

THE
POEMS
OF
SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE
LIFE OF DANIEL,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

SAMUEL DANIEL, the son of a music-master, was born near Taunton in Somersetshire, in the year 1662. In 1579 he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall, Oxford, where he continued about three years, and by the help of an excellent tutor made considerable improvement in academical studies. He left the university, however, without taking a degree, and pursued the study of history and poetry, under the patronage of the earl of Pembroke's family. This he thankfully acknowledges in his *Defence of Rhime*, which is retained in this edition, as a necessary document to illustrate the ideas of poetry entertained in his time. To the same family he was probably indebted for an university education, as no notice occurs of his father, who, if a music-master, could not well have escaped the researches of Dr. Burney.

The first of his productions, at the age of twenty-three, was a Translation of Paulus Jovius's *Discourse of rare Inventions*, both military and amorous, called *Impresse*, London, 1585, 8vo. to which he prefixed an ingenious preface. He afterwards became tutor to the lady Anne Clifford, sole daughter and heiress to George, earl of Cumberland, a lady of very high accomplishments, spirit, and intrepidity. To her, when at the age of thirteen, he addressed a delicate admonitory epistle. She was married, first to Richard, earl of Dorset, and afterwards to the earl of Pembroke, "that memorable simpleton," says lord Orford, "with whom Butler has so much diverted himself." The pillar which she erected in the county of Westmoreland, on the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, the spot where she took her last leave of her mother,

..... still records, beyond a pencil's power,
The silent sermons of a parting hour,
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace.¹

Among her other munificent acts was a monument to the memory of our poet, on which she caused it to be engraven that she had been his pupil, a circumstance which

¹ See Mr. Park's valuable edition of the Royal and Noble Authors. C.

² Roger's *Pleasures of Memory*, quoted by Mr. Park, *ubi supra*. C.

she seems to have remembered with delight at the distance of more than half a century after his decease.

At the death of Spenser, Daniel, according to Anthony Wood, was appointed poet laureat to queen Elizabeth, but Mr. Malone², whose researches lead to more decisive accuracy, considers him only as a volunteer laureat, like Jonson, Dekker, and others, who furnished the court with masks and pageants. In king James's reign he was made gentleman extraordinary, and afterwards one of the groomes of the privy chamber to the queen consort, who took great delight in his conversation and writings. Some of his biographers attribute this promotion to the interest of his brother-in-law, Florio, the Italian lexicographer, but it is perhaps more probable that he owed it to the Pembroke family. Mrs. Cooper, in her *Muses' Library*, observes that in the introduction to his poem on the Civil Wars, he acknowledges the friendship of one of the noble family of Mountjoy, and this, adds our female critic, is the more grateful and sincere, as it was published after the death of his benefactor.

He now rented a small house and garden in Old Street, in the parish of St. Luke's, London, where he composed most of his dramatic pieces, and enjoyed the friendship of Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Chapman, as well as of many persons of rank, but he appears to have been dissatisfied with the opinions entertained of his poetical talents; and towards the end of his life retired to a farm which he had at Beckington, near Philips-Norton, in Somersetshire, where, after some time devoted to study and contemplation, he died, and was buried Oct. 14, 1619. He had been married to his wife, Justina, several years, but left no issue.

Of Daniel's personal history we know little, but the inferences to be drawn from his works are highly favourable. He is much praised by his contemporaries, although chiefly with a view to his genius. In *Choice Drollery*, 8vo. 1656, an anonymous writer terms him

The pithy Daniel, whose wit lines afford
A weighty sentence in each little word.

Another, in *Sportive Wit*, 8vo. in some verses called *A Censure of the Poets*, speaks of him, thus:

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom I
May speak of, but to censure do deny:
Only have heard some wise men him revere
To be too much historian in verse.
His rhimes were smooth, his metres well did close;
But yet his manner better fitted prose.

His friend, Charles Fitz-Geoffry, wrote the following Latin epigram in his praise.

Spenserum si quis nostrum velit esse Maronem,
Tu, Daniele, mihi Nunc Britannus eris.
Sic illum potius Phœbum velit esse Britannum,
Tum, Daniele, mihi tu Maro noster eris.
Nil Phœbo ulterius: si quid foret, illud haberet
Spenserus, Phœbus tu, Daniele, foret.
Quippe loqui Phœbus cuperet si more Britanno,
Haud scio quo poterat, in velit ore tuo.

² *Life of Dryden*, vol. i. p. 85. C.

Thus translated in the *Biographia Britannica* :

" If Spenser merits Roman Virgil's name,
Daniel at least comes in for Ovid's fame.
If Spenser rather claims Apollo's wit,
Virgil's illustrious name will Daniel fit.
No higher than Apollo we can go :
But if a loftier title you can show,
That greater name let Spenser's Muse command,
And Daniel be the Phœbus of our land.
For in my judgment, if the god of verse
In English would heroic deeds rehearse,
No language so expressive he could choose,
As that of English Daniel's lofty Muse."

Sylvester, in his *Du Bartas*, calls him

" My dear sweet Daniel, sharp-concepted, brief,
Civil, contentious, for pure accounts chief."

Edmund Bolton, in a criticism on the style of our poets before the year 1600, says,
" The works of Samuel Daniel containe somewhat aflat, but yet withal a very pure and copious English, and words as warrantable as any mans, and fitter perhaps for prose than measure."

Gabriel Harvey, in his *Foure Letters*, and *Certaine Sonnets*, cordially recommends him, with others, for his studious endeavours to enrich and polish his native tongue.

Fuller's account, who lived near enough to the time of his death to have known something of his character, is worth transcribing.

" He was born not far from Taunton, in this county, (Somersetshire) ; whose father was a master of music ; and his harmonious mind made an impression on his son's genius, who proved an exquisite poet. He carried in his Christian and surname two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures, that he abhorred all prophaneities. He was also a judicious historian ; witness his *Lives of our English Kings since the Conquest until King Edward III.* wherein he hath the happiness to reconcile brevity with clearness, qualities of great distance in other authors. He was a servant in ordinary to queen Anne, who allowed him a fair salary. As the tortoise burieth himself all the winter under the ground, so Mr. Daniel would lye hid at his garden-house in Old-street, nigh London, for some months together, (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses) and then would appear in publick, to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowel and Mr. Camden were principal.

" Some tax him to smack of the old cask, as recanting of the Romish religion ; but they have a quicker palate than I who can make any such discovery. In his old age he earned husbandman, and rented a farm in Wiltshire, nigh the Devines. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon. For though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow husband-man poet, yet there is more required to make a rich farmer than only to say his *Georgics* by heart ; and I question whether his Italian will fit our English husbandry. Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel his fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit."

His works consist of, 1. *The Complaint of Rosamond*, Lond. 1594, 1598, 1611, and 1625, 4to. 2. *Various Sonnets to Delia*. 3. *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, Lond. 1594,

1598, 4to. 4. Of the Civil Wars between the Houses of Lancaster and York, Lond. 1604, 1609, 8vo. and 1623, 4to. 5. The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses, presented in a Mask, &c. Lond. 1604, 8vo. and 1623, 4to. 6. Panegyric congratulatory, delivered to King James at Burleigh Harrington, in Rutlandshire, Lond. 1604, and 1623, 4to. 7. Epistles to various great Personages, in verse, Lond. 1601, and 1623, 4to. 8. Musophilus, containing a general defence of learning, printed with the former. 9. Tragedy of Philotas, Lond. 1611, &c. 8vo. 10. Hymen's Triumph; a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy, at the Nuptials of Lord Roxborough, Lond. 1623, 4to. 2d edit. 11. Mus; or a Defence of Rhime, Lond. 1611, 8vo. 12. The Epistle of Octavia to M. Antonius, Lond. 1611, 8vo. 13. The First Part of the History of England, in Three Books, Lond. 1613, 4to. reaching to the end of king Stephen, in prose; to which he afterwards added a Second Part, reaching to the end of king Edward III. Lond. 1618, 1621, 1623, and 1634, folio; continued to the end of king Richard III. by John Trussel, sometime a Winchester scholar, afterwards a trader and alderman of that city. 14. The Queen's Arcadia, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy, 1605, 1623, Lond. 4to. 15. Funeral Poem, on the Death of the Earl of Devon, Lond. 1623, 4to. In the same year his poetical works were published, in 4to. by his brother John Daniel.

The editor of Phillips's *Theatrum*, (1800) to whom I am indebted for the above list, adds, that "the character of Daniel's genius seems to be propriety, rather than elevation. His language is generally pure and harmonious; and his reflections are just. But his thoughts are too abstract, and appeal rather to the understanding than to the imagination, or the heart; and he wanted the fire necessary for the loftier flights of poetry."

Mr. Headly, who appears to have studied his works with much attention, thus appreciates his merit. "Though very rarely sublime, he has skill in the pathetic, and his pages are disgraced with neither pedantry nor conceit. We find, both in his poetry and prose, such a legitimate and rational flow of language as approaches nearer the style of the eighteenth than the sixteenth century, and of which we may safely assert that it never will become obsolete. He certainly was the Atticus of his day. It seems to have been his error to have entertained too great a diffidence of his own abilities. Constantly contented with the sedate propriety of good sense, which he no sooner attains than he seems to rest satisfied; though his resources, had he but made the effort, would have carried him much farther. In thus escaping censure, he is not always entitled to praise. From not endeavouring to be great, he sometimes misses of being respectable. The constitution of his mind seems often to have failed him in the sultry and exhausting regions of the Muses; for, though generally neat, easy, and perspicuous, he too frequently grows slack, languid, and enervated. In perusing his long historical poems, we grow sleepy at the dead ebb of his narrative, notwithstanding being occasionally relieved with some touches of the pathetic. Unfortunate in the choice of his subject, he seems fearful of supplying its defects by digressional embellishment; instead of fixing upon one of a more fanciful cast, which the natural coolness of his judgment would necessarily have corrected, he has cooped himself up within the limited and narrow pale of dry events; instead of casting his eye on the general history of human nature, and giving his genius a range over her immeasurable fields, he has confined himself to an abstract diary of Fortune; instead of presenting us with pictures of truth from the effects of the passions, he has verified the truth of action only; he has sufficiently, therefore, shown the historian, but by no means the poet. For, to use a sentiment of sir William Davenant's: 'Truth narrated and past, is the idol of historians, (who worship a dead thing) and

truth operative, and by its effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter but in reason." Daniel has often the softness of Rowe without his effeminacy. In his *Complaint of Cleopatra* he has caught Ovid's manner very happily, as he has no obscurities either of style or language, neither pedantry nor affectation, all of which have concurred in banishing from use the works of his contemporaries. The oblivion he has met with is peculiarly undeserved: he has shared their fate, though innocent of their faults."

The justice of these remarks cannot be disproved, although some of them are rather too figurative for sober criticism. Daniel's fatal error was in choosing history instead of fiction; yet in his lesser pieces, and particularly in his sonnets, are many striking poetical beauties; and his language is every where so much more harmonious than that of his contemporaries, that he deserves his place in every collection of English poetry, as one who had the taste or genius to anticipate the improvements of a more refined age. As a dramatic writer, he has been praised for his adherence to the models of antiquity; but whoever attempts this, attempts what has ever been found repugnant to the constitution of the English theatre.

TO THE HIGH AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

CHARLES

HIS EXCELLENCE.

SIR,

PRESENTS to gods were offered by the hands of Graces; and why not those to great princes, by those of the Muses? To you therefore, great prince of honour, and honour of princes, I jointly present poesy and musick; in the one, the service of my defunct brother; in the other, the duty of my self living; in both, the devotion of two brothers, your highness's humble servants. Your excellence then, who is of such recommendable fame with all nations, for the curiosity of your rare spirit to understand, and ability of knowledge to judge of all things, I humbly invite; leaving the songs of his Muse, who living so sweetly chanted the glory of your high name. Sacred is the fame of poets; sacred the name of princes: to which

humbly bows, and

vows himself ever

your highness servant,

JOHN DANIEL.

POEMS

97

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

What times forego Richard the Second's reign;
The fatal causes of this civil war:
His uncle's pride; his greedy ruinous gain:
Gloc'ster's revolt, and death, deliver'd ara.
Herford, accus'd, exil'd, call'd back again,
Pretends t' amend what others rule did mar.
The king from Ireland hastes, but did no good;
Whilst strange prodigious signs foretoken blood.

I SING the civil wars, tumultuous broils,
And bloody factions of a mighty land;
Whose people haughty, proud with foreign spoils,
Upon themselves turn back their conqu'ring hand:
Whilst kin their kin, brother the brother foils;
Like ensigns all, against like ensigns band:
Bows against bows, the crown against the crown;
Whilst all pretending right, all right's thrown down.

What fury, O what madness held thee so,
Dear England, (too too prodigal of blood)
To waste so much, and war without a foe;
Whilst France, to see thy spoils, at pleasure stood!
How much might'st thou have purchas'd with less
 woe,
T' have done thee honour, and thy people good?
Thine might have been whatever lies between
The Alps and us, the Pyrenees and Rhene.

Yet now what reason have we to complain,
Since hereby came the calm we did enjoy,
The bliss of thee, Eliza? Happy gain
For all our losses; when as no other way
The Heav'ns could find, but to unite again
The fatal sever'd families, that they
Might bring forth thee: that in thy peace might
That glory, which few times could ever show. [grow

Come, sacred Virtue; I no Muse, but thee,
Invoke, in this great labour I intend.
Do thou inspire my thoughts: infuse in me
A power to bring the same to happy end.
Raise up a work for later times to see,
That may thy glory and my pains commend:
Make me these tumults rightly to rehearse;
And give peace to my life, life to my verse.

And thou, Charles Montjoy, who did'st once afford
Rest for my fortunes on thy quiet shore,
And cheer'd'st me on these measures to record
In graver tones than I had us'd before;
Behold, my gratitude makes good my word
Engag'd to thee, although thou be no more;
That I, who heretofore have liv'd by thee,
Do give thee now a room to live with me.

And Memory, preserv'ess of things done,
Comethou, unfold the wounds, the wack, the waste;
Reveal to me how all the strife begun
Twixt Lancaster and York, in ages past:
How causes, counsels, and events did run,
So long as these unhappy times did last;
Uninterm'd with fictions, fantasies:
I verify the truth, not *postume*.

And to the end we may with better ease
Diaceza the true discourse, vouchsafe to show
What were the times foregoing, near to these,
That these we may with better profit know.
Tell how the world fell into this disease;
And how so great distemperature did grow:
So shall we see by what degrees it came;
How things at full do soon wax out of frame.

Ten kings had from the Normen conqu'ror reign'd,
With intermix'd and variable fate,
When England to her greatest height attain'd
Of power, dominion, glory, wealth, and state;
After it had with much ado sustain'd
The violence of princes, with debate

¹ Which was in the space of 260 years.

For titles, and the often mutinies
Of nobles, for their ancient liberties.

For first, the Norman² conqu'ring all by might,
By might was forc'd to keep what he had got;
Mixing our customs and the form of right
With foreign constitutions he had brought;
Mast'ring the mighty, humbling the poorer wight,
By all severest means that could be wrought;
And, making the succession doubtful, rent
This new-got state, and left it turbulent.

William¹ his son tracing his father's ways,
(The great men spent in peace, or slain in fight)
Upon depressed weakness only preys,
And makes his force maintain his doubtful right:
His elder brother's claim taxing his days,
His actions and exactions still incite;
And giving beasts what did to men pertain,
(Took for a beast) himself in th' end was slain.

His brother Henry⁴ next commands the state;
Who, Robert's title bestir' to reject,
Seeks to repacify the people's hate;
And with fair shows, rather than in effect,
Allays those grievances that heavy sat;
Reforms the laws, which soon he did neglect:
And 'reft of sons, for whom he did prepare,
Leaves crown and strife to Maud his daughter's care.

Whom Stephen⁵, his nephew, (falsifying his oath)
Prevents; assails the realm, obtains the crown;
Such tumults raising as torment them both,
Whilst both held nothing certainly their own:
Th' afflicted state (divided in their troth,
And partial faith) most miserable grown,
Endures the while; till peace, and Stephen's death,
Gave some calm leisure to recover breath.

When Henry⁶, son to Maud the empress, reigns,
And England into form and greatness brought;
Adds Ireland to this sceptre, and obtains
Large provinces in France; much treasure got,
And from exactions here at home abtains:
And had not his rebellious children sought

² 1067. William I. surnamed the Conqueror, the base son to Robert VL duke of Normandy, reigned twenty years and eight months; and left the crown of England to William, his third son, contrary to the custom of succession.

⁴ 1087. William II. had wars with his elder brother, Robert duke of Normandy; with whom his uncle Otto, and many of the nobility of England, took part. He was slain hunting in the New Forest, by sir Walter Tyrrell shooting at a deer, when he had reigned thirteen years.

⁶ 1100. Henry I. the youngest son of William the Conqueror, reigned thirty-five years and four months; whose sons (William and Richard) being drowned in the sea, he leaves the crown to Maud, first married to the emperor Henry IV; and after to Geoffrey Plantagenet, earl of Anjou.

⁵ 1135. Stephen, son to the earl of Blois and Adela, daughter to William the Conqueror, invades the kingdom, contends with Maud the empress for the succession, and reigned tumultuously eighteen years and ten months.

⁶ 1154. Henry II. son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, earl of Anjou, and Maud the empress, associated

To embroil his age with tumults, he had been
The happiest monarch that this state had seen

Him Richard⁷ follows in the government;
Who muzz the glory of our arms increas'd,
And all his father's mighty treasure spent,
In that devoutful action of the east:
Where to whilst he his forces wholly bent,
Despite and treason his design oppress'd;
A faithless brother, and a fatal king,
Cut off his growth of glory in the spring.

Which wicked brother, contrary to course,
False John⁸, usurps his nephew Arthur's rights;
Gets to the crown by craft, by wrong, by force;
Rules it with lust, oppression, rigour, might;
Murders the lawful heir without remorse:
Wherefore procuring all the world's despite,
A tyrant loath'd, a homicide censur'd,
Poison'd he dies, disgrac'd, and unlamented.

Henry⁹ his son is chosen king, though young,
And Lewis of France (elected first) bequith'd;
After the mighty had debated long,
Doubtful to choose a stranger or a child:
With him the barons (in these times grown strong)
War for their ancient laws so long enfil'd.
He grants the Charter, that pretended ease;
Yet kept his own, and did his state appease.

Edward¹⁰, his son, a martial king, succeeds;
Just, prudent, grave, religious, fortunate:
Whose happy-order'd reign most fertile breeds
Plenty of mighty spirits, to strength his state;
And worthy minds, to manage worthy deeds,
Th' experience of those times ingenerate:
For, ever great employment for the great,
Quickens the blood, and honour doth beget.

And had not his misled, lascivious son,
Edward the Second¹¹, intermitted so
The course of glory happily begun,
(Which brought him and his favourites to woe)
That happy current without stop had run
Unto the full of his son Edward's flow:
But who hath often seen, in such a state,
Neither end nor like good, like fortunate?

his son Henry in the crown and government; which turned to his great disturbance, and set all his sons (Henry, Richard, Geoffrey, and John) against him: He reigned thirty-four years and seven months.

⁷ 1189. Richard went to the holy wars, was king of Jerusalem; whilst his brother John, by the help of the king of France, usurped the crown of England. He was detained prisoner in Austria, redemmed, and reigned nine years and nine months.

⁸ 1199. King John usurps the right of Arthur, son to Geoffrey, his elder brother; and reigns seventeen years. He had wars with his barons; who elected Lewis, son to the king of France.

⁹ 1216. Henry III. at nine years of age was crowned king, and reigned sixty-six years.

¹⁰ 1272. Edward I. had the dominion over the whole island of Britain; and reigned gloriously thirty-four years, seven months.

¹¹ 1307. Edward II. abused by his minions, and debauched by his own weakness, was deposed from his government, when he had reigned nineteen years and six months; and was murdered in prison.

But now this great succeder¹² all repairs,
And reindear'd that discountin'd good;
He builds up strength and greatness for his heirs,
Out of the virtues that adorn'd his blood.
He makes his subjects lords of more than theirs,
And sets their bounds far wider than they stood.
His pow'r and fortune had sufficient wrought,
Could but the state have kept what he had got.

And had his heir¹³ surviv'd him in due course,
What limits, England, had'st thou found? What
bar?

What world could have resisted so great force?
O more than men! (two thunderbolts of war)
Why did not time your joined worth divorce,
T' have made your several glories greater far?
Too prodigal was Nature thus to do,
To spend in one age what should serve for two.

But now the sceptre in this glorious state,
Supported with strong pow'r and victory,
Was left unto a child¹⁴; ordain'd by Fate
To stay the course of what might grow too high:
Here with a stop that greatness did abate,
When pow'r upon so weak a base did lie.
For, lest great fortune should presume too far,
Such oppositions interposed are.

Never this island better peopled stood;
Never more men of might, and minds address'd;
Never more princes of the royal blood,
(If not too many for the public rest)
Nor ever was more treasure, wealth, and good,
Than when this Richard first the crown possess'd,
The second of that name; in two occur'd;
And well we might have mis'd all but the first.

In this man's reign began this fatal strife,
(The bloody argument whereof we treat)
That dearly cost so many a prince his life,
And spoil'd the weak; and even consum'd the great;
That, wherein all confusion was so rife,
As Memory ev'n grieves her to repeat:
And would that time might now this knowledge lose,
But that 't is good to learn by others' woes.

Edward the Third being dead, had left this child¹⁵
(Son of his worthy son deceas'd of late)
The crown and sceptre of this realm to wield;
Appointing the protectors of his state
Two of his sons to be his better shield;
Supposing uncles, free from guile or hate,
Would order all things for his better good,
In the respect and honour of their blood.

Of these, John duke of Lancaster¹⁶ was one;
(Too great a subject grown for such a state:
The title of a king, and glory won
In great exploits, his mind did elevate
Above proportion kingdoms stand upon;
Which made him push at what his issue gat:)

¹² 1326. Edward III.

¹³ Edward the Black Prince, who died before his father.

¹⁴ Richard II. being but eleven years of age, was crowned king of England, 1377.

¹⁵ Richard II. son to the Black Prince.

¹⁶ The duke of Lancaster, entitled king of Castile, is the right of his wife Constance, eldest daughter to king Peter.

The other, Langley¹⁷; whose mild temperance
Did tend unto a calmer quietness.

With these did Woodstock¹⁸ interpose his part;
A man for action violently bent,
And of a spirit averse and over-thwart,
Which could not suit a peaceful government:
Whose ever-swelling and tumultuous heart
Wrought his own ill, and others discontent.
And these had all the manage of affairs,
During the time the king was under years.

And in the first years of his government,
Things pass'd at first: the wars in France proceed,
Though not with that same fortune and event,
Being now not follow'd with such careful heed:
Our people here at home grown discontent,
Through great exactness insurrectionous breed;
Private respects hinder'd the common-weal;
And idle ease doth on the mighty steal.

Too many kings breed factions in the court;
The head too weak, the members grown too great:
Which evermore doth happen in this sort (threat
When children rule; the plague which God doth
Unto those kingdoms, which he will transport
To other lines, or utterly defeat.

¹⁷ For, the ambitious once mear'd to reign,
Can never brook a private state again.

¹⁸ And kingdoms ever suffer this distress,
Where one, or many, guide the infant king;
Which one, or many, (tasting this excess
Of greatness and command) can never bring
Their thoughts again t' obey, or to be less:
From hence these insolencies ever spring,
Contempt of others, whom they seek to foil;
Then follow leagues, destruction, ruin, spoil."

And whether they which underwent this charge
Permit the king to take a youthful vein,
That they their private better might enlarge:
Or whether he himself would further strain,
(Thinking his years sufficient to discharge
The government) and so assum'd the rein.
Or howsoever, now his ear be lends
To youthful counsel, and his lusts attends.

And courts were never barren yet of those,
Which could with subtle train, and apt advice,
Work on the prince's weakness, and dispose
Of feeble frailty, easy to entice.
And such no doubt about this king arose,
Whose flattery (the dang'rous nurse of vice)
Got hand upon his youth, to pleasures bent,
Which, led by them, did others discontent.

For now his uncles grew much to dislike
These ill proceedings: were it that they saw
That others favour'd, did aspiring seek
Their nephew from their counsels to withdraw,
(Seeing him of a nature flexible and weak)
Because they only would keep all in awe;
Or that indeed they found the king and state
Abus'd by such as now in office sat.

¹⁷ Edmund Langley, earl of Cambridge, after created duke of York.

¹⁸ Thomas of Woodstock, after made duke of Gloucester.

Or rather else they all were in the fault ;
Th' ambitious uncles, th' indiscreet young king,
The greedy council, and the minions naught,
And all together did this tempest bring.
Besides the times, with all injustice fraught,
Concurr'd with such confus'd misgoverning ;
That we may truly say, " this spoil'd the state,
Youthful counsel, private gain, partial hate."

And then the king, besides his jealousies
Which nourish'd were, had reason to be led
To doubt his uncles for their loyalties ;
Since John of Gaunt (as was discovered)
Had practis'd his death in secret wise ;
And Glouc'ster openly becomes the head
Unto a league, who all in arms were bent
T' oppose against the present government ;

Pretending to remove such men as were
Accounted to abuse the king and state.
Of whom the chief they did accuse was Vere¹⁸ ;
Made duke of Ireland with great grace of late ;
And diverse else¹⁹, who for the place they bear
Obnoxious are, and subject unto hate :
And these must be sequester'd with all speed,
Or else they vow'd their swords should do the deed.

The king was forc'd in that next parliament,
To grant them what he durst not well refuse.
For thither arm'd they came, and fully bent
To suffer no repulse, nor no excuse :
And here they did accomplish their intent ;
Where Justice did her sword, not balance, use :
For e'en that sacred place they violate,
Arresting all the judges as they sat.

And here had many worthy men their end,
Without all form, or any course of right.
" For still these broils, that public good pretend,
Work most injurious, being done through spite.
For those aggrieved evermore do bend
Against such as they see of greatest might ;
Who, though they cannot help what will go ill,
Yet since they may do wrong, are thought they
will."

And yet herein I mean not to excuse
The justices and minions of the king,
(Who might their office and their grace abuse)
But blame the course held in the managing.
" For great men over grac'd, much rigour use ;
Presuming favourites discontentment bring ;
And disproportioned harmony do break ;
Minions too great, argue a king too weak."

¹⁸ Robert Vere, duke of Ireland.

¹⁹ Ann. reg. 11. the duke of Gloucester, with the earls of Derby, Arundel, Nottingham, Warwick, and other lords, having forced the king to put from him all his officers of court at this parliament, caused most of them to be executed; as John Beauchamp, lord steward of his house, sir Simon Burley, lord chamberlain, with many other. Also the lord chief justice was here executed, and all the judges condemned to death, for maintaining the king's prerogative against these lords, and the constitutions of the last parliament, ann. 10.

Now that so much was granted, as was sought ;
A reconciliation made, although not meant,
Appear'd them all in show, but not in thought,
Whilst every one seem'd outwardly content :
Though hereby king, nor peers, nor people got
More love, more strength, or easier government ;
But every day things still succeeded worse :
" For good from kings is seldom drawn by force."

And so, it thus continued, till by chance
The queen (which was the emperor's daughter)
dy'd²¹ ;
When as the king, t' establish peace with France,
And better for home-quiet to provide,
Sought by contracting marriage to advance
His own affairs, against his uncle's pride ;
Took the young daughter²² of king Charles to wife,
Which after, in the end, rais'd greater strife.

For now his uncle Glouc'ster much repin'd
Against this French alliance, and this peace ;
As either out of a tumultuous mind,
(Which never was content the wars should cease) :
Or that he did dishonourable find
Those articles, which did our state decrease :
And therefore storm'd, because the crown had wrong ;
Or that he fear'd the king would grow too strong.

But whatsoever mov'd him, this is sure,
Hereby he wrought his ruin in the end ;
And was a fatal cause that did procure
The swift approaching mischiefs that attend.
For so, the king no longer could endure
Thus to be crown'd in what he did intend ;
And therefore watch'd but some occasion fit
T' attack the duke, when he thought least of it.

And fortune, to set forward this intent, [bring;
The count St. Paul²³, from France, doth hither
Whom Charles the Sixth employ'd in compliment,
To see the queen, and to salute the king :
To whom he shows his uncle's discontent,
And of his secret dangerous practising ;
How he his subjects sought to sullevate,
And break the league with France concluded late.

To whom the count most cunningly replies ;
" Great prince, it is within your power, with ease,
To remedy such fears, such jealousies,
And rid you of such mutineers as these,
By cutting off that, which might greater rise ;
And now at first preventing this disease,
And that before he shall your wrath disclose :
For who threats first, means of revenge doth lose.

" First take his head, then tell the reason why ;
Stand not to find him guilty by your laws :
You easier shall with him your quarrel try
Dead than alive, who hath the better cause.
For in the murdering vulgar usually
This public course of yours compassion draws ;
Especially in cases of the great,
Which work much pity in the indiscreet.

²¹ Ann. reg. 18.

²² Ann. 20. Isabel, daughter to Charles VI.

²³ Valerian, E. of S. Paul, who had married the king's half-sister.

" And this is sure, though his offences be such,
Yet doth calamity attract commiseration;
And men rejoice at prisoners bloodshed much,
(How just soever) judging 't is by force.
I knew not how, their death gives such a touch,
In those that reach not to a true discourse;
As so shall you, observing funeral right,
Be hold still as unjust and win more spite.

" And oft the cause may come prevented so;
And therefore when 't is done, let it be heard:
For thereby shall you scape your private woe,
And satisfy the world too afterward.
What need you weigh the rumours that shall go?
What is that breath, being with your life compar'd?
And therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
In secret sort let him be dispatched be.

" And then arraign the chief of those you find
Were of his faction secretly compact;
Who may so well be handled in their kind,
As their confessions, which you shall exact,
May both appease the aggrieved people's mind,
And make their death to aggravate their fact:
So shall you rid yourself of dangers quite,
And show the world, that you have done but right."

This counsel, uttered unto such an ear
As willing listens to the safest ways,
Works on the yielding master of his fear,
Which easily to any course obeys:
For every prince, seeing his danger near,
By any means his quiet peace assays.
" And still the greatest wrongs that ever were,
Have them been wrought, when kings were put in
fear."

Call'd in with public pardon and release²⁴,
The duke of Gloucester, with his complices;
All tumults, all contentions seem to cease,
The land rich, people pleas'd, all in happiness;
When suddenly Gloucester came caught with peace,
Warwick with proffer'd love and promises,
And Arundel was in with cunning brought,
Who else abroad his safety might have wrought.

Long was it not ere Gloucester was convey'd
To Calice²⁵, and there strangled secretly:
Warwick and Arundel close prisoners laid,
Th' especial men of his confederacy;
Yet Warwick's tears and base confessions staid
The doom of death, and came confin'd thereby,
And so prolongs this not long base-begg'd breath;
But Arundel was put to public death.

Which public death (receiv'd with such a cheer,
As not a sigh, a look, a shrink betrays)
The least felt touch of a degenerate fear)
Owe life to envy, to his courage praise;
And made his stout defended cause appear
With such a face of right, as that it lays

²⁴ At the parliament, in anno 11, LL. of the league with Gloucester, being pardoned for their opposing against the king's proceedings, were quiet till anno 21, when upon report of a new conspiracy, they were surpris'd.

²⁵ Mowbray, earl marshal, after made duke of Norfolk, had the charge of dispatching the duke of Gloucester at Calice.

The side of wrong t'wards him, who had long since
By parliament²⁶ forgiven this offence.

And in this unconceiv'd vulgar sort,
Such an impression of his goodness gave,
As sainted him, and rais'd a strange report
Of miracles effected on his grave:
Although the wise (whose zeal did not transport)
" Knew how each great example still must have
Something of wrong, a taste of violence,
Wherewith the public quiet doth dispose."

The king forthwith provides him of a guard,
A thousand soldiers daily to attend;
Which now upon the act he had prepar'd,
As th' argument his actions to defend:
But yet the world hereof conceiv'd so hard,
That all this nought avail'd him in the end.
" In vain with terror is he fortified,
That is not guarded with firm love beside."

Now storm his griev'd uncles, though in vain,
Not able better courses to advise:
They might their grievance inwardly complain,
But outwardly they needs must temporise.
The king was great; and they should nothing gain
T' attempt revenge, or offer once to rise: (strong,
This league with France had made him now so
That they must needs as yet endure this wrong.

For like a lion that escapes his bounds,
Having been long restrain'd his use to stray,
Ranges the restless woods, stays on no ground,
Riots with bloodshed, wantons on his prey;
Seeks not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to see his strength, and what he may:
So this unbridled king, (freed of his fears)
In liberty, himself thus wildly bears.

For standing now alone, he sees his might
Out of the compass of respective awe;
And now begins to violate all right,
While no restraining fear at hand he saw.
Now he exacts of all, wastes in delight,
Riots in pleasure, and neglects the law:
He thinks his crown is licens'd to do ill:
" That less should list, that may do what it will."

Thus being transported in this sensual course;
No friend to warn, no counsel to withstand,
He still proceedeth on from bad to worse,
Sooth'd in all actions that he took in hand²⁷,
By such as all impiety did nurse,
Commending ever what he did command.
" Unhappy kings! that never may be taught
" To know themselves, or to discern their fault."

And whilst this course did much the kingdom daunt,
The duke of Hereford²⁸ being of courage bold,
As son and heir to mighty John of Gaunt,
Utters the passion which he could not hold,
Concerning those oppressions, and the want
Of government; which he to Norfolk²⁹ told,

²⁶ The king had by parliament before pardoned the duke, and these two earls; yet was the pardon revoked.

²⁷ Nihil est quod credere de se non possit, cum laudatur, Dicitur equa potestas.

²⁸ Henry Bolingbroke of Hereford.

²⁹ Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

To th' end he (being great about the king)
Might do some good, by better counselling.

Herof doth Norfolk presently take hold,
And to the king the whole discourse relate:
Who not conceiting it as it was told,
But judging it proceeded out of hate,
Disdaining deeply to be so controll'd;
That others should his rule prejudicate,
Charg'd Herford therewithal: who re-accus'd
Norfolk, for words of treason he had us'd.

Norfolk denies them peremptorily;
Herford recharg'd, and supplicates the king
To have the combat of his enemy,
That by his sword he might approve the thing.
Norfolk desires the same as earnestly:
And both with equal courage meaning
Revenge of wrong, that none knew which was free:
For times of faction times of slander be.

The combat granted, and the day assign'd,
They both in order of the field appear,
Most richly furnish'd in all martial kind,
And at the point of intercombat were;
When lo! the king chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his warder, to arrest them there;
As being advis'd a better way to take,
Which might for his more certain safety make.

For now considering (as it likely might)
The victory might hap on Herford's side,
(A man most valiant, and of noble sprite,
Belov'd of all, and ever worthy try'd;)
How much he might be grac'd in public sight,
By such an act, as might advance his pride,
And so become more popular by this;
Which he fears too much he already is.

And therefore he resolves to banish both,²
Though th' one in chiefest favour with him stood,
A man he dearly lov'd; and might be loth
To leave him, that had done him so much good:
Yet having cause to do as now he doth,
To mitigate the envy of his blood,
Thought best to lose a friend to rid a foe,
And such a one as now he doubted so.

And therefore to perpetual exile he
Mowbray condemns; Herford for but ten years:
Thinking (for that the wrong of this decree,
Compar'd with greater rigour, less appears)
It might of all the better liked be.
But yet such murm'ring of the fact he hears,
That he is fain fow of the ten forgive,
And judg'd him six years in exile to live.

At whose departure hence out of the land,
How did the open multitude reveal
The wankers love they bare him under-hand!
Which now in this hot passion of their zeal
They plainly show'd, that all might understand
How dear he was unto the common-weal.
They fear'd not to exclaim against the king,
As one that sought all good men's ruining.

² Mowbray was banished the very day (by the course of the year) wherein he murdered the duke of Gloucester.

Unto the shore, with tears, with sighs, with moan,
They him conduct; crossing the bounds that stay
Their willing feet, that would have further gone,
Had not the fearful ocean stop't their way:
"Why, Neptune, hast thou made us stand alone,
Divided from the world, for this, say they;
Hemm'd in to be a spoil to tyranny,
Leaving affliction hence no way to fly?"

"Are we lock'd up, poor souls, here to abide
Within the watry prison of thy waves,
As in a fold, where, subject to the pride
And lust of rulers, we remain as slaves;
Here in the reach of Might, where none can hide
From th' eye of Wrath, but only in their graves?
Happy condems you of other lands,
That sift your soil, and oft scape tyrants hands.

"And must we leave him here, whom here were fit
We should retain, the pillar of our state?
Whose virtues well deserve to govern it,
And not this wanton young effeminate.
Why should not he in regal honour sit,
That best knows how a realm to ordinate?
But one day yet we hope thou shalt bring back
(Dear Bolingbroke) the justice that we lack."

Thus mutter'd (lo!) the uncontented sort,
That love kings best before they have them still,
And never can the present state comport,
But would as often change as they change will.
For this great duke had won them in this sort,
By succ'ring them, and pitying of their ill;
That they supposed straight it was one thing,
To be both a good man and a good king.

When as the graver sort that saw the course,
And knew that princes may not be controll'd,
Lik'd well to suffer this, for fear of worse;
"Since many great one kingdoms cannot hold."
For now they saw intestine strife of force
The apt-divided state entangle would,
If he should stay whom they would make their head,
By whom the vulgar body might be led.

They saw likewise, "that princes oft are fain
To buy their quiet with the price of wrong;"
And better 'twere that now a few complain,
Than all should mourn, as well the weak as strong;
Seeing still how little realms by change do gain:
And therefore learned by observing long,
"I admire times past, follow the present will;
Wish for good princes, but t' endure the ill."

For when it nought avail, what folly then
To strive against the current of the time?
Who will throw down himself, for other men,
That make a ladder by his fall to climb?
Or who would seek t' embroil his country, when
He might have rest; suffering but others crime?
"Since wise men ever have preferred far
Th' unjust peace before the justest war."

Thus they consider'd, that in quiet rest,
Rich, or content, or else unfit to strive;
Peace-lover Wealth, hating a troublesome state,
Doth willing reasons for their rest contrive:
But if that all were thus considerate,
How should in court the great, the favour'd thrive?
Factions must be, and these varieties;
And some must fall, that other some may rise.

But long the duke remain'd not in exile,
 Before that John of Gaunt, his father, dies :
 Upon whose 'state the king seiz'd now, this while
 Deposing of it as his enemy's.
 This open wrong no longer could beguile
 The world, that saw these great indignities :
 Which so exasperates the minds of all,
 That they resolv'd him home again to call.

For now they saw 't was malice in the king,
 (Transported in his ill-conceited thought)
 That made him so to prosecute the thing
 Against all law, and in a course so naught.
 And this advantage to the duke did bring
 More fit occasions, whereupon he wrought.
 " For to a man so strong, and of such might,
 He gives him more, that takes away his right."

The king²¹, in this mean time, (I know-not how)
 Was drawn into some actions forth the land,
 T' appease the Irish, that revolted now :
 And there attending what he had in hand,
 Neglects those parts from whence worse dangers
 As ignorant how his affairs did stand. [grow,
 Whether the plot was wrought it should be so,
 Or that his fate did draw him on to go,

Most sure it is that he committed here
 An ignorant and idle oversight ;
 Not looking to the duke's proceedings there,
 Being in the court of France, where best he might ;
 Where both the king and all assur'd were
 T' have stop't his course, being within their right :
 But now he was call'd, he thought him sure ;
 And, free from farther doubting, liv'd secure.

