her fparrowes and her milke white Swans. Yea, in my reftles bofome fhould they breede. And thou deare Ladie facred and diuine, Shalt have thy place within my hart affignd: Thy picture yea thy fierie darting eien, Ite carrie painted in my grieued mind. The chiefest coullers shall be scarlet blood. Which Cupid pricketh from my wofull hart: And teares commixt fhall further forth my good. To paint thy glories cording their defart. I now am changed from what I woont to be, Cupid is God, And there is none but he.

Sonnet. 60.

Ho taught thee first to figh Alasse fweet heart? loue. VVho taught thy tongue to marshall words of plaint? loue. VVho fild thine eies with teares of bitter fmart? loue. VVho gaue thee griefe and made thy ioyes fo faint? loue. VVho first did paint with coullers pale thy face? loue. VVho first did breake thy fleepes of quiet rest? loue. VVho forft thee vnto wanton loue giue place? loue. VVho thrald thy thoughts in fancie fo diffrefl? loue. VVho made thee bide both conftant firme and fure. loue. VVho made thee fcorne the world and loue thy friend? loue. VVho made thy mind with patience paines indure? loue. VVho made thee fettle ftedfaft to the end. loue.

Then loue thy choice though loue be neuer gained, Still liue in loue, difpaire not though difdained.

FINIS. T. W.



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