So blinds the sharpest counsels of the wise
 This overshadowing Providence on high,
 And dasheth all their clearest-sighted eyes,
 That they see not how nakedly they lie.
 There where they little think, the storm doth rise,
 And overcasts their clear security ;
 When men hath stop't all ways, save only that
 Which (as least doubted) ruin eunters at.

And now was all disorder in th' arms,
 And whatsoever death a change portend ;
 As idle luxury, and wantonness,
 Forteous-like varying pride, vain without end ;
 Wrong-worcker Riot (motive to oppress)
 Endless emotions which the idle spend,
 Consuming many, and credits crack'd,
 Call'd on this purging war that many lack'd.

Then ill-persuading want, in martial minds,
 And wronged patience, (long oppress'd with might)
 Looseness in all, (which no religious binds)
 Commanding force, (the measure made of right)
 Gave fuel to this fire ; that easy finds
 The way t' inflame, the whole endanger'd quite.
 These were the public breeders of this war,
 By which still greatest states confounded are.

For now this peace with France had shut in here
 The overgrowing humours war do spend :
 For where t' evacuate no employments were,
 Wider th' unwieldy burthen doth distend.
 Men wholly us'd to war, peace could not bear,
 As knowing no other course whereto to bend ;

For brought up in the broils of these two realms,
 They thought best fishing still in troubled streams.

Like to a river that is stop't his course,
 Doth violate his banks, breaks his own bed,
 Destroys his bounds, and over-runs by force
 The neighbour-fields, irregularly spread ;
 Even so this sudden stop of war doth nurse
 Home-broils within it self, from others led :
 So dangerous the change herof is try'd,
 Ere minds 'come soft, or otherwise employ'd.

But all this makes for thee, O Bolingbroke,
 To work a way unto thy sovereignty :
 This care the Heavens, Fate, and Fortune took,
 To bring thee to thy sceptre easily.
 Upon these falls that hap which him forsook ;
 Who, crown'd a king, a king yet must not die.
 Thou wert ordain'd by Providence to raise
 A quarrel, lasting longer than thy days.

For now this absent lord out of his land,
 (Where though he show'd great sprite and valour
 Being attended with a worthy band [then,
 Of valiant peers, and most courageous men)
 Gave time to them at home, that had in hand
 Th' ungodly work, and knew the season when ;
 Who fail not to advise the duke with speed,
 Soliciting to what he soon agreed.

Who presently, upon so good report,
 Relying on his friends fidelity,
 Conveys himself out of the French king's court,
 Under pretence to go to Britany ;
 And with his followers that to him resort,
 Landed in England²² ; welcom'd joyfully
 Of th' all'ring vulgar, apt for changes still,
 As headlong carry'd with a present will.

And coming to quiet shore, but not to rest,
 The first night of his joyful landing here,
 A fearful vision²³ doth his soul molest ;
 Remaining to see in re' rent form appear
 A fair and goodly woman all distrest ;
 Which, with full-weeping eyes and rent hair,
 Wringing her hands, as one that griev'd and pray'd,
 With sighs commix'd with words unto him said :

" O ! whether dost thou send, my unkind son ?
 What mischief dost thou go about to bring
 To her, whose Genius thou here look'st upon,
 Thy mother-country, whence thyself didst spring ?
 Whither thus dost thou in ambition run,
 To change due course by foul disordering ?
 What bloodshed, what turmoils dost thou com-
 To last for many woful ages hence ? (speak,

" Stay here thy foot, thy yet unguilty foot,
 That can'st not stay when thou art further in ;
 Retire thee yet unarm'd, whilst it doth beg ;
 The end is spoil of what thou dost begin.
 Injustice never yet took lasting root,
 Nor held that long, impiety did win :

²¹ The duke being banished in September, landed in the beginning of July after, at Ravenspurre, in Yorkshire ; some say but with 60 men, others with 3000, and eight ships, set forth and furnished by the duke of Bretagne, ann. reg. 22.

²² The Genius of England appears to Bolingbroke.

²³ Anno regni 22.

The babes unborn shall (O!) be born to bleed
In this thy quarrel, if thou do proceed."

This said, she ceas'd—When he, in troubled thought
Griev'd at this tale, and sigh'd, and thus replied:
"Dear country, O I have not hither brought
These arms to spoil, but for thy liberties:
The sin be on their head that this have wrought,
Who wrong'd me first, and thee do tyrannize.
I am thy champion; and I seek my right:
Provok'd I am to this by others' spite."

"This, this pretence," saith she, "the ambitious
To smooth injustice, and to flatter wrong: [find,
Thou dost not know what then will be thy mind,
When thou shalt see thyself advanc'd and strong.
When thou hast shak'd off that which others bind,
Thou soon forgettest what thou leasped'st long:
Men do not know what then themselves will be,
When as more than themselves they see."

And bereft withal turning about, he wakes,
Lab'ring in spirit, troubl'd with this strange sight;
And mus'd awhile, waking advisement takes
Of what had pass'd in sleep, and silent night;
Yet hereof no important reckon'g makes,
But as a dream that vanish'd with the light:
The day-deceit, and what he had in hand
Left it to his diverted thoughts unspan'd.

Doubtful at first, he wary doth proceed;
Seems not t' affect that which he did effect;
Or else perhaps seems as he meant indeed,
Sought but his own, and did no more expect.
Then, Fortune, thou art guilty of his deed,
That did'st his state above his hopes erect;
And thou must bear some blame of his great sin,
That left'st him worse than when he did begin.

Thou did'st conspire with pride, and with the time,
To make so easy an ascent to wrong,
That he who had no thought so high to climb,
(With aw'ring comfort still allur'd along)
Was with occasion thrust into the crime;
Seeing others' weakness, and his part so strong.
"And who is there in such a case that will
Do good, and fear, that may live free with ill?"

We will not say nor think, O Lancaster,
But that thou then didst mean as thou didst swear:
Upon th' Evangelists at Doncaster,
In th' eye of Heaven, and that assembly there;
That thou but as an upright orderer
Sought'st to reform th' abused kingdom here,
And get thy right, and what was thine before:
And this was all; thou would'st attempt no more.

Though we might say and think that this pretence
Was but a shadow to th' intended act;
Because the event doth argue the offence,
And plainly seems to manifest the fact.
For that hereby thou might'st win confidence
With those, whom else thy course might hap dis-
And all suspicion of thy drift remove; [tract,
"Since easily men credit whom they love."

But God forbid we should so nearly pry
Into the low deep bury'd sins long past,
To examine and confer iniquity,
Whereof Faith would no memory should I set;
That our times might not have t' exemplify
With aged stains; but with our own than a cast,

Might think our blot the first, not done before,
That new-made sins might make us blush the more.

And let unresting Charity believe,
That then thy oath with thy intent agreed,
And others' faith thy faith did first deceive,
Thy after-fortune forc'd thee to this deed:
And let no man this idle censure give,
Because th' event proves so, 't was so decreed:
"For oft our counsels sort to other end,
Than that which frailty did at first intend."

Whilst those that are but outward lookers on,
(Who seldom sound these mysteries of state)
Deem things were so contriv'd as they are done,
And hold that policy, which was but fate;
Imagining all former acts did run
Unto that course they see th' effects relate;
Whilst still too short they come, or cast too far,
"And make these great men wiser than they are."

But by degrees he ventures now on blood,
And sacrific'd unto the people's love
The death of those that chief in envy stood;
As th' officers, (who first these dangers prove)
The treasurer, and those whom they thought good,
Busby and Green²² by death he must remove:
These were the men the people thought did ease
Those great exactions, and shou'd the laws.

This done, his cause was preach'd with least
skill,

By Arundel th' archbishop²³; who these shou'd
A pardon sent from Rome, to all that will
Take part with him, and quit the faith they ow'd
To Richard, as a prince unfit and ill,
On whom the crown was fatally bestow'd:
And easy-yielding Zeal was quietly caught,
With what the mouth of Gravity had taught.

O that this power from everlasting given,
(The great alliance made 'twixt God and us,
Th' intelligence that Earth should hold with Hea-
Sacred Religion²⁴! O that thou must thus [v's)
Be made to smooth our ways unjust, unweave;
Brought from above, Earth quarrels to disown.
Must men beguile our souls to win our wills;
And make our zeal the furtherer of ill?

But the ambitious, to advance their might,
Dispense with Heaven, and what religion would:
"The armed will find right, or else make right;"
If this means wrought not yet another should.
And this and other now do all incite
To strength the faction that the duke doth hold;
Who easily obtained what he sought;
His virtues and his love so greatly wrought.

The king still humbled in this Irish war,
(Which by his valour these did well succeed)
Had news how here his leads revolted are,
And how the duke of Hereford doth proceed;
In these affairs he fears are grown too far;
Hastes his return from thence with greatest speed;

²² The duke put to death William Scroope, earl of Wiltshire, treasurer of England; with sir Henry Green, and sir John Busby, for misgoverning the king and the realm.

²³ Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury.

²⁴ Bis peccat, qui preterit religionis peccat.

But was by tempests, winds, and seas, debarr'd,
As if they likewise had against him warr'd.

But at the length (though late) in Wales he lands;
Where thoroughly inform'd of Henry's force,
And well advertis'd how his own case stands,
(Which to his grief he sees tends to the worse)
He leaves t' Aumarle²¹, at Milford, all those bands
He brought from Ireland; taking thence his course
To Conway²² (all disguis'd) with fourteen more,
To th' earl of Salisbury, thither sent before.

Thinking the earl²³ had rais'd some army there;
Whom there he finds forsaken, all alone:
The forces in those parts which levied were,
Were closely shrunk away, dispers'd and gone.
The king had stay'd too long; and they, in fear,
Resolved every man to shift for one.
At this amaz'd, such fortunes he laments;
Foresees his fall, whereto each thing consents.

In this distract'd, tumultuous, broken state,
Whilst yet th' event stood doubtful what should be;
Whilst nought but headlong running to debate,
And glittering troops and armour men might see;
Fury and fear, compassion, wrath, and hate,
Confus'd through all the land, no corner free:
The strong, all mad, to strife, to ruin bent;
The weaker wail'd; the aged they lament,

And blame their many years that live so long,
To see the horror of these miseries.
"Why had not we," say they, "dy'd with the strong
In foreign fields, in honourable wise,
In just exploits, and noble without wrong;
And by the valiant hand of enemies?
And not thus now reserved in our age,
To home-confusion, and disorder'd rage."

Unto the temples flock the weak, devout,
Sad wailing women; there to vow, and pray
For husbands, brothers, or their sons gone out
To bloodshed; whom no tears nor love could stay.
Here grave religious fathers (which much doubt
The sad events these broils procure them may)
As prophets warn, exclaim, dissuade these crimes,
By the examples fresh of other times.

And "O! what do you now prepare," said they;
"Another conquest, by these fatal ways?
What, must your own hands make yourselves a prey
To desolation, which these tumults raise?
What Dane, what Norman shall prepare his way,
To triumph on the spoil of your decays?
That which nor France, nor all the world could do,
In union, shall your discord bring you to?"

"Conspire against us, neighbour nations all,
That envy at the height whereto w' are grown:
Conjure the barb'rous North, and let them call
Strange fury from far distant shores unknown;
And let them all together on us fall,
So to divert the ruin of our own;
That we, forgetting what doth so incense,
May turn the hand of malice to defence.

²¹ Edward duke of Aumarle, son to the duke of York.

²² Conway-castle in Wales.

²³ Montague, earl of Salisbury.

"Calm these tempestuous spirits, O mighty Lord;
This threatening storm, that over-hangs the land:
Make them consider e'er they unsheath the sword,
How vain is th' Earth, this point whereon they stand;
And with what sad calamities is stor'd
The best of that, for which th' ambitious band;
Labour the end of labour, strife of strife,
Terror in death, and horror after life."

Thus they in zeal, whose humbl'd thoughts were
good,
Whilst in this wide-spread volume of the skies
The book of Providence disclosed stood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miseries,
In lines of fire, and characters of blood;
There fearful forms in dreadful flames arise,
Amazing comets, threatening monarchs night,
And new-seen stars, unknown unto the night:

Red fir'y dragons in the air do fly,
And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights;
Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky,
Prodigious monsters, ghastly fearful sights;
Strange ghosts and apparitions terrify:
The woful mother her own birth affrights;
Seeing a wrong deformed infant born,
Grieves in her pains, deceiv'd, in shame doth mourn.

The Earth, as if afraid of blood and wounds,
Trembles in terror of these falling blows;
The hollow concaves give out groaning sounds,
And sighing murmurs, to lament our woes:
The ocean all at discord with his bounds,
Reiterates his strange untimely flows.
Nature all out of course, to check our course,
Neglects her work, to work in us remorse.

So great a wreck unto it self doth (to!)
Disorder'd, proud mortality prepare,
That this whole frame doth even labour so
Her ruin unto frailty to declare;
And travails to fore-signify the woe,
That weak providence could not beware.
"For Heav'n and earth, and air and seas, and all,
Taught men to see, but not to shun their fall."

Is man so dear unto the Heavens, that they
Respect the ways of Earth, the works of sin?
Doth this great all, this universal weigh
The vain designs that weakness doth begin?
Or doth our fear, father of zeal, give way
Unto this error ignorance lives in;
And deem our faults the cause that move these
pow'rs,
That have their cause from other cause than ours?

But these beginnings had this impious war,
Th' ugly bloodshed that did so defile
The beauty of thy fields, and e'en did mar
The flow'r of thy chief pride, thou fairest Isle:
These were the causes that incens'd so far
The civil-wounding hand, enrag'd with spoil;
That now the living, with afflicted eye,
Look back with grief on such calamity.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.
BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Richard moans his wrong, and wails his reign;
And here betray'd, to London he is led,
Besely attir'd, attending Her'ford's train;
Where th' one is scorn'd, the other welcomed.
His wife, mistaking him, doth much complain;
And both together greatly sorrowed:
In hope, to save his life, and ease his thrall,
He yields up state, and rule, and crown and all.

In dearth of faith, and scarcity of friends,
The late great mighty monarch, on the shore,
In th' utmost corner of his land attends,
To call back false Obedience, fell before;
Toils, and in vain his toil and labour spends;
More hearts he sought to gain, he lost the more:
All turn'd their faces to the rising sun,
And leave his setting fortune, night begun.

Piercy¹, how soon, by thy example led,
The household-train forsook their wretched lord!
When with thy staff of charge disabour'd,
Thou brak'st thy faith, not steward of thy word,
And took'st his part, that after took thy head;
When thine own hand had strengthen'd first his word.
"For such great merit do upbraid, and call
For great reward, or think the great too small."

And kings love not to be beholden ought; [worst:
Which makes their chiefest friends off speed the
For those, by whom their fortunes have been wrought,
Put them in mind of what they were at first;
Whose doubtful faith if once in question brought,
'Tis thought they will offend, because they durst;
And, taken in a fault, are never spar'd;
"Being easier to revenge than to reward."

And thus these mighty actors, sons of change,
These partizans of factions often try'd,
That in the smoke of innovations strange
Build huge uncertain plinths of unsway'd pride;
And on the hazard of a bad exchange,
Have ventur'd all the stock of life beside;
"Whilst princes rais'd, disdain to have been rais'd
By those whose helps deserve not to be prais'd."

But thus is Richard left, and all alone,
Save with th' unarmed title of his right;
And those brave troops, his fortune-followers, gone,
And all that pomp, (the complements of might)
Th' amusing shadows that are cast upon
The state of princes, to beguile the sight;
All vanish'd clean, and only frailty left,
Himself of all besides himself bereft.

¹ Thomas Piercy was earl of Worcester, brother to the earl of Northumberland, and steward of the king's house.

Like when some great Columns, whose strong base
Or mighty props are shrunk, or sunk away,
Foreshowing ruin, threatening all the place
That in the danger of his fall doth stay;
All straight to better safety seek space,
None run to help the ruin while they may:
"The peril great, and doubtful the redress,
Men are content to leave right in distress."

And look how Thames, enrich'd with many a flood,
And goodly rivers, (that have made their graves,
And bury'd both their names, and all their good,
Within his greatness, to augment his waves)
Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood,
Unto the ocean, (which his tribute craves)
And lays up all his wealth within that pow'r,
Which in it self all greatness doth devour.

So seek the mighty², with their following train,
Unto the all-receiving Bolingbroke,
Who wonders at himself, how he should gain
So many hearts as now his party took;
And with what ease, and with how slender pain,
His fortune gives him more than he could look:
What he imagin'd never could be wrought,
Is pour'd upon him far beyond his thought.

So, often, things which seem at first in show,
Without the compass of accomplishment,
Once ventur'd on, to that success do grow,
That ev'n the authors do admire th' event:
So many means which they did never know,
Do second their designs, and do prevent
Strange unexpected helps; and chiefly them,
When th' actors are repated worthy men.

And Richard, who look'd Fortune in the back,
Saw headlong Lightness running from the right,
Amazed stands, to note how great a wreck
Of faith his riots caus'd; what mortal spite
They bear him, who did law and justice look:
Saw how concealed Hate break'd out in sight,
And fear-depressed Rave, (past before)
When th' occasion, thus unlook'd the door.

Like when some mastiff-whelp, dispos'd to play,
A whole confused herd of beasts doth chase,
Which with one vile consent run all away;
If any harder than the rest, in place
But offer head that idle fear to stay,
Back straight the daunced chaser turns his face;
And all the rest (with bold example led)
As fast run on him, as before they fled:

So, with this bold opposer rushes on
This many-headed monster, Multitude:
And he, who late was fear'd, is set upon,
And by his own (Actæon-like) pursu'd;
His own, that had all love and awe forgone:
Whom breath and shadows only did detour,
And never hopes, which promises pursue;
Though rarely men keep promises so made.

² The duke of York, left governor of the realm in the absence of the king, having levied a great army, as if to have opposed against Bolingbroke, brought most of the nobility of the kingdom to take his part.

Which when he saw, thus to himself complains;
 "O why do you, fond, false-deceived, so
 Run headlong to that change that nothing gains,
 But gain of sorrow, only change of woe?
 Which is all one; if he be like who reigns:
 Why will you buy with blood what you forego?
 'Tis nought but shows that ignorance esteems:
 The thing possess'd is not the thing it seems.

"And when the sins of Bolingbroke shall be
 As great as mine, and you unanswered
 In these your hopes; then may you wish for me,
 Your lawful sov'reign, from whose faith you fled;
 And, grieved in your souls, the error see
 That shining promises had shadowed:
 As th' hum'rous sick removing, find no ease,
 When changed chambers change not the disease.

"Then shall you find this name of liberty,
 (The watch-word of rebellion ever us'd;
 The idle echo of uncertainty,
 That evermore the simple hath abus'd)
 But new-turn'd servitude, and misery;
 And ev'n the same, and worse, before refus'd.
 Th' aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
 Cuts off those means by which himself got up.

"And with a harder hand, and stricter rein,
 Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
 Doubting th' occasion like might serve again:
 His own example makes him fear the more.
 Flen, O injurious land! what dost thou gain,
 To aggravate thine own afflictions' store?
 Since thou must needs obey kings government;
 And no rule ever yet could all content.

* What if my youth hath offer'd up to lust
 Licentious fruits of indiscreet desires,
 When idle heat of vainer years did thrust
 That fury on? Yet now when it retires
 To calmer state, why should you so distrust
 To reap that good where'to mine age aspires?
 (The youth of princes have no bounds for sin,
 Unless themselves do make them bounds within.

† Whosoever not, that sees ought, (woe worth the while)
 (The easy way, that greatness hath to fall?)
 Involv'd with deceit, bann'd in with guile;
 Outh'd up in batt'ry, fawn'd on of all;
 Within his own living as in exile;
 Learns but with others ears, or not at all;
 And ev'n is made a prey unto a few,
 Who lock up grace, that would to other shew.

And who (as let in lease) do farm the crown,
 And joy the use of majesty and might;
 Whilst we hold but the shadow of our own,
 Veas'd with vain shows, and dallied with delight:
 hey, as huge unproportion'd mountains grown,
 between our land and us, shadowing our light,
 bereave the rest of joy, and us of love,
 and keep down all, to keep themselves above.

Which wounds, with grief, poor unrespected zeal,
 When grace holds no proportion in the parts;
 When distribution in the common-wealth
 of charge and honour, due to good deserts,
 is stop; when others' greedy hands must deal
 the benefit that majesty imparts;
 That good we meant, comes gleaned home but light;
 whilst we are robb'd of praise, they of their right."
 VOL. III.

Thus he complain'd—When Jo, from Lancaster,
 (The new entitl'd duke) with order sent
 Arriv'd Northumberland³, as to confer,
 And make relation of the duke's intent:
 And offer'd there, if that he would refer
 The controversy unto parliament,
 And punish those that had abus'd the state,
 As causes of this universal hate;

And also see that justice might be had
 On those the duke of Glouc'ster's death procur'd,
 And such remov'd from council as were bad;
 His cousin Henry would, ho there assur'd,
 On humble knees before his grace be glad
 To ask him pardon, to be well secur'd,
 And have his right and grace restor'd again:
 The which was all he labour'd to obtain.

And therefore doth an enterprisè exhort;
 Persuades him leave that unbeseeming place,
 And with a princely hardiness resort
 Unto his people, that attend his grace.
 They meant his public good, and not his hurt;
 And would most joyful be to see his face.
 He lays his soul to pledge, and takes his oath,
 The host of Christ, an hostage for his troth.

This proffer, with such protestations, made
 Unto a king that so near danger stood,
 Was a sufficient motive to persuade,
 When no way else could show a face so good:
 Th' unbroodrablè means of safety bad
 Danger accept, what majesty withstood.
 "When better choices are not to be had,
 We needs must take the seeming best of bad."

Yet stands he in doubt awhile what way to take;
 Conferring with that small-remaining troop
 Fortune had left; which never would forsake
 Their poor, distressed lord; nor ever stoop
 To any hopes the stronger part could make:
 Good Carlisle⁴, Ferby, and sir Stephen Scroope,
 With that most worthy Montague⁵, were all
 That were content with majesty to fall.

Time, spare; and make not sacrilegious theft
 Upon so memorable constancy:
 Let not succeeding ages be bereft
 Of such examples of integrity.
 Nor thou, magnanimous Leigh⁶, must not be left
 In darkness, for thy rare fidelity;
 To save thy faith, content to lose thy head;
 That rev'rent head, of good men honour'd.

Nor will my conscience I should injury
 Thy memory, most trusty Jenico⁷,
 For b'ing not ours; though wish that Usacony
 Claim'd not for hers the faith we rev'rence so;
 That England might have this small company
 Only to her alone, having no mo.
 But let's divide this good betwixt us both;
 Take she thy birth, and we will have thy troth.

³ The earl of Northumberland sent to the king, from Henry Bolingbroke, now duke of Lancaster.

⁴ The bishop of Carlisle.

⁵ Montague, earl of Salisbury.

⁶ This was sir Peter Leigh's ancestor, (of Lynez in Cheshire) that now is.

⁷ Jenico d'Artois, a Gascoign.

Grave Montague², whom long experience taught
In either fortune, thus advis'd his king:
"Dear sov'reign, know, the matter that is sought
Is only how your majesty to bring
(From out of this poor safety you have got)
Into their hands, that else hold ev'ry thing.
For now, but only you they want of all;
And wanting you, they nothing theirs can call.

"Here have you craggy rocks to take your part,
That never will betray their faith to you;
These trusty mountains here will never start,
But stand t' upbraid their shame that are untrue.
Here may you fence your safety with small art,
Against the pride of that confus'd crew:
If men will not, these very cliffs will fight,
And be sufficient to defend your right.

"Then keep you here; and here you shall behold,
Within short space, the sliding faith of those
That cannot long their resolution hold,
Repent the course their idle rashness chose.
For that same mercenary faith they sold,
With least occasions discontented grow,
And insolent those voluntary bands;
Presuming how by them be chiefly stands.

"And how can he those mighty troops sustain
Long time, where now he is, or any where?
Besides, what discipline can he retain,
Whereas he dares not keep them under fear,
For fear to have them to revolt again?
So that itself when greatness cannot bear,
With her own weight, must needs confus'dly fall,
Without the help of other force at all.

"And hither to approach he will not dare;
Where deserts, rocks, and hills, no succours give;
Where desolation, and no comforts are;
Where few can do no good, many not live.
Besides, we have the ocean, to prepare
Some other place, if this should not relieve:
So shall you tire his force, consume his strength,
And weary all his followers out at length.

"Do but refer to time, and to small time;
And infinite occasions you shall find,
To quell the rebel, even in the prime
Of all his hopes, beyond all thought of mind.
For many (with the conscience of the crime)
In colder blood will curse what they design'd;
And had success upbraiding their ill fact,
Draws them (whom others draw) from such an act.

"For if the least imagin'd overture
But of conceiv'd revolt men once espy,
Straight shrink the weak; the great will not endure;
Th' impatient run; the discontented fly:
The friend his friend's example doth procure;
And all together haste them presently,
Some to their home, some hide; others that stay
To reconcile themselves, the rest betray.

"What hope have you that ever Bolingbroke
Will live a subject, that hath try'd his fate?
Or what good reconciliation can you look,
Where he must always fear, and you must hate?
And never think that he this quarrel took,
To re-obtain thereby his private state:

"Twas greater hopes that bore to him did call;
And he will thrust for all, or else lose all.

"Nor trust this subtle agent, nor his oath.
You know his faith—you try'd it beforehand.
His fault is death—and now to lose his troth,
To save his life, he will not greatly stand.
Nor trust your kinsman's proffer; since you both
Show, blood in princes is no steadfast band.
What though he hath no title?—he hath might:
That makes a title, where there is no right."

Thus he.—When that good bishop³ thus replies,
Out of a mind that quiet did affect:
"My lord, I must confess, as your case lies,
You have great cause your subjects to suspect,
And counterplot against their subtilties,
Who all good care and honesty neglect;
And fear the worst what insolence may do,
Or armed fury may incense them to.

"But yet, my lord, fear may as well transport
Your care, beyond the truth of what is meant;
As otherwise neglect may fall too short,
In not examining of their intent:
But let us weigh the thing, which they export;
Tis peace, submission, and a parliament:
Which, how expedient 'tis for either part,
Twere good we judg'd with an impartial heart.

"And first, for you my lord, in grief we see
The miserable case wherein you stand;
Void here of succour, help, or majesty,
On this poor promontory of your land:
And where how long a time your grace may be
(Expecting what may fall into your hand)
We know not; since th' event of things do lie
Close'd up in darkness, far from mortal eye.

"And how unfit it were you should protract
Long time, in this so dangerous disgrace?
As though that you good spirit and courage lack'd
To issue out of this opprobrious place:
When ev'n the face of kings do oft exact
Fear and remorse in faulty subjects base;
And longer stay a great presumption draws,
That you were guilty, or did doubt your cause.

"What subjects ever so enrag'd would dare
To violate a prince; t' offend the blood
Of that renowned race, by which they are
Exalted to the height of all their good?
What if some things by chance misguid'd were,
Which they have now rebelliously withstood?
They never will proceed with that despite,
To wreck the state, and to confound the right.

"Nor do I think that Bolingbroke can be
So blind-ambitious to affect the crown;
Having himself no title, and doth see
Others, if you should fail, must keep him down.
Besides, the realm, though mad, will never give
To have a right succession overthrow;
To raise confusion upon them and theirs,
By prejudicing true and lawful heirs.

² The earl of Salisbury, his speech to king Richard.

³ The bishop of Exeter.

" And now it may be, fearing the success
Of his attempts, or with remorse of mind,
Or else distrusting secret practices,
He would be glad his quarrel were resign'd ;
So that there were some orderly redress
In those disorders, which the realm did find :
And this, I think, he now sees were his best ;
Since further actions further but unrest.

" And for th' impossibility of peace,
And reconciliation, which my lord objects ;
I think, when dying injury shall cease,
(The cause pretended) then surcease th' effects :
Time, and some other actions, may increase,
As may divert the thought of these respects ;
Others law¹⁰ of forgetting injuries,
May serve our turn in like calamities.

" And for his oath, in conscience and in sense,
True honour would not so be found untrue,
Nor spot his blood with such a foul offence
Against his soul, against his God, and you.
Our lord forbid, that ever with th' expense
Of Heav'n, and heavenly joys, that shall ensue,
Mortality should buy this little breath,
To endure the horror of eternal death.

" And therefore, as I think, you safely may
Accept this proffer, that determine shall
All doubtful courses by a quiet way ;
Needful for you, fit for them, good for all.
And here, my sov'reign, to make longer stay,
To attend for what you are unsure will fall,
May slip th' occasion, and increase their will :
For fear, that's wiser than the truth, doth ill."

Thus he persuades, out of a zealous mind,
Supposing men had spoken as they meant ;
And unto this the king likewise inclin'd,
As wholly unto peace and quiet bent ; [hind
And yields himself to th' earl :—goes, leaves be-
His safety, sceptre, honour, government :
For gone, all's gone—he is no more his own :
And they rid quite of fear, he of the crown.

A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
A huge aspiring rock, neighb'ring the skies,
Whose surly brow imperiously commands
The sea his bounds, that at his proud feet lies ;
And spurns the waves, that in rebellious bands
Assault his empire, and against him rise.
Under whose craggy government there was
A niggard narrow way, for men to pass :

And here, in hidden cliffs, concealed lay
A troop of armed men, to intercept
The unsuspecting king ; that had no way
To free his foot, that into danger stept.
The dreadful ocean on the one side lay ;
The hard-encroaching mountain th' other kept.
Before him, he beheld his hateful foes ;
Behind him, trait'rous enemies enclose.

Environ'd thus, the earl begins to cheer
His all-amazed lord, by him betray'd :
Bids him take courage, there's no cause of fear ;
These troops but there to guard him safe were laid.
To whom the king : " What need so many here ?
This is against your oath, my lord," he said.
But now he sees in what distress he stood ;
To strive was vain ; to entreat would do no good.

¹⁰ Lex amnestia.

And therefore on with careful heart he goes ;
Complains, (but to himself) sighs, grieves, and frets ;
At Rutland dines, though feeds but on his woes ;
The grief of mind hinder'd the mind of meats.
For sorrow, shame, and fear, scorn of his foes ;
The thought of what he was, and what now threats ;
Then what he should, and now what he hath done ;
Musters confused passions all in one.

To Flint from thence, unto a restless bed,
That miserable night he comes convey'd ;
Poorly provided, poorly followed ;
Uncourted, unrespected, unobey'd :
Where if uncertain sleep but hover'd
Over the drooping cares that heavy weigh'd,
Millions of figures fantasy presents
Unto that sorrow, waken'd grief augmenta.

His new misfortune makes deluding sleep
Say 'twas not so :—false dreams the truth deny.
Wherewith he starts ; feels waking cares do creep
Upon his soul, and gives his dream the lie ;
Then sleeps again :—and then again as deep
Deceits of darkness mock his misery.
So hard believ'd was sorrow in her youth ; [truth
That he thinks truth was dreams, and dreams were

The morning-light presents unto his view
(Walking upon a turret of the place)
The truth of what he sees is prov'd too true,
A hundred thousand men before his face
Came marching on the shore, which thither drew.
And more to aggravate his great disgrace,
Those he had wrong'd, or done to them despite,
(As if they him upbraid) came first in sight.

There might he see that false, forsworn, vile crew,
Those shameless agents of unlawful lust ;
His panders, parasites, (people untrue
To God and man, unworthy any trust)
Preaching unto that fortune that was new,
And with unblushing faces foremost thrust ;
As those that still with prosp'rous fortune sort,
And are as born for court, or made in court.

There he beheld, how humbly diligent
New Adulation was to be at hand ;
How ready Falshood stept ; how nimbly went
Base pick-thank Flatt'ry, and prevents command.
He saw the great obey, the grave consent,
And all with this new-raisd aspirer stand :
But, which was worst, his own part acted there
Not by himself ; his pow'r not his appear.

Which whilst he view'd, the duke he might perceive
Make t' wards the castle to an interview :
Wherefore he did his contemplation leave,
And down into some sifter place withdrew ;
Where now he must admit, without his leave,
Him, who before with all submission due,
Would have been glad t' attend, and to prepare
The grace of audience with respective care.

Who now being come in presence of his king,
(Whether the sight of majesty did breed
Remorse of what he was encompassing,
Or whether but to formalize his deed)
He kneels him down with some astonishing ;
Rose—kneels again (for craft will still exceed)
When as the king approach'd, put off his hood,
And welcom'd him ; though wish'd him little good.

To whom the duke began: " My lord, I know,
That both uncall'd, and unexpected too,
I have presumed in this sort to show,
And seek the right which I am born unto.
Yet pardon, I beseech you, and allow
Of that constraint which drives me thus to do.
For since I could not by a fairer course
Attain mine own, I must use this of force."

" Well; so it seems, dear cousin," said the king:
" Though you might have procur'd it otherwise:
And I am here content in ev'ry thing
To right you, as yourself shall best devise.
And God vouchsafe, the force that here you bring
Beget not England greater injuries."
And so they part.—The duke made haste from
It was no place to end this difference. [thence;

Straight towards London, in this heat of pride,
They forward set, as they had fore-decreed;
With whom the captive king, constrain'd, must ride,
Most meanly mounted on a simple steed:
Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
Thereby neglect of all respect to breed.
For th' over-spreading pomp of prouder might
Must darken weakness, and debase his sight.

Approaching near the city, he was met
With all the sumptuous shows joy could devise;
Where new desire to please did not forget
To pass the usual pomp of former guise.
Striving Applause, as out of prison let,
Runs on, beyond all bounds, to novelties;
And voice, and hands, and knees all do now
A strange deformed form of welcome show.

And manifold confusion running, greets, [near:
Shouts, cries, claps hands, thrusts, strives, and presses
Houses improv'd were t' enrich the streets,
And streets left naked, that (unhappy) were
Plac'd from the sight where joy with wonder meets;
Where all of all degrees strive to appear;
Where divers-speaking zeal one murmur finds,
In undistinguish'd voice to tell their minds.

He that in glory of his fortune sat,
Admiring what he thought could never be,
Did feel his blood within salute his state,
And lift up his rejoicing soul, to see
So many hands and hearts congratulate
Th' advancement of his long-desir'd degree;
When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by,
He re-salutes them all with cheerful eye.

Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
The unregarded king; that drooping went
Aloof, and (but for spite) scarce look'd upon:
Judge, if he did more envy, or lament!
See what a wondrous work this day is done!
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present;
In th' one to show the best of glory's face,
In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace.

Now Isabel, the young afflicted queen,
(Whose years had never show'd her but delights,
Nor lovely eyes before had ever seen
Other than smiling joys, and joyful sights:
Born great, match'd great, liv'd great, and ever been
Partaker of the world's best benefits)
Had plac'd her self, hearing her lord should pass
That way, where she unseen in secret was;

Sick of delay, and longing to behold
Her long-mis'd love in fearful jeopardies:
To whom although it had in sort been told
Of their proceeding, and of his surprise;
Yet thinking they would never be so bold,
To leave their lord in any shameful wise;
But rather would conduct him as their king,
As seeking but the state's re-ordering.

And forth she looks, and notes the foremost train;
And grieves to view some there she wish'd not there.
Seeing the chief not come, stays, looks again;
And yet she sees not him that should appear.
Then back she stands; and then desires, as fain
Again to look, to see if he were near.
At length a glitt'ring troop far off she spies;
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries.

" Lo yonder! now at length he comes," saith she:
" Look, my good women, where he is in sight.
Do you not see him? yonder; that is he!
Mounted on that white courser, all in white;
There where the thronging troops of people be.
I know him by his seat: he sits upright.
Lo, now he bows! dear-lord, with what sweet grace!
How long have I long'd to behold that face!"

" O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
I doubt me when he comes but something near,
I shall set wide the window—what care I
Who doth see me, so him I may see clear!"
Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
(Sweet lady) in the thing she held so dear:
For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook,
And him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke.

Then Envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,
Where Sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat; [rise,
And words of wrath, from whence complaints should
Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:
" Traitor," saith she, " is't thou, that in this wise
To brave thy lord and king art made so great?
And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong,
To look on thee? for this stay'd I so long?"

" Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel so?
Well! for their error I will weep them out.
And hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe;
And loath the mind, that gave me not in doubt.
What! have I added shame unto my woe?
I'll look no more—Ladies, look you about;
And tell me if my lord be in this train;
Lest my betraying eyes should err again."

And in this passion turns herself away.
The rest look all, and careful note each wight;
Whilst she, impatient of the least delay,
Demands again: " And what; not yet in sight?
Where is my lord? what! gone some other way?
I muse at this—O God, grant all go right!"
Then to the window goes again at last,
And sees the chiefest train of all was past;

And sees not him her soul desir'd to see:
And yet hope spent makes her not leave to look.
At last her love-quick eyes, which ready be,
Fastens on one; whom though she never took
Could be her lord; yet that sad cheer which he
Then show'd, his habit and his woful look,
The grace he doth in base attire retain,
Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

"What might he be," she said, "that thus alone
Rides pensive in this universal joy?
Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan:
All are not pleas'd with ev'ry thing this day.
It may be, he laments the wrong is done
Unto my lord, and grieves; as well he may.
Then he is some of ours; and we of right
Must pity him, that pities our sad plight.

"But stay: is't not my lord himself I see?
In truth, if 't were not for his base array,
I verily should think that it were he:
And yet his baseness doth a grace bestow.
Yet God forbid—let me deceived be:
And be it not my lord, although it may:
Let my desire make vows against desire;
And let my sight approve my sight a liar.

"Let me not see him but himself, a king:
For so he left me—so he did remove.
This is not he—this feels some other thing;
A passion of dislike, or else of love.
O yes, 't is he!—That princely face doth bring
The evidence of majesty to prove:
That face I have conferr'd which now I see,
With that within my heart, and they agree."

Thus as she stood assur'd, and yet in doubt;
Wishing to see, what seen she griev'd to see;
Having belief, yet fain would be without;
Knowing, yet striving not to know 't was he:
Her heart relenting; yet her heart so stout,
As would not yield to think what was, could be;
Till quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,
She must confess, or else deny the light.

For whether love in him did sympathise,
Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt;
Ev'n just before where she thus secret pries,
He stays, and with clear face looks all about.
When she—" 'T is, O! too true—I know his eyes:
Alas! it is my own dear lord!"—cries out:
And with that cry sinks down upon the floor;
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Sorrow keeps full possession in her heart;
Locks it within; stops up the way of breath;
Shuts senses out of door from ev'ry part;
And so long holds there, as it hazardeth
Oppressed nature, and is forc'd to part,
Or else must be constrain'd to stay with death:
So by a sigh it lets in sense again,
And sense at length gives words leave to explain.

Then like a torrent had been stopt before,
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow;
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,
The true intelligence of grief to show.
Sighs hinder'd words; words perish'd in their store;
Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.
One would do all; the other more than 's part;
Being both sent equal agents from the heart.

At length, when past the first of sorrows worst,
When calm'd confusion better form affords;
Her heart commands, her words should pass out first,
And then her sighs should interpoint her words;
The whites her eyes out into tears should burst.
This order with her sorrow she accords;
Which orderless, all form of order brake;
So then began her words, and thus she spake:

"What! dost thou thus return again to me?
Are these the triumphs for thy victories?
Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
From that unhappy Irish enterprise?
And have I made so many vows to see
Thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?
Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring;
To come a captive, that went'st out a king?"

"And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful land,
Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part.
I do remain the same, under thy hand;
Thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart:
If all be lost, that government doth stand;
And that shall never from thy rule depart.
And so thou be, I care not how thou be:
Let greatness go, so it go without thee.

"And welcome come, howso unfortunate;
I will applaud what others do despise.
I love thee for thyself, not for thy state:
More than thyself is what without thee lies;
Let that more go, if it be in thy fate;
And having but thyself, it will suffice.
I married was not to thy crown, but thee;
And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

"But what do I here lurking idly moan,
And gail apart; and in a single part
Make several grief? which should be both in one;
The touch being equal of each other's heart.
Ah! no, sweet lord, thou must not moan alone;
For without me thou art not all thou art;
Nor my tears without thine are fully tears,
For thus unjoin'd, sorrow but half appears.

"Join then our plaints, and make our grief full grief;
Our state being one, let us not part our care:
Sorrow hath only this poor bare relief,
To be bemoan'd of such as woful are.
And should I rob thy grief, and be the thief;
To steal a private part, and several share;
Defrauding sorrow of her perfect due?
No, no, my lord; I come to help thee rue."

Then forth she goes a close concealed way,
(As grieving to be seen not as she was)
Labours t' attain his presence all she may;
Which, with most hard ado was brought to pass.
For that night understanding where he lay,
With earnest 'treating the procur'd her pass,
To come to him. Rigour could not deny
Those tears, (so poor a suit) or put her by.

Entering the chamber, where he was alone,
(As one whose former fortune was his shame)
Loathing th' upbraiding eye of any one
That knew him once, and knows him not the same:
When having given express command that none
Should press to him; yet hearing some that came,
Turns angrily about his grieved eyes;
When lo! his sweet afflicted queen he spies.

Straight clears his brow, and with a borrow'd smile;
"What! my dear queen! welcome, my dear," he
And (striving his own passion to beguile,
[says: And hide the sorrow which his eye betrays])
Could speak no more; but wrings her hands the
while:

And then—"Sweet lady!" and again he stays.
Th' excess of joy and sorrow both affords
Affliction none, or but poor jiggard words.

She that was come with a resolved heart,
And with a mouth full stor'd, with words well chose ;
Thinking, " this comfort will I first impart
Unto my lord, and thus my speech dispose :
Then thus I 'll say ; thus look ; and with this art,
Hide mine own sorrow, to relieve his woes."
When being come, all this prov'd nought but wind ;
Tears, looks, and sighs, do only tell her mind.

Thus both stood silent, and confused so,
Their eyes relating how their hearts did mourn :
Both big with sorrow, and both great with woe,
In labour with what was not to be born ;
This mighty burthen wherewith they go,
Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn.
Sorrow makes silence her best orator,
Where words may make it less, not show it more.

But he, whom longer time had learn'd the art
T' endure affliction, as a usual touch,
Strains forth his words, and throws dismay apart,
To raise up her, whose passions now were such
As quite oppress'd her over-charged heart,
(Too small a vessel to contain so much ;)
And cheers, and moans, and feigned hopes doth
As if himself believ'd, or hop'd the same. [frame,

And now the while these princes sorrowed,
Forward Ambition (come so near her end)
Sleeps not, nor slips th' occasion offered,
T' accomplish what it did before intend.
A parliament is forthwith summoned
In Richard's name ; whereby they might pretend
A form to grace disorder, and a show
Of holy right, the right to overthrow.

Order, how much predominant art thou !
That if but only thou pretended art,
How soon deceiv'd mortality doth bow,
To follow thine, as still the better part ?
'T is thought that rev'rent Form will not allow
Iniquity, or sacred right pervert.
Within our souls since then thou dwell'st so strong,
How ill do they, that use thee, to do wrong ?

So ill did they, that in this formal course
Sought to establish a deformed right ;
Who might as well effected it by force,
Rut that men hold it wrong what 's wrought by
Offences urg'd in public, are made worse : [might
The show of justice aggravates despite.
" The multitude that look not to the cause,
Rest satisfy'd so it seem done by laws."

And now they divers articles object,
Of rigour, malice, private favourings,
Exaction, riot, falsehood, and neglect ;
Crimes done, but seldom answered by kings ;
Which subjects do lament, but not correct.
And all these faults which Lancaster now brings
Against a king, must be his own, when he
By urging others' sins, a king shall be.

For all that was most odious was devis'd,
And publish'd in these articles abroad :
All th' errors of his youth were here compris'd,
Calamity with obloquy to load,
And more to make him publicly despis'd,
Libels, invectives, railing rhymes were sow'd
Among the vulgar, to prepare his fall
With more applause, and good consent of all.

Look how the day-hater, Minerva's bird¹¹,
Whilst privileg'd with darkness and the night,
Doth live secure t' himself, of others fear'd :
If but by chance discover'd in the light,
How doth each little fowl (with envy stirr'd)
Call him to justice, urge him with despite ;
Summon the feather'd flocks of all the wood,
To come to scorn the tyrant of their blood ?

So fares this king, laid open to disgrace,
Whilst ev'ry mouth (full of reproach) inveighs,
And ev'ry base detractor, in this case,
Upon th' advantage of misfortune plays :
Down-falling greatness, urged on apace,
Was follow'd hard by all disgraceful ways,
Now in th' point t' accelerate an end,
Whilst misery had no means to defend.

Upon those articles in parliament,
So heinous made, enforce'd, and urg'd so hard,
He was adjudg'd unfit for government,
And of all regal pow'r and rule debarr'd :
For who durst contradict the duke's intent ?
Or if they durst, should patiently be heard ?
Desire of change, old wrongs, new hopes, fresh fear,
Being far the major part, the cause must bear.

Yet must we think, that some which saw the course,
(The better few, whom passion made not blind)
Stood careful lookers on, with sad commorse,
Amaz'd to see what headlong rage design'd ;
And in a more considerate discourse
Of tragical events, thereof divin'd ;
And would excuse and pity those defects,
Which with such hate the adverse part objects :

Saying, " Better years might work a better care ;
And time might well have cur'd what was amiss ;
Since all these faults fatal to greatness are,
And worse deserts have not been punish'd thus.
But yet in this, the Heavens (we fear) prepare
Confusion for our sins, as well as his ;
And his calamity beginneth our :
For he his own, and we abus'd his pow'r."

Thus murmur'd they : when to the king were sent
Certain, who might persuade him to forsake
And leave his crown, and with his free consent
A voluntary resignation make ;
Since that he could no other way prevent
These dangers, which he else must needs partake
For not to yield to what fear would constrain,
Would bar the hope of life that did remain.

And yet this scarce could work him to consent
To yield up that so soon, men hold so dear :
" Why, let him take," said he, " the government,
And let me yet the name, the title bear.
Leave me that show, and I will be content ;
And let them rule and govern without fear.
What ! can they not my shadow now endure ;
When they, of all the rest, do stand secure ?

" Let me hold that, I ask no other good :
Nay, that I will hold—Henry, do thy worst.
For ere I yield my crown, I 'll lose my blood ;
That blood, that shall make thee and thine accur'd.
Thus resolute while he firmly stood ;
Till love of life, and fear of being forc'd,

¹¹ The owl is said to be Minerva's bird.

Vanquish'd th' innatèd valour of his mind ;
And hope and friends so wrought, that he resign'd.

Then to the Tow'r (where he remained) went
The duke, with all the peers in company,
To take his offer with his free consent,
And this his resignation testify ;
And thereof to inform the parliament,
That all things might be done more formally,
Add men thereby rest better satisfy'd,
As of an act not forc'd or falsify'd.

And forth he 's brought unto th' accomplishment,
Deck'd with the crown in princely robes that day :
Like as the dead, in other lands, are sent
Unto their graves in all their best array.
And ev'n like good did him this ornament :
For what he brought he must not bear away ;
But buries there his glory and his name,
Eutoomb'd both in his own and others' blame.

And there unto th' assembly of these states,
His sorrow for their long-endurèd wrong
Through his abus'd authority, relates,
Excuses with confessions mix'd among :
And glad (he says) to finish all debates,
He was to leave the rule they sought for long ;
Protesting, if it might be for their good,
He would as gladly sacrifice his blood.

There be his subjects all in general
Assails, and quits of oath and fealty ;
Renounces int'rest, title, right, and all
That appertain'd to kingly dignity :
Subscribes thereto, and doth to witness call
Both Heav'n and Earth, and God, and saints on
To testify his act ; and doth profess [high,
To do the same with most free willingness.

'T is said, with his own hands he gave the crown
To Lancaster, and wish'd to God he might
Have better joy thereof than he had known ;
And that his pow'r might make it his by right.
And furthermore he crav'd (of all his own)
But life, to live apart a private wight :
The vanity of greatness he had try'd,
And how unsarèly stands the foot of pride.

This brought to pass, the lords return with speed,
The parliament hereof to certify ;
Where they at large publish'd the king's own deed,
And form of his resignation verbally :
And thereupon doth Lancaster proceed,
To make his claim unto the monarchy ;
And shows the right he hath, both by descent,
And by recover'y, to the government.

Which being granted, Canterbury¹² rose,
And animates them by the sacred word
In this their course : and by his text he shows
" How well they made their choice of such a lord ;
Who, as a man, was able to dispose,
And guide the state : and how the royal sword
Ought to be at a man's commandment ;
Not at a child's, or one as impotent.

¹² The archbishop of Canterbury takes his text out of the first book of Kings, chap. ix. *Vir dominabitur in populo.*

" Since when the greatness of his charge exceeds
The smallness of his pow'rs, he must collate
The same on others—whence," says he, "proceeds
This fav'rous expiation of the state :
Whence no man any more the public heeds,
Than so much as imports his private state.
Our health is from our head : if that be ill,
Distemper'd, faint, and weak, all the rest will "

Then to the present all his speech he draws,
And shows " what admirable parts abound
In this brave prince ; being fit to give them laws ;
Fit for his valour ; fit for judgment sound."
And Lancaster, indeed I would thy cause
Had had as lawful and as sure a ground,
As had thy virtues and thy noble heart,
Ordain'd and born for an imperial part.

Then had not that confus'd succeeding age
Our fields ingrain'd with blood, our rivers dy'd
With purple-streaming wounds of our own rage,
Nor seen our princes slaughter'd, peers destroy'd.
Then had'st not thou, dear country, cou'd to wage
War with thyself, nor those afflictions try'd
Of all-consuming discord here so long ;
Too mighty now, against thyself too strong.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fourth the crown established.
The lords that did to Glouc'ster's death consent,
Degraded, do rebel ; are vanquished.
King Richard unto Pomfret castle sent,
Is by a cruel knight there murdered,
After the lords had had their punishment.
His corps from hence to London is convey'd ;
And there, for all to view, is open laid.

Now risen is that head, by which did spring
The birth of two strong heads, two crowns, two
rights ;
That monstrous shape, that afterward did bring
Deform'd confusion to distract wights.
Now is attain'd that dearly purchas'd thing,
That fill'd the world with lamentable sights ;
And now attain'd, all care is how to frame
Means to establish, and to hold the same.

First, he attends to build a strong conceit
Of his usurped pow'r in peoples' minds,
And arms his cause with furniture of weight ;
Which easily the sword and greatness finds.
Succession, conquest, and election straight
Suggested are, and prov'd in all their kinds.
More than enough they find, who find their might
Hath force to make all (that they will have) right.

Though one of these might very well suffice,
His present approbation to procure :
" But who his own cause makes, doth still devise
To make too much, to have it more than sure.
Fear casts too deep, and ever is too wise :
No usual plots the doubtful can secure."
And all these disagreeing claims he had,
With hope to make one good of many bad.

Like unto him that fears, and fain would stop
An inundation working on apace ;
Runs to the breach, heaps mighty matter up ;
Throws indigested burthens on the place ;
Loads with huge weights the outside, and the top,
But leaves the inner parts in feeble case ;
Whilst th' under-searching water working on,
Bears proudly down all that was idly done :

So fares it with our indirect designs,
And wrong-contrived labours, at the last ;
Whilst working time and justice undermines
The feeble frame, held to be wrought so fast :
Then when out-breaking vengeance uncombines
The ill-join'd plots, so fairly over-cast ;
Turns up those huge pretended heaps of shows,
And all these weak illusions overthrows.

But after having made his title plain,
Unto his coronation he proceeds :
Which, in most sumptuous sort, (to entertain
The gazing vulgar, whom this splendour feeds)
Is stately furnish'd, with a glorious train ;
Wherein the former kings he far exceeds ;
And all t' amuse the world, and turn the thought,
Of what and how 't was done, to what is wrought.

And that he might on many props repose,
He strengthens his own, and who his part did take :
New officers, new counsellors he chose.
His eldest son the prince of Wales doth make :
His second, lord high-steward. And to those
Had hazarded their fortunes for his sake,
He gives them charge as merits their desert,
And raises them by crushing th' adverse part.

So that hereby the universal face
Of court, with all the offices of state,
Are wholly chang'd, by death or by disgrace,
Upon th' advantage of the people's hate ;
" Who ever envying those of chiefest place,
(Whom neither worth nor virtue, but their fate
Exalted hath) do, when their kings do naught,
(Because it 's in their pow'r) judge it their fault."

And in their stead, such as were popular,
And well-deserving, were advanc'd by grace.
Grave Shirley he ordains lord chancellor,
Both worthy for his virtues, and his race :
And Norbury he appoints for treasurer ;
A man though mean, yet fit to use that place :
And others t' other rooms ; whom people hold
So much more lov'd, how much they loath the old.

And it behoves him now to do his best
T' approve his vow, and oath made to the state :
And many great disorders he redress'd ;
Which always usurpation makes the gate
To let it self into the people's breast,
And seeks the public best t' accommodate :
Wherein injustice better doth than right ;
" For who reproves the lame, must go upright."

Though it be easy to accuse a state
Of imperfection and misgovernment ;
And easy to beget in people hate
Of present rule, which cannot all content :
And few attempt it, that effect it not :
Yet t' introduce a better government
Instead thereof, if we t' example look,
The undertakers have been overtook.

Then against those ¹ he strictly doth proceed,
Who chief of Gloucester's death were guilty thought :
Not so much for th' hatred of that deed ;
But under this pretext, the means he sought
To ruin such whose might did much exceed
His pow'r to wrong, or else could well be wrought.
Law, justice, blood, the zeal unto the dead,
Were on his side, and his drift coloured.

Here many of the greatest ² of the land
Accus'd were of the act ; strong proofs brought out ;
Which strongly were refell'd — The lords all stand,
To clear their cause, most resolutely stout.
The king perceiving what he took in hand
Was not with safety to be brought about,
Desists to urge their death in any wise ;
Respecting number, strength, friends, and allies.

Nor was it time now, in his tender reign,
And infant-young beginning government,
To strive with blood ; when levity most gain
The mighty men, and please the discontent.
" New kings do fear, when old courts farther strain ;
Establish'd states to all things will consent ;
He must dispense with his will, and their crimes,
And seek t' oppress and wear them out with time.

Yet not to seem but to have something done
In what he could not as he would effect,
To satisfy the people, (that begun
Revenge of wrong, and justice to expect)
He caus'd he put in execution one,
Who to perform this murder was elect ;
A base companion, few or none would miss ;
Who first did serve their turn, and now serves his

And to abase the too high state of those
That were accus'd, and lessen their degrees ;
Aumarle, Surrey, and Exeter most lose
The names of dukes, their titles, dignities,
And whatsoever profits thereby rise :
The earls, their titles and their signories :
And all they got in th' end of Richard's reign,
Since Gloucester's death, they must restore again ;

By this, as if by ostracism, t' abate
That great presumptive wealth whereon they stand
For first, hereby impoverishing their state,
He kills the means they might have to withstand ;
Then equals them with other whom they base,
Who (by their spoils) are rais'd to high command ;
That weak, and envy'd, if they should conspire,
They wreck themselves, and he hath his desire.

¹ The nobility accused for the death of Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester.

² The dukes of Surrey, Exeter, and Aumarle; the earls of Salisbury and Gloucester; the bishop of Carlisle, sir Thomas Blount, and others, were the parties accused for the death of the duke of Gloucester.

Yet by this grace (which must be held a grace,
As both they and the world are made believe)
He thinks t' have dealt benignly in this case,
And left them state enough, to let them live:
And that the taking from them means and place,
Was nothing in respect what he did give:
But they that know how their own reckon'ng goes,
Account not what they have, but what they lose.

The parli'ment, which now is held, decreed,
Whatever pleas'd the king but to propound;
Confirm'd the crown to him, and to his seed,
And by their oath their due obedience bound;
Which was the pow'r that stood him best in stead,
And made whatever broken courses sound.
For woe he got by fortune, favour, might,
It was the state that now must make his right.

Here was agreed, (to make all more secure)
That Richard should remain for evermore
Close prisoner; lest the realm might chance endure
Some new revolt, or any fresh uproar:
And that if any should such broil procure,
By him, or for him, he should die therefore.
So that a talk of tumult, and a breath,
Would serve him as his passing-bell to death.

Yet reverend Carlisle, thou didst there oppose
Thy holy voice to save thy prince's blood,
And freely check'dst this judgment, and his foes:
When all were bad, yet thou dar'dst to be good.
Be it enroll'd, (that time may never lose
The memory) how firm thy courage stood;
When pow'r, disgrace, nor death could ought divert
Thy glorious tongue thus to reveal thy heart.

' Grave, reverent lords, since that this sacred place,
Our Aventine-retire, our holy hill,
His place, soul of our state, the realms best grace,
Both privilege me, speak what reason will:
Let me but say my conscience in this case;
Let sin of silence show my heart was ill:
And let these walls witness, if you will not,
Do discharge my soul of this foul blot.

Never shall this poor breath of mine consent,
That he, that two and twenty years hath reign'd
A lawful lord, and king by just descent,
Should here be judg'd, unheard, and unarraign'd;
By subjects too, (judges incompetent
To judge their king, unlawfully detain'd)
And unbrought forth to plead his guiltless cause;
Arring th' anointed liberty of laws.

Have you not done enough with what is done?
Must needs disorder grow from bed to worse?
An never mischief end as it began;
But being once out, must further out of force?
Think you, that any means under the Sun,
An assure so indirect a course?
Or any broken cunning baill so strong,
Can hold out the hand of vengeance long?"

Then there was his too vehement speech with speed,
And he sent close to ward from where he stood;
His zeal untimely deem'd too much to exceed
The measure of his wit, and did no good.
They resolute, for all this, do proceed
Into that judgment could not be withstood.
The king had all he crav'd, or could compel;
And all was done—let others judge how well.

Now Muse, relate a woful accident,
And tell the bloodshed of these mighty peers,
Who (lately reconcil'd) rest discontent,
Griev'd with disgrace, remaining in their fears:
However seeming outwardly content,
Yet th' inward touch that wounded honour bears,
Reats closely wrangling, and can find no ease,
Till death of one side cure this great disease.

Means how to feel and learn each other's heart,
By th' abbot's skill of Westminster is found;
Who secretly disliking Henry's part,
Invites these lords, and those he meant to sound;
Feasts them with cost, and draws them on with art;
And dark and doubtful questions doth propound:
Then plainer speaks, and yet uncertain speaks:
Then wishes well—then off abruptly breaks.

"My lords," saith he, "I fear we shall not find
This long-desired king such as was thought.
But yet he may do well—God turn his mind:
'T is yet new days—But ill bodes new and nought.
Some yet speed well—Though all men of my kind
Have cause to doubt. His speech is not forgot,
That princes had too little; we too much.
God give him grace.—But 't is ill trusting such."

This open-close, apparent-dark discourse,
Drew on much speech—And every man replies:
And every man adds heat—And words enforce,
And urge out words. For when one man spies
Another's mind like his; then ill breeds worse;
And out breaks all in th' end, what chocest lies.
For when men well have fed, th' blood being warm,
Then are they most improvident of harm.

Bewray they did their inward boiling spite;
Each stirring others to revenge their cause.
One says, he never should endure the sight
Of that forsworn, that wrongs both land and laws.
Another vows the same; of his mind right.
A third t' a point more near the matter draws;
Swears if they would, he would attempt the thing,
To chase th' usurper, and replace their king.

Thus one by one kindling each other's fire,
Till all inflam'd, they all in one agree;
All resolute to prosecute their ire,
Seeking their own and country's cause to free;
And have his first, that their blood did conspire.
For no way else, they said, but this, could be
Their wrong-detained honour to redeem;
Which true-bred blood should more than life esteem.

"And let not this our new-made faithless lord,"
Saith Surrey, "think that we are left so bare,
(Though bare enough) but we will find a sword
To kill him with, when he shall not beware."
For he that is with life and will entor'd,
Hath (for revenge) enough, and needs not care:
For time brings means to furnish him withal;
Let him but wait th' occasions as they fall.

Then of the manner how t' effect the thing,
Consulted was—And in the end agreed,
That at a masque and common revelling,
Which was ordain'd, they should perform the deed:
For that would be least doubted of the king,
And fittest for their safety to proceed.

² Thomas, late duke of Surrey.

The night, their number, and the sudden act,
Would dash all order, and protect their fate.

Besides, they might under the fair pretence
Of tilts and tournaments, which they intend,
Provide them horse and armour for defence,
And all things else convenient for their end.
Besides, they might hold sure intelligence
Among themselves, without suspect t' offend:
The king would think, they sought but grace in court,
With all their great preparing in this sort.

A solemn oath religiously they take,
By intermutual vows protesting there,
This never to reveal, nor to forsake
So good a cause, for danger, hope, or fear.
The sacrament, the pledge of faith, they take:
And ev'ry man upon his sword doth swear,
By knighthood, honour, or what else should bind;
To assure the more each other's mind.

And when all this was done, and thought well done,
And every one assures him good success,
And easy seems the thing to every one,
That nought could cross their plot, or them suppress;
Yet one among the rest, (whose mind not won
With th' over-weening thought of hot excess,
Nor headlong carry'd with the stream of will,
Nor by his own election led to ill;)

Judicious Blount⁴, (whose learning, valour, wit,
Had taught true knowledge in the course of things;
Knew dangers as they were; and th' beaurous fit
Of 'ware less discontent, what end it brings)
Counsels their heat with calm grave words, and fit,
(Words well fore-thought, that from experience
And warns a wariar carriage in the thing, [springs]
Least blind presumption work their ruining.

"My lords," saith he, "I know your wisdom's such,
As that of mine advice you have no need;
I know you know how much the thing doth touch
The main of all your states, your blood, your seed;
Yet since the same concerns my life as much
As his, whose hand is chiefest in this deed,
And that my foot must go as far as his;
I think my tongue may speak what needful is.

"The thing we enterprise, I know, doth bear,
Great possibility of good effect;
For that so many men of might there are,
Which meaner wights, of trust and credit bare,
Not so respected, could not look t' effect.
For none, without great hopes, will follow such,
Whose pow'r and honour doth not promise such.

"Besides this new and doubtful government,
The wav'ring faith of people vain and light;
The secret hopes of many discontent;
The natural affection to the right;
Our lawful sov'reign's life, in prison pent,
Whom men begin to pity now, not spite;
Our well-laid plot and all, I must confess,
With our just cause, doth promise good success.

⁴ Sir Thomas Blount.

"But this is yet the outward, fairest side
Of our design—Within rests more of fear,
More dread of sad event yet undescri'd,
Than (my most worthy lords) I would there were.
But yet I speak not this, as to divide
Your thoughts from th' act, or to dismay your cheer;
Only to add unto your forward will,
A mod'rate fear, to cast the worst of ill.

"Danger before, and in, and after th' act,
You needs must grant it great, and to be weigh'd
Before; lest while we do the deed protract,
It be by any of ourselves bewray'd:
For many being privy to the fact,
How hard is it to keep it unbetray'd?
When the betrayer shall have life and grace,
And rid himself of danger and disgrace.

"For though some few continue resolute,
Yet many shrink, which at the first would dare,
And be the foremost men to execute,
If th' act and motion at one instant were:
But intermission suffers men dispute/
What dangers are, and cast with further care.
Cold doubt cavils with honour, scorneth fame;
And in the end, fear weighs down faith with shame.

"Then in the act what perils shall we find,
If either place, or time, or other course,
Cause us to alter th' order now assign'd;
Or that thou we expect things happen worse?
If either error, or a fainting mind,
An indiscreet amazement, or remorse,
In any at that instant should be found;
How much it might the act, and all confound?

"After the deed, the dangers are no less;
Lest that our forwardness not seconded
By our own followers and accomplices,
(Being kept back, or slow, or hindered)
The hasty multitude rush on, t' oppress
Confused weakness, there unaccommod;
Or raise another head of that same race,
T' avenge his death, and prosecute the cause.

"All this, my lords, must be considered,
(The best and worst of that which may succeed)
That valour mix'd with fear, boldness with dread,
May march more circumspect, with better heed
And to prevent these mischiefs mention'd,
Is by our faith, our secrecy, and speed:
For ev'n already is the work begun;
And we rest all undone, till all be done.

"And though I could have wish'd another count
In open field t' have hazarded my blood;
Yet some are here, whose love is of that force
To draw my life, whom zeal hath not withhold.
But like you not of your design the worst:
If the success be good, your course is good;
And ending well, our honour then begins:
No hand of strife is pure, but that which wins."

This said, a sad still silence held their minds,
Upon the fearful project of their woe;
But that not long ere forward fury finds,
Encouraging persuasions on to go.
"We must," said they, "we will; our honour links
Our safety bids; our faith must have it so.
We know the worst can come: 'T is thought upon
We cannot shift—Being in, we must go on."

And on indeed they went——But O! not far;
A fatal stop travers'd their head-long course;
Their drift 'comcs known, and they discover'd are:
For some (of many) will be false of force.
Kunzle became the man that all did mar,
Whether through indiscretion, chance, or worse;
He makes his peace with off'ring others' blood,
And shows the king bow all the matter stood.

Then lo! dismay'd confusion all possess'd
Th' afflicted troop, hearing their plot describ'd.
Then runs amaz'd distress, with sad unrest,
To his, to that; to fly, to stand, to hide:
Distracted terror knew not what was best;
On what determination to abide.
At last, despair would yet stand to the sword,
To try what friends would do, or fate afford.

Then this, then that man's aid, they crave, implore;
Post here for help, seek there their followers;
Conjure their friends they had, labour for more;
Solicit all reputed favourers,
Who Richard's cause seem'd to affect before:
And in his name write, pray, send messengers,
To try what faith was left, if by this art
Any would step to take affliction's part.

And some were found—And some again drew back:
Uncertain pow'r could not it self retain.
Retreat they may; authority they lack:
And here and there they march (but all in vain)
With desperate course; like those that see their wreck
Ev'n on the rocks of death; and yet they strain,
That death may on them idly find t' attend
Their certain last, but work to meet their end.

And long they stand not, ere the chief, surpris'd,
Conclude with their dear blood their tragedy:
And all the rest dispers'd, run, some disguis'd
To unknown coasts; some to the shores do fly;
Some to the woods, or whither fear advis'd:
But running from, all to destruction hie.
The breach once made upon a batter'd state,
Down goes distress: no shelter shrouds their fate.

And now what horror in their souls doth grow!
What sorrows with their friends and near allies!
What mourning in their ruin'd houses now!
How many children's plaints, and mothers' cries!
How many woful widows left to bow
To sad disgrace! what parish'd families! [frame
What heirs of high rich hopes their thoughts must
To base down-looking poverty and shame!

This slaughter and calamity foregoes
Thy eminent destruction, woful king:
This is the bloody comet of thy woes,
That doth foretel thy present ruining.
Here was thy end decreed, when these men rose;
And ev'n with theirs this act thy death did bring,
Or hasten'd at the least upon this ground;
Yet if not this, another had been found.

Kings, lords of times and of occasions, may
Take their advantage when and how they list:
For now the realm, he thought, in this dismay,
T' avoid like mischiefs, neither would resist,
Nor feel the wound at all: since by this way,
All future disturbances would desist.
The mot cut off, from whence these tumults rose,
He should have rest, the commonwealth repose.

He knew this time: and yet he would not seem
Too quick to wrath, as if affecting blood;
But yet complains so far, that men might deem
He would 't were done, and that he thought it good:
And wish'd that some would so his life esteem,
As rid him of these fears wherein he stood.
And therewith eyes a knight^b that then was by,
Who soon could learn his lesson by his eye.

The man he knew was one that willingly
For one good look would hazard soul and all;
An instrument for any villany,
That needed no commission more at all:
A great ease to the king, that should herchy
Not need in this a course of justice call,
Nor seem to will theact. For though what's wrought
Were his own deed, he grieves should so be thought.

“ So foul a thing (O!) thou Injustice art,
That tort'rest both the doer and distress,
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
How doth he strive t' excuse, to make the best,
To shift the fault, t' unburthen his charg'd heart;
And glad to find the least surmise of rest!
And if he could make his seem others' sin,
What great repose, what ease he finds therein!”

This knight—But yet why should I call him knight,
To give impiety to this rev'rent style?
Title of honour, worth, and virtue's right,
Should not be given to a wretch so vile.
But pardon me, if I do not aright;
It is because I will not here defile
My unstain'd verse with his opprobrious name,
And grace him so, to place him in the same.

This califf goes, and with him takes eight more,
As desperate as himself, impiously bold,
(Such villains, as he knew would not abhor
To execute what wicked act he would)
And hastes him down to Pomfret: where before,
The restless king convey'd, was laid in hold:
There would he do the deed he thought should bring
To him great grace and favour with his king.

Whether the soul receives intelligence
By her near *genius*, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend:
Or whether Nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetizing dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However, so it is; the now sad king
(Toss'd here and there, his quiet to confound)
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering:
Lists not to eat; still muses; sleeps unsound.
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick;
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,
And views the town, and sees how people pass'd;
Where others' liberty makes him complain

^b This knight was sir Pierce of Essex.

The more his own, and grieves his soul the more;
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

"O happy man," saith he, "that lo I see
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields!
If he but knew his good, (how blessed he,
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!)
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptres wields.
Thine, thine is that true life—That is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou s'tt'at at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others' harms, but feel'st none;
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint; why here I live alone;
And pitiest this my miserable fall:
For pity must have part; envy not all.

"Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No int'rest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be!
Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

"Great Dioclesian,* (and more great therefore,
For yielding up that whereto pride aspires)
Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
Than all the empire, all what th' Earth admires;
Thou well did'st teach, that he is never poor
That little hath, but he that much desires;
Finding more true delight in that small ground,
Than in possessing all the earth was found.

"Are kings (that freedom give) themselves not free,
As meaner men, to take what they may give?
What! are they of so fatal a degree,
That they cannot descend from that, and live?
Unless they still be kings, can they not be?
Nor may they their authority survive?
Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
Still am I fear'd?—Is there no way, but death?"

Scarcely this word *death* from sorrow did proceed,
When in rush'd one, and tells him, such a knight
Is now arriv'd; and comes from court in speed.
"What news," said he, "with him, that trait'rous
wight?"

What more removing yet?—Alas! what need?
Are we not far enough sent out of sight?
Or is this place here not sufficient strong,
To guard us in? or must we have more wrong?"

By this the bloody troop were at the door;
When as a sudden and a strange dismay
Enforc'd them strain who should go in before.
One offers, and in offering makes a stay:
Another forward sets, and doth no more:
A third the like; and none durst make the way.
So much the horror of so vile a deed,
In vilest minds, deters them to proceed.

* *Primum imperium communicavit, et posuit Dioclesianus; et in eo ponendo dixisse fertur: "Re-
cipe Jupiter imperium, quod mihi commodasti."*

At length, as in some great advent'rous fight,
This bravo cheers these dastards all he can;
And valiantly their courage doth incite,
And all against one weak unarmed man.
A great exploit, and fit for such a knight;
Wherein so much renova his valour wan.
But see how men that very presence fear,
Which once they knew authority did bear!

Then on thrusts one, and he would foremost be
To shed another's blood; but lost his own.
For entering in, as soon as he did see
The face of majesty, to him well known;
Like Marius soldier at Minturnum, he,
Stood still amaz'd, his courage overthrow'n.
The king seeing this, starting from where he sat,
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gat.

Thus ev'n his foes, who came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon, that before had none;
That yet he might not idly lose his breath,
But die reveng'd in action, not alone.
And this good chance that thus much favour'eth,
He stacks not—for he presently speeds on;
And, lion-like, upon the rest he flies:
And here falls one;—and there another lies.

And up and down he traverses his ground;
Now wards a falling blow, now strikes again;
Then nimbly shifts a thrust, then lends a wound;
Now back he gives, then rushes on again,
His quick and ready hand doth so confound
These shameful beasts, that four of them lie slain
And all had perish'd happily and well,
But for one act, that (O!) I grieve to tell.

This coward-knight, seeing with shame and fear
His men thus slain, and doubting his own end,
Leaps up into a chair that (lo!) was there;
The whilst the king did all his courage bend
Against those four which now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend;
And pities his hands undaunted, unafear'd,
And with good heart, and life for life he stirr'd.

And whilst he this, and that, and each man's blow
Doth eye, defend, and shift, being laid to sore;
Backward he bears for more advantage now,
Thinking the wall would safe-guard him the more;
When lo! with impious hand, O wicked thoo!
That (shameful) durst not come to strike before,
Behind him gav'st that lamentable wound,
Which laid that wretched prince flat on the ground.

Now proditorious wretch, what hast thou done,
To make this barb'rous base assassinate
Upon the person of a prince; and one
Fore-spent with sorrow, and all desolate?
What great advancement hast thou hereby won,
By being the instrument to perpetrate
So foul a deed? where is thy grace in court,
For such a service, acted in this sort?

First, he for whom thou dost this villainy,
Though pleas'd therewith, will not avouch thy fact.
But let the weight of thine own infamy
Fall on thee unsupported, and unback'd:
Then all men else will loath thy treachery,
And thou thyself abhor thy proper act.
"So th' wolf, in hope the lion's grace to win,
Betraying other beasts, lost his own skin."

But now, as this sweet prince distended lay,
And him nor life nor death their own could call;
For life removing, rid not all away;
And death, though entering, had not seiz'd on all;
That short-tim'd motion had a little stay,
The mover ceasing) though it were but small:
As th' organ-sound a-time, survives the stop,
Before it doth the dying note give up:

When lo! there streams a spring of blood so fast,
From those deep wounds, as all embrau'd the face
Of that accursed caitiff, as he pass'd
After the deed effected) through the place:
And therewithal, those dying eyes did cast
Such an upbraiding look on his disgrace,
Seeming to check so cowardly a part)
As left th' impression even in his heart.

And this one king, most near in blood ally'd,
Made th' oblation for th' other's peace:
Which peace yet was not hereby ratify'd,
So as it could all future fears release.
For though the other did forthwith provide,
To have the rumour run of his decease,
By drawing the corps⁷ to London, where it was
Laid, three days to be seen, with open face.

Yet so great was this execrable deed,
As men would scarce there'n believe their eyes,
Much less their ears: and many sought to feed
The easy creditors of novelties,
By voicing him alive⁸—How he was freed
By strange escape out of his miseries.
And many did conspire now to relieve
Him dead, who had forsaken him alive.

And many suffer'd for his cause, when now
He had none. Many wish'd for him again,
When they perceiv'd th' exchange did not allow
Their hopes so much as they did look to gain,
By trafficking of kings; and all saw how
Their full expectancies were in the wain.
They had a king was more than him before;
But yet a king, where they were nought the more.

And sure this murth' red prince, though weak he was,
He was not ill; nor yet so weak, but that
He show'd much martial valour in his place,
Advent'ring oft his person for the state:
And might amongst our better princes pass;
Had not the flattery, rapine, and debate
Of factious lords, and greedy officers,
Deserv'd his actions, and abus'd his years.

For is it so much princes' weaknesses,
As the corruption of their ministers,
Whereby the commonwealth receives distress,
As they attending their particulars,
Make imperfections their advantages,
So be themselves both kings and counsellors,

⁷ The corps was conveyed from Pomfret to London; where it lay with open face in Paul's three days; and after a solemn obsequy, was had to Langley, and there meanly interred.

⁸ King Richard bruted to be alive, after he was thus murdered: which begat a conspiracy; for he which sir Roger Clarendon (supposed to be the same son of the Black Prince) was executed, with liver fryars.

And sure this commonwealth can never take
Hurt by weak kings, but such as we do make.

Besides, he was (which people much respect
In princes, and which pleases vulgarly)
Of goodly pers'nage, and of sweet aspect;
Of mild access and liberality;
And feasts, and shows, and triumphs did affect,
As the delights of youth and jollity.
But here the great profusion⁹, and expense
Of his revenues, bred him much offence:

And gave advantage unto enmity,
This grievous accusation to prefer;
"That he consum'd the common treasury;
Wherof he being the simple usager
But for the state, (not in propriety)
Did alien at his pleasure, and transfer
The same t' his minions, and to whom he list;
By which the commonwealth was to subsist.

"Whereby," said they, "the poor consumed state,
Shall ever be exacted for supplies."
Which accusation was th' occasion that
His successor, by order, nullifies
Many his patents¹⁰, and did revoke
And re-assume his liberalities.
And yet, for all these wastes, these gifts and feasts,
He was not found a bankrupt¹¹ in his chests.

But they who took to Syndick in this sort
The actions of a monarch, knew those things
Wherein th' accompts were likely to fall short,
Between the state of kingdoms and their kings:
Which president, of penitent import,
(Had not the Heav'n's bless'd thy endeavourings)
Against thee, Henry, had been likewise brought,
Th' example made of thy example wrought.

For though this bounty, and this lib'ralness,
A glorious virtue be; it better fits
Great men than kings¹²: who giving in excess,
Give not their own, but others' benefits:
Which calls up many's others, but pleasures less;
Destroying far more love than it begets.
"For justice is their virtue—that alone
Makes them fit sure, and glorifies the throne."

⁹ He had in his court one thousand persons, in ordinary allowance of diet; three hundred servitors in his kitchen; above three hundred ladies, chamberers, and launders. His apparel was sumptuous; and so was it generally in his time. He had one coat of gold and stone, valued at thirty thousand marks. One interview with the French king at Ardes, when his wife Isabel was deliver'd unto him, cost him three hundred thousand marks.

¹⁰ Henry IV. revoked all letters-patents of annuities, granted by king Edward and king Richard, anno regni 6.

¹¹ When he was first surpris'd in Wales, the duke of Lancaster had in Holt-castle one hundred thousand marks in coin, and two hundred thousand marks in jewels: and at his resignation in the Tower, three hundred thousand pounds in coin, besides plate and jewels.

¹² A prince excessive in gifts, makes his subjects excessive in suits.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.
BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Henry his excuses publishes
For Richard's death; and truce doth entertain
With France.—The Scots, aggriev'd for wrongs, ad-
Themselves to war; and are appeas'd again. {dress
—The Welsh rebel.—The Piercies' practices
(To part the state) are stopp'd; in battle slain.
Continual troubles still afflict this king;
Till death an end doth to his travails bring.

THE bounds once overgone that bold men in,
They never stay; but on from bad to worse.
" Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course."
Now, Henry, thou hast added to thy sin
Of usurpation, and intruding force,
A greater crime; which makes that gone before
T' appear more than it did; and noted more.

For now thou art enforc'd t' apologize
With foreign states¹, for two enormous things,
Wherein thou dost appear to scandalize
The public right, and common cause of kings:
Which, though (with all the skill thou canst devise)
Thou overlay'st with fairest colouring;
Yet th' under-work, transparent, shows too plain.
" Where open acts accuse, th' excuse is vain."

And these defences are but compliments,
To dally with confining potentates;
Who, busied in their proper governments,
Do seldom tend th' affairs of other states:
Their wisdom, which to present pow'r consents,
Live dogs before dead lions estimate:
" And no man more respects these public wrongs,
Than so much as t' his private state belongs."

Yet most it seem'd the French king to import,
As sharer in his daughter's injury:
" Though blood in princes links not in such sort,
As that it is of any pow'r to tie,"
Where their estates may seem t' adventure hurt;
Or where there is not a necessity,
That doth combine them with a stronger chain,
Than all these great alliances contain.

For though this king might have resentment
And will t' avenge him of this injury;
Yet at that time his state being turbulent²,
Factions, and full of partiality,
And oftentimes he himself impotent,
By means of his frenetic malady;
It was not likely any good could rise,
By undertaking such an enterprise.

¹ Commissioners are sent to foreign princes, to excuse and justify the king's proceedings.

² In the time of Charles VI. began the civil wars in France, between the dukes of Orleans and Burgoyne.

And therefore both sides, upon entercourse;
(As fitted best their present terms) agreed,
The former truce³ continue should in force,
According as it had been fore-decreed
Upon the match with Richard; and a course
For Isabel (with all convenient speed)
Provided, with an honourable train
Sailing her state, to be sent home again:

Whom willingly they would have still retain'd,
And match'd unto the prince⁴. But she (though
young;
Yet sensible of that which appertain'd
To honour and renown) scorn'd any tongue
That offer'd such a motion; and disdain'd
To have it thought, she would but bear that wrong
Mov'd to her, of her lord and husband dead,
To have his murderer's race enjoy his bed.

Besides, the French (doubting the government,
Thus gotten, would be subject still to strife)
Not willing were to urge her to consent
T' accept a troublous and uncertain life:
And being return'd, she grew in th' end content
To be (at home) a duke of Orleans' wife⁵;
'Scap'd from such storms of pow'r, holding it best
To be below herself, to be at rest.

And so hath Henry assur'd that side,
And therewithal his state of Gascony⁶;
Which, on th' intelligence was notify'd
Of Richard's death, were wrought to mutiny;
And hardly came to be repacify'd,
And kept to hold in their fidelity.
So much to him were they affectioned,
For having been amongst them born and bred.

These toils abroad, these tumults with his own,
(As if the frame of all disjointed were,
With this disorder'd shifting of the crown)
Fell in the revolution of one year.
Beside, the Scot (in discontentment grown
For the detaining, and supporting here,
The scourge of all that kingdom, George Dunbar⁷)
With fire and sword proclaims an open war;

³ The truce made with Richard II. renewed in thirty years; but broken the next year after, upon their part; sending Jaques de Bourbon with arms into Wales, to the aid of Glendour.

⁴ The king labours to have queen Isabel match'd to his son Henry, prince of Wales.

⁵ Queen Isabel was married to Charles, son to Louis, duke of Orleans.

⁶ Thomas Piercy, earl of Worcester, was sent into Gascony, with two hundred men at arms, and four hundred archers; to assist sir Robert Knollys, lieutenant there; where he pacified that country, being incensed by the French to revolt, upon their discontentment for the death of king Richard, whom they especially loved for being born at Bourdeaux.

⁷ George Dunbar, earl of March, flying out of Scotland, was received and cherished in England, and warred against his country.

Taking their time in these disturbances,
And newness of a wav'ring government,
T' avenge them of their former grievances,
And by our spoils their fortunes to augment.
Against whose forces Henry furnishes
A pow'ful army, and in person went;
But wars with a retiring enemy,
With much more travail than with victory.

And being (by sharp deformed winter's force)
Caus'd to retire, he finds new storms at home,
From other coasts arising; that prov'd worse
Than those which now he was returned from.
In Wales*, a cause of law, by violent course,
Was (from a variance) now a war become;
And Owen Glendour, who with Grey of late
Contests for private lands, now seeks a state.

Whom to repress, he early in the spring,
With all provisions fit, doth forward set;
When straight his enemies (not purposing
To hazard battle) to the mountains get:
Where after long and weary travelling,
Without performing any great defeat,
He only their provisions wastes and burns,
And with some prey of cattle home returns.

Wherewith the rebel rather was the more
Encourag'd than addaunted; and begun
T' adventure further than he did before;
Seeing such a monarch had so little done,
Being com'n in person with so great a pow'r,
And suddenly again retir'd and gone.
"For in this case they help, who hurt so small;
And he hath nothing done, that doth not all."

But now (behold!) other new heads appear,
New hydras of rebellion, that procure
More work to do, and give more cause of fear;
And show'd, that nothing in his state stood sure.
And these ev'o of his chiefest followers were,
Of whom he might presume him most secure;
Who had th' especial engines been, to rear
His fortunes up unto the state they were.

The Piercies were the men—men of great might,
Strong in alliance, and in courage strong;
Who now conspire, under pretence to right
Such wrongs as to the commonwealth belong;
Urg'd either through their conscience, or despite;
Or finding now the part they took was wrong.
Or else ambition hereto did them call,
Or others' envy'd grace; or rather all.

And such they were, who might presume t' have done
Much for the king, and honour of the state;
Having the chiefest actions undergone,
Both foreign and domestical of late:
Beside that famous day of Homeldon⁹,
Where Hotspur gave that wonderful defeat

* Owen Glendour, an esquire in North Wales, contesting with the lord Grey of Ruthen, for certain lands which he claimed by inheritance; and being not powerful enough by his own means to recover them, procured force, and made war upon the lord Grey: and after attempts for the principality of that country, anno regni 2.

⁹ Anno regni 3.

¹⁰ In this battle of Homeldon, the lord Henry

Unto the Scots, as shook that kingdom more
Than many monarchs' armies had before.

Which might perhaps advance their minds so far,
Above the level of subjection, as
T' assume to them the glory of that war;
Where all things by their pow'r were brought to pass.
They being so mighty, and so popular,
And their command so spacious as it was,
Might (in their state) forget, how all these things
That subjects do affect, must be their king's.

And so fell after into discontent,
For that the king requir'd to have as his,
Those lords were taken prisoners; whom they meant
To hold still as their proper purchases:
Then, that he would not at their suit consent
To work their cousin Mortimer's release
Out of the rebel Owen Glendour's hands,
Who held him prisoner in disgraceful bands.

But be what will the cause, strong was their plot,
Their parties great, means good, the season fit;
Their practice close, their faith suspected not;
Their states far off, and they of wary wit:
Who with large promises so woo the Scot
To aid their cause, as he consents to it;
And glad was to disturb that furious stream
Of war on us, that else that swallowed them.

Then join they with the Welsh; who now well train'd
In arms and action, daily grew more great.
Their leader by his wiles had much attain'd,
And done much mischief on the English state:
Beside his pris'n'r Mortimer he gain'd,
From being a foe, to b' his confederate;
A man the king much fear'd—and well he might¹¹;
Lest he should look whether his crown stood right.

For Richard, (for the quiet of the state)
Before he took those Irish wars in hand,
About succession doth deliberate;
And finding how the certain right did stand,
With full consent this man did ordinate
The heir apparent to the crown and land;
Whose competency was of tender touch;
Although his might was small, his right was much.

Piercy, (surnamed Hotspur) accompanied with
George Dunbar, earl of March, overthrew the
Scottish forces: where were slain twenty-three
knights, and ten thousand of the commons; the
earls of Fife, Murray, Angus, with five hundred
other of meaner degree, taken prisoners.

¹¹ In the ninth year of the reign of king Richard II. was by parliament ordained Roger earl of March, heir apparent to the crown.

This Roger was the son of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippa, the only daughter of Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of king Edward III. who by her had issue this Roger, and Elizabeth. Roger had issue four children; all which (save only Anne) died without issue. Anne was married to Richard earl of Cambridge, second son to Edmund duke of York. This Richard (beheaded at Southampton) had issue by Anne, Richard, (surnamed Plantagenet) after duke of York.

With these the Piercies them confederate,
 And as three heads conjoin in one intent;
 And instituting a triumvirate,
 Do part the land in triple government;
 Dividing thus among themselves the state:
 The Piercies should rule all the north from Trent;
 And Glendour, Wales: the earl of March should
 be
 Lord of the south, from Trent—and so they 'gree.

Then those fair bates these trouble-states still use,
 (Pretence of common good, the king's ill course)
 Must be cast forth, the people to abuse,
 And give their cause and them the better force.
 The king for tyranny they do accuse,
 By whom the state was grown from bad to worse;
 A perjurd man, who held all faith in scorn;
 Whose trusted oaths had others made forsworn.

And therewithal the execrable act¹²
 On their late murder'd king they aggravate:
 "How he employ'd the doers of the fact,
 Whom afterwards he did remunerate;
 And daily such taxations did exact,
 As were against the order of the state;
 Presuming those great sums he did impose,
 About his private uses to dispose.

"And how he was environed with such
 As had possess'd him; and in slanderous sort
 Accus'd them so, as they durst not approach
 To clear themselves of such unjust report.
 And thereupon they flatly disavouch
 To yield him more obedience, or support:
 And as t' a perjurd duke of Lancaster,
 Their cartel of defiance they prefer;

"Protesting these objections to make good
 With sword in hand; and to confirm and seal
 Their undertaking with their dearest blood,
 As procurators for the commonweal.
 And that upon their consciences it stood,
 And did import their duty and their zeal
 Unto the state, as peers, to see redress'd
 Those miseries wherewith it was oppress'd."

Great seem'd their cause; and greatly too did
 add

The people's love thereto, these crimes impos'd;
 That many gather'd to the troops they had,
 And many sent them aid, though undisclosed:
 So that the king (with all main speed) was glad,
 Both by his remonstrances well compos'd,
 And with his sword (his best defence) provide
 To right himself, and to correct their pride.

"Divulging first a fair apology
 Of his clear heart, touching the foul report
 Of that assassinate; which utterly
 He doth abjure: protesting, in no sort
 T' agree thereto, in will or privity.
 And how he had been used to entort,
 The state could witness best; by whose consent
 Was granted what he had in parliament:

"Which never was but only one supply,
 In four years troublous and expensive reign;
 And that upon extreme necessity,
 The safety of the public to maintain.
 And that the Piercies best could testify,
 How most that money issued was again;
 To whom the same was render'd, to the end
 To war the Scot, and borders to defend.

"And that the rest was to the same effect,
 For which it was obtain'd, in like sort spent.
 And whereas they did slanderously object,
 How that they durst not hazard to present
 In person their defences, in respect
 He was mean'd by some malevolent:
 It was most false—for he knew no defence
 They were to make, till now they made offence.

"And how far he had been from cruelty,
 Both Wales and Scotland could him witness bear;
 Where those effects of his great clemency,
 In sparing blood, do to his cost appear.
 Much more his subjects find his lenity;
 Whose love he seeks to have, and not their fear.
 But thus," said he, "they ever do pretend
 To have receiv'd a wrong, who wrong intend."

Not to give time unto th' increasing rage,
 And gath'ring fury; forth he march'd with speed,
 Least more delay, or giving longer age
 To th' evil grown, it might the cure exceed.
 All his best men at arms, and leaders sage;
 All he prepar'd he could; and all did need:
 For to a mighty work thou goest, O king,
 That equal spirits, and equal pow'rs shall bring.

There shall young Houspur, with a fury led,
 Engrapple with thy son, as fierce as he:
 There martial Worcester, long experienced
 In foreign arms, shall come t' encounter thee.
 There Douglas, to thy Stafford, shall make head;
 There Vernon, for thy valiant Blount, shall be.
 There shalt thou find a doubtful bloody day,
 Though sickness keep Northumberland away.

Who yet reserv'd (though after quit for this)
 Another tempest on thy head to raise;
 As if still wrong-revenging Nemesis
 Meant to afflict all thy continuing days.
 And here this field he happily doth miss,
 For thy great good; and therefore well he stays.
 What might his force have done, being brought there—
 When that already gave so much to do? (to

The swift approach, and unexpected speed¹³,
 The king had made upon this new-rai'd force,
 In th' unconfirmed troops much fear did breed,
 Untimely hind'ring their intended course.
 The joining with the Welsh, they had decreed,
 Was hereby dash'd; which made their cause the
 worse:
 Northumberland, with forces from the north,
 Expected to be there, was not set forth.

¹² The Piercies' articles against Henry IV. Anno regni 4.

¹³ The king (hastened forward by George Dunbar) was in sight of his enemies, lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, sooner than he was expected. For the Piercies supposed he would have stayed longer than he did at Burton upon Trent, for the

And yet undaunted Hotspur (seeing the King
 so near arriv'd) leaving the work in hand,
 With forward speed his forces marshalling.
 Sets forth, his further coming to withstand :
 And with a cheerful voice encouraging
 His well-experienc'd and advent'rous band,
 Rings on his army, eager unto fight,
 And plac'd the same before the king in sight.

"This day," saith he, "my valiant, trusty friends,
 Whatever it doth give, shall glory give :
 This day with honour fyes our state, or ends
 Our misery with fame, that still shall live.
 And do but think, how well the same he spends,
 Who spends his blood, his country to relieve !
 What I have we hands ; and shall we servile be ?
 Why were swords made ; but to preserve men free ?

"Besides, th' assured hope of victory,
 Which we may ev'n fore-promise on our side,
 Against this weak, constrained company ;
 Whom force and fear, not will and love, doth guide ;
 Against a prince, whose foul impiety
 The Heav'n's do hate ; the Earth cannot abide.
 Our number being no less, our courage more ;
 To doubt we have it, if we work therefore."

"His said, and thus resolv'd, ev'n bent to charge
 Upon the king, who well their order view'd,
 And wary noted all the course at large
 Of their proceeding, and their multitude :
 And deeming better, if he could discharge
 The day with safety, and some peace conclude ;
 First proffers¹⁴ sends of pardon and of grace,
 If they would yield, and quietness embrace.

"Which though his fears might drive him to propose,
 To time his bus'ness for some other end ;
 Yet sure he could not mean't have peace with those,
 Who did in that supreme degree offend.
 For where they such as would be won with shows,
 Or breath of oaths, or vows could apprehend ;
 To that (in honour) th' offers he doth make,
 Were not for him to give, nor them to take.

"And yet this much his courses do approve,
 He was not bloody in his natural ;
 And yield he did to more, than might behove
 His dignity to have dispens'd withal.
 And unto Worcester he himself did move
 A reconciliation to be made of all ;
 But Worcester, knowing 't could not be secur'd,
 His nephew's onset yet for all procur'd.

"Coming of his council with other forces, which were
 here to meet him. Whereupon they left to assault
 the town of Shrewsbury, and prepared to encounter
 the king's forces. Anno reg. 4.

"The abbot of Shrewsbury, and one of the
 lords of the privy-seal, were sent from the king to
 beseech Pierces, to offer them pardon, if they would
 come to any reasonable agreement. Whereupon
 he earl of Worcester coming to the king, received
 many kind proffers ; and promising to move his
 nephew therein, did at his return (as is said) coun-
 sel them, and hastened to the battle ; which was
 fought near Shrewsbury. Anno reg. 4.

VOL. III.

"Which seeing, the king with greater wrath incens'd,
 Rage against fury doth with speed prepare :
 "And though," said he, "I could have well dispens'd
 With this day's blood, which I have sought to spare ;
 That greater glory might have recompens'd
 The forward worth of these that so much dare ;
 That we might good have had by th' overthrow'n,
 And th' wounds we make might not have been our own :

"Yet since that other men's iniquity
 Calls on the sword of wrath against my will ;
 And that themselves exact this cruelty,
 And I constrained am this blood to spill :
 Then on, brave followers ; on courageously,
 True-hearted subjects, against traitors ill :
 And spare not them who seek to spoil us all ;
 Whose foul, confused end, soon see you shall."

"Forthwith began these fury-moving sounds,
 The notes of wrath, the music brought from Hell ;
 The rattling drums, (which trumpets' voice con-
 founds)
 The cries, th' encouragements, the shouting shrill,
 That all about the beaten air rebounds
 Confused, thund'ring murmurs, horrible ;
 To rob all sense, except the sense to fight.
 Well hands may work : the mind hath lost his sight.

"O War ! begot in pride and luxury,
 The child of Malice and revengeful Hate ;
 Thou impious good, and good impiety,
 That art the foul refiner of a state ;
 Unjust-just scourge of men's iniquity,
 Sharp-casser of corruptions desperate :
 Is there no means, but that a sin-sick land
 Must be let blood with such a boisterous hand ?

"How well might't thou have here been spar'd this
 day,
 Had not wrong-counsel'd Piercy been perverse ?
 Whose forward hand, inur'd to wounds, makes way
 Upon the sharpest fronts of the most fierce ;
 Where now an equal fury thrusts, to stay
 And back-repel that force, and his disperse.
 Then these assail ; then those re-chase again ;
 Till stay'd with new-made hills of bodies slain.

"There is ! that new-appearing glorious star,
 Wonder of arms, the terror of the field,
 Young Henry¹⁵ lab'ring where the stoutest are,
 And ev'n the stoutest forceth back to yield :
 There is that hand holden'd to blood and war,
 That must the sword in wondrous actions wield ;
 Though better be had learn'd with others' blood ;
 A less expense to us, to him more good.

"Yet here had he not speedy succour lent
 To his endanger'd father, near oppress'd,
 That day had seen the full accomplishment
 Of all his travels, and his final rest.
 For Mars-like Douglas all his forces bent
 To encounter, and to grapple with the best ;
 As if disdain'ing any other thing
 To do that day, but to subdue a king.

"¹⁵ Prince Henry, at this battle, was not seven-
 teen years of age.

And three, with fiery courage, he assails;
 Three, all as kings adorn'd in royal wise;
 And each successive after other quails,
 Still wounding whence so many kings should rise.
 And doubting lest his hand or eye-sight fails,
 (In those embroiled) on a fourth he flies,
 And him unhorned too: whom had he sped,
 He then all kings in him had vanquished.

For Henry had divided (as it were)
 The person of himself into four parts;
 To be less known, and yet known every where,
 The more to animate his people's hearts:
 Who cheered by his presence, would not spare
 To execute their best and worst parts.
 By which, two special things effected are;
 His safety, and his subjects' better care.

And never worthy prince a day did quit
 With greater hazard, and with more renown,
 Than thou did'st, mighty Henry, in this fight;
 Which only made thee owner of thine own:
 Thou never provid'st the tenure of thy right
 (How thou did'st hold thy easy gotten crown)
 Till now: and now thou show'st thy self chief
 lord,
 By that especial right of kings, the sword.

And dear it cost, and much good blood is shed,
 To purchase thee a saving victory:
 Great Stafford¹⁵, thy high-constable, lies dead,
 With Shorley, Clifton, Gawsell, Calverly,
 And many more—whose brave deaths witnessed
 Their noble valour and fidelity:
 And many more had left their dearest blood
 Behind that day, had Hotspur longer stood.

But he, as Douglas with his fury led,
 Rushing into the thickest woods of spears,
 And brakes of swords, still laying at the head,
 (The life of th' army) whilst he nothing fears,
 Or spares his own: comes all environed
 With multitude of pow'r, that overbears
 His manly worth: who yields not in his fall;
 But fighting dies, and dying kills withal.

What ark, what trophy, what magnificence
 Of glory, Hotspur, had'st thou purchas'd here;
 Could but thy cause as fair as thy pretence,
 Be made unto thy country to appear!
 Had it been her protection and defence,
 (Not thy ambition) made thee sell so dear
 Thyself this day; she must have here made good
 An everlasting statue for thy blood.

Which thus mis-spent, thy army presently
 (As if they could not stand when thou wou'd'st down)
 Dispers'd in rout, betook them all to fly:
 And Douglas, faint with wounds, and overthrown,
 Was taken; who yet won the enemy
 Which took him, (by his noble valour shown,
 In that day's mighty work) and was preserv'd
 With all the grace and honour he deserv'd.

¹⁵ Edmund earl of Stafford, constable of England.

Worcester¹⁷ (who had escap'd unhappily
 His death in battle) on a scaffold dies,
 The next day after, in the company
 Of other chiefest of that enterprise.
 And so the tempest of this mutiny
 Became alay'd; and those great jeopardies
 Blown over in this sort, the coasts well clear'd,
 But for one threatening cloud that yet appear'd.

Northumberland recover'd, still outstands;
 The principal of this great family
 And faction: having Berwick in his hands,
 With other holds: strong by couf'd racy
 With Scotland: mighty by his own command.
 And likely now his utmost pow'r to try,
 T' avenge him on the ruin of his blood,
 And join with Wales, which yet undaunted stood.

Which mov'd the king, (who had too much endur'd
 In this day's work, to hazard now again)
 By all the aptest means could be procur'd,
 To lay to draw him in by any train.
 And write he did, and vow'd, and him assur'd
 (Upon his princely word) to entertain
 With former grace, if he would but submit,
 And come to yield th' obedience that was fit.

The earl being now by this defeat dismay'd,
 (And fearing his confederates would flake
 With fortune, and betray, rather than aid
 Those who are down; being for their own sakes)
 Relying on his sov'reign's oath, obey'd;
 Which with his tender griefs did much prevail:
 And in he came, and had no detriment,
 But (for a show) some short imprisonment.

The parliament that afterward ensu'd,
 Restor'd him t' all his dignities and lands.
 And now none but the Welsh seem'd to seclude
 The king, from having wholly in his hands
 All peace within: and them he had pursu'd,
 Whilst this brave army, with these ready hands,
 Were yet on foot; could he but have got pay
 To hold them, and his charge of war defray.

But that he could not gain, though all the way
 That might be wrought, he labours to procure
 Means to effect the same. But those delays,
 And long protraction, which he must endure
 By way of parliament, so much betrays
 The opportunity, that might secure
 His undertaking; as th' occasion lost,
 Drive both the state and him to greater cost.

For now the rebel¹⁸, thus forborn, grows strong,
 Both in his reputation and success:
 For having with his pow'r held out so long,
 Many adventures with more forwardness
 To yield him aid, and to support his wrong.
 And foreign princes (in his business
 Whom he solicits) now will lend their hand
 To hold him up, seeing himself can stand.

¹⁷ Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, with Sir Richard Vernon, and the baron of Kinderton, was taken in the battle, and beheaded.

¹⁸ The French king sends aid to Owen Glendower, with one hundred and forty ships, which landed at Milford Haven, see reg. 6.

And thus he prospers: whilst the king here spent
 Much time to levy treasure¹⁹, to maintain
 His charge abroad: which, with that discontent,
 That murmur, those desires, he doth gain;
 Is that he finds it ev'n as turbulent
 To war for it, as with it, all his reign;
 Though he had those enforcements of expense,
 Both for offence, retainments, and defence.

For here beside these troubles in the land,
 His large dominions held abroad require
 A plentiful, and a prepared hand,
 To guard them; where so mighty men²⁰ aspire
 To assail, distract, and trouble his command,
 With hopes and promises, with sword and fire.
 And then as deep imports his coasts to clear,
 Which by his neighbours much infested were:

The Flemings, Britains, with the French and all,
 Attempt invasions, and work much despite,
 Breake for Guien: and here the count St. Paul²¹
 For Catalan labours, and the isle of Wight:
 Wherein though neither had success at all;
 Yet Clermont overcame, and won by fight
 Important holds in Gascony the while,
 And did the English much distress and spoil.

All which require provisions to withstand;
 And all are succour'd with great providence.
 A navy, to secure the seas, is mann'd;
 And forces sent to Catalin²², for defence.
 And wherein other parts defective stand,
 They are supply'd with careful diligence:
 So that his subjects could not but well know,
 That what they granted, he did sure bestow.

For did he spare himself, nor his; but (bent
 All-wholly unto active worthiness)
 The prince of Wales unto his province sent,
 Where he was sure he should not take his ease:
 His second son is with the earl of Kent,
 Employ'd as governor to keep the seas.
 A third²³, though very young, likewise sent forth
 With Westmorland, attends unto the north.

¹⁹ An. reg. 6. With much ado, the lady granted
 us fifteen thousand, upon condition that the lord Furnival
 should receive all the money, and see it to be spent
 in the king's wars.

²⁰ The duke of Orleans, with an army of six
 thousand men, entered into Guienne, and besieged
 Fergi the space of three months, and returned with-
 out obtaining it. Anno reg. 5. The count Cler-
 mont, son to the duke of Bourbon, with monsieur
 le la Bret, won divers castles in Gascony. The
 same time the count St. Paul invaded the isle of
 Wight with sixteen hundred men.

²¹ Anno regni 6. The count St. Paul besieged
 the castle of Merk, within three miles of Catalin.
 The Britains, under the conduct of the lord of Ca-
 talin, spoiled and burnt the town of Plymouth.

²² The king sends four thousand men to Catalin,
 and three thousand to the seas, under the conduct
 of his second son, Thomas of Lancaster, afterwards
 duke of Clarence.

²³ John, after duke of Bedford, sent with Ralph
 Peril, earl of Westmorland, into the north.

Thus were they bred, who after were to be
 Men amongst men. Here, with these grave adjoints,
 (These learned masters) they were taught to see
 Themselves, to read the world, and keep their points.
 Thus were they entered in the first degree
 (And accident) of action; which acquaints
 Them with the rules of worth and nobleness;
 Which in true concord they learn'd well to express.

And whilst he attends the state thus carefully,
 The earl of March's children are convey'd
 Out of the tow'r of Windsor secretly;
 Being prisoners there not for their merit laid,
 But for their blood; and to the end whereby
 This chain of nature might be interlaid
 Between the father and his high intents,
 To hold him back, to save these innocents.

For which attempt, (though it were frustrated
 By their recovery, who were got again)
 Aunmarie (now duke of York) is challenged
 By his own sister²⁴, to have laid that train;
 Who late her lord (with others) ruined,
 In secretly betraying them, 't' obtain
 His grace and peace—which yet contents him not:
 For who hath grace and peace by treason got?

So much did love 't' her executed lord
 Predominate in this fair lady's heart,
 As in that region it would not afford
 Nature a place to rest in any part
 Of her affections; but that she abhor'd
 Her proper blood, and left to do the part
 Of sisterhood, to do that of a wife;
 'T' avenge a husband's death, by brother's life.

Upon which accusation, presently
 The duke committed is, without much stir
 Or vulgar noise: for that it tenderly
 Did touch the secret wounds of Lancaster:
 When straight another new conspiracy²⁵,
 (As if it were a certain success²⁶,
 Ally'd to this) engender'd in the north,
 Is by the archbishop Scroope with pow'r brought
 forth.

And with fair zeal and piety approv'd,
 To be for th' universal benefit
 And succour of the people; who (soon mov'd
 By such persuaders as are held upright,
 And for their zeal and charity befor'd)
 Use not 't' examine if the cause be right,
 But leap into the toil, and are undone
 By following them that they rely'd upon.

²⁴ The lady Spencer, sister to Edward duke of
 York, late wife to Thomas lord Spencer, (executed
 at Bristol, an. reg. 1.) accused her brother to be
 the chief author of conveying away the earl of
 March's sons out of the tower of Windsor.

²⁵ Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland, again
 conspires against the king; with Richard Scroope,
 archbishop of York; Thomas Mowbray, earl mar-
 shal; Thomas lord Burdolph, and others. They
 assembled the citizens of York, with the country
 adjoining; to take their part, for the commodity to
 the realm.

Here new aspersions, with new obloquies,
Are laid on old deserts; and future ill
On present sufferings bruted to arise,
That farther grievances²⁶ engender will.
And then commision, rapine, pillories,
Their catalogue of accusations fill:
Which to redress, they do presume to make
Religion to avow the part they take.

And ev'n as Canterbury did produce
A pardon, to advance him to the crown;
The like now York²⁷ pronounces, to induce
His faction for the pulling of him down:
Whilst th' ignorant, deceiv'd by this abuse,
Makes others' ends to be as if their own.
But what would these have done against the crimes,
Oppressions, riots, wastes of other times?

Since now they had a monarch, and a man,
Rain'd by his worth, and by their own consent,
To govern them; and works the best he can,
T' advance the crown, and give the state content;
Commits not all to others care, nor run
An idle course, or on his minions spent.
"But thus the horse at first bites at the bit,
That after is content to play with it."

Grown to a mighty pow'r (attending now
Northumberland, with his prepared aid)
The bishop (by a party) is, with a show
Of combination, cunningly betray'd
By Westmorland²⁸; whose wit did overthrow
(Without a sword) all these great fears, and stay'd
The mightiest danger that did ever yet
Thy crown and state, disturbed Henry, threat.

For which this sev'rend priest²⁹ with Mowbray dies;
Who both drawn on with passion of despite,
To undertake this fatal enterprise,
(The one his brother's bloodshed to requite;
The other for his father's injuries)
Did wrong themselves, and did not others right.
"For who through th' eyes of their affections look,
And not of judgment, thus are overlook."

Whereof when news came to Northumberland³⁰,
(Who seldom other than of misery
Seems born to hear; being ever behind hand
With Fortune, and his opportunity)
To Scotland flies: where given to understand
Of some entrapment by conspiracy,

²⁶ They divulge grievous articles against the king.

²⁷ The archbishop of York offers pardon to all that take their part against the king.

²⁸ The earl of Westmorland, with John duke of Lancaster, gathered an army against the conspirators; whose power being too great for them, the earl made semblance to join with the archbishop, for redress of such grievances as he pretended; and so circumvented, and disarmed him of his forces, anno. reg. 6.

²⁹ The archbishop was brother to William Scroope, earl of Wiltshire, treasurer of England, before beheaded.

Thomas Mowbray, earl marshal, son to the duke of Norfolk, banished about the quarrel with Henry Bolingbroke.

³⁰ The earl of Northumberland, returning out of Wales, recovers new forces in Yorkshire; and is,

Gets into Wales; whence he adventur'd
T' attempt another day, and lost his head.

Whereby once more those parts are quieted;
When as the king³¹ (who never had his brow
Seen free from sweat, nor heart from trouble) did
Was, with suspicion that his son grew now
Too popular, and forward, so much fed
By wicked instruments, (who well knew how
To gain by princes fears) as he thereby
Fell in his grief to great extremity.

Which when that virtuous prince (who born to be
The model of a glorious monarch) heard,
With humble protestations did so free
His father's fears, and his own honour clear'd,
As that he plainly made the world to see,
How base detraction and deceit appear'd;
And that a heart so nobly built, could not
Contain (within) a thought that wore a blot.

Wherewith the king betakes him to some posture;
Yet to a peace much like a sick man's sleep,
(Whose unrelenting pains do never cease,
But always watch upon his weakness keep)
That never any sabbath of release
Could free his travels, and afflictions deep:
But still his cares held working all his life,
Till Death concludes a final end with strife.

Whose herald, Sickness, being employ'd before,
With full commission to denounce his end;
And pain and grief enforcing more and more,
Besieg'd the hold that could not long defend;
Consuming so all that resisting store
Of those provisions Nature design'd to lend,
As that the walls (worn thin) permit the mind
To look out thorough, and his frailty find.

For now (as if those vapours vanish'd were,
Which heat of boiling blood and health did breed,
To cloud the judgment) things do plain appear
In their own colours, as they are indeed;
When as th' illighen'd soul discovers clear
Th' abusive shows of sense, and notes with heed
How poor a thing is pride; "When all, as slaves,
Differ but in their fetters, not their graves."

And lying on his last, afflicted bed,
Pale Death and Conscience both before him stand;
Th' one holding out a book, wherein he read
In bloody lines the deeds of his own hand:
The other shows a glass, which figur'd
An ugly form of foul corrupted sand;
Both bringing horror in the high'st degree,
With what he was, and what he soon should be.

Which seeing, (all trembling and confus'd with fear,
He lay awhile amaz'd with this affright:
At last commands some that attending were,
To fetch the crown, and set it in his sight:
On which with fixed eye, and heavy cheer,
Casting a look—"O God," saith he, "what sight

with the lord Bardolph, overcome at Bramham Moor, and slain in the battle, anno. regni 9.

³¹ The king grows jealous of his son Henry, prince of Wales: who, with a better mind than fashion, came to his father, and cleared himself, anno. regni 13.

had to thee, I now in grief conceive:
hee—which with blood I held! with horror leave!”

And herewithal, the soul (rapt with the thought
Of mischiefs past) did so attentive weigh
Hers present terrors, whilst (as if forgot)
He dull oppressed body senseless lay;
That he as breathless quite, quite dead is thought:
Then lo! the son comes in, and takes away
His fatal crown from thence; and out he goes,
As if impatient longer time to lose.

“To whom (call’d back for this presumptuous deed)
The king, return’d from out his ecstasy,
Began—“O son, what need’st thou make such
To be before-hand with thy misery? [speed,
Thou shalt have time enough, if thou succeed,
To feel the storms that beat on dignity.
And if thou could’st but be (be any thing)
A liberty, then never be a king.”

“Nay, father, since your fortune did attain
So high a stand; I mean not to descend,”
Replies the prince. “As if what you did gain,
Were of spirit unable to defend.
Time will appease them well, who now complain,
And ratify our int’rest in the end.
What wrong hath not continuance quite out-worn?
‘ears make that right, which never was so born.”

“If so, God work his pleasure,” said the king:
“Yet thou must needs contend with all thy might,
Each evidence of virtuous deeds to bring,
That well may prove our wrong to be our right.
And let the goodness of the managing
Lase out the blot of foul attaining quite;
But discontent may all advantage miss,
To wish it otherwise than now it is.

“And since my death my purpose doth prevent,
Touching this holy war I took in hand,
An action wherewithal my soul had meant
To appease my God, and reconcile my land)
To thee is left to finish my intent;
Who, to be safe, must never idly stand:
But some great actions entertain thou still,
To hold their minds, who else will practise ill.

“Thou hast not that advantage by my reign,
To riot it, as they whom long descent
Hath purchas’d love by custom: but with pain
Thou must contend to buy the world’s content.
What their birth gave them thou hast yet to gain,
By thine own virtues add good government:
So that unless thy worth confirm the thing,
Thou never shalt be father to a king.

“Nor art thou born in those calm days, where rest
Hath brought asleep sluggish security:
Not in tumultuous times, where minds address’d
To factions, are inur’d to mutiny;
To mischief, not by force to be suppress’d,
Where rigour still begets more enmity.
Introd must be beguil’d with some new course,
Where states are stiff, and princes doubt their force.”

“This, and much more, affliction would have said,
But of th’ experience of a troublous reign,
For which his high desires had dearly paid
The int’rest of an ever-toiling pain)

But that this all-subduing pow’r here stay’d
His falt’ring tongue²; and pain (t’ enforce t’ again)
Bar’d up the oppress’d passages of breath,
To bring him quite under the state of death.

In whose possession I must leave him now;
And now into the ocean of new toils,
Into the stormy main (where tempests grow
Of greater ruins, and of greater spoils)
Set forth my course (to hasten on my vow)
O’er all the troublous deep of these turmoils.
And if I may but live t’ attain the shore
Of my desired end, I wish no more.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fifth cuts off his enemy,
The earl of Cambridge, that conspir’d his death,
Henry the Sixth, (marry’d unluckily)
His, and his country’s glory ruineth.
Suffolk, that made the match, preferr’d too high;
Going t’ exile, a pirate murdereth.
What means the duke of York observ’d, to gain
The world’s good-will, seeking the crown t’ attain.

Close another’d lay the low depressed fire,
Whose after-issuing flames confounded all,
The whilst victorious Henry¹ did conspire
The wreck of France, that at his feet did fall:
Whilst joys of gotten spoils, and new desire
Of greater gain, to greater deeds did call
His coun’ring troops; that could no thoughts retain,
Save thoughts of glory, all that active reign.

Whom here, methinks, (as if he did appear
Out of the cloudy darkness of the night)
I do behold approach with martial cheer,
And with a dreadful (and yet lovely) sight:
Whose eye gives courage, and whose brow hath fear,
Both representing terror and delight;
And stays my course, and off my purpose breaks;
And in upbraiding words thus fiercely speaks.

“Ungrateful times! that impiously neglect
That worth, that never times again shall show.
What! merits all our toil no more respect?
Or else stands idleness ashamed to know
Those wondrous actions, that do so object
Blame to the wanton, sin unto the slow?
Can England see the best that she can boast
Lie thus ungrac’d, undeck’d, and almost lost?”

¹ Anno dom. 1412, the king died in the 46th year of his age, when he had reigned 13 years 6 months, and left four sons: Henry, after him, king; the duke of Clarence, John duke of Bedford, and Humphrey duke of Gloucester.

² Henry V. began his reign, March 20, 1412.

" Why do you seek for feigned Pallasines,
(Out of the smoke of idle vanity)
Who may give glory to the true designs
Of Bouchier, Talbot, Nevile, Willoughby?
Why should not you strive to fill up your lines,
With wonders of your own, with verity?
To inflame their offspring with the love of good,
And glorious true examples of their blood.

" What everlasting matter here is found,
Whence new immortal lias might proceed?
That those whose happy graces do abound
In blessed accents, here may have to feed
Good thoughts, on no imaginary ground
Of hungry shadows, which no profit breed;
Whence, music-like, instant delight may grow;
Yet when men all do know, they nothing know.

" And why dost thou, in lamecitable verse,
Nothing but bloodshed, treason, sin, and shame,
The worst of times, th' extreme of ill rehearse;
To raise old stains, and to renew dead blame?
As if the minds of th' evil and perverse,
Were not far sooner trained from the same,
By good example of fair virtuous acts,
Than by the show of fool ungodly facts.

" Would God our times had had some sacred right,
Whose words as happy as our words had been,
To have prepar'd for us trophies aright
Of undecaying frames t' have rested in;
Triumphant arks of perdurable might:
O holy lines! that such advantage win
Upon the scythe of Time, in spite of years:
How blessed they, who gain what never wears!

" For what is it to do; if what we do
Shall perish near as soon as it is done?
What is that glory we attain unto
With all our toil, if lost as soon as won?
A small requital for so great ado,
Is this poor present breath, a smokes stone gone;
Or these dumb stones, erected for our sake:
Which furless heaps few stormy changes make.

" Tell great Eliza, (since her days are grac'd
With those bright ornaments to us deny'd)
That she repair what darkness hath defac'd,
And get our ruin'd deeds re-edify'd.
She! in whose all-directing eye is plac'd
A pow'r, the highest pow'rs of wit to guide;
She may command the work, and oversee
The holy frame, that might eternal be.

" For would she be content that Time should make
A rav'ous prey upon her glorious reign;
That darkness and the night should overtake
So clear a brightness shining without stain?
Ah! no: she fosters some, no doubt, that wake
For her eternity, with pleasing pain.
And if she for herself prepare this good,
Let her not so neglect those of her blood."

This that great monarch Henry seem'd to crave:
When (weighing what a holy motive here
Virtue propos'd, and fit for him to have,
Whom all times ought of duty hold most dear)
Ligh'd—~~and wish'd that some would take t' engrave,~~
With curious hand, to press a week to rear,
(To grace the present, and to bless times past,
'That might for ever to our glory last!

So should our well-taught times have learn'd all
How fair shin'd virtue, and how foul vice stood;
When now myself am driven to mislike
Those deeds of worth I dare not vow for good:
I cannot mean who lose, nor praise who seek
By mighty actions how t' advance their blood.
I must say, who wrought most, least honour had:
However good the cause, the deeds were bad.

And only tell the worst of ev'ry reign;
And not the intermeddled good report.
I leave what glory virtue did attain
At th' ever-memorable Agincourt.
I leave to tell, what wit, what pow'r did gain
Th' assieg'd Roan, Caen, Dreux; or in what sort
How majestic with terrour did advance
Her conqu'ring foot on all-subdu'd France.

All this I pass; and that magnanimous king,
Mirror of virtue, miracle of worth;
Whose mighty actions, with wise managing,
Forc'd prouder boasting climes to serve the North:
The best of all the best the Earth can bring,
Scarce equals him in what his reign brought forth
Being of a mind as forward to aspire,
As fit to govern what he did desire.

His comely body was a goodly seat,
Where Virtue dwelt most fair, as loth'd most part
A body strong; where use of strength did get
A stronger state to do, and to endure.
His life he makes th' example to brag
Like spirit in these he did to good insure;
And gave to Worth such life and livelihood,
As if he greatness sought but to do good.

He, as the chief and all-directing head,
Did with his subjects as his members live;
And them to goodness forced not, but led;
Winning, not much to have, but much to give,
(Deeming the pow'r of his, his pow'r did spend)
As born to bless the world, and not to grieve:
Adorn'd with others' spoils, not subjects' store;
No king exacting less, some winning more.

He, after that corrupted faith had bred
An ill-learn'd obedience for command,
And languishing luxuriosness had spread
Wayward unaptness over all the land;
These long unorder'd troops so unrevell'd,
Under such formal discipline to stand,
That ev'n his soul seem'd only to direct
So great a body, such exploits t' effect.

He brings abroad distracted discontent,
Disperr'd ill humours into actions high;
And to unite them all in one consent,
Plac'd the fair mark of glory in their eye;
That Malice had no leisure to dissent,
Nor Envy time to practice treachery.
The present actions do divert the thought
Of madness past, while minds were so well wrong

Here now were pride, oppression, misery,
(The canker-eating mischiefs of the state)
Call'd forth to prey upon the enemy;
While the home-barber'd better lighten'd at
Exactors did not with a greedy eye
Examine states, or private riches rate.

The silent courts¹ war'd not with busy words;
Nor wrested law gave the contentions swords.

Now nothing entertains th' attentive ear,
But stratagems, assaults, surprises, fights:
How to give laws to them that conquer'd were;
How to articulate with yielding wights.
The weak with mercy, and the proud with fear,
How to retain; to give deserts their rights;
Were now the arts—And nothing else was thought,
But how to win, and maintain what was got.

But here, the equally respecting eye
Of Pow'r, looking alike on like deserts,
Blessing the good, made others' good thereby;
More mighty by the multitude of hearts.
The field of glory unto all doth lie
Open alike; honour to all imparts.
So that the only fashion is request,
Was, to be good, or good-like as the rest.

So much, O thou Example, dost effect,
(Being far a better master than Command²)
That how to do, by doing dost direct,
And teachest others action by thy hand.
"Who follows not the course that kings elect?
When princes work, who then will idle stand?
And when that doing good is only thought
Worthy reward; who will be bad for nought?"³

And had not th' earl of Cambridge⁴, with vain speed,
Untimely practis'd for another's right,
With hope t' advance those of his proper seed,
(On whom the rule seem'd destined to light)
The land had seen none of her own to bleed,
During this reign, nor so aggrieved sight:
None the least blackness interclouded had
So fair a day, nor any eye look'd sad.

But now when France perceived from afar
The gathering tempest growing on from hence,
Ready to fall, threatening their state to mar,
They labour all means to provide defence:
And practising how to prevent this war,
And shut out such calamities from thence;
Do foster here some discord lately grown,
To hold ambition husied with her own.

But now when France perceived from afar
The gathering tempest growing on from hence,
Ready to fall, threatening their state to mar,
They labour all means to provide defence:
And practising how to prevent this war,
And shut out such calamities from thence;
Do foster here some discord lately grown,
To hold ambition husied with her own.

Finding those haunours which they saw were fit
Soon to be wrought, and easy to be fed,
Swol'n full with envy, that the crown should sit
There were it did, (as if established)
And whom it touch'd in blood, to grieve at it;
They with such hopes and helps soliciated,
That this great earl was drawn t' attempt the thing,
And practiseth how to depose the king.

For being of mighty means to do the deed,
And yet of mightier hopes than means to do;
And yet of spirit that did his hopes exceed;
And then of blood as great, to add thereto:
All these, with what the gold of France could breed,
(Being pow'r's enough a climbing mind to woo)
He so employ'd, that many he had won
Ev'n of the chief⁵ the king rely'd upon.

The well-known right of th' earl of March altar'd
A leaning love; whose cause he did pretend:
Whereby he knew that so himself procur'd
The crown for his own children in the end.
For the earl being (as he was assur'd)
Unapt for issue; it must needs descend
On those of his, being next of Clarence race,
As who by course of right should hold the place.

It was the time when as the forward prince
Had all prepar'd for his great enterprise⁶;
And ready stand his troops to part from hence,
And all in stately form and order lies;
When open Fame gives out intelligence
Of these bad complots of his enemies.
Or else this time of purpose chosen is;
Though known before, yet let run on till this.

That this might yield the more to aggravate
Upon so foul a deed untimely sought,
Now at this point t' attempt to rinate
So glorious a design so forward brought;
Whilst careful virtue seeks t' advance the state,
And for her everlasting honour sought:
That though the cause seem'd right, and title strong,
The time of doing it yet makes it wrong.

But straight an unlamented death he had.
And straight were joyfully the anchors weigh'd,
And all flock fast aboard with visage glad;
As if the sacrifice had now been paid
For their good speed, that made their stay so sad,
Loathing the least occasion that delay'd.
And now new thoughts, great hopes, calm seas, fair
With present action entertain their minds. [winds,

No other cross, O Henry, saw thy days
But this, that touch'd thy now possess'd hold;
Nor after long, till this man's son⁷ assays
To get of thine the right that he controll'd;
For which contending long, his life he pays.
So that it fatal seem'd, the father should

¹ The courts of justice.

²Docet tolerare labores; non jabet.

³ Richard earl of Cambridge, the second son to Edmund Langley, duke of York; married Anne, the daughter of Roger Mortimer, earl of March, descended from Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son to king Edward III. By whose right, Richard duke of York, son to this earl of Cambridge, afterwards claimed the crown.

⁴ The earl of Cambridge conspiring the death of the king, was, with Henry Scroope, lord treasurer, and sir Thomas Gray, executed at Southampton, anno 3. regni.

⁵ At Southampton.

⁶ Richard duke of York, son to the earl of Cambridge, by Anne, daughter to the earl of March, made his claim in the 30th year of Henry VI.

Thy winning seek to stay; and then his son
Should be the cause to lose, when thou had'st won.

Yet now in this so happy a meanwhile,
And interlightning times thy virtues wrought,
That Discord had no leisure to defile
So fair attempts with a tumultuous thought:
And ev'n thyself thyself did'st so beguile
With such attention upon what was sought,
That time affords not now (with fear or hate)
Others to seek, thee to secure thy state.

Or else how easy had it been for thee,
All the pretendant race t' have laid full low?
If thou proceeded had'st with cruelty,
Not suffering any fatal breach to grow.
But unsuspecting magnanimity
Shames such effects of fear and force to show;
Busied in free and open actions, still
Being great—for being good, hates to be ill.

And yet such wrongs are held meet to be done,
And often for the state thought requisite;
As when the public good depends thereon,
When great injustice is esteem'd great right.
But yet, what good with doing ill is won?
Who bath of blood made such a benefit,
As hath not fear'd more after than before;
And made his peace the less, his plague the more?

Far otherwise dealt this undaunted king,
That cherished the offspring of his foes,
And his competitors to grace did bring;
And them his friends for arms and honours chose:
As if plain courses were the safest thing,
Where upright goodness sure and steadfast goes;
Free from that subtle mask'd impiety,
Which this deprav'd world calls policy.

Yet how hath Fate dispos'd of all this good?
What have these virtues after-times avail'd?
In what stead hath high-raised valour stood,
When this continuing cause of greatness fail'd?
Then when proud grown the irritated blood,
Enduring not itself, itself assail'd;
As though that Process had but learn'd to spill
Much blood abroad, to cut her throat with skill.

How doth th' Eternal, in the course of things,
Immix the causes both of good and ill?
That thus th' one effects of th' other brings;
As what seems made to bliss, is born to spill?
What! from the best of virtues, glory, springs
That which the world with misery doth fill?
Is th' end of happiness but wretchedness?
Hath sin his plague, and virtue no success?

Either that is not good the world holds good;
Or else is so confus'd with ill, that we
(Abused with th' appearing likelihood)
Run to offend, whilst we think good to be:
Or else the Heavens made man (in furious blood)
To torture man; allotting no course free
From mischief long. Sending fair days, that breed
But storms; to make more foul times that succeed.

Who would have thought that so great victories,
Such conquests, riches, land, and kingdom gain'd,
Could not but have establish'd in such wise
This powerful state, in state to have remain'd?
Who would have thought that mischief could de-
A way, so soon to lose what was attain'd? [vise

As if pow'r were but show'd to glare, not grace,
And to reduce us into far worse case.

With what contagion, France, did'st thou infect
This land, by thee made proud, to disagree?
T' enrage them so, their own swords to direct
Upon themselves, that were made sharp in thee!
Why did'st thou teach them here at home t' erect
Trophies of their blood, which of thine should be!
Or was the date of thine affliction out;
And so (by course) was ours to come about?

But that untimely death of this great king*,
Whose nine years reign so mighty wonders wrought,
To thee thy hopes, to us despair did bring;
Not long to keep and govern what was got.
For those that had th' affairs in managing,
Although their country's good they greatly sought;
Yet so ill accidents untidly fell,
That their designs could hardly prosper well.

An infant king* doth in the state succeed,
Scarcely one year old, left unto others' guide:
Whose careful trust, though such as show'd indeed
They weigh'd their charge more than the world be-
And did with duty, zeal, and love proceed; [vise
Yet (for all what their travail could provide)
Could not too Fortune to remain with us,
When this her mission was departed thus:

But by degrees, first this, then that regain'd,
The turning tide bears back with flowing chance
Unto the Dauphin, all we had attain'd;
And fills the late low-running hopes of France.
When Bedford (who our only hold maintain'd)
Death takes from us, their fortune to advance;
And then home strife, that on itself did fall,
Neglecting foreign care, did soon lose all.

Near threescore years are pass'd since Bolingbroke
Did first attain (God knows how just) the crown:
And now his race, for right possessors took,
Were held of all to hold nought but their own:
When Richard duke of York begins to look
Into their right, and makes his title known;
Wak'ning up sleeping Right, that lay as dead,
To witness how his race was injured.

His father's end, in him no fear could move
T' attempt the like, against the like of might;
Where long possession now of fear and love,
Seem'd to prescribe ev'n an innated right.
So that to prove his state, was to disprove
Time, law, consent, oath and allegiance quite:
And no way but the way of blood there was,
Through which (with all confusion) he must pass.

"And how much better for him had it been,
T' endure a wrong with peace, than with such toil
T' obtain a bloody right?—Since right is sin,
That is ill-sought, and purchased with spoil."
But this so wretched state are kingdoms in,
Where one man's cause shall all the rest embroil:

* Henry V. reigned nine years and ten months, and died in the 36th year of his age.

* Henry VI. scarce one year old when he began his reign, was committed to the charge of the two good dukes, Bedford and Gloucester, his uncles.

' And oft t' advance a tyrant to a crown,
Then run t' undo the state that is their own."

And yet that opportunity which led
Him to attempt, seem'd likewise him t' excuse:
A feeble-spirited king that governed,
Who ill could guide the sceptre he did use;
His enemies, that his worth maliced,
Who both the land and him did much abuse:
The people's love; and his apparent right,
May seem sufficient motives to incite.

Besides, the slow ripe wrath (deferr'd till now)
Of that sure and unfailing Justicer,
That never suffers wrong so long to grow,
And to incorporate with right so far,
As it might come to seem the same in show,
T' encourage those that evil-minded are
By such success) but that at last he will
Confound the branch, whose root was planted ill.

Else might the impious say, with grudging spite,
' Doth God permit the great to riot free,
And bless the mighty though they do unright,
As if he did unto their wrongs agree?
And only plague the weak and wretched wight,
'or smallest faults, ev'n in the high'st degree?
When he but using them for others' scourge,
Likewise of them at length the world doth purge.

' But could not yet for bloodshed satisfy
The now well-ruling of th' ill-gotten crown?
Must ev'n the good receive the penalty
Of former sins, that never were their own?
And must a just king's blood (with misery)
'ay for a bad, unjustly overthrown?
Well—then we see, Right in his course must go:
And men, t' escape from blood must keep it so."

And sure this king that now the crown possess'd,
Henry the Sixth) was one whose life was free
From that command of vice, whereto the rest
Of most these mighty sovereigns subjects be;
And number'd might have been among the best
Of other men, if not of that degree.
A right good man, but yet an evil king;
Just for what he had in managing.

Of humble spirit, of nature eminent;
No thought t' increase he had; scarce keep his own:
'or pard'ning softer than for punishment;
He chokes his pow'r, to have his bounty known.
'ar from revenge; soon won; soon made content;
As sifter for a clobber than a crown:
Whose holy mind so much addicted is
On th' world to come, that he neglecteth this.

With such a weak-good, feeble-godly king,
Nath Richard duke of York his cause to try;
Who by th' experience of long managing
The wars of France with supreme dignity;
And by his own great worth, with furthering
The common good against the enemy,
Had wrought, that zeal and love attend his might,
And make his spirit equal to his right.

For now the duke of Bedford being dead,
He is ordain'd the regent¹⁰ to succeed
In France, for five years: where he travailed
With ready hand, and with as careful heed,

¹⁰ The duke of York made regent in France,
After the death of the duke of Bedford.

To seek to turn back fortune, (that now fell)
And hold up falling pow'r in time of need:
And got and lost; and re-attains again,
That which again was lost for all his pain.

His time expir'd, he should for five years more
Have had his charge prolong'd: but Somerset¹¹,
That still had envy'd his command before,
That place and honour for himself did get:
Which adds that matter to th' already store
Of kindled hate, which such a fire doth set
Unto the touch of a confounding flame,
As both their bloods could never quench the same.

And now the weakness of that feeble head
(That doth neglect all care, but his soul's care)
So easy means of practice ministr'd
Unto th' ambitious members, to prepare
Their own desires to what their humours led;
That all good actions coldly followed are,
And sev'ral-tending hopes do wholly bend
To other now than to the public end.

And to draw on more speedy misery,
The king unto a fatal match is led,
With Rayner's¹² daughter, king of Sicily;
Whom, with unlucky stars, he married.
For by the means of this affinity,
Was lost all that his father conquered;
Ev'n as if France had some Erynnis sent,
T' avenge their wrongs done by the insolent.

This marriage was the earl of Suffolk's¹³ deed,
With great rewards won to effect the same;
Which made him that he took so little heed
Unto his country's good, or his own shame:
It being a match could stand us in no stead,
For strength, for wealth, for reputation, fame:
But cunningly contriv'd for others' gain;
And cost us more than Anjou, Maine, and Main.

And yet (as if he had accomplished
Some mighty benefit unto the land)
He got his travails to be regist'rd
In parliament, for evermore to stand
A witness to approve all what he did;
To th' end that if hereafter it were scann'd,
Authority might yet be on his side,
As doing nought but what was ratify'd.

Imagining th' allowance of that place
Would make that good, the which he knew was
naught;
And so would his negotiation grace,
As none might think it was his private fault.
Wherein though wit dealt wary in this case,
Yet in the end itself it over-wrought:

¹¹ Edmund duke of Somerset, a great enemy
of the duke of York.

¹² This Rayner was duke of Anjou, and only en-
joyed the title of king of Sicily.

¹³ William de la Poite, earl of Suffolk, after cre-
ated duke of Suffolk, the chiefest instrument in
this marriage; which was solemnized anno regni
23, between the king and the lady Margaret,
daughter to Rayner duke of Anjou; to whom was
delivered up the duchy of Anjou, and the county
of Main, upon the conclusion of this match.

Striving to hide, he open'd it the more ;
His after-care show'd craft had gone before.

Dear didst thou buy, O king, so fair a wife,
So rare a spirit, so high a mind the while ;
Whose portion was destruction, dowry strife ;
Whose bed was sorrow, whose embracing spoil :
Whose maintenance cost thee and thine their life ;
And whose best comfort never was but toil.
What Paris brought this booty of desire,
To set our mighty Iliam here on fire ?

I grieve I should be forc'd to say thus much,
To blame her, whom I yet must wonder at ;
Whose so sweet beauty, wit, and worth were such,
As (though she fortune lost) she glory got.
Yet doth my country's zeal so nearly touch,
That here my Muse it doth exasperate ;
Although unwilling that my pen should give
Stain to that sex, by whom her fame doth live.

For sure those virtues well deserv'd a crown :
And had it not been ours, no doubt she might
Have been among the worthies of renown,
And now sat fair with fame, with glory bright.
But coming in the way where sin was grown
So foul and thick, it was her chance to light
Amidst the gross infection of those times ;
And so came stain'd with black, disgraceful crimes.

For some the world must have, on whom to lay
The heavy burthen of reproach and blame ;
Against whose deeds th' afflicted may inveigh,
As th' only authors whence destruction came :
When yet, perhaps, 't was not in them to stay
The current of that stream, nor help the same ;
But living in the eye of action so,
Not hind'ring it, are thought to draw on us.

So much unhappy do the mighty stand,
Who stand on other than their own defence,
When as destruction is so near at hand ;
That if by weakness, folly, negligence,
They do not coming misery withstand,
They shall be deem'd the authors of th' offences,
And to call in that which they kept not out ;
And curs'd, as they who brought those plagues about.

And so remain for ever regist'rd
In that eternal book of infamy :
When yet how many other causes led
As well to that as their iniquity ?
The worst complots oft lie close smother'd :
And well-meant deeds fall out unluckily ;
Whilst the aggriev'd stand not to weigh th' intent,
But ever judge according to th' event.

I may not this t' excuse thy sin, O queen,
Nor clear their faults who mighty actors are :
I cannot but affirm thy pride¹⁴ hath been
A special means this commonwealth to mar ;
And that thy wayward will was plainly seen
In vain ambition to presume too far :
And that by thee the only way was wrought,
The duke of Gloucester to his death was brought :

¹⁴ The pride and haughtiness of this queen Margaret, gave the first original to the mischief that followed, by the death of Humphrey duke of Gloucester, protector.

A man, though seeming in thy thought to sit
Between the light of thy desires and thee ;
Yet did his taking thence plainly permit
Others to look to that they could not see
During his life, nor would adventure it :
When his remove quite made that passage free ;
That by his full thinking to stand alone,
Thou scarce couldst stand at all when he was gone.

For this duke (as protector) many years
Had rul'd the land, during the king's young age ;
And now the self-same charge and title bears,
As if he still were in his pupillage :
Which such disgrace unto the queen appears,
That (all incens'd with an ambitious rage)
She doth conspire to have him made away,
As one that stay'd the current of her sway.

Thrust therein to not only with her pride,
But by her father's counsel and consent ;
Who griev'd likewise that any one beside
Should have the honour of the government :
And therefore he such deep advice apply'd,
As foreign craft and cunning could invent,
To circumvent an unsuspecting wight,
Before he should discern of their despite.

And many ready hands she straight doth find
To aid her deed, of such as could not brook
The length of one man's office in that kind ;
Who all th' especial charges undertook,
Rul'd all himself ; and never had the mind
To impart a part with others, who would look
To have likewise some honour in their hands,
And griev'd at such obscuring of command.

For had he not had such a greedy love¹⁵
To entertain his offices too long,
Envy had been unable to reprove
His acted life, unless she did him wrong.
But having liv'd so many years above,
He grieves now to descend, to be less strong ;
And kills that fame that virtue did beget,
Chose to be held less good, than seen less great.

" For could the mighty but give bounds to pride,
And weigh back Fortune ere she pull them down ;
Contented with enough, with honour satisfy'd ;
Not striving how to make so much their own,
As to leave nothing for the rest beside ;
Who seem by their high spreading overgrown,
Whilst they themselves remain in all men's sight,
The odious mark of hatred and despite :

" Then never should so many tragedies
Burthen our knowledge with their bloody end :
Nor their disgrac'd, confounded families,
From so high pride to so low shame descend ;
But planted on that ground where safety lies,
Their branches should t' eternity extend.
But ever they who overlook so much,
Will oversee themselves, their state is such."

¹⁵ Nil tam utile, quam brevis potentatem esse que magna sit.

Severe he¹⁶ was, and strictly did observe
 Doe form of justice towards every wight;
 Unmovable, and never won to swerve
 For any cause, in what he thought was right;
 Wherein although he did so well deserve,
 In the licentious yet it bred despite;
 "So that ev'n Virtue seems an actor too,
 To ruin those Fortune prepares t' undo."

Now such being forward, who (the queen well knew)
 Hated his might, and glad to innovate;
 Unto so great and strong a party grew,
 As it was easy to subvert a state:
 And only hope of alteration drew
 Many to yield, that had no cause to hate.
 "For ev'n with goodness men grow discontent,
 Where states are ripe to fall, and virtue spent."

And taking all the rule into her hand,
 (Under the shadow of that feeble king)
 The duke sh' excludes from office and command;
 And in the reach of enmity doth bring,
 From that respected height where he did stand,
 (When Malice scarce durst mutter any thing)
 And now the worst of him comes all reveal'd,
 Which former fear, or rigour kept conceal'd.

Now is he taxed that he rather sought
 His private profit than the public good;
 And many things presumptuously had wrought,
 Other than with our laws and customs stood:
 As one that would into the land have brought
 The civil form, in cases touching blood:
 And such poor crimes—that shew'd their spite was sound;
 But yet berry'd their matter wanted ground.

Yet serv'd they well the turn, and did effect
 That which is easy wrought in such a case;
 Where what suborned justice shall object,
 Is to the purpose, and must pass with grace;
 And what the wretched bring, of no effect;
 Whose honest suits his matter must deface.
 "For where pow'r hath decreed to find th' offence,
 The cause is better still than the defence."

A parliament at Berry summoned,
 Dispatch'd the deed more speedily than well.
 For thither came the duke¹⁷ without all dread,
 Or ought imagining of what befell:
 Where now the matter is so followed,
 That he conversed is, ere he could tell
 He was in danger, or had done offence;
 And presently to prison sent from thence.

¹⁶ The virtues of Humphrey duke of Gloucester.

¹⁷ The duke of Gloucester coming to this parliament from the castle of the Vix in Wiltshire, was arrested by John lord Beaumont, high constable, the dukes of Buckingham and Somerset, with others; who appointed certain of the king's household to attend upon him: but he died before he was brought to his answer; some say of sorrow, others of a palsy, or an apoplexie, an. reg. 25. The duke of Suffolk was a principal instrument in this business.

Which quick and sudden action gave no time
 For men to weigh the justice of the deed;
 Whilst looking only on the urged crime,
 Unto the further drift they take no heed.
 For these occasions taken in the prime
 Of courses new, that old dislikes succeed,
 Leave not behind that feeling touch of wrong.
 "Satiety makes passions still less strong."

And yet they seem'd some mutiny to doubt,
 For thus proceeding with a man of might;
 Consid'ring he was popular and stout,
 And resolute would stand upon his right:
 And therefore did they cast this way about,
 To have him closely murder'd out of sight;
 That so his trouble, and his death hereby,
 Might come together, and together die.

Reck'ning it better, since his end is meant,
 And must be wrought, at once to rid it clear,
 And put it to the fortune of th' event,
 Than by long doing to be long in fear:
 When in such courses of high punishment,
 The deed and the attempt like danger bear.
 And oft things done (perhaps) do less annoy,
 Than may the doing handled with delay.

And so they had it straight accomplished.
 For next day after his commitment, he
 Is dead brought forth, being found so in his bed;
 Which was by sudden sickness said to be,
 That had upon his sorrows newly bred,
 As by apparent tokens men might see.
 "And thus, O Sickness, thou art oft bely'd,
 When Death hath many ways to come beside."

Are these the deeds high foreign wits invent?
 Is this that wisdom whereof they so boast?
 Well;—then I would it never had been spent
 Here amongst us, nor brought from out their coast.
 Let their vile cunning, in their limits pent,
 Remain amongst themselves that like it most:
 And let the North (they count of colder blood)
 Be held more gross, so it remain more good.

Let them have fairer cities, goodlier soils,
 And sweeter fields for beauty to the eye,
 So long as they have these ungodly wiles,
 Such detestable, vile impiety.
 And let us want their vines, their fruits the whites,
 So that we want not faith and honesty.
 We care not for those pleasures; so we may
 Have better hearts, and stronger hands than they.

Neptune, keep out from thy embraced ale
 This foul contagion of iniquity;
 Drown all corruptions, coming to defile
 Our fair proceedings, order'd formally.
 Keep us more English: let not craft beguile
 Honour and justice, with strange subtily:
 Let us not think bow that our good can frame,
 Which ruin'd hath the authors of the same.

But by this impious means, that worthy man
 Is brought unto this lamentable end:
 And now that current with main fury ran
 (The stop remov'd that did the course defend)
 Unto the fall of mischief, that began
 T' an universal ruin to extend;
 That isthmus failing, which the land did keep
 From the entire possession of the deep.

And now the king alone all open lay,
No under-prop of blood to stay him by:
None but himself stands weakly in the way,
'Twixt York and the affected sov'reignty.
Gone is that bar, that would have been the stay,
T^h have kept him back from mounting up so high.
"But see, (ah!) see: what state stand these men in,
That cannot live *without*, nor *with* their kin?"

The queen hath yet by this her full desire;
And now she with her minion Suffolk reigns:
Now she hath all authority entire,
And all affairs unto herself retains.
And only Suffolk¹⁸ is advanced higher;
He is the man rewarded for his pains:
He, that did in her stead most chiefly stand,
And more advanc'd her than he did the land.

Which when they saw who better did expect,
Then they began their error to decry,
And well perceive that only the defect
Was in their judgment, passion-drawn awry;
Found formal rigour fitter to direct,
Than pride and insolent inconstancy.
"Better severity that 's right and just,
Than impotent affections led with lust."

And thereupon in sorrow thus complain:
"What wondrous inconvenience do they feel,
Where as such imbecility doth reign,
As so neglects the care of commonweal?
Wherever one or other doth obtain,
So high a grace thus absolute to deal;
The whilst th' aggrieved subject suffers still
The pride of some predominating will.

"And ever one remov'd, a worse succeeds:
So that the best that we can hope, is war,
Tumults and stirs, that this dialling breeds;
The sword must mend, what insolence doth mar.
For what rebellions, and what bloody deeds
Have ever follow'd where such courses are?
What oft removes? what death of counsellors?
What murder? what exile of officers?"

"Witness the Spencers, Gavestone, and Vere;
The mighty minions of our feeblest kings;
Who ever subjects to their subjects were,
And only the procurers of these things.
When worthy monarchs, that hold honour dear,
Master themselves and theirs; whichever brings
That universal reverence and respect.
For who weighs him, that doth himself neglect?"

"And yet our case is like to be far worse;
Having a king, though not so bent to ill,
Yet so neglecting good; that giving force,
By giving leave, doth all good order kill;
Suffering a violent woman take her course,
To manage all according to her will:
Which how she doth begin, her deeds express;
And what will be the end, ourselves may guess."

¹⁸ De la Pole is created duke of Suffolk, an. reg. 26, and is banished and murdered the next year after.

Which after follow'd ev'n as they did dread:
Which now the shameful loss of France¹⁹ much
grieves,
Which unto Suffolk is attributed,
As who in all men's sight most hateful lives;
And is accus'd, that he²⁰ (with lucre led)
Betrays the state, and secret knowledge gives
Of our designs; and all that we did hold,
By his corruption is or lost or sold.

And as he deals abroad, so likewise here
He robs at home the treasury no less;
Here, where he all authorities doth bear,
And makes a *monopoly* of offices.
He is enrich'd; he 's rais'd, and placed near:
And only he gives counsel to oppress.
Thus men object; whilst many, up in arms,
Offer to be revenged of these harms.

The queen perceiving in what case she stood,
To lose her minion, or engage her state;
(After with long contention in her blood,
Love and ambition did the cause debate)
She yields to pride; and rather thought it good
To sacrifice her love unto their hate²¹,
Than to adventure else the loss of all;
Which by maintaining him was like to fall.

Yet seeking at the first to temporise,
She tries if that some short imprisonment
Would calm their heat. When that would not suf-
fice,

Then to exile him she must needs consent;
Hoping that time would save it in such wise,
As yet at length they might become content,
And she again might have him home at last,
When this first fury of their rage was past.

But as he to his judged exile²² went,
Hard on the shore he comes encountered
By some, that so far off his honour sent,
As put his back-return quite out of dread:
For there he had his rightful punishment,
Though wrongfully done; and there he lost his head
Part of his blood hath Neptune, part the sea;
As who had mischief wrought by sea and land.

¹⁹ The duchy of Normandy was lost in the year 1449, after it had been held thirty years, conquered by Henry V. an. reg. 27.

²⁰ Articles objected against de la Pole, duke of Suffolk.

²¹ At the parliament at Leicester, the low house besought the king, that such persons as assented to the rendering of Anjou and Main, might be duly punished: of which fact, they accused as principals the duke of Suffolk, the lord Sey, treasurer of England, with others. Whereupon the king, to appease the commons, sequestered them from their offices and rooms; and after banished the duke for five years.

²² As the duke was sailing into France, he was encountered with a ship of war appertaining to the duke of Exeter; who took him, and brought him back to Dover; where his head was stricken off, and his body left on the sands, anno regis 27.

Whose death when swift-wing'd Fame at full con-
vey'd

To this disturbed queen, misdoubting thought;
Despite and sorrow such affliction laid
Upon her soul, as wondrous passions wrought.
"And art thou Suffolk, thus," said she, "betray'd?
And have my favours thy destruction brought?
Is this their gain whom highness favoureth;
Who chief preferr'd, stand as preferr'd to death?"

"O fatal grace! without which men complain,
And with it perish—what prevails, that we
Must wear the crown, and other men must reign;
And cannot stand to be, that which we be?
Must our own subjects limit and constrain
Our favours, whereas they themselves decree?
Must we our love at their appointment place?
Do we command, and they direct our grace?"

"Must they our pow'r thus from our will divide?
And have we might, but must not use our might?
Poor majesty, which other men must guide;
Whose discontent can never look aright.
For evermore we see, those who abide
Gracious in ours, are odious in their sight,
Who would all-mast'ring majesty defeat
Of her best grace; that is, to make men great.

"But well;—we see, although the king be head,
The state will be the heart. This sovereignty
Is but in place, not pow'r; and governed
By th' equal sceptre of necessity.
And we have seen more princes ruined
By their immoderate favouring privately,
Than by severity in general;
For best he 's lik'd, that is alike to all."

Thus storms this lady, all disquieted;
When as far greater tumults now burst out;
Which close and cunningly were practis'd,
By such as sought great hopes to bring about.
For up in arms in Kent were gathered
A mighty, insolent, rebellious rout,
Under a dang'rous head; who to deter
The state the more, himself nam'd Mortimer.

The duke of York, that did not idle stand,
(But seeks to work on all advantages)
Had likewise in this course a secret hand,
And hearten'd on their chiefest accomplices;
To try how here the people of the land
Would (if occasion serv'd) be in readiness
To aid that line, if one should come indeed
To move his right, and in due course proceed:

Knowing himself to be the only one
That must attempt the thing, if any should;
And therefore lets the rebel now run on,
With that false name, t' effect the best he could;
To make a way for him to work upon,
Who but on certain ground adventure would.
For if the traitor sped, the gain were his;
If not, yet he stands safe, and blameless is.

"The commons of Kent assembled themselves
in great number; and had to their captain Jack
Cade, who nam'd himself Mortimer, cousin to the
duke of York; with purpose to redress the abuses
of the government.

T' attempt with others' dangers, not his own,
He counts it wisdom if it could be wrought;
And t' have the humour of the people known,
Was now that which was chiefly to be sought.
For with the best he knew himself was grown
In such account, as made him take no thought;
Having observ'd in those he meant to prove,
Their wit, their wealth, their carriage, and their love.

With whom, and with his own alliances,
He first begins to open (in some wise)
The right he had; yet with such doubtfulness,
As rather sorrow than his drift describes:
Complaining of his country's wretchedness,
In what a miserable case it lies;
And how much it imports them to provide
For their defence, against this woman's pride.

Then with the discontented he doth deal,
In sounding theirs, not utt'ring his intent;
As being advis'd not so much to reveal,
Whereby they might be made again content:
But when they grieved for the commonweal,
He doth persuade them to be patient,
And to endure—there was no other course:
Yet so persuades, as makes their malice worse.

And then with such as with the time did run,
In most upright opinion he doth stand;
As one that never cross'd what they begun,
But seem'd to like that which they took in hand:
Seeking all causes of offence to shun,
Praises the rule, and blames the unruly land;
Works so with gifts and kindly offices,
That ev'n of them he serves his turn no less.

Then as for those who were his followers,
(Being all choice men for virtues, or deserts)
He so with grace and benefits prefers,
That he becomes the monarch of their hearts.
He gets the learned for his counsellors,
And cherishes all men of rarest parts:
"To whom good done doth an impression strike
Of joy and love, in all that are alike."

And now by means of th' intermitted war,
Many most valiant men improv'ish'd,
Only by him fed and relieved are;
Only respected, grac'd, and honour'd.
Which let him in unto their hearts so far,
As they by him were wholly to be led.
"He only treads the sure and perfect path
To greatness, who love and opinion hath."

And to have one some certain province his,
As the main body that must work the feat;
Yorkshire he chose, the place wherein he is
By title, livings, and possessions great.
No country he prefers so much as this;
Here hath his bounty her abiding seat;
Here in his justice and relieving hand,
Ready to all that in distress do stand.

What with his tenants, servants, followers, friends,
And their alliances and amities;
All that shire universally attends
His hand, held up to any enterprise.
And thus far Virtue with her pow'r extends;
The rest, touching th' event, in Fortune lies.
With which accomplishments so mighty grown,
Forward he tends with hope t' attain a crown.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bad success of Cade's rebellion.
York's open practice, and conspiracy;
His coming in; and his submission.
Th' effect of printing, and artillery.
Bourdeaux revolts; craves our protection.
Talbot, defending ours, dies gloriously.
The French wars end—and York begins again;
And at St. Alban's Somerset is slain.

The furious train of that tumultuous rout,¹
Whom close sub-aiding pow'r, and good success,
Had made unwisely proud, and fondly stout,
Thrust headlong on, oppression to oppress;
And now to fulness grown, boldly give out,
That they the public wrongs meant to redress.
"Formless themselves, reforming do pretend;
As if confusion could disorder mend."

And on they march with their false-named head,
Of base and vulgar birth, though noble feign'd;
Who puff'd with vain desires, to London led
His rash, abused troops, with shadows train'd.
When as the king thereof ascertain'd,
Supposing some small pow'r would have restrain'd
Disorder'd rage; sends with a simple crew,
Sir Humphrey Stafford, whom they overthrew.

Which so increas'd th' opinion of their might,
That much it gav'd to do, and much it wrought;
Confirm'd their rage, drew on the vulgar wight,
Call'd forth the tim'rous, fresh partakers brought.
For many, though most glad their wrongs to right,
Yet durst not venture their estates for nought:
But seeing the cause had such advantage got,
Occasion makes them stir, that else would not.

¹ The commons of Kent, with their leader, Jack Cade, divulge their many grievances; amongst which, that the king was driven to live only on his commons, and other men to enjoy the revenues of the crown; which caused poverty in his majesty, and the great payments of the people, now late granted to the king in parliament. Also they desire, that the king would remove all the false progeny and affinity of the late duke of Suffolk, which be openly known; and them to punish: and to take about his person the true lords of his royal blood; to wit, the mighty prince, the duke of York, late exiled by the traitorous motion of the false duke of Suffolk, and his affinity, &c. Also they crave, that they who contrived the death of the high and mighty prince, Humphrey duke of Gloucester, might have punishment.

So much he errs that seems, or else neglects
The small beginnings of arising broils;
And censures others, not his own defects,
And with a self-conceit himself beguiles:
Thinking small force will compass great effects,
And spares at first to buy more costly toils:
"When true-observing Providence, in war,
Still makes her foes far stronger than they are."

Yet this good fortune all their fortune marr'd;
"Which fools by helping ever doth suppress:"
For wareless insolence (whilst undebarr'd
Of bounding awe) runs on to such excess,
That following lust, and spoil, and blood so hard,
Sees not how they procure their own distress.
The better, loathing courses so impure,
Rather will like their wounds than such a cure.

For whilst this wild, unrein'd multitude
(Led with an unforeseeing, greedy mind,
Of an imagin'd good, that did delude
Their ignorance, in their desires made blind)
Ransack the city, and (with hands emburr'd)
Run to all outrage in th' extremest kind;
Heaping up wrath and horror more and more,
They add fresh guilt to mischiefs done before.

And yet seeing all this sorting to no end,
But to their own; no promis'd aid t' appear;
No such partakers as they did attend,
Nor such successes as imagin'd were;
Good men resolv'd the present to defend;
Justice against them, with a brow severe;
Themselves fear'd of themselves; th'd with censure,
"Found mischief was no fit way to redress."

And as they stand in desperate combatment,
Environ'd round with horror, blood, and shame;
Cross'd of their course, departing of th' event,
A pardon (that smooth bait for business) came;
Which as a snare to catch the impatient, [some:
Being once pronounc'd, they straight embrace the
And as huge smoky mountains melt with heat,
So they dissolv'd with hope, and home they get;

Leaving their captain² to discharge alone
The shot of blood, consumed in their heat;
Too small a sacrifice for mischiefs done,
Was one man's breath, which thousands did defend.
"Unrighteous Death, why art thou but all one
Unto the small offender and the great?
Why art thou not more than thou art, to those
That thousands spoil, and thousands lives do lose?"

This fury passing with so quick an end,
Disolv'd not those that on th' advantage lay;
Who seeing the course to such disorder tend,
Withdrew their foot, asham'd to take that way;
Or else prevented whilst they did attend
Some mightier force, or far occasion stay;
But what they meant, ill fortune must not tell;
Mischief being oft made good by speeding well.

Put by from this, the duke of York³ designs
Another course to bring his hopes about;
And with those friends affinity combines
In surest bonds, his thoughts he poureth out;

² Anno regni 29.

³ The duke of York, who at this time was in Ireland, (sent thither to appease a rebellion; which

nd closely feels and closely undermines
he faith of whom he had both hope and doubt;
leaving in more apparent, open course,
o try his right, his fortune, and his force.

ove and alliance had most firmly join'd
nto his part that mighty family,
be far distended stock of Nevil's kind;
reat by their many-issu'd progeny;
at greater by their worth, that clearly shin'd,
nd gave fair light to their nobility;
o that each corner of the land became
rich'd with some great worthy of that name.

lat greatest in renown doth Warwick sit;
hat brave king-maker, Warwick, so far grown
a grace with Fortune, that he governs it,
nd monarchs makes; and made, again puts down.
What revolutions his first-moving wit
ere brought about, are more than too well known;
The fatal kindle-fire of these hot days;
Whose worth I may, whose work I cannot praise.

With him, with Richard earl of Salisbury,
Courtney and Brooke, and other his dear friends,
He intimates his mind; and openly
The present bad proceedings discommends;
Laments the state, the people's misery,
And (that which such a prier seldom mends)
Depression, that sharp two-edged sword,
That others wounds, and wounds likewise his lord.

'My lords,' saith he, 'how things are carry'd here,
In this corrupted state, you plainly see;
What burden our abused shoulders bear,
Charg'd with the weight of imbecility:
And in what base account all we appear,
That stand without their grace that all must be;
And who they be, and how their course succeeds,
Our shame reports, and time betrays their deeds.'

"Anjou and Main, (the main that foul appears;
Th' eternal soar of our dismember'd land)
Guien, all lost; that did three hundred years
Remain subjected under our command.
From whence methinks there sounds unto our ears
The voice of those dear ghosts, whose living hand
Got it with sweat, and kept it with their blood,
To do us (thankless us) their offspring good:

he effected in such sort, as got him and his lineage
succeeding love and liking with that people ever
after) returning home, and pretending great inju-
ries to be offered him, both whilst he was in the
king's service, and likewise upon his landing in
North Wales; combines himself with Richard
Nevil, earl of Salisbury, second son to Ralph, earl
of Westmorland, (whose daughter he had married)
and with Richard Nevil (the son) earl of Warwick,
with other his especial friends; with whom he
consults for the reformation of the government,
after he had complained of the great disorders
therein: laying the blame, for the loss of Nor-
mandy, upon the duke of Somerset; whom, upon
his returning thence, he caused to be arrested and
committed.

"And seem to cry, 'What! can you thus behold
Their hateful feet upon our graves should tread?
Your fathers' graves; who gloriously did hold
That which your shame hath left recovered?
Redeem our tombs, O spirits too too cold;
Pull back these tow'rs our arms have honour'd:
These tow'rs are yours: these forts we built for you:
These walls do bear our names, and are your due.'

"Thus well they may upbraid our wretchedness,
Whilst we (as if at league with infamy)
Riot away for naught whole provinces;
Give up as nothing worth all Normandy;
Traffic important holds, sell fortresses
So long, that nought is left but misery,
Poor Calais, and these water-walls about,
That basely pound us in from breaking out.

"And (which is worse) I fear we shall in th' end
(Thrown from the glory of invading war)
Be forc'd our proper limits to defend;
Wherever men are not the same they are;
The hope of conquest doth their spirits extend
Beyond the usual pow'rs of valour far.
For more is he that ventureth for more,
Than who fights but for what he had before.

"Put to your hands, therefore, to rescue now
Th' endanger'd state (dear lords) from this disgrace;
And let us in our honour labour how
To bring this scorn'd land in better case.
No doubt but God our action will allow,
That knows my right, and how they rule the place,
Whose weakness calls up our unwillingness,
As op'ning ev'n the door to our redress.

"Though I protest, it is not for a crown
My soul is mov'd; (yet if it be my right,
I have no reason to refuse mine own)
But only these indignities to right.
And what if God (whose judgments are unknown)
Hath me ordain'd the man; that by my might
My country shall be bless'd? If so it be;
By helping me, you raise yourselves with me."

Those in whom zeal and amity had bred
A fore impression of the right he had,
These stirring words so much encouraged,
That (with desire of innovation mad)
They seem'd to run afore, not to be led,
And to his fire do quicker fuel add:
For where such humours are prepar'd before,
The op'ning them makes them abound the more.

Then counsel take they, sitting their Basins:
(For nought that fits not their desire is weigh'd)
The duke,* is straight advis'd to retire
Into the bounds of Wales, to levy aid:
Which, under smooth pretence, he doth require;
T' amove such persons as the state betray'd;
And to redress th' oppression of the land;
The charm which weakness seldom doth withstand.

* The duke of York raiseth an army in the
Marches of Wales, under pretext to remove divers
counsellors about the king; and to revenge the
manifest injuries done to the commonwealth: and
whilst he publisheth a declaration of his loyalty,
and the wrongs done him by his adversaries; offer-

Ten thousand straight caught with this bait of
 Are towards greater look'd-for forces led; [breath,
 Whose pow'r the king by all means travaileth,
 In their arising to have ruined:
 But their preventing head so compasseth,
 That all ambushments warily are fled;
 Refusing ought to hazard by the way,
 Keeping his greatness for a greater day.

And to the city straight directs his course;
 The city, seat of kings, and king's chief grace!
 Where having found his entertainment worse
 By far than he expected in that place;
 Much disappointed, draws from thence his force,
 And towards better trust marcheth apace;
 And down in Kent, (fatal for discontents)
 Near to thy banks, fair Thames, doth pitch his tents.

And there, intrench'd, plants his artillery;
 Artillery, th' infernal instrument¹
 New brought from Hell, to scourge mortality
 With hideous roaring and astonishment.
 Engine of horror! fram'd to terrify
 And tear the Earth, and strongest tow'rs to rent:
 Torment of thunder! made to mock the skies,
 As more of pow'r in our calamities.

If that first fire subtle Prometheus brought,
 Sto'n out of Heav'n, did so afflict mankind,
 That ever since plagu'd with a curious thought
 Of stirring search, could never quiet find;
 What hath he done, who now by stealth hath got
 Lightning and thunder both, in woodrous kind?
 What plague deserves so proud an enterprise?
 Tell, Muse; and how it came; and in what wise.

It was the time when fair Europa² sat
 With many goodly diadems address'd,
 And all her parts (in flourishing estate)
 Lay beautiful, in order, at their rest.
 No swelling member, unproportionate,
 Grown out of form, sought to disturb the rest:
 The less subsisting by the greater's might;
 The greater by the lesser kept upright.

ing to take his oath upon the blessed sacrament,
 to have been ever true liege-man to the king, and
 so ever to continue. Which declaration was written
 from his castle of Ludlow, January 9, anno
 reg. 30. Feb. 16, the king, with the duke of
 Somerset, and other lords, set forward towards the
 Marches; but the duke of York took other ways,
 and made up towards London.

¹ The use of guns, and great ordnance, began
 about this time, or not long before.

² This principal part of Europe, which contained
 the most flourishing state of Christendom, was at
 this time in the hands of many several princes and
 commonwealths, which quietly governed the same:
 for being so many, and none over-great, they were
 less attemptive to disturb others, and more careful
 to keep their own, with a mutual correspond-
 ence of amity. As Italy had then many more
 principalities and commonwealths than it hath.
 Spain was divided into many kingdoms. France
 consisted of divers free princes. Both the Germa-
 nies, of many more governments.

No noise of tumult ever wak'd them all;
 Only perhaps some private jar within,
 For titles, or for confines, might befall;
 Which ended, soon made better love begin;
 But no eruption did in general
 Break down their rest with universal sin:
 No public shock disjointed this fair frame,
 Till Nemesis from out the Orient came;

Fierce Nemesis, mother of Fate and Change!
 Sword-bearer of th' eternal Providence!
 (That had so long with such afflictions strange
 Confounded Asia's proud magnificence,
 And brought foul impious Barbarism to range
 On all the glory of her excellence)
 Turns her stern look at last unto the West,
 As griev'd to see on Earth such happy rest.

And for Pandora calleth presently;
 Pandora, Jove's fair gift, that first deceiv'd
 Poor Epimetheus imbecility,
 That thought he had a woodrous boon receiv'd;
 By means whereof curious Mortality
 Was of all former quiet quite bereav'd:
 To whom being come, deck'd with all qualities,
 The wrathful goddess breaks out in this wise:

" Dost thou not see in what secure estate
 Those flourishing fair western parts remain?
 As if they had made covenant with Fate,
 To be exempted free from others' pain;
 At one with their desires, friends with debate;
 In peace with pride, content with their own gain;
 Their bounds contain their minds, their minds ap-
 To have their bounds with plenty beautify'd. [ply'd

" Devotion (mother of Obedience)
 Bears such a hand on their credulity,
 That it abates the spirit of eminence,
 And busies them with humble piety.
 For see what works, what infinite expen see,
 What monuments of zeal they edify!
 As if they would (so that no stop were found)
 Fill all with temples, make all holy ground.

" But we must cool this all-believing zeal,
 That hath enjoy'd so fair a turn so long;
 And other revolutions must reveal,
 Other desires, other designs among:
 Dialike of this first by degrees shall steal
 Upon the souls of men, persuaded wrong;
 And that abused pow'r³ which thus hath wrought,
 Shall give herself the sword to cut her throat.

" Go therefore thou, with all thy stirring train
 Of swelling sciences, the gifts of grief;
 Go loose the links of that soul-binding chain,
 Enlarge this uninquisitive belief:
 Call up men's spirits, that simplemen retain;
 Enter their hearts, and knowledge make the thief,
 To open all the doors, to let in light;
 That all may all things see, but what is right.

" Opinion arm against opinion grown;
 Make new-born contradiction still to rise,
 As if Thebes' founder (Cadmus) tongues had sown
 Instead of teeth, for greater mutinies.
 Bring new-defeod faith against faith known;
 Weary the soul with contrarieties;

³ The church.

Fill all religion become retrograde,
And that fair tire the mask of sin be made.

And better to effect a speedy end,
Let there be found two fatal instruments;
The one to publish, th' other to defend
Suspicious contention, and proud discounts:
Make, that instamped characters may send
Abroad to thousands, thousand men's intent;
And in a moment may dispatch much more,
Than could a world of pens perform before.

Whereby all quarrels, titles, secreties,
Fey unto all be presently made known;
Actions prepar'd, parties allur'd to rise;
Edition under fair pretensions sown;
Thereby the vulgar may become so wise,
That (with a self-presumption over-grown)
They may of deepest mysteries debate,
Control their betters, censure acts of state.

And then when this dispersed mischief shall
Have brought confusion in each mystery,
All'd up contempt of states in general,
Spew'd the humour of impiety;
Then have they th' other engine, wherewithal
They may torment their self-wrought misery,
And scourge each other in so strange a wise,
As tines or tyrants never could devise.

For by this stratagem they shall confound
All th' ancient form and discipline of war;
Alter their camps, alter their fights, their ground;
Want mighty spirits, prowess and manhood mar:
Or baseest cowards from a-far shall wound
Be most courageous, forc'd to fight a-far;
Allour wrapt up in smoke, (as in the night)
Half perish without witness, without sight.

But first, before this general disease
Reak forth into so great extremity,
Repair it by degrees: first kill this ease;
Soil this proportion; mar this harmony:
Take greater states upon the lesser size;
In many kingdoms to one sov'reignty:
Slay a few great, that may (with greater pow'r)
Slaughter each other, and mankind devour.

And first begin with factions to divide
The fairest land; that from her thrusts the rest,
If she car'd not for the world beside:
World within herself, with woodens blow'd!
Use such a strife as time shall not decide,
If the dear blood of most of all her best
Be poured forth; and all her people tusk'd
With wild and tumults, and almost all lost.

Let her be made the sable stage, whereon
All first be acted bloody tragedies;
At all the neighbour-states gazing thereon,
To make their profit by her miseries:
Of those whom she before had march'd upon,
Saying by this both time and mean to rise)
The martial by her arms, should grow so great,
(Save their own) no force shall them defeat.

The many states of Christendom reduced to a

VOL. III.

" Then when their pow'r, unable to sustain
And bear itself, upon itself shall fall,
She may (recover'd of her wounds again)
Sit and behold their parts as tragical,
For there must come a time, that shall obtain
Truce for distress; when make-peace Hymen shall
Bring the conjoined adverse pow'rs to bed,
And set the crown (made one) upon one head.

" Out of which blessed union shall arise
A sacred branch, (with grace and glory bless'd)
Whose virtue shall her land so patronize,
As all our pow'r shall not her days molest:
For she (fair she) the minion of the skies,
Shall purchase (of the high'st) to her's such rest,
(Standing between the wrath of Heav'n and them)
As no distress shall touch her diadem;

" And from the rocks of safety shall descry
The wondrous wrecks that wrath lays ruined:
All round about her blood and misery;
Powers betray'd, princes slain, Kings massacred;
States all confus'd, brought to calamity,
And all the face of kingdoms altered:
Yet she the same inviolable stands,
Dear to her own, wonder to other lands.

" But let not her defence discourage thee,
For never one but she shall have this grace,
From all disturbs to be so long kept free,
And with such glory to discharge that place.
And therefore, if by such a pow'r thou be
Stopt of thy course; reckon it no disgrace;
Sith she alone (b'ing privileg'd from high)
Hath this large patent of her dignity."

This charge the goddess gave—when ready straight,^o
The subtle messenger, accompany'd
With all her crew of arts that on her wait,
Hastes to effect what she was counselled:
And out she pours of her immense conceit,
Upon such searching spirits as travailed
In penetrating hidden secreties;
Who soon these means of misery devise.

And boldly breaking with rebellious mind
Into their mother's close-lock'd treasury,
They minerals combustible do find,
Which (in stopt concaves placed cunningly)
They fire: and fire imprison'd against kind,
Tears out a way, thrusts out his enemy;
Barking with such a horreur, as if wroth
With man, that wrongs himself and nature both.

And this beginning had this cursed frame,
Which York^o now planted bath against his king;
Presuming by his pow'r, and by the same,
His purpose unto good effect to bring;
When divers of the gravest council came,
Sent from the king, to understand what thing
Had thrust him into these proceedings bad;
And what he sought, and what intent he had.

^o The duke of York being not admitted into the city, passed over Kingston Bridge, and so into Kent, and on Brent-Heath, near Dartford, pitched his field. The king makes after, and embattled upon Black-Heath: from whence he sends the bishops of Winchester and Ely, with the earls of Salisbury and Warwick, to mediate a peace.

K k

Who with words mildly-sharp, gently-severe,
Wrought on those wounds that must be touch'd with
Applying rather knives of hope than fear, [heed:
Lest corrosives should desperate mischiefs breed.
"And what, my lord," said they "should move you
in this unseemly manner to proceed? [here,
Whose worth b'ing such as all the land admires,
Hath fairer ways than these to your desires.

"Will you, whose means, whose many friends, whose
Can work the world in peace unto your will, [grace
Take such a course as shall your blood deface,
And make (by handling bad) a good cause ill?
How many hearts hazard you in this case,
That in all quiet plots would aid you still?
Having in court a party far more strong
Than you conceive, press'd to redress your wrong.

"Fie! fie! forsake this hateful course, my lord;
Down with these arms, that will but wound your
cause.

What peace may do, hazard not with the sword:
Lay down the force that from your force withdraws;
And yield: and we will mediate such accord,
As shall dispense with rigour and the law;
And interpose this solemn faith of our
Betwixt your fault and the offended pow'r."

Which engines of protests, and proffers kind,
Urg'd out of seeming grief and shows of love,
So shook the whole foundation¹⁰ of his mind,
As they did all his resolution move;
And present seem'd unto their course inclin'd,
So that the king would Somerset¹¹ remove;
The man, whose most intolerable pride
Trod down his worth, and all good men's beside.

Which they there vow'd should presently be done,
For what will not peace-lovers willing grant,
Where dangerous events depend thereon,
And men unfurnish'd, and the state in want?
And if with words the conquest will be won,
The cost is small: and who holds breath so scant,
As then to spare, though with indignity?
"Better descend, than end in majesty."

And hereupon the duke dissolves his force,
Submits him to the king on public vow;
The rather too presuming on this course,
For that his son, the earl of March, was now
With mightier pow'rs abroad; which would enforce
His peace; which else the king would not allow.
For seeing not all of him in him he hath,
His death would but give life to greater wrath.

Yet coming to the king, in former place
(His foe) the duke of Somerset he finds;
Whom openly reproaching to his face,
He charg'd with treason in the highest kind.
The duke returns like speeches of disgrace;
And fiery words bewray'd their flaming minds:

¹⁰ And fending the Kentish men not to answer
his expectation, and the king's forces far more
than his; he willingly condescends to conditions of
peace.

¹¹ Edmund Duke of Somerset, of the house of
Lancaster, descended from John of Gaunt, was
the especial man against whom he pretended his
quarrel.

But yet the trial was for them deserv'd,
Till fitter time allow'd it to be heard.

At Westminster a council summoned,
Deliberates what course the cause should end
Of th' apprehended duke of York; whose head
Doth now on others' doubtful breath depend.
Law fiercely urg'd his act, and found him dead:
Friends fail'd to speak, where they could not defend
Only the king himself for mercy stood;
As prodigal of life, niggard of blood.

And as if angry with the laws of death, [he!
"Ah! why should you," said he, "urge things
You, that mur'd with mercenary breath,
And hired tongue, so peremptory are;
Braving on him whom sorrow prostrateth:
As if you did with poor affliction war,
And prey on frailty folly hath betray'd:
Bringing the laws to wound, never to aid.

"Dispense sometime with stern severity;
Make not the laws still traps to apprehend:
Win grace upon the bed with clemency;
Mercy may mend, whom malice made offend.
Death gives no thanks, but checks authority;
And life doth only majesty commend.
Revenge dies not; rigour begets new wrath:
And blood hath never glory; mercy hath.

"And for my part, (and my part should be said)
I am most willing to restore his state;
And rather had I win him with relief,
Than lose him with despite, and get more loss
Pity draws love: bloodshed is Nature's grief:
Compassion follows the unfortunate:
And losing him, in him I lose my pow'r,
We rule who live—the dead are none of our.

"And should our rigour lessen than the same,
Which us with greater glory should retain?
No; let him live—his life most give us fame;
The child of mercy newly born again.
As often burials are physicians' shame;
So many deaths argue a king's hard reign.
Why should we say, the law must have her right?
The law kills him; but quits not us of rigour?"

"You, to get more preferment by your wit,
Others to gain the spoils of misery,
Labour with all your pow'r to follow it;
Showing us fears, to draw on cruelty.
You urge th' offence, not tell us what is fit:
Abusing wrong-informed majesty;
As if our pow'r were only but to slay;
And that to save were a most dangerous way."

Thus out of pity spake that holy king;
Whom mild affections led to hope the best:
When Somerset began to urge the thing
With words of hotter temper, thus express'd:
"Dear sov'reign lord, the cause in managing
Is more than yours: 't imports the public weal.
We all have part; it toucheth all our good:
And life's life spar'd, that's spar'd to cost more blood."

"Compassion here is cruelty, my lord:
Pity will cut our throats, for setting on.
What benefit enjoy we by the sword,
If mischief shall escape to draw on us?
Why should we give what law cannot afford;
To b' accessible to our proper woe?"

whom must judge 'twixt men apt to amend,
And minds incurable, born to offend.

It is no private cause, I do protest,
That moves me thus to prosecute this deed:
Would God his blood and mine had well releas'd
The dangers that his pride is like to breed.
Although at me he seems to have address'd
His spite; 'tis not the end he hath decreed.
Nor not he alone he doth pursue;
But through me, he means to shoot at you.

For thus these great reformers of a state,
Pining to attain the government,
Will take advantage of the people's hate,
Whoever hate such as are eminent,
Or who can great affairs negotiate,
And all a wayward multitude content?
And then these people-minions, they must fall
To work out us, to work themselves in't all.

But note, my lord, first who is in your hand;
How he hath offended; what's his end.
Is the man, whose race would seem to stand
Before your right, and doth a right pretend:
So (traitor-like) hath rais'd a mighty band,
Of his colour, your proceedings to amend:
Which if it should have happen'd to succeed,
You had not now sat to adjudge his deed.

If oftentimes the person, not th' offence,
Have been sufficient cause of death to some,
Here public safety puts in evidence
The mischief, likely by their life to come;
And he, whose fortune and his insolence
Have both deserv'd to die, escape that doom;
How you shall save your land, your crown thereby;
And since you cannot live, unless he die?"

Thus spake th' aggrieved duke, that gravely saw
The incompatible pow'rs of princes' minds;
And what affliction his escape might draw
Into the state, and people of all kinds:
And yet the humble yielding, and the awe
Which York¹¹ there show'd, so good opinion finds,
That (with the rumour of his son's great strength,
And French affairs) he there came quit at length.

And even the fear t' exasperate the best
Of th' earl of March, whose forward youth and
Will follow'd, seem'd a proud revenge to threat,
Any shame should on his father light;
And then desire in Gascoign to regret
His glory lost, which home-broils hinder might,
Invantaged the duke, and sav'd his head,
Which questionless had else been hazarded.

And now had Bourdeaux¹² offer'd (upon aid)
To resent revolt, if we would send with speed:
Which fair advantage so have then delay'd
Upon such hopes, had been a shameful deed.
And therefore this all other courses stay'd,
And outwardly these inward hates agreed,

¹¹ The duke was suffered to go to his castle at Wigmore.

¹² The city of Bourdeaux send their ambassadors, offering to revolt from the French part, if aid might be sent unto them: whereupon John lord Talbot, first of Shrewsbury, was employed with a power of more thousand men, and surpris'd the city of Bourdeaux.

Giving an interpause to pride and spite;
Which breath'd but to break out with greater might.

Whilst dreadful Talbot, terror late of France,
Against the genius of our fortune strove,
The down-thrown glory of our state t' advance;
Where France far more than France he now doth
For friends, opinion, and succeeding chance, [prove;
(Which wrought the weak to yield, the strong to love)
Were not the same that he had found before
In happier times, when less would have done more.

For both the Britain¹⁴ and Burgonian now
Came alter'd with our luck, and won with theirs
Those bridges, and the gates that did allow
So easy passage unto our affairs;
Judging it safer to endeavour how
To link with strength, than lean unto despair.
" And who wants friends to back what he begins,
In lands far off gets not, although he wins."¹⁵

Which too well prov'd this fatal enterprise,
The last that lost us all we had to lose;
Where though advantag'd by some mutinies,
And petty lords that in our cause arose;
Yet those great fall'd, whose ready, quick supplies,
Ever at hand, cheer'd us, and quell'd our foes.
Secours from far come seldom to our mind:
" For who holds league with Neptune and the wind?"¹⁶

Yet worthy Talbot¹⁷, thou didst so employ
The broken remnants of disscatter'd pow'r,
That they might see it was our destiny,
Not want of spirit, that lost us what was our:
Thy dying hand sold them the victory
With so dear wounds, as made the conquest sour;
So much it cost to spoil who were undone,
And such ado to win when they had won.

For as a fierce, courageous mastiff fares,
That having once sure fasten'd on his foe,
Lies tugging on that hold; never forbears,
What force soever force him to forego:
The more he feels his wounds, the more he dares;
As if his death were sweet, in dying so:
So held his hold this lord, whilst he held breath;
And scarce, but with much blood, lets go in death.

For though he saw prepar'd against his side,
Both unlike fortune, and unequal force,
Born with the swelling current of their pride
Down the main stream of a most happy course;
Yet stands he stiff, undash'd, untterrify'd;
His mind the same, although his fortune worse:
Virtue in greatest dangers b'ing best shown;
And though oppress'd, yet never overthrown.

For rescuing of besieg'd Chastillon,
(Where having first constrain'd the French to fly,
And following hard on their confusion)
Comes (lo!) encounter'd with a strong supply
Of fresh-arriving pow'rs, that back thrust on
Those flying troops, another chance to try;

¹⁴ The dukes of Britany and Burgundy were great means, in times past, for the conquering of France.

¹⁵ The earl of Shrewsbury, accompanied with his son, sir John Talbot, lord Lisle by the right of his wife; with the lords Molins, Harrington, and Cameis; sir John Howard, sir John Vernon, and others, recovered divers towns in Gascoign; amongst other, the town and castle of Chastillon in Perigot, which the French soon after besieged.

Who double-arm'd, (with shame and fury) strain
To break their fail, and win their fame again.

Which see'ng, th' undaunted Talbot (with more
Of spirit to will, than hands of pow'r to do) [might
Preparing t' entertain a glorious fight,
Cheers up his weary'd soldiers thereunto. [sight,
"Courage," saith he—"Those braving troops in
Are but the same that now you did undo.
And what if there be come some more than they?
They come to bring more glory to the day.

"Which day must either thrust us out of all,
Or all with greater glory back restore.
This day your valiant worth adventure shall,
For what our land shall never fight for more:
If now we fall, with us is like to fall
All that renown which we have got before.
This is the last—if we discharge the same,
The same shall last to our eternal fame.

"Never had worthy men for any fact
A more fair, glorious theatre than we;
Whereon true magnanimity might act
Brave deeds, which better witnessed could be,
For lo! from yonder turrets yet unsack'd,
Your valiant fellows stand, your word to see;
T' avouch your valour, if you live to gain;
And if we die, that we dy'd not in vain.

"And er'n our foes (whose proud and powerful might
Would seem to swallow up our dignity)
Shall not keep back the glory of our right;
Which their confounded blood shall testify:
For in their wounds our gory swords shall write
The monuments of our eternity.
For vile is honour, and a title vain,
The which true worth and danger do not gain.

"For they shall see, when we (in careless sort)
Shall throw ourselves on their despised spears;
'T is not despair that doth us so transport,
But er'n true fortitude that nothing fears;
Sith we may well retire us in some sort:
But shame on him that such a foul thought bears.
For be they more, let Fortune take their part;
We'll tug her too, and scratch her ere we part."

This said, a fresh infer'd desire of fame
Enters their waym'd blood, with such a will,
That they deem'd long they were not at the game;
And though they march'd apace, thought they stood
still,

And that their ling'ring foes too slowly came
To join with them, spending much time but in.
"Such force had words fierce humours up to call,
Sent from the mouth of such a general."

Who yet his forces weighing, (with their fire)
Turns him about in private to his son¹⁶,
(A worthy son, and worthy such a sire)
And telleth him what ground he stood upon,
Consi'd'ring how his youth but now began,
Would make it unto him at all no stain;
His death small fame, his fight no shame could gain.

¹⁶ The lord Lisie was advised by his father to retire him out of the battle.

To whom th' aggrieved son, (as if disgrac'd)
"Ah! father, have you then selected me
To be the man, whom you would have displac'd
Out of the roll of immortality?
What have I done this day, that hath defac'd
My worth; that my hands work despis'd should be?
God shield I should bear home a coward's name:
He long enough hath liv'd, who dies with fame."

At which the father, touch'd with sorrowing joy,
Turn'd him about, (shaking his head) and says,
"O my dear son, worthy a better day,
To enter thy first youth in hard assays!"
And now had wrath, impatient of delay,
Begu'n the fight, and further speeches stay'd:
Fury thrusts on; striving whose sword should be
First warped in the wounds of th' enemy.

Hotly these small (but mighty-minded) bands
(As if ambitious now of death) do strain
Against innumerable armed hands,
And gloriously a wondrous fight maintain;
Rushing on all whatsoever strength withstands,
Whetting their wrath on blood, and on disdain;
And so far thrust, that hard 't were to decry,
Whether they more desire to kill, or die.

Frank of their own, greedy of others' blood,
No stroke they give but wounds, no wound but kill
Near to their hate, close to their work they stood
Hit where they would, their hand obeys their will
Scorning the blow from far that doth no good,
Loathing the crack, unless some blood it spile:
No wounds could let out life that wrath hold in,
Till others' wounds reveng'd did first beguile.

So much true resolution wrought in those
Who had made covenant with death before,
That their small number (scorning so great foes)
Made France most happy, that there were so many
And Fortune doubt to whom she might dispose
That weary day; or unto whom restore
The glory of a conquest dearly bought;
Which scarce the conqueror could think well got

For as with equal rage, and equal might,
Two adverse winds combat, with billows proud,
And neither yield: (sea, skies maintain the fight)
Wave against wave oppos'd, and cloud to cloud;
So war both sides with obstinate despite,
With like revenge; and neither party bow'd:
Fronting each other with confounding blows,
No wound one sword unto the other owes.

Whilst Talbot (whose fresh ardour having got
A marvellous advantage of his years)
Carries his sunset ago as if forgot,
Whirling about where any need appears.
His hand, his eye, his wits all present, wrought
The function of the glorious part he bears:
Now urging here, now cheering there, he flies;
Unlocks the thickest troops, where most foes lie.

In midst of wrath, of wounds, of blood, and death,
There is he most, where as he may do best;
And there the closest ranks he severeth,
Drives back the stoutest pow'rs that forward press;
There makes his sword his way—There labours
Th' indefigible hand that never ceas'd;
Scorning unto his mortal wounds to yield,
Till Death became best master of the field.

Then like a sturdy oak, that having long
 gainst the wars of fiercest winds made head,
 When (with some forc'd tempestuous rage more
 strong)
 is down-born top comes over-mastered,
 ll the near bord'ring trees (he stood among)
 rush'd with his weighty fall, lie ruined:
 > lay his spoils, all round about him slain¹⁷,
 * adorn his death, that could not die in vain.

n th' other part, his most all-daring son¹⁸
 Although the inexperience of his years
 made him less skill'd in what was to be done;
 and yet did carry him beyond all fears)
 to the main battalion, thrusting on
 ear to the king, amidst the chiefest peers,
 'tich thousand wounds became at length oppress'd;
 s if he scorn'd to die, but with the best.

'Do thus both having gain'd a glorious end,
 son ended that great day; that set so red,
 s all the purple plains that wide extend,
 and tempestuous season witnessed.
 > much ado had toiling France to read
 > om us the right so long inherited;
 and so hard went we from what we possess'd,
 s with it went the blood we loved best.

Which blood not lost, but fast laid up with heed
 everlasting fame, is there held dear,
 > seal the memory of this day's deed;
 > ' eternal evidence of what we were:
 > which our fathers, we, and who succeed,
 > owe a sigh, for that it touch'd us near¹⁷.
 or must we see so much, as to neglect
 be holy thought of such a dear respect.

et happy-bless'd day, bless'd ill-lost breath,
 > th for our better fortune, and your own!
 > what foul wounds, what spoils, what shameful
 ad by this forward resolution grown; [death,
 at St. Albans, Wakefield, Barnet-Heath,
 should unto your infamy been shown?
 less'd you, that did not teach how great a fault
 'n virtue is in actions that are sought.

et would this sad day's loss had now been all
 set this day lost: then should we not much plain,
 hereby we had com'n but there to fall,
 ad that day ended, ended had our pain.
 > en small the loss of France, of Guies small:
 > othing the shame to be turn'd home again,
 > mpar'd with other shames.—But now France lost,
 > eds us more blood than all her winning cost.

¹⁷ The death of John lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury; who had served in the wars of France most valiantly for the space of thirty years.

¹⁸ The death of the lord Lisle, son to this worthy earl of Shrewsbury.

¹⁹ 1453, an. reg. 32. Thus was the dutchy of Guittain lost; which had remained in the possession of the crown of England by the space almost three hundred years. The right whereof came by the marriage of King Henry II. with Eleanor, daughter to William duke of Aquitain. In this dutchy are four archbishops, twenty-four bishops, by earldoms, two hundred and two baronies, and six one thousand captainships and bailiwicks.

For losing war abroad, at home lost peace;
 B'ing with our unsupporting selves close set;
 And no designs for pride, (that did increase)
 But our own throats, and our own punishment:
 The working spirit ceas'd not, though work did cease,
 Having fit time to practise discontent,
 And stir up such as could not long lie still;
 " Who not employ'd to good, must needs do ill."

And now this grief of our received shame,
 Gave fit occasion for ambitious care,
 To draw the chief reproach of all the same
 On such as obvious unto hatred are,
 Th' especial men of state: who all the blame
 Of whatsoever Fortune doth must bear.
 For still in vulgar ears delight it breeds,
 To have the hated authors of misdeeds.

And therefore easily great Somerset²⁰
 (Whom Envy long had singled out before)
 With all the volley of disgraces met,
 As th' only mark that Fortune pleas'd therefore:
 On whose ill-wrought opinion Spite did whet
 The edge of Wrath, to make it pierce the more;
 And Grief was glad t' have gotten now on whom
 To lay the fault of what must light on some.

Whereon th' again out-breaking York begins
 To build new models of his old desire:
 And seeing the booty fortune for him wins,
 Upon the ground of this unkindled ire,
 He takes th' advantages of others' sins
 To aid his own, and help him to aspire.
 For doubting peace should better scan deeds past,
 He thinks not safe to have his sword out last.

Especially since ev'ry man (now press'd
 To innovation) do with rancour swell;
 A stirring humour generally possess'd
 Those peace-spilt times, weary of being well:
 The weak with wrongs, the happy tir'd with rest;
 And many mad, for what they could not tell.
 The world, ev'n great with change, thought it went
 wrong.
 To stay beyond the bearing-time so long.

And therefore now these lords confedered
 (Being much increas'd in number and in spite)
 So shap'd their course, that gath'ring to a head,
 They grew to be of formidable might:
 Th' abused world so hastily is led,
 (Some for revenge, some wealth, some for delight)
 That York (from small-beginning troops) soon draws
 A world of men to venture in his cause.

²⁰ York procures the hatred of the people against the duke of Somerset; and so wrought, (in a time of the king's sickness) that he caused him to be arrested in the queen's great chamber, and sent to the tower of London; accusing him to have been the occasion of the loss of France: but the king being recovered, he was again set at liberty, anno reg. 32. The duke of York perceiving his accusations not to prevail against the duke of Somerset, resolves to obtain his purpose by open war: and so being in Wales, accompanied with his special friends, assembled an army, and marched towards London.

Like as proud Severn from a private head,
With humble streams at first doth gently glide,
Till other rivers have contributed
The springing riches of their store beside;
Wherewith at length (high-swell'd) she doth spread
Her broad-distended waters laid so wide,
That coming to the sea, she seems from far,
Not to have tribute brought, but rather war:

Er'n so is York now grown; and now is bent
T' encounter with the best, and for the best:
Whose near approach the king hastes to prevent,²¹
With hope (far off) to have his pow'r suppress'd;
Fearing the city, lest some insolent
And mutinous, should hearten on the rest
To take his part. But he so forward set,
That at St. Alban's both the armies met.

Whereto their haste far fewer hands did bring,
Than else their better leisure would have done;
And yet too many for so foul a thing;
Sith who did best, hath but dishonour won.
For whilst some offer peace, sent from the king,
Warwick's too forward hand hath war begun;
A war, that doth the face of war deform;
Which still is foul, but foulest wanting form.

And never valiant leaders (so well known
For brave-performed actions done before)
Did blench their discretion and renown
In any weak-effected service more;
Bringing such pow'rs into so strait a town,
As to some city-tumult or uproar:
Which slaughter (and no battle) might be thought,
Sith that side us'd their swords, and this their throat.

²¹ King Henry sets forward from London with twenty thousand men of war, to encounter with the duke of York; attended with Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and Humphrey his son, earl of Stafford, Edmund duke of Somerset, Henry Piercy earl of Northumberland, James Butler, earl of Wiltshire and Ormond; Jasper earl of Pembroke, the son of Owen Tudor, half-brother to the king; Thomas Courtney, earl of Devonshire, John lord Clifford, the lords Sudley, Barnes, Ross, and others.

The duke of York, with the lords, pitched their battle without the town, in a place called Key-field: and the king's power (to their great disadvantage) took up the town; where being assailed, and wanting room to use their power, were miserably overthrown and slaughtered. On the king's side were slain, Edmund duke of Somerset; who left behind him three sons, Edmund, Henry, and John. Here was also slain, the earl of Northumberland, the earl of Stafford, the lord Clifford, sir Robert Vere, with divers others, to the number of five thousand; and on the lords' part, but six hundred. And this was the first battle at St. Alban's, May 23, an. reg. 33. The duke of York, with other lords, came to the king where he was, and craved grace and forgiveness on their knees, of that that they had done in his presence; intending toying but for the good of him, and his kingdom: with whom they removed to London; concluding there to hold a parliament the 9th of July following.

But this on th' error of the king is laid,
And upon Somerset's desire t' obtain
The day with peace; for which they longer stay'
Than wisdom would, advent'ring for the man:
Whose force in narrow streets once over-laid,
Never recover'd head; but ev'n there slain
The duke and all the greatest leaders are,
The king himself b'ing taken prisoner.

Yet not a prisoner to the outward eye,
For that he must seem grac'd with his lost day;
All things b'ing done for his commodity,
Against such men as did the state betray.
For with each apt-deceiving clemency,
And seeming order, York did so ally [steal]
That touch of wrong, as made him make good
In weaker minds, with show of commonwealth.

Long-look'd-for pow'r thus got into his hand,
The former face of court doth new appear;
And all th' especial charges of command²²
To his partakers distributed were.
Himself is made protector of the land;
A title found, which covertly did bear
All-working pow'r under another style;
And yet the sov'reign part doth act the while.

The king held only but an empty name,
Left with his life; wherof the proof was such.
As sharpest pride could not transpiree the man,
Nor all-desiring greediness durst touch:
Impiety had not enlarg'd their shame
As yet so wide, as to attempt so much.
Mischief was not full ripe for such foul deeds;
Left for th' unbounded malice that succeeds.

THE
HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR,
BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king's repris'd—York and his side retire;
And making head again, is put to flight:
Returns into the land, his right requires:
Having regain'd the king, confirms his right;
And whilst his rash improvidence aspires,
Is slain at Wakefield by queen Mary's might;
Who (at St. Alban's) back her lord regains:
Is forc'd from thence—and March the crown obtains

DISORDERLY authority¹, thus gain'd,
Knew not at first, or durst not to proceed
With an out-breaking course; but stood restrain'd
Within the compass of respective heed:
Distrust of friends, and pow'r of foes, detain'd
That mounting will from making too much speed
For though he held the pow'r he long'd to wa,
Yet had not all the keys to let him in.

²² Richard earl of Salisbury made lord chancellor, and the earl of Warwick governor of Calais.

¹ The duke of York, in respect that king Henry, for his holiness of life, and clemency, was highly

'Be queen abroad, with a revenging hand
Arm'd with her own disgrace, and others' spite,
Lash'ring th' oppressed party of the land)
Ield over him the threatening sword of might ;
'That forc'd him in the terms of awe to stand,
Who else had burst-up right, to come t' his right)
And kept him so confus'd, that he knew not
'o make use of the means which he had got.

'or either by his fearing to restrain
'be person of the king ; or by neglect
Of guarding him with a sufficient train ;
'be watchful queen with cunning doth effect
' practice, that recovers him again,
As one that with best care could him protect :)
And be 's convey'd to Coventry, to those
Who well knew how of majesty dispose.

Though this weak king had blunted thus before
The edge of pow'r with so dull clemency,
And left him nothing else was gracious, more
'han ev'n the title of his sov'reignty ;
'et is that title of so precious store,
As it makes golden, leaden majesty :
And where, or howsoever it doth sit,
's sure t' have the world attend on it.

Whether it be, that form and eminence,
Adorn'd with pomp and state, begets this awe ;
'r whether an in-bred obedience
To right and pow'r, doth our affections draw :
Or whether sacred kings work reverence,
And make that nature now, which was first law ;
We know not—but the head will draw the parts ;
And good kings, with our bodies, have our hearts.

For lo ! no sooner was his person join'd
With this distracted body of his friends,
But straight the duke, and all that faction, find,
They lost the only engine for their ends :
Authority with majesty combin'd²
Hands beat upon them now, and pow'rful sends
Them summons to appear ; who lately held
That pow'r themselves, and could not be compell'd.

esteemed of the commons, durst not attempt any
violent course against his person ; but only labours
o strengthen his own party ; which he could not
do, but by the oppression and displacing of many
worthy men, with committing other violence,
whereunto necessity enforced him, for the prefer-
ment of his friends : which raised a greater party
against him than that he had made.

¹ The queen, with her party, having recovered
the king, and withdrawing him far from London,
where they found the duke of York was too much
favoured by the citizens) grew to be very strong,
so means that so many lords, and much people,
oppressed and discontented with these proceedings
of their enemies, resorted daily unto them. Where-
upon the king summoned the duke and his adhe-
rents, to appear before him at Coventry : but they
finding their present strength not sufficient to
make good their answer) retired themselves into
several parts. The duke of York withdraws him-
self to Wigmore, in Wales ; the earl of Salisbury into
the north, the earl of Warwick to Calais.

Wherewith confus'd, as either not prepar'd
For all events ; or seeing the times not fit ;
Or men's affections failing in regard ;
Or their own forces, not of pow'r as yet :
They all retire them home ; and neither dur'd
To appear, or to stand out to answer it.
This unfore-thought-on accident confounds
All their designs, and frustrates all their grounds,

As usually it fares with those that plot
These machines of ambition, and high pride ;
Who (in their chiefest counsels over-shot)
For all things, save what serve the turn, provide ;
Whilst that which most imports, rests most forgot,
Or weigh'd not, or contemn'd, or undecry'd ;
That something may be ever over-gone,
Where courses shall be cross'd, and men undone.

York into Wales, Warwick to Calais hies ;
Some to the north, others to other parts ;
As if they ran both from their dignities,
And also from themselves, and their own hearts :
" (The mind decay'd, in public jeopardies,
To th' ill at hand only itself converts)"
That none would think York's hopes, being so near dry,
Could ever flow again, and swell so high.

And yet, for all this ebbing chance, remains
The spring that feeds that hope, (which leaves men
Whom no affliction so entire restrains, (last :)
But that it may remount as in times past.
Though he had lost his place, his pow'r, his pains ;
Yet held his love, his friends, his title fast :
The whole frame of that fortune could not fail ;
As that which hung by more than by one nail.

Else might we think, what error had it been,
These parts thus sever'd not t' have quite destroy'd ?
But that they saw it not the way to win.
Some more dependances there were beside ;
Which age and fate keeps us from looking in,
That their true counsels come not right decry'd :
Which our presumptuous wits must not condemn ;
They being not ignorant, but we of them.

For here we look upon another crowd,
Another image of nobility,
(Which civil discord had not yet brought down
Unto a lower range of dignity ;)
Upon a pow'r as yet not overflow'd
With th' ocean of all-drowning sov'reignty.
These lords who thus against their king draw swords,
Taught kings to come how to be more than lords.

Which well this queen observ'd ; and therefore
sought

To draw them in, and ruin them with peace ;
Whom force (she saw) more dangerous had wrought,
And did their pow'r and malice but increase.
And therefore to the city having got,
A council was convok'd, all jars to cease :
Where come these lords at length ; but yet so strong,
As if to do, rather than suffer wrong.

² Divers grave persons were sent to the duke of
York, to mediate a reconciliation : and a great
council was called at London, an. reg. 36, to agree
all differences. Whither came the earl of Salis-
bury, with five hundred men ; the duke of York,

Here Scottish border-broils, and fears of France,
Urg'd with the present time's necessity,
Brought forth a subtle-shadow'd countenance
Of quiet peace, resembling amity;
Wrapt in a strong and curious ordinance
Of many articles, bound solemnly:
As if those Gordian knots could be so ty'd,
As no impatient sword could them divide:

Especially, whereas the self-same ends
Concur not in a point of like respect;
But that each party covertly intends
Thereby their own designments to effect:
Which peace with more endang'ring wounds offends,
Than war can do; that stands upon suspect,
And never can be ty'd with other chain,
Than intermutual benefit and gain.

As well by this concluded act is seen;
Which had no pow'r to hold in minds out-bent,
But quickly was dissolv'd and cancell'd clean,
Either by Warwick's fortune or intent.
However urg'd, the servants of the queen⁴
Assaulted him, as he from council went;
Where his own person eagerly pursu'd,
Hardly (by boat) escap'd the multitude.

Which deed, most heinous made, and urg'd as his,
The queen (who soon th' advantage apprehends)
Thought forthwith t' have committed him on this:
But he prevents, flies northward to his friends;
Shows them his danger, and what hope there is
In her, that all their overthrows intends:
" And that these drifts th' effects of this peace are;
Which give more deadly-wounding blows than war."

Struck with his heat, began th' other's fire,
(Kindled with danger and disdain) t' inflame;
Which having well prepar'd to his desire,
He leaves the further growing of the same,
And unto Calais (to his strong retire)
With speed betakes him, to prevent the fame
Of his impos'd offence; lest, in disgrace,
He might be dispossessed of that place.

York straight advis'd the earl of Salisbury
T' address him to the king; and thereupon,
With other grievances, to signify
Th' injurious act committed on his son;
And there to urge the breach of th' amity,
By these sinister plots to be begun:
But he so strongly goes, as men might guess,
His purpos'd not to crave, but make redress.

with four hundred; and was lodged at his house at Baynard's-Castle. The duke of Exeter and Somerset, with eight hundred men, lodged without Temple-Bar. The earl of Northumberland, the lords Egremont and Clifford, with fifteen hundred, and lodged without the city. The earl of Warwick, from Calais, with six hundred men all in his livery. The lord mayor kept continual watch with two thousand men in armour, during the treaty. Wherein, by the great travail and exhortation of the archbishop of Canterbury, with other grave prelates, a reconciliation was concluded, and celebrated with a solemn procession.

⁴ The earl of Warwick is set upon by the queen's servants,

Whom the lord Audley⁵ having to restrain,
(Sent with ten thousand men well furnished)
Encounter'd on Blore-Heath; where he is slain,
And all his pow'r and force discomfited:
Which chance so open'd, and let out again,
The hopes of York, (whom peace had fetter'd)
That he resolves whatever should befall,
To set up's rest, to venture now for all.

Fury unty'd, and broken out of bands,
Runs deep'rate presently to either head:
Faction and War (that never wanted hands
For blood and mischief) soon were furnished.
Affection finds a side; and out it stands;
Not by the cause, but by her interest led:
And many urging war, most forward are;
" Not that 't is just, but only that 't is war."

Whereby the duke is grown t' a mighty head
In Shropshire, with his Welsh and northern aid:
To whom came Warwick, having order'd
His charge at Calais; and with him courey'd
Many brave leaders, that adventur'd
Their fortunes on the side that he had laid:
Whereof, as chief, Trollop and Blount⁶ enroll'd;
But Trollop⁶ fail'd his friends; Blount faithful held.

The king (provok'd these mischiefs to prevent,
Follow'd with Somerset and Exeter)
Strongly appointed, all his forces bent,
Their malice to correct, or to deter:
And drawing near, a rev'rend prelate sent⁷
To proffer pardon, if they would refer
Their cause to peace; as b'ing a cleaner come
Unto their ends, than this foul barb'rous force.

" For what a war," said he, " is here begun,
Where ev'n the victory is held accurst?
And who-so wins, it will be so ill won,
That though he have the best, he spends the worst.
For here your making is to be undone;
Seeking t' obtain the state, you lose it first,
Both sides b'ing one, the blood consum'd all one;
To make it yours, you work to have it none.

" Leave then with this, though this be yet a gain
T' attempt this sin, to be so near a fall.
The doubtful dye of war cast at the main,
Is such, as one bad chance may lose you all.
A certain sin seeks an uncertain gain;
Which got, yourselves ev'n wail and pity shall.
No way but peace leads out from blood and sin,
To free yourselves, the land, and us from tears."

Wheretof the discontented part replies,
" That they hereto by others' wrongs encour'd,
Had no way else but these extremities,
And worst means of redress, t' avoid the worst.
For since that peace did but their spoils devise,
And held them out from grace, (as men divor'd

⁵ James Tuchet, kurd Audley, slain at Blore-Heath, and his army discomfited by the earl of Salisbury, with the loss of two thousand four hundred men, an. reg. 38.

⁶ Sir Andrew Trollop afterward fled to the king, John Blount remained with the lords.

⁷ The king being at Worcester, sends the bishop of Salisbury to the lords, to induce them to peace and to offer pardon.

lose th' honours that their fortunes did afford)
 etter die with the sword, than by the sword.

For if pacts, vows, or oaths, could have done ought,
 here had enough been done; but to no end,
 ave to their ruin, who had ever sought
 ' avoid these broils, as grieving to contend:
 moth'ring disgraces, drawing to parts remote,
 a exil'd men; where now they were t' attend
 is grace, with all respect and reverence;
 or with the sword of malice, but defence.

Thereby they show'd, that words were not to win:
 ut yet the pardon⁹ works so feelingly,
 hat to the king that very night came in
 ir Andrew Trollop, with some company;
 entented to redeem his sin with sin,
 ialoyalty with infidelity;
 nd by this means became discover'd quite
 ll th' orders of th' intended next day's fight.

Which so much wrought upon their weaken'd fears,
 hat presently their camp brake up, ere day;
 nd ev'ry man with all his speed prepares,
 oording to their course to shift their way.
 'ork', with his youngest son, towards Ireland bears;
 Warwick to Calais, where his safety lay;
 o that rare harbour of conspiracy,
 'evy's retreat, Rebellion's nursery.

Which fatal place¹⁰ seems that with either hand
 s made t' offend. For France sh' afflicts with th'
 ind with the other did infect this land; [one];
 la if ordained to do good to none;
 ut as a gate to both our ills did stand,
 o let out plagues on us, and int' her own
 l part without us, that small good hath been,
 ut to keep less entire the whole within.

And there, as in their all and best support,
 a Warwick got, with March and Salisbury,
 When all the gates of England, ev'ry port
 ud shore close shut, debars their re-entry;
 ock'd out from all, and all left in that sort,
 is no means seems can aid their misery.
 His wound, giv'n without blow, weakens them more
 han all their loss of blood had done before.

'or now again upon them frowningly
 ands Pow'r with Fortune, trampling on their states,
 ad brands them with the marks of infamy,
 obellions, treasons, and assassines;
 ittains their blood in all posterity;
 anacks their lands, spoils their confederates;
 and lays so hideous colours on their crimes,
 la would have terrify'd more tim'rous times;

but here could do no good—For why, this age
 ping in a course of motion, could not rest
 'till the revolution of their rage
 ame to that point whereto it was address'd.
 Misfortune, crosses, ruin could not 'swage
 'hat heat of hope, or of revenge at least.

⁹ The bishop of Salisbury offered pardon to all such as would submit themselves.

¹⁰ The duke of York, with his youngest son, the earl of Rutland, withdrew him into Ireland, where he was exceedingly beloved.

¹¹ The incongruities of Calais at that time.

"The world once set a-work, cannot stop; cease;
 Nor ever is the same it is in peace."

For other motions, other interests here,
 The acting spirits up and awake do keep:
 "Faith, friendship, honour, is more sure, more
 dear,
 And more itself than when it is asleep."
 Worth will stand out, and doth no shadows fear;
 Disgraces make impressions far more deep;
 When ease, ere it will stir, or break her rest,
 Lies still, hears all, content to be oppress'd.

York, and his side, could not while life remain'd,
 Though thus dispers'd, but work and interdeal;
 Nor any sword at home could keep restrain'd
 Th' out-breaking pow'rs of this innated seal.
 This humour had so large a passage gain'd
 On th' inward body of the commonweal,
 That 'twas impossible to stop by force
 This current of affection's violent course.

Yet they at home (disorder to keep forth)
 Did all what pow'r could do, or wit invent:
 Plac'd in th' avoided rooms men of great worth;
 Young Somerset¹¹ with strength to Calais sent;
 Northumberland and Clifford to the north,
 Whereof they only had the government:
 Defend all landings, bar all passages,
 Strive to redress the public grievances.

And to this end summon a parliament¹²:
 Wherein when as the godly king would not,
 Unto th' attainder of the lords appeast,
 The queen in grief (and in her passions hot)
 Breaks out in speech lovingly violent.
 "And what," saith she, "my lord, have you forgot
 To rule, and be a king? Why will you thus
 Be mild to them, and cruel unto us?"

"What good have you procur'd by clemency,
 But giv'n to wild presumption much more bold?
 And now what cure, what other remedy
 Can to our desp'rate wounds be ministr'd?
 Men are not good, but for necessity;
 Nor orderly are ever born, but bred.
 Sad want and poverty makes men industrious;
 But law must make them good, and fear obsequi-
 ous."

"My lord, he governs well, that's well obey'd;
 And temp'rate rigour ever safely sits.
 For as to him who Cotis¹³ did upbraid,
 And call'd his rigour madness, raging fits:
 'Content thee, thou unskilful man,' he said;
 'My madness keeps my subjects in their wits.'
 So to like course, my lord, y' are forc'd to fall;
 Or else you must in th' end undo us all."

¹¹ Henry the young duke of Somerset was, reg. 37, made captain of Calais; and a privy-seal sent to the earl of Warwick, to discharge him of that place: who, in respect he was made captain there by parliament, would not obey the privy-seal.

¹² The parliament at Coventry.

¹³ Cotis, a tyrant of Thrace.

"Look but, I pray, on this dear part of you!
This branch sprung from your blood, your own aspect!
Look on this child; and think what shall ensue
To this fair hope of ours, by your neglect!
Though you respect not us, wrong not his due;
That must his right, left you, from you expect;
The right of the renowned Lancasters,
His father's father's, and great grandfather's."

Then turns t' her son: "O son! dost thou not see?
He is not mov'd, nor touch'd, nor weighs our tears!
What shall I do? What hope is left for me;
When he wants will to help, and thou want'st years?
Could yet these hands of thine but partners be
In these my labours to keep out our fears,
How well were I? That now alone must toil,
And turn, and toss; and yet undone the while.

"I know if thou could'st help, thy mother thus
Should not beyond her strength endure so much;
Nor these proud rebels, that would ruin us,
'Scape with their heinous treasons without touch:
I know thou would'st conceive how dangerous
Mercy were unto those, whose hopes were such;
And not preserve whom law hath overthrown,
Saving their livelihood, to lose our own.

"But sth thou can'st not, nor I able am,
Thou must no more expect of me, dear son;
Nor yet in time to come thy mother blame,
If thou by others' weakness be undone.
The world, with me, must testify the same,
That I have done my best, what could be done;
And have not fail'd, with hazard of my life,
The duty of a mother and a wife.

"But well—I see which way the world will go
And let it go"—and so turns her about,
Full with stout grief, and with disdainful woe;
Which now her words shut up, her looks out-let
The cast of her side-bowed eye, did show
Both sorrow and reproof; seeing so great doubt,
And no pow'r to redress, but stand and vex,
Imprison'd in the fetters of her sex.

Yet so much wrought these moving arguments,
(Drawn from that blood where Nature urg'd her best
As his all-upward tending zeal relents, [right]
And downward to his state declines his sight;
And so to their attainders he consents,
Provided he, on their submission, might
Out of his princely pow'r, in his own name,
Without a parliament¹⁴, revoke the same.

Whilst Somerset¹⁵ with main endeavour lay
To get his giv'n (but ungot) government,
The stout Calicians (bent another way)
Fiercely repel him, frustrate his intent:
Yet takes he Guines, landing at Whitland-Bay.
Whereas the swords he brought would not consent

¹⁴ At this parliament at Coventry, in the year 1459, in the thirty-eighth year of king Henry VI. is Richard duke of York, with his son Edward, and all his posterity, and partakers, attainted, to the ninth degree; their goods and possessions escheated; their tenants spoiled of their goods; the town of Ludlow, pertaining to the duke of York, ransacked; and the dutchess of York spoiled of her goods.

¹⁵ Henry duke of Somerset, with the lords Aud-

To wound his foes—the fight no rancour bath:
Malice was friends; and war was without wrath.

Though he their hands, yet Warwick had their
hearts;
To whom both men and shipping they betray'd;
Whilst England's (though debarred) shores impart
To him her other-where intended aid.
For the lord Rivers¹⁶ passing to those parts,
T' have fresh supplies unto the duke convey'd;
At Sandwich, with his son accompany'd,
Staying for wind, was taken in his bed.

Whose shipping and provisions Warwick¹⁷ takes
For Ireland, with his chieftain to confer;
And within thirty days this voyage makes,
And back returns ere known to have been there:
So that the Heav'ns, the sea, the wind partakes
With him, as if they of his faction were;
Or that his spir't and valour were combin'd
With destiny, t' effect what he design'd.

Which working, though without, and on the shore,
Reach'd yet unto the centre of the land;
Search'd all those humours that were bred below;
Shakes the whole frame whereon the state did stand:
"Affection, pity, fortune, fear b'ing mov'd
Far off and absent, than they are at hand.
Pity becomes a traitor with th' oppress'd;
And many have been rais'd, by b'ing suppress'd."

For they had left, although themselves were gone,
Opinion and their memory behind;
Which so prevails, that nought could here be done,
But straight was known as soon as once design'd.
Court, council-chamber, closet, all were won,
To be revealers of the prince's mind:
So false is Faction, and so smooth a liar,
As that it never had a side entire.

Whereby th' exil'd had leisure to prevent,
And circumvent whatever was devis'd;
Which made that Falconbridge¹⁸ to Sandwich bent,
That fortress and the governor surpris'd;
Who presently from thence to Calais sent,
Had his unguilty blood there sacrific'd:
And Falconbridge returning back, relates
Th' affection here, and seal of all estates.

Drawn with which news, and with a spir't that dar'd
T' attempt on any likelihood of support;
They take th' advantage of so great regard:
Their landing here secur'd them in such sort
By Falconbridge: the fatal bridge prepar'd
To be the way of blood, and to transport
Returning fury to make greater wounds,
Than ever England saw within her bounds.

ley and Ross, attempted the town of Calais, but were repul'd; his people yielding themselves to the earl of Warwick, and himself hardly escap'd.

¹⁶ The lord Rivers, and his son, sir Anthony Woodvil, were taken by John Durbam at Sandwich; whether they were sent to guard the town, and supply the duke of Somerset.

¹⁷ The earl of Warwick sailed into Ireland, to confer with the duke of York.

¹⁸ The lord Falconbridge sent to Sandwich, took the town, and sir Simon Montfort, governor thereof.

And but with fifteen hundred men do land,
Upon a land with many millions stor'd;
So much did high-presuming courage stand
On th' aid home-disobedience would afford.
Nor were their hopes deceiv'd—for such a hand
Had innovation ready for the sword,
As ere they near unto the city drew,
Their pow'r beyond all former greatness grew.

Muse, what may we imagine was the cause
That Fury works thus universally?
What humour, what affection is it, draws
Sides of such pow'r to this nobility?
Was it their conscience, to redress the laws;
Or malice to a wrong-plac'd sov'reignty,
That caus'd them (more than wealth or life) desire
Destruction, ruin, bloodshed, sword, and fire?

Or was the pow'r of lords (thus interplac'd
Betwixt the height of princes, and the state)
Th' occasion that the people so embrac'd
Their actions, and attend on this debate?
Or had their greatness, with their worth, embas'd
The touch of royalty to so low rate,
As their opinion could such tumults move?
Then pow'r and virtue, you outrageous prove.

And Perlander's level'd ears of oren
Show what is fittest for the public rest;
And that the highest minions which adorn
A commonweal, (and do become it best)
Are Zeal and Justice, Law and Customs, born
Of high descent; that never do infect
The land with false suggestions, claims, affrights,
To make men lose their own for others' rights.

But now against this disproportion bends
The feeble king¹⁵ all his best industry;
And from abroad, Skales, Lovel, Kendal sends,
To hold the city in fidelity;
The city, which before (for other ends)
Was wrought to leave the part of royalty:
Where though the king's command was of no pow'r;
Yet work these lords so, that they took the Tow'r.

And from thence labour to bring in again
The outlet will of disobedience;
Send terrour, threats, entreaties, but in vain.
Warwick and March¹⁶ are with all jollity
And grace receiv'd. The city¹⁷ love did gain
The best part of a crown: for whose defence,
And entertaining still, stays Salisbury¹⁸,
Whilst March and Warwick other fortunes try;

¹⁵ The king (from Coventry) sends the lord Skales, the lord Lovel, the earl of Kendal, to London, with others, to keep the city in obedience.

¹⁶ The earls of March, Warwick, and Salisbury, landing at Sandwich, were met by the archbishop of Canterbury; who, with his cross borne before him, accompanied them to London, an. reg. 36.

¹⁷ The affection which the city of London bore to the duke of York, was an especial means for the raising of that line to the crown.

¹⁸ The earl of Salisbury left to keep the city.

Conducting their fresh troops against their king,
(Who leaves a woman to supply his stead:)
And near Northampton¹⁹ both embattailing,
Made now the very heart of England bleed:
Where what strange resolutions both sides bring,
And with what deadly rancour they proceed,
Witness the blood there shed, and foully shed;
That cannot but with sighs be registred.

There Buckingham, Talbot, and Egremont,
Beaumont and Lucy²⁰; parts of Lancaster,
(Parts most important, and of chief account)
In this unhappy day extinguish'd are.
There the lord Grey²¹ (whose faith did not amount
Unto the trust committed to his care)
Betrays his king, born to be strangely toas'd;
And late again attain'd, again is lost.

Again is lost this outside of a king²²,
Ordain'd for others' uses, not his own;
Who to the part that had him could but bring
A feeble body only, and a crown;
But yet was held to be the dearest thing
Both sides did labour for so much, to crown
Their cause with the apparency of might; [right:
From whom, and by whom they must make their

When he himself (as if he sought esteem'd
The highest crown on Earth) continues one;
Weak to the world; which his religion deem'd
Like to the breath of man; vain, and soon gone!
Whilst the stout queen, by speedy flight, redeem'd
The safety of herself, and of her son:
And with her Somerset²³ to Durham fled;
Her pow'r suppress'd, her heart unvanquish'd.

So much for absent York is acted here,
Attending English hopes on th' Irish coast:
Which when, unlook'd for, they related were,
Ambition (still on horseback) comes in post,
And seems with greater glory to appear;
As made the more by being so long time lost:
And to the parliament with state is led,
Which his associates had fore-summoned.

And com'n into the chamber of the peers,
He sets himself down in the chair of state;
Where such an unexpected face appears
Of an amazed court, that gazing sat
With a dumb silence, (seeming, that it smas
The thing it want about t' effectuate)
As if the place, the cause, the conscience gave
Bars to the words their forced course should have.

¹⁹ The battle of Northampton.

²⁰ The duke of Buckingham, the earl of Shrewsbury, the lord Egremont, John viscount Beaumont, sir William Lucy, slain.

²¹ The lord Edmund Grey of Buthe, who led the van-guard of king Henry, withdrew himself, and took part with the lords.

²² The king is conveyed to London; the Tower yielded up to the lords, and the lord Skales (who kept it) murdered.

²³ The duke of Somerset.

"The strange those times which brought such hands
for blood,

Had not bred tongues to make good any side ;
And that no prostituted conscience stood,
Aqd injustice to have justify'd ;
(As men of the forlorn hope, only good
In desperate acts to be employ'd)
And that none in th' assembly there was found,
That would t' ambitious descent give a ground :

That ev'n himself (forc'd of necessity)
Must be the orator of his own cause.
For having view'd them all, and could say
None proff'ring once to speak ; (all in a pause)
On this friend looks with an inviting eye,
And then on that, (as if he wou'd applause)
Holding the cloth of state still in his hand ;
The sign which he would have them understand.

But seeing none move ; with an imperial port
Gathering his spir'ts, he rises from his seat ;
Doth with such pow'r of words his cause support,
As seems all others' causes to defeat.
" And sure, who works his greatness in that sort,
Must have more pow'r than those that are born great.
Such revolutions are not wrought, but when
Those spir'ts do work, which must be more than men."

He argues first his right, so long withheld
By th' usurpation of the Lancasters ;
" The right of a direct line, always held
The sacred course of blood ; our ancestors,
Our laws, our rev'rent customs have upheld
With holy hands. Whence when disorder errs,
What horrors, what confusion do we see ;
Untill it be reduc'd where it should be ?

" And how it prospers with this wretched land,
Witness the universal misery,
Wherein (as if accur'd) the realm doth stand ;
Depriv'd of state, wealth, honour, dignity :
The church, and commons, underneath the hand
Of violence, extortion, robbery.
No face of order, no respect of laws :
And thus complains of what himself is cause ;

" Accusing others' insolence, that they
Exhausted the revenues of the crown ;
So that the king was forc'd only to prey
Upon his subjects, poor and wretched grown :
And that they now sought Ireland to betray,
And Calais to the French ; which he had known
By th' intercepted notes of their own hand,
Who were the only traitors of the land ;

" And yet procur'd th' attainders most unjust
Of others' guiltless and unspotted blood,
Who evermore had labour'd in their trust,
And faithful service for their country's good ;
And who with extreme violence were thrust
Quite out of all, spoil'd of their livelihood,
Expos'd to all the miseries of life ;
Which they endur'd, to put off blood and strife,

" But woe," saith he, " their malice hath no end,
But t' end us all, and to undo the land ;
(For which the hateful French gladly attend,
And at this instant have their swords in hand)
And that the God of Heav'n doth seem to bend
Unto our cause, whereto the best men stand ;
And that this blood of mine so long time sought,
Reserved seems for something to be wrought ;

" It rests within your judgments to upright
Or else to ruin utterly the land :
For this be sure, I must pursue my right
Whilst I have breath, or I and mine can stand.
Think whether this poor state, b'ing in this plight,
Stands not in need of some up-raising hand ;
Or whether 't is not time we should have rest,
And this confusion and our wounds redress'd."

This said, he turns aside, and out he goes ;
Leaves them to counsel what was to be done :
Where though the most part gather'd were of those
Who with no opposition sure would run ;
Yet some, more temp'rate, offer'd to propose
That which was fit to be consider'd on :
Who, though they knew his claim was fair in right,
Yet thought it now lack'd the right face of right :

Since for the space of threescore years, the crown
Had been in set possess'd, in three descents ;
Confirm'd by all the nobles of renown²²,
The people's suffrages, oaths, parliaments ;
So many acts of state, both of our own,
And of all other foreign governments :
" That wrong, by order, may grow right by this ;
Sith right th' observer but of order is.

" And then consid'ring first how Balinghroke,
Landing in Yorkshire but with threescore men,
By the consent of all the kingdom, took
The crown upon him, held for lawful then :
His uncle York, and all the peers betook
Themselves to him, as to their sovereign ; when
King Richard's wrongs, and his propinquity,
Did seem to make no distance in their eye.

" Nor was without example in those days ;
Wherein (as in all ages) states do take
The side of public peace, to counterpoise
The weight of wrong, which time may rightful make.
No elderhood Rufus and Henry²³ stays
Th' imperial crown of England t' undertake :
And John before his nephew Arthur speeds ;
Whom, though depriv'd, Henry his son succeeds.

" Edward the Third made sov'reign of the state
Upon his father's deprivation was.
All which, though seeming wrongs, yet fairly met
In their successors, and for right did pass."
And if they could so work, t' accommodate
And calm the peers, and please the populace ;
They wish'd the crown might where it stood remain,
Succeeding inconvenience to restrain.

Thus th' ancient fathers of the law advise,
Grave baron Thorpe, and learned Porteusuo ;
Who though they could not fashion otherwise
These strong-bent humours, which averse grew ;
Yet seem'd to qualify th' extremities,
And some respect must to their sov'reign draw ;
That, during life, it was by all agreed
He should be king, and York should him succeed.

²² Non confirmatur tractu temporis, quod de jure ab initio non legitimum.

²³ William Rufus and Henry I. preferred before their elder brother.

Which presently enacted, was (beside)
Proclaim'd throughout with all solemnities,
And intermutually there ratify'd
With protestations, vows, and oaths likewise;
Built up with all the strength of form, & abide
Whatever opposition could arise;
And might have seem'd sure and authentical,
Had all this body of the state been all.

But Trent, thou kept'st a part; Thames had not all:
The north divided honour with the south;
And like pow'r held like greatness several;
Where other right spake with another mouth;
Another heir another prince they call,
Whom natural succession follow doth;
The branch of kings, the true son of the crown;
To whom no father can but leave his own.

The king, as husband to the crown, doth by
The wife's infirmity hold; and only here
Enjoys the same for life by courtesy;
Without pow'r to dispose it otherwise,
After his death, but as th' authority,
Order, and custom of succession bear:
And therefore Henry's act cannot undo
The right of him whom it belongs unto.

And this unnatural intrusion here
Of that attainted blood, out of all course,
Effect'd with confusion and with fear,
Must be reduc'd to other terms of force.
These insolencies justice cannot bear:
The sword (whereunto they only had recourse)
Must cut this knot so intricately ty'd,
Whose vain contrived ends are plain decay'd.

Thus they give out—and out the sword in hand
Is drawn for blood, to justify the same;
And by a side with many a worthy man:
Great Somerset, Bacter, Buckingham,
With Clifford, Courtney, and Northumberland,
(Lords of as mighty courage, as of name)
Which all against York's forced courses bend;
Who having done, yet had not made an end:

But to another work is forc'd to go,
The last turmoil lab'ring ambition had;
Where pride and over-weening led him so,
(For fortunes past) as made the issue sad.
For whether safer counsel would or no,
His yet unfurnish'd troops he despr'ns led
From Sandall-Castle unto Wakefield Green,
Against far mightier forces of the queen.

Where round enclos'd by ambushments fore-laid^m,
Hard-working for his life, (but all in vain)
With number and confusion over-laid,
Himself and valiant Salisbury are slain;
With whom the most, and dearest blood decay'd
Of his courageous and advent'rous train:
So short a life had those long hopes of his,
Born not to wear the crown he wrought for thus;

^m The battle of Wakefield, where the duke of York is slain; the earl of Salisbury taken, and beheaded at York; Edmund earl of Rutland, youngest son to the duke of York, murdered after the battle, by the lord Clifford.

But in the rise of his out-springing lust,
Now in the last of hope receiv'd side fall;
Now that his working pow'r's so far had thrast,
That his desires had but this step to all.
When, so near home, he seem'd past all distrust,
This unexpected wreck doth him befall:
This successor th' inheritor foregoes;
The play-gamer made of fortune, and his foes.

Whose young son, Rutland, (made the sacrifice
For others' sins, ere he knew how to die)
Brought only but to see this exercise
Of blood and wounds, ends ere he did begin:
Whose tears, whose moan, whose lamentable cries,
Could neither mercy nor compassion win.
The branch of such a tree, though tender now,
Was not thought fit should any longer grow.

Which turning chance t' a long ungraced side,
Brings back their almost quelled hopes again;
And thrust them on to use the present tide
And flow of this occasion, to regain
Th' enthralled monarch, and to undecide
The late concluded act they held for vain;
And moves their armies, new refresh'd with spoil,
For more confusion, and for more turmoil:

Victoriously proceeding unwitthoed,
Till at St. Alban's Warwick's forc'd t' a standⁿ.
Whereas (to make his own undoing good)
The king is brought against himself to band:
His pow'r and crown is set against his blood;
For'd on the side not of himself to stand.
Divided king! in what a case thou art,
To have thy hand thus bent against thy heart!

And here this famous fatal place again
Is made the stage of blood—again these streets,
Embru'd with slaughter, cover'd with the slain,
Witness what desp'rate wrath with rancour meets.
But Fortune now is in another vein,
Another side her turning favour greets;
The king here lately lost, is now here won^o;
Still sure t' undo the side that he was on.

Warwick^p, with other genius than his own,
Had here to do: which made him see the face
Of sad misfortune in the self-same town,
Where prosp'rous winning lately gave him grace:
And Mary'ret here, this martial Amazon,
Was with the spirit of her self in place;
Whose labours fortune ev'n to pity stir,
And b'ing a woman, could but give it her.

The reputation and encouragement
Of Wakefield glory waken'd them to this:
And this seems now the full accomplishment
Of all their travail, all their conbrances.
For what can more disturb this government,
When York extinct, and Warwick conquer'd is?
Directing Sal'sb'ry left without a head,
What rests there now that all's not finished?

ⁿ The second battle at St. Albans.

^o The king is again recovered by the queen.

^p The earl of Warwick, with the duke of Norfolk, put to flight; and Mr. John Grey slain on the king's side.

Thus for the sick preserving Nature strives
Against corruption and the loathsome grave,
When out of Death's cold hand she back repieves
Th' almost confounded spir'its she fain would save;
And then cheers up, ilightens, and revives,
Making faint sickness words of health to have,
With looks of life, as if the worst were past;
When straight comes dissolution, and his last.

So fares it with this late revived queen;
Whose victories thus fortunately won,
Have but as only light'ning motions been
Before th' ruin that ensu'd thereon.
For now another springing pow'r is seen,
Whereto (as to the new-arising Sun)
All turn their faces, leaving those low rays
Of setting fortune, which no climber weighs.

Now is young March more than a duke of York:
For youth, love, grace, and courage, make him more;
All which for Fortune's favour now do work,
Who graceth freshest actors evermore;
Making the first attempt the chiefest work
Of any man's designs that strives therefore.
"The after-seasons are not so well bless'd;
For those first spir'its make their first actions best."

Now as the Lybian lion, when with pain
The weary hunter hath pursu'd his prey
From rocks to brakes, from thickets to the plain,
And at the point thereon his hands to lay
Hard by his hopes, his eye upon his gain,
Out-rushing from his den, rapt all away;
So comes young March their ends to disappoint,
Who now were grown so near unto the point.

The love of these important southern parts,
Of Essex, Surrey, Middlesex, and Kent,
The queen had wholly lost; so they whose hearts
Grew ill affected to her government,
Upon th' uncivil and presumptuous parts,
Play'd by the northern troops grown insolent;
Whom though she could not govern otherwise,
Yet th' ill that 's wrought for her, upon her lies.

"So wretched is this execrable war,
This civil sword—wherein though all we see
Be foul, and all things miserable are,
Yet most distressfull is the victory;
Which is not only th' extreme ruiner
Of others, but her own calamity:
Where who obtains, what he would cannot do:
Their pow'r hath part, who help him thereunto."

The city²³, whose good-will they most desire,
(Yet thereto durst not commit their state)
Sends them not those provisions they require;
Which seem'd restrain'd by the people's hate:
Yet March's help far off, and near this fire
(To win them time) forc'd them to mediate

²³ The queen, after the battle of St. Alban's, sent to the mayor of London for certain provisions: who, willing to furnish her therewithal, the commons of the city stayed the same, and would not permit the carts to pass. Whereupon the lord mayor sent to excuse himself, and to appease the displeasure of the queen.

A reconciliation: which well entertain'd,
Was fairly now grown on, and nearly gain'd:

When with a thousand tongues swift-wing'd Fame
And tells of March's gallant victories; [comes,
Who what withstands subdues; all overcomes;
Making his way through fiercest enemies:
As having now to cast in greater sums
The reck'ning of his hopes, that mainly rise.
His father's death gives more life unto wrath;
And vexed valour greater courage hath.

And now, as for his last, his lab'ring worth
Works on the coast which on fair Severn lies;
Whereto his father (passing to the north)
Sent him to levy other fresh supplies:
But hearing now what Wakefield had brought forth,
Implores aid against these injuries,
Obtains from Gloucester, Worcester, Shrewsbury,
Important pow'rs to work his remedy.

Which he against Pembroke and Ormond²⁴ beards;
Whom Marg'ret (now upon her victory)
With all speed possible from Wakefield sends,
With hope to have surpris'd him suddenly.
Wherein though she all means, all wit extends,
To th' utmost reach of wary policy;
Yet nothing her avails—no plots succeed,
T' avert those mischiefs which the Heav'ns decreed.

For near the Cross²⁵ all'y'd unto his name,
He cross'd those mighty forces of his foes,
And with a spirit ordain'd for deeds of fame
Their eager-fighting army overthrow;
Making all clear behind from whence he came,
Bearing down wholly what before him rose,
Like to an all-confounding torrent scotus;
And was made more by Warwick's mighty stream.

With th' inundation of which greatness, he²⁶
(Having no bounds of pow'r to keep him back)
March'd to the city: at whose entrance free,
No signs of joy, nor no applauding back.
Whose near approach when this sad queen did see,
(T' avoid these rocks of her near threat'ning wreck)
With her griev'd troops northward she hence de-
parts,
And leaves to youth and Fortune these scath parts.

²⁴ Jasper earl of Pembroke, and James Bala, earl of Ormond and Wiltshire.

²⁵ The battle of Mortimer's Cross, where Owen Tudor, father to the earl of Pembroke, who had married king Henry's mother, was taken and be-headed.

²⁶ The earl of Warwick, after his overthrow at St. Alban's, retires with all the forces he could make, and joins with the young duke of York; who coming to London, and received with all joy, a great council was presently called of the laish spiritual and temporal; where king Henry was adjudged insufficient for the government of the realm, and to be deprived of all regal authority; and the duke of York elected for king, and after proclaimed by the name of Edward IV. March 4, 1460, at the age of eighteen. And so Henry VI. after he had reigned thirty-eight years, eight months, was deposed.

Glory with admiration ent'ring now,
 Open'd that easy door to his intent,
 As that there needs not long time to allow
 The right he had unto the government;
 Nor Henry's injuries to disavow,
 Against his oath, and th' act of parliament.
 "For here the speedi' st way he takes t' accord
 Difference in law, that pleads it with the sword."

Gather'd to see his muster'd companies,
 Stood all the flocking troops of London streets,
 When Falconbridge (with gentle feeling) tries
 How strong the pulse of their affection beats;
 And reckon'g up the grievous miseries,
 And decolation which the country threats, [king;
 Ask'd them, "whom they would have to be their
 To lead those troops, and state in form to bring?"

Whereto, with such an universal shout,
 "The earl of March," the multitude replies,
 As the rebounding echo straight throughout
 (From tow'r to tow'r reverberated) flies
 To th' ears of those great lords, who sat about
 The consultation for this enterprise.
 Whose care is sav'd, which most they stood upon;
 For what they counsel how to do, is done.

And nothing now, but to confirm him king,
 Remains (which trust not long remain) to do:
 The present heat doth straight dispatch the thing,
 With all those solemn rites that 'long thereto:
 So that what York, with all his travelling,
 Force and intrusion, could not get unto;
 Is now thus freely laid upon his son,
 Who must make fair what foully was begun.

Whose end attain'd, had it here made an end
 Of foul destruction, and had stay'd the blood
 Which Towton, Exham, Tewksbury did spend
 With desperate hands, and deeper wounds withstood;
 And that none other crown brought to contend
 With that of his, had made his seem less good;
 How had this long-afflicted land been bless'd!
 Our sighs had ended, and my Muse had rest.

Which now (but little past half her long way)
 Stands trembling at the horrors that succeed;
 Weary with these embroilments, fain would stay
 Her further course, unwilling to proceed:
 And fain to see that glorious holiday
 Of union which this discord re-agreed,
 Knows not as yet what to resolve upon,
 Whether to leave off here, or else go on.

THE
 HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Edward pow'r against king Henry led,
 And bath at Towton-field the victory:
 From whence king Henry into Scotland fled,
 Where he attempts his state's recovery:

Steals into England; is discovered;
 Brought prisoner to the Tow'r disgracefully.
 And Edward, whilst great Warwick doth away
 A match in France, marries the lady Grey.

Ox yet, and Verse—though those bright stars from
 whence

Thou had'st thy light, are set for evermore;
 And that these times do not like grace dispense
 To our endeavours, as those did before:
 Yet on—since she, whose beams do re-illumine
 This sacred fire, seems as reserv'd in store
 To raise this work, and here to have my last,
 Who had the first of all my labours past.

On, with her blessed favour, and relate
 With what new bloodahed this new-chosen lord
 Made his first entry to th' afflicted state;
 Pass'd his first act of public with the sword;
 Engor'd his new-worn crown; and how he gat
 Possession of affliction, and restor'd
 His right unto a royal misery,
 Maintained with as bloody dignity.

Show how our great Pharsalian field was fought
 At Towton¹ in the north; the greatest day
 Of ruin that dissection ever brought
 Unto this kingdom. Where two crowns did away
 The work of slaughter—two kings causes wrought
 Destruction to one people, by the way
 Of their affections, and their loyalties;
 As if one for these ills could not suffice.

Where Lancaster, and that courageous side,
 (That noble constant part) came furnished
 With such a pow'r, as might have terrify'd
 And over-run the Earth; had they been led
 The way of glory, where they might have try'd
 For th' empire of all Europe, as those did
 The Macedonian led into the east;
 Their number being double at the least.

And where brave York comes as completely mann'd
 With courage, valour, and with equal might;
 Prepar'd to try with a resolved hand
 The metal of his crown, and of his right:
 Attended with his fatal fire-brand
 Of war, Warwick, that blazing star of fight!
 The comet of destruction! that portends
 Confusion and distress, what way he tends.

What rage, what madness, England, do we see?
 That this brave people, in such multitude
 Run to confound themselves; and all to be
 Thus mad for lords, and for mere servitude!
 What might have been, if (Roman like, and free)
 These gallant spirits had nobler ends purpos'd,

¹ Edward being proclaimed and acknowledged for king, presently sets forward towards the north, to encounter with king Henry VI. who, in Yorkshire had assembled a puissant army of near sixty thousand men; and at a place called Towton, about four miles from York, both their powers met; where was fought the greatest battle our stories mention in all these civil wars: where both the armies consisted of above one hundred thousand men, and all of our own nation.

And strain'd to potent *aid* glory and renown,
For good of the republic, and their own?

But here no Cato with a senate stood
For commonwealth—nor here were any sought
To emancipate the state for public good,
But only head-long for their faction wrought.
Here ev'ry man runs on to spend his blood,
To get but what he had already got.
For whether Pompey, or a Cæsar won,
Their state was ever sure to be all one.

And first, before these fatal armies met,
Had forward Warwick laid the passage free,
At Ferry-Briggs; where the lord Clifford¹ (set
With an advent'rous, gallant company,
To guard that strait, York's further march to let)
Began the scene to this great tragedy;
Made the first entrance on the stage of blood;
Which now set wide for wounds, all open stood.

When Edward to exhort his men began,
With words, whereto both spir't and majesty
His per'ance gave: for that he was a man
(Besides a king) whose crown sat gracefully.
"Com'n is the day," said he, "wher'in who can
Obtain the best, is best. This day must try
Who hath the wrong; and whence our ills have been:
And 't is our swords must make us honest men.

"For though our cause (by God and men allow'd)
Both is it honour, right, and honesty;
Yet all as nothing is to be avow'd,
Unless withal we have the victory.
For justice is (we see) a virtue proud,
And cleaves to pow'r, and leaves weak misery:
And therefore seeing the ease we now stand in,
We must resolve either to die or win.

"Ed that if any here doth find his heart
To fail him for this noble work, or stands
Irresolute this day; let him depart,
And leave his arms behind, for worthier hands.
I know how will stay to do their part;
Here to redeem themselves, wives, children, lands,
And have the glory that thereby shall rise,
To free their country from these miseries."

But here what needed words to blow the fire,
In flame already, and unkindl'd so,
As when it was proclaim'd they might retire,
Who found unwillingness to undergo
That vent'rous work; they all did so conspire
To stand out fortune, that not one would go,
To bear away a hand from blood; not one
Defraud the field of th' evil might be done?

Where Warwick² too (producing in their sight
An argument wherby he did conclude
There was no hope of safety, but by fight)
Doth sacrifice his horse to fortitude;
And thereby did the least conceit of flight,
Or any succour by escape exclude;
"Seeing in the strait of a necessity,
The means to win, is 't have no means to fly."

¹ The lord Clifford slain at Ferry-Brigg.

² The earl of Warwick, before the battle began,
with his own hands killed his horse.

It was upon the twilight of that day,
That peaceful day when the religious bear
The olive branches as they go to pray,
(And we, in lieu, the blooming palms use herb)
When both the armies, ready in array
For th' early sacrifice of blood, appear
Prepar'd for mischief, ere they had full light
To see to do it, and to do it right.

Th' advantage of the time, and of the wind,
(Which both with York seem as retain'd in pay)
Brave Falconbridge⁴ takes hold on, and assign'd
The archers their flight-shafts to shoot away:
Which th' adverse side (with sleet and dimness blind,
Mistaken in the distance of the way)
Answer with their sheaf arrows, that come short
Of their intended aim, and did no hurt.

But gather'd by th' on-marching enemy,
Returned were like clouds of steel: which pour
Destruction down, and did new-night the sky,
As if the day had fail'd to keep his hour.
Whereto the ranged horse break out, deny
Obedience to the riders, scorn their pow'r;
Disrank the troops, set all in disarray,
To make th' assailant owner of the day.

Thus thou peculiar engine of our land!
(Weapon of conquest! master of the field!)
Renowned bow! (that mad'st this crown possess'd)
The tow'ns of France, and all their pow'rs to yield!
Art made at home to have th' especial hand
In our dissensions, by thy work upbeld:
Thou first did'st conquer us; then rais'd our steel
To vanquish others; here ourselves to spill.

And now how com'st thou to be out of date,
And all-neglected leav'et us, and art gone;
And with thee th' ancient strength, the mighty steel
Of valour and of worth, that glory won?
Or else stay'et thou till now-pris'd about about?
(That never shall affect what thou hast done)
And only but attend'et some blessed reign,
When thou and virtue shall be grac'd again.

But this short tempest drove Northumberland
(Who led the van-guard of king Henry's side)
With eager heat join battle out of hand,
And this disorder with their swords to bid.
Where twice five hours these furious armies stand,
And Fortune's balance weigh'd on neither side;
Nor either did but equal bloodshed gain,
Till Henry's⁵ chiefest leaders all were slain.

⁴ William Nevil, lord Falconbridge, after created earl of Kent.

⁵ In this battle of Towton, on king Henry's side were slain, Henry Percy earl of Northumberland; the earls of Shrewsbury and Devonshire; John lord Clifford; the lords Beaumont, Nevil, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Grey, Dacres, Fitz-Hugh, Molineux, Buckingham: knights, the two base sons of Henry Holland, duke of Exeter; Richard Percy, Gervase Clifton, Andrew Trollop, &c.

The whole number slain were accounted by some thirty-three thousand, by others thirty-five thousand and ninety-one.

Now Bolingbroke, these miseries here shown,
Do much unload thy sin; make thy ill good:
For if thou didst by wrong attain the crown,
'T was without cries; it cost but little blood.
But York by his attempt hath overthrown
All the best glory wherein England stood;
And did his state by her undoing win;
And was, though white without, yet red within.

And thus he hath it—and is now to deal
For th' entertaining and continuance
Of men's affections; and to seek to heal
Those foul corruptions, which the maintenance
Of so long wars bred in the commonweal.
He must remunerate, prefer, advance
His chiefest friends; and prosecute with might
The adverse part; do wrong, to do men right.

Whilst martial Mary's ret, with her hopeful son,
Is travelling in France, to purchase aid;
And plots, and toils, and nothing leaves undone;
Though all in vain.—For being thus over-laid
By Fortune, and the time; all that is done,
Is out of season. For the must have stay'd
Till that first heat of men's affections (which
They bear new kings) were laid, and not so much.

When they should find that they had gain'd no more,
Than th' sea by changing of his masters did;
(Who still must labour as he us'd before)
And those expectancies came frustrated,
Which they had set upon th' imagin'd score
Of their accounts: and had considered,
How that it did but little benefit
The dove, to change the falcon for the kite.

And yet, brave queen⁸, for three years of his reign,
Thou gav'st him little breathing-time of rest;
But still his miseries did'st entertain
With new attempts, and new assaults address'd.
And at thy now return from France again,
(Supply'd with forces) once more gather'd'st
An army for the field, and brought'st to war
The scatter'd parts of broken Lancaster.

And once again at Exham led'st them on,
With Scots and French, t' another bloody day;
And there beheld'st thyself again undone,
With all that rest, whereon thy fortunes lay.
Where Somerset (late to king Edward gone,
And got his pardon) having escap'd away,
With noble Percy came, to bring their blood
Unto thy side, whereto they first had stood.

Where the lords Molines, Rom, and Hungerford,
With many else of noble families,
Extinguish'd were—and many that day's sword
Cut off their names in their posterities.

⁸ Queen Margaret, furnished with a great power of Scots and French, to the number of twenty thousand, with her husband, entered into Northumberland, took the castle of Bamborough, and after came forward to the bishopric of Durham: where Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, who had lately been reconciled to king Edward IV. joined with them; and also brought thither with him sir Ralph Percy, a man of great courage and worth: who were taken in the battle of Exham, and executed, an. 3, Ed. IV. 1464.

Where fled again their luckless, follow'd hard;
And is so near pursu'd by th' enemies,
As th' ensign of his crown was seiz'd upon,
For him who had before his kingdom won;

And shortly after too his person gat.
For he now weary'd with his long exile,
And miseries abroad, grew passionate
With longing to return t' his native soil.
And seeing he could not do the same in state,
He seeks, disguis'd in fashion, to beguile
The world a time, and steal the liberty
And sight of his dear country privately.

As if there were for a pursu'd king
A covert left on Earth, wherein to hide;
When Pow'r and Jealousy are travelling,
And lay to catch affliction on each side.
" Misfortune serves, we see, for ev'ry thing."
And soon he comes⁹, God knows, to be decry'd,
And Edward hath the booty he desir'd;
For whose establishment all things conspir'd.

Yet long it was not ere a fire began
To take in th' inward'st closet, where he hid
The treasure of his chiefest trust; and ran
From thence through all its state, before it stay'd
For being a king, who his whole fortunes was
With other hands, must many leave unpaid;
And could not fill up that vast greediness
Of expectation, which is bottomless.

Though he did all the best that in him lay,
(As a most active prince) to satisfy
The int'rest of their travails, and defray
The bands contracted 'twixt his sov'reignty
And the republic: seeking to allay¹⁰
All grievances; recorder Equity,
Reform the bars, that Justice did abuse;
Lay easy on the state, as new kings use.

As he, who having found great treasury,
The first year offers with most grateful cheer
A sheep of gold to Juno's deity;
And next of silver, for the second year;
The third of brass: and then neglectively,
Nothing at all—so these respects, which were
Born of a present feeling, mov'd him most;
But soon were with their times and motives lost.

And what his bounty could not recompense,
He pays with honours, and with dignities.
And (more to angle the benevolence)
And catch the love of men with courtesies)
He oft would make his dignity dispense
With his too low familiarities;
Descending from his sphere of majesty
Beneath himself very submissively.

⁹ King Henry was taken in Lancashire, and brought to London, with his legs bound to stirrups; having in his company only Dr. Manning, dean of Windsor, with another divine; who was taken with him, and committed to the Tower.

¹⁰ King Edward IV. sat on the King's Bench, in open court, three days together, in Michaelmas term, anno 2 of his reign; to understand how his laws were executed.

and when he had dispos'd in some good train
his home affairs; he counsell'd how t' advance
his foreign correspondence, with the chain
of some alliance that might countenance
his greatness, and his quiet entertain. [France.
Which was thought fittest with some match of
bold that kingdom from sub-siding such,
Who else could not subsist, nor hope so much.

For was it now a time to have contrast
With any foreign, mighty potentate;
but keep the outer doors of each side fast,
laving so much to do within his state.
and thereupon was Warwick¹¹ (by whose cast
all must be wrought) employ'd to mediate
a present marriage, to be had between
him and the sister of the young French queen.

Which was not long, nor hard to bring to pass,
Where like respects met in a point alike.
so that the same as er'n concluded was,
and all as done—lady and friends all like:
When Love, the lord of kings, (by whom must pass
his act of our affections) took dislike
that he was not made privy thereunto,
and therefore in his wrath would all undo.

For whilst this youthful prince, at his disport
in Grafton woods, retir'd from public care,
attending how his suit in France did sort,
Whereon his cogitations only were)
he comes at home surpris'd in other sort:
A nearer fire inflam'd his passions here;
in English beauty, with more worth endur'd
than France could yield, his royal heart subdu'd.

A woful widow, whom his quarrel had
As it had many mo) made desolate,
came to his court in mournful habit clad,
To sue for justice to relieve her state.
and ent'ring as a suppliant all sad,
With graceful sorrow, and a comely gate,
he pass'd the presence; where all eyes were cast
in her more stately presence as she pass'd.

Her looks not let abroad, (but carefully
kept in, restrain'd) held their reservedness:
observing none but her own dignity,
and his, to whom she did herself address.
and drawing near his royal majesty,
a blush of reverence, not bashfulness,
lighten'd her lovely cheeks, and down she kneels;
sives her petition for the wrongs she feels.

and in delivering it, lifts up her eyes,
The movingst mediators she could bring)
and straight withdraws them in submissive wise;
not fixing them directly on the king:

¹¹ The earl of Warwick was sent into France, to
reat of a marriage between king Edward and the
ady Bona, daughter to Louis duke of Savoy, and
ister to the lady Charlotte, queen of France:
which was there agreed upon; and monsieur Darsy,
sartin, with others, appointed to be sent into
England, for the full accomplishing thereof. But in
be mean time, May 1, the king married the lady
Elizabeth Grey, daughter to the dutchess of Bed-
ford, late wife to sir John Grey, slain at St. Albans,
a king Henry's part.

Who, mov'd with her sweet fashion, had her rise,
With gentle language full of comforting;
Read her request—but thought not what he read.
The lines he view'd her eyes had figured.

Then paus'd awhile, and mus'd; as if he weigh'd
The substance of her suit. The which (God wot)
Was not the thing he mus'd. And having stay'd,
Seem'd to read on again; but yet reads not.
And still a stealing side-cast look convey'd
On her sweet face: as if he had forgot
To be elsewhere than where he did behold;
And thought not what he did, but what he would.

But lest his sudden passion might have there
More witnesses than he could wish to have;
He took up his desires, which posing were
Beyond their stages; and this answer gave:
" Madam, we will ourself take time to hear
Your cause at large. Wherein we will you have
No other reference but repair to us;
Who will accommodate this business."

She that expected present remedy,
(Hearing this dilatory answer) thought
The king found scruple in the equity
Of her request: and thereupon he sought
To put her to delays of court; whereby
She might be tir'd, and in the end get nought.
And that which her opinion made more strong,
Was that he studied and was mute so long.

Which forc'd from her these words: " My lord,
Let not my being a Lancastrian bred,
Without mine own election, disafford
Me right, or make my cause disfigured;
Since I am now the subject of your sword;
Which God hath (with your right) established,
To do us right. And let not what we were,
Be now the cause to hurt us as we are."

" Lady, mistake me not—never did I
Make war with women, nor us'd women's war,
Revenge; but prosecuted honestly
My right, not men. My quarrels ended are
With my obtaining of the victory.
And (lady) know, your cause moves me thus far,
As you shall find," said he, " I do desire,
To do you greater right than you require."

With this they part; both with their thoughts full
charg'd;
She for her suit in hand, and he for her;
Wherein he spends that night; and quite discharg'd
All other cogitations, to confer,
First, how he might have her estate enlarg'd:
Then in what sort her service to prefer
Unto his new-aspected wife and queen:
Then how to mask his love from being seen.

For yet lust was not grown to that degree,
To have no limits; but that shame kept in
The greatest greatness, from this being free
To hold their wantonness to be no sin.
For though kings cannot over-master'd be,
They will be overlook'd, and seen within:
And though they could their weaknesses make sure,
Yet crimes (though safe) can never be secure.

Sometimes he thinks it better to provide
A place retir'd, and have her from the court;
And then with what pretensions he might hide
His private coming, and his oft resort:
Then by his queen if it should be esp'y'd,
How he might clear with her, and stop report.
And thus consumes the night—and if he slept,
He slept those thoughts that with these passions kept.

The morning being com'n (and glad he was
That it was com'n) after so long a night
He thought would have no morning, (time did pass
So slow, and his desires ran on so light)
A messenger with speed dispatched was,
Of special trust, this lady to invite
To come to his presence; though before the time
That ladies rise; who rarely rise betime.

Yet soon she hastes; and yet that soon seem'd long,
To him whose longing went so swift apace;
And frets that such attiring should belong
To that which yields itself sufficient grace:
Consid'ring how these ornaments may wrong
The set of beauty; which we see doth grace
Th' attire it wears, and is not grac'd thereby,
As being that only which doth take the eye.

But now being com'n, that quarrel of delay
Straight ended was—her presence satisfies
All, what expectation had laid out for stay:
And he beheld more sweetness in her eyes,
And saw her more than she was yesterday.
A cheerfulness did with her hopes arise,
That lamped clearer than it did before,
And made her spir't and his affections more.

When those who were about him presently
Voided the room, and left him to confer
Alone with his fair suitor privately,
(As they who to his courses conscious were:)
And he began—"Madam, the remedy
Which you in your petition sue for here,
Shall be allow'd to th' utmost that you crave,
With th' expedition you would wish to have.

"And here I have another suit to you;
Which if you please to grant, we both shall now
Rest equally content"—Wherewith there grew
That sudden alteration in her brow,
As all were over-cast; and so withdrew
That freedom from her looks, (lest they should 'low
More than her heart might mean) as they reflect
A narrower and a carefuller aspect.

That when he saw this barrier of dislike
Thus inter-set, to keep his forwardness
Back from presumptive pressing; it did strike
That rev'rence, as it stay'd him to express
His further will. And she replies: "'T is like
When kings to subjects sue, they mean no less
Than to command: nor must they be withheld,
For that good kings will seek but what is good.

"And in that fair respect, your majesty,
According to your will, both must and may
Command my services; who most reverently
Your royal pleasure ever shall obey."
With which word pleasur'd, (though it doubtfully
In that hard fastness of condition lay,
Under the lock of goodness) he was cast
In hope, he might obtain the same at last.

And thus rejoins—"My pleasure only shall
Be, madam, for your good. Please it but you
To make it so. And here to tell you all,
I love you; and therein I tell you true.
What honour may by king's affections fall,
Must light upon your fortunes, as your due.
And though France shall a wife for fashion bring;
You must be th' only mistress of the king."

Straight might you see, how scorn, and fear, and
(All intermix'd in one aspect) return [shame]
The message of her thoughts, before words came.
And first within her brow in state sat Scorn;
Shame in her cheeks: where also Fear became
An inmate too; and both appear by turn.
Blushes did paleness, paleness blushes chase;
As scorning, fearing, shaming such disgrace.

She scorns to be addeem'd so worthless base,
As to be mov'd to such an infamy.
She shames to think that ought within her face
Should breed th' opinion of immodesty.
She fears the fatal danger of the place;
Her looseness, and the pow'r of majesty:
And so confus'd in fear, in shame, in scorn,
This answer to his motion doth return:

"My sov'reign lord, it grieves me that you deem
Because I in this sort for justice sue,
I would the same with mine own wrong redeem,
And by dishonour re-obtain my due.
No—I would hate that right which should but see
To be behelden to a wanton view,
Or motive of my person, not my cause;
That craves but right from justice and your law.

"And know, great monarch, that I more do weigh
My distaff with mine honour, than I do
The mightiest sceptre king did ever sway
Upon the Earth, or nations bow'd unto.
I owe subjection; which I humbly pay
With all the outward service I can do:
But, sov'reign, in the region of my heart
I reign sole queen—no king can force a part."

Here fear a little interpos'd a touch,
To warn her violence to temporise
With pow'r and state. And she concludes her speech
With craving pardon in more humble wise;
Yet in proud humble wise: which show'd how mad
She did her honour above greatness prize.
And so being full of what she did conceive,
Desires to be dismiss'd, and takes her leave.

Here, Mary Pembroke, (by whose gen'rous brow,
And noble graces, I delineate
These shapes of others' virtues) could I show
In what a desperate and confus'd estate
She left this disappointed king: and how
Love and Ambition in their glory sat,
And tyranniz'd on his divided heart,
Warring each other with a powerful part:

How first Love underneath his colours brought
The strength of all her graceful worthiness;
And sets them in th' advantage of his thought,
Upon the side of youth and wantonness:
Then how Ambition, that for glory wrought,
Comes with his state, his crown and pow'rfulness,
And plants her on the side of Providence,
To beat unfit affections off from thence:

but I must over-go these passages,
and hasten on my way to overtake
fine ends, in sad and graver bus'nesses;
Whereof I shall to you relation make.
And yet my zeal here forc'd me thus t' express
Elizabeth, for our Eliza's sake;
Who grac'd the Muses, (which her times became):
For they who give them comfort, must have fame."

And I must tell you now, when this great fight
Of counter-passions had been throughly try'd,
low in the end the victory did light
Upon Love's forces, as the stronger side;
and beat down those respects of benefit,
Of honour, greatness, strength, and all beside;
and never granted rest unto his strife,
Till marriage rites had her confirm'd his wife.

Which that place where he saw her first, saw done,
As he remov'd his foot—"For Love is still
in haste; and (as a lord that rules alone)
admits no counsellor in good nor ill.
For he and kings gladly give ear to none,
but such as smooth their ways, and sooth their will.
And who will not desire to give his voice
Be what it will) to praise a prince's choice?

' Which was (indeed) in virtue, beauty, grace,
and (all but fortune) worthy of his bed;
and in that too, had he but liv'd the space,
to have seen her plenteous issue fully bred;
that they might have collated strength and grace,
on her weak side: which (scorn'd and maliced)
my open undefenc'd, apt to be undone
by proud usurping pow'r, when he was gone."

but now when fame of this home-chosen match
arriv'd in France, (for there it did arrive,
As they could here attend to make dispatch-
to impart the same to Warwick, or contrive
some colour that in any sort might fetch
him fairly off, and no dishonour give)
t so much stir'd the humours in those parts,
is marr'd the whole complexion of their hearts.

The French king scorns such an indignity:
Warwick disdain'd employment in this case.
The queen enrag'd, with extreme veh'mency
storms at her sister's and her own disgrace.
The lady Bonn takes most tenderly,
to be so mock'd with hope of such a place.
and all blame Warwick, and his fraud condemn;
Whilst he himself deceiv'd, suffers with them:

and could not, by all means might be devis'd,
taste them of this violent disgust;
but that they still held something lay disguis'd
Under this treaty. So that now he must
bring home his reputation cauteris'd
With the idle mark of serving others' lust
in frivolous employments; or be sent
Out of the way, to colour some intent.

' Which, to himself, made him with grief inveigh
Against distemper'd kings; who often are
ill warrants for their own affairs; and weigh
their lusts more than their dignity by far:
and what a misery they have, that sway
their great designs; what danger, and what care;
and often must be forc'd (being at their backs)
to crack their reputation, or their necks.

"How their high favours like as fig-trees are,
That grow upon the sides of rocks; where they
Who reach their fruit, adventure must so far,
As t' hazard their deep downfall and decay.
Their grace not fix'd; but as a biasing star,
Burns out the present matter, and away:
And how the world could too well witness bear,
That both their loves and hates like dang'rous were."

Thus he complains, and makes his home-retire;
All disappointed of his purposes.
For hoping by this match to hold entire
That lady, with her great alliances;
And have the king more firm to his desire,
By managing of both their bus'nesses:
He by this match (thus made without his mean)
Comes barr'd from all those tying int'rests clean.

For well he knew that all his service past
Was past; and would not be a future tie,
To hold him in, unless that he could cast
To introduce some mere necessity
Of his employment, that were like to last,
And shut out all other concurrency:
Without which nor his greatness, nor his wits,
Could ward him from the king's unconstant fits.

Which more perplex'd him, and in nearer sort,
Than what France might by his embassy guess,
Or England deem. Not being arriv'd at court,
He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances:
Looks like the time—his eye made not report
Of what he felt within. Nor was he less
Than usually he was in ev'ry part;
Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart.

Congratulates the queen—Commends the king
For his rare choice. Protesting her to be
Far beyond all the world beside could bring
To fit his liking: and that he did see
The lady Bonn was a peevish thing,
Sullen and proud; and would in no degree
Have pleas'd his humour, or in any sort
Have satisfy'd the ladies of this court.

And after having finish'd all the rites
Of compliment and intervisiting,
He humbly craves dismission, that he might
Retire a while, t' attend the managing
And setting of his country bus'ness right,
Whereby the better to attend the king,
From whom he parts: and never seem'd more dear,
More grac'd, nor yet himself of free'r cheer.

First Warwick castle (that had seldom known
The master there) he visits; and from thence
Goes t' other goodly manors of his own:
Where seen with joy, with love, with reverence;
(King of himself) he finds that there is shown
The use of life, the true magnificence,
T' enjoy his greatness: which at court in vain
Men toil for, and yet never do attain.

Which his religious confessor (who best
Could cast, with what a violent access
This fever of ambition did molest
His still-sick mind) takes hold on, to address
(Upon th' advantage of this little rest)
Some lenitives, t' allay the fit'ness
Of this disease; which (as a malsy,
Seiz'd in the spir'ts) hath seldom remedy.

And thus sets on him—"See, my lord, how here
Th' eternal providence of God hath brought
You to the shore of safety, (out of fear)
From all the waves of misery, that wrought
To overwhelm you; and hath set you clear,
Where you would be; with having (which you sought
Through all these hazards of distress) a king
Of your own making and establishing.

"And now, my lord, I trust you will sit down,
And rest you after all this passed thrall,
And be yourself, a prince within your own,
Without advent'ring any more at all
Your state in others' bottoms; having known
The dangers that on mighty actors fall;
Since in the foot of your accounts, your gains
Come short to make ev' a reck'ning with your pains.

"Enjoy now what you wrought for in this sort,
(If great men's ends be to enjoy their ends)
And know, the happi'st pow'r, the greatest port,
Is only that which on itself depends.
Here have you state enough, to be a court
Unto yourself! here! where the world attends
On you, (not you on it) observed sole:
You elsewhere but a part, are here the whole.

"The advantages of princes are, we see,
But things conceiv'd imaginarily:
For ev'ry state of fortune, in degree,
Some image hath of principality;
Which they enjoy more natural and free,
Than can great pow'rs, chain'd with obscurancy,
And with the fetters of respect still ty'd;
B'ing easier far to follow, than to guide.

"And what are courts, but camps of misery?
That do besiege men's states, and still are press'd
T' assail, prevent, complot, and fortify;
In hope t' attain, in fear to be suppress'd.
Where all with shows and with apparancy,
Men seem as if for stratagems address'd;
Where Fortune, as the wolf, doth still prefer
The foulest of the train that follows her.

"And where fair hopes are laid, as ambushments,
To intercept your life, and to betray
Your liberty to such entanglements,
As you shall never more get clear away:
Where both th' engagement of your own intents,
And other reck'nings and accounts, shall lay
Such weights upon you, as you shall not part,
Unless you break your credit, or your heart.

"Besides, as exiles ever from your homes,
You live perpetual in disturbance;
Contenting, thrusting, shuffling for your rooms
Of ease or honour, with impatience;
Building your fortunes upon others' tombs,
For other than your own posterity.
You see, courts few advance; many undo:
And those they do advance, they ruin too.

"And therefore now, my lord, since you are here,
Where you may have your rest with dignity;
Work that you may continue so: and clear
Yourself from out these straits of misery.
Hold your estate and life as things more dear,
Than to be thrown at an uncertainty.
'T is time that you and England have a calm;
And time the olive stood above the palm."

Thus the good father, with an humble thought,
(Bred in a cellulary low retire)
According to his quiet humour, sought
T' avert him from his turbulent desire;
When the great earl began—"Father, I crave
What you with zeal advise, with love require;
And I must thank you for this care you have,
And for those good advertisements you gave.

"And truly, father, could I but get free,
(Without b'ing rent) and hold my dignity;
That sheepcot, which in yonder vale you see,
(Beset with groves, and those sweet springs hard by
I rather would my palace wish to be,
Than any roof of proudest majesty.
But that I cannot do—I have my part:
And I must live in one house with my heart.

"I know that I am fix'd unto a sphere,
That is ordain'd to move—It is the place
My fate appoints me; and the region where
I must, whatever happens, there embrace.
Disturbance, travail, labour, hope, and fear,
Are of that clime, engender'd in that place.
And action best (I see) becomes the best:
The stars that have most glory, have no rest.

"Besides, it were a coward's part to fly
Now from my bold, that have held out so well;
It b'ing the station of my life, where I
Am set to serve, and stand as sentinel:
And must of force make good the place, or die,
When Fate and Fortune (those great states) compel
And then we lords in such case ever are,
As Peace can cut our throats as well as War:

"And hath her griefs, and her incumbrances:
And doth with idle rest deform us more
Than any magha can, or sorcerers,
With basely wasting all the martial store
Of heat and spir't, (which graceeth manliness)
And makes us still false images adorn:
Besides profusion of our faculties,
In gross dull glutt'ny, vap'rous gourmandise.

"And therefore since I am the man I am,
I must not give a foot, lest I give all.
Nor is this bird within my breast so tame,
As to be fed at hand, and mock'd withal:
I rather would my state were out of frame,
Than my renown should come to get a fall.
No! no! th' ungrateful boy shall never think,
That I, who him enlarg'd to pow'r, will shrink.

"What is our life without our dignity?
Which oft we see comes less by living long.
Whoever was there worth the memory,
And eminent indeed, but still dy'd young?
As if Worth had agreed with Destiny, [was:
That Time, which rights them, should not do the
Besides, old age doth give (by too long space)
Our souls as many wrinkles as our face.

"And as for my inheritance and state,
(Whatever happen) I will so provide
That law shall, with what strength it hath, collar
The same on mine, and those to mine ally'd:
Although I know she serves the present state,
And can undo again what she hath ty'd.
But that we leave to him, who points out heirs;
And howsoever yet the world is theirs.

Where they must work it out; as born to run
 Ose fortunes, which as mighty families
 s e'er they could be) before have done.
 r shall they gain by mine indignities,
 no may without my courses be undone.
 d whose makes his state and life his ties
 do unworthily, is born a slave;
 d let him with that brand go to his grave."

re would the reverend father have reply'd,
 That it were far more magnanimity,
 endure, than to resist—That we are ty'd
 well to bear the inconveniency
 d strains of kings and states; as to abide
 fitly rains, tempests, sterility,
 d other ills of nature that befall;
 hich we of force must be content withal:"

at that a speedy messenger was sent,
 o show the duke of Clarence was hard by,
 d thereupon Warwick breaks off, and went
 With all his train attending formally)
 o entertain him with fit compliment;
 o glad of such an opportunity
 o work upon, for those high purposes
 e had conceiv'd in discontentedness.

FUNERAL POEM,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LATE NOBLE EARL OF
 DEVONSHIRE.

How that the hand of Death hath laid thee there,
 Where neither greatness, pomp, nor grace we see,
 or any differences of earth; and where
 'o veil is drawn betwixt thy self and thee.
 ow, Devonshire, that thou art but a name,
 and all the rest of thee besides is gone;
 When men conceive thee not but by the fame
 'f what thy virtue and thy worth have done:
 low shall my verse, which thou in life did'st grace,
 And which was no disgrace for thee to do)
 let leave thee in the grave, that ugly place,
 'hal few regard, or have respect unto:
 Where all attendance and observance ends;
 Where all the sunshine of our favour sets;
 Where what was ill no countenance defends,
 and what was good th' unthankful world forgets.
 here shalt thou have the service of my pen;
 The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
 cannot be supposed to flatter, when
 speak behind thy back, not to thy face.
 Men never soothe the dead, but where they do
 'ind living ties to hold them thereunto.
 and I stand clear from any other chain (breath:
 'han of my love; which, free-born, draws free
 'he benefit thou gav'st me, to sustain
 My humble life, I lose it by thy death.
 Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
 any exaction of respect so strong,
 as t' enforce m' observance beyond thee,
 Or make my conscience differ from my tongue:
 ' For I have learnt, it is the property
 For free men to speak truth, for slaves to lie.*

And therefore I sincerely will report,
 First how thy parts were fair convey'd within;
 How that brave mind was built, and in what sort
 All thy contexture of thy heart hath been:
 Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd,
 As Virtue never had a fairer seat,
 Nor could be better lodg'd, nor more repos'd,
 Than in that goodly frame; where all things sweet,
 And all things quiet, held a peaceful rest;
 Where passion did no sudden tumults raise,
 That might disturb her—Nor was ever breast
 Contain'd so much, and made so little wise:
 That by thy silent modesty is found,
 The empti'st vessels make the greatest sound.
 For thou so well discern'd'st thyself, had'st read
 Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
 The less to speak; as b'ing ordain'd to spread
 Thy self in action, rather than discourse.
 Though thou had'st made a general survey
 Of all the best of men's best knowledges,
 And knew as much as ever learning knew;
 Yet did it make thee trust thyself the less,
 And less presume—And yet when being mov'd
 In private talk to speak; thou did'st bewray
 How fully fraught thou wert within; and prov'd,
 That thou did'st know whatever wit could say.
 Which show'd, thou had'st not books as many have,
 For ostentation, but for use: and that
 Thy bound'ous memory was such, as gave
 A large revenue of the good it gat.
 Witness so many volumes, whereto thou
 Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand,
 And mark'd them with that print, as will show how
 The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand:
 That none would think, if all thy life had been
 Turn'd into leisure, thou could'st have attain'd
 So much of time, to have perus'd and seen
 So many volumes that so much contain'd.
 Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare,
 Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight
 Thy solitary Wasted¹; where thy care
 Had gather'd all what heart or eyes delight.
 And whereas many others have, we see,
 All things within their houses worth the sight;
 Except themselves, that furniture of thee,
 And of thy presence, gave the best delight.
 With such a season, such a temperature,
 Wert thou compos'd, as made sweetness one;
 And held the temper of thy life still sure,
 In consort with thyself, in perfect tone.
 And never man had heart more truly serv'd
 Under the regiment of his own care,
 And was more at command, and more observ'd
 The colours of that modesty he bare,
 Than that of thine; in whom men never found
 That any show, or speech obscene, could tell
 Of any vein thou had'st that was unsound,
 Or motion of thy pow'rs that turn'd not well.
 And this was thy provision laid within:
 Thus wert thou to thyself, and now remains;
 What to the world thou outwardly hast been,
 What the dimension of that side contains;
 Which likewise was so goodly and so large,
 As shows that thou wert born t' adorn the days
 Wherein thou liv'd'st; and also to discharge
 Those parts which England's and thy fame should
 raise.

¹ The Library at Wasted.

Although in peace thou seem'd'st to be all peace,
 Yet b'ing in war, thou wert all war: and there,
 As in thy sphere, thy spirit did sever cease
 To move with indefatigable care;
 And nothing seem'd more to arise thy heart,
 Nor more enlarge thee into jollity,
 Than when thou saw'st thy self in armour girt,
 Or any act of arms like to be nigh.
 The Belgic war first try'd thy martial spirit, [found;
 And what thou wert, and what thou would'st be
 And mark'd thee there according to thy merit,
 With honour's stamp, a deep and noble wound.
 And that same place that rent from mortal men
 Immortal Sidney, glory of the field!
 And glory of the Muse! and their pen
 (Who equal bear the *caduceus* and the *shield*)
 Had likewise been my lot; had not the fate
 Of England then reserv'd thy worthy blood,
 Unto the preservation of a state
 That much concern'd her honour and her good;
 And thence return'd thee to enjoy the bliss
 Of grace and favour in Eliza's sight,
 (That miracle of women!) who by this
 Made thee behold according to thy right:
 Which fair and happy blessing thou might'st well
 Have far more rais'd, had not thine enemy
 (Retired privacy) made thee to sell
 Thy greatness for thy quiet, and deny
 To meet fair Fortune when she came to thee.
 For never man did his preferment fly,
 And had it in that eminent degree,
 As thou; as if it sought thy modesty.
 For that which many (whom ambition toils
 And tortures with their hopes) hardly attain
 With all their thrusts, and should'ring plots, and
 Was easily made thine without thy pain. [wiles,
 And without any private malicing,
 Or public grievance, every good man joy'd
 That virtue could come clear to any thing,
 And fair deserts to be so fairly paid.
 Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee,
 Were not like Fortune's favours: they could see
 Eliza's clear-ey'd judgment is renown'd
 For making choice of thy ability.
 But it will everlastingly rebound
 Unto the glory and benignity
 Of Britain's mighty monarch, that thou wert
 By him advanced for thy great desert:
 It b'ing the fairer work of majesty,
 With favour to reward, than to employ.
 Although thy services were such, as they
 Might ask their grace themselves; yet do we see,
 That to success desert hath not a way,
 But under princes that most gracious be:
 For without thy great valour we had lost
 The dearest purchase ever England made;
 And made with such profuse, exceeding cost
 Of blood and charge, to keep and to invade;
 As commutation paid a dearer price
 For such a piece of earth: and yet well paid,
 And well adventur'd for with great advice,
 And happily to our dominions laid:
 Without which, out-let England, thou had'st begun
 From all the rest of th' Earth shut out, and pent
 Unto thy self, and forc'd to keep within;
 Environ'd round with others' government.
 Where now by this, thy large imperial crown
 Stands boundless in the west, and hath a way
 For noble times, left to make all thine own
 That lies beyond it, and force all t' obey.

And this important piece like t' have been cast
 From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
 As that no jointure of the government
 But shook: no liguament, no band
 Of order and obedience, but were then
 Loose and in tottering, when the charge
 Thereof was laid on Montjoy; and that other man
 Chok'd by example, sought to get it off.
 And he, out of his native modesty,
 (As b'ing no undertaker) labours too
 To have avoided that which his ability,
 And England's genius, would have him to do:
 Alleging how it was a charge unfit
 For him to undergo; see'ng such a one
 As had more pow'r and means t' accomplish it,
 Than he could have, had there so little done.
 Whose ill success, (consider'ng his great worth
 Was such, as could that mischief be withstood,
 It had been wrought) did in itself bring forth
 Discouragement, that he should do less good.

The state reply'd, it was not look'd he should
 Restore it wholly to itself again;
 But only now (if possible) he could
 In any fashion but the same retain,
 So that it did not fall asunder quite,
 B'ing thus disshiver'd in a desperate plight.

With courage on he goes; doth execute
 With counsel; and returns with victory.
 But in what noble fashion he did suit
 This action! with what wit and industry!
 Is not to be disgrac'd in this small card:
 It asks a spacious map of more regard.
 Here is no room to tell, with what strange speed
 And secrecy he used, to prevent
 The enemies designs; nor with what heed
 He search'd before report: where what he meant,
 Fame never knew herself, till it was done;
 His drifts and rumour seldom b'ing all one.
 Nor will this place conveniently afford,
 To show how he (when dismal Winter storms)
 Keeps peace, and makes Mars sweat his sweat,
 Toils him abroad, and noble acts perform.
 Nor how by mastering difficulties so,
 In times unusual, and by passage hard,
 He bravely came to disappoint his foe;
 And many times surpris'd him unprepared.

Yet let me touch one point of this great act,
 That famous siege, the master-work of all;
 Where no distress nor difficulties lack'd
 T' afflict his weary, tired camp withal:
 That when enclos'd by powerful enemies
 On either side, with feeble troops he lay
 Intrench'd in mire, in cold, in miseries;
 Kept waking with alarms night and day.
 There were who did advise him to withdraw
 His army, to some place of safe defence,
 From the apparent peril; which they saw
 Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

"For now the Spaniard hath possess'd these
 ports,
 The most important of this isle," say they;
 "And sooner fresh supplements Spain transports
 To them, than England can to us convey:
 The rebel is in heart; and now is join'd
 With some of them already, and doth stand
 Here over us, with chiefest strength combin'd
 Of all the desperate forces of the land:
 And how upon these disadvantages,
 Your doubtful troops will fight, your losses great
 Th' undaunted Montjoy hereto answers this:

" My worthy friends, the charge of this great state

And kingdom to my faith committed is,
And I must all I can ingenuitate
To answer for the same, and render it
Upon as fair a reck'ning as I may:
But if from hence I shall once stir my feet,
The kingdom is undone, and lost this day.
All will fly thither, where they find is Heart;
And Fear shall have none stand to take his part.

" And how shall we answer our country then,
It our return; nay, answer our own fame?
Which howsoever we have done like men,
Will be imbranded with the mark of blame.
And since we here are come unto the point,
For which we toid so much, and stay'd so long;
Let us not now our travails disappoint
Of th' honour which doth thereunto belong.
We cannot spend our blood more worthily,
Than in so fair a cause—And if we fail,
We fall with glory; and our worth thereby
Shall be renowned, and held dear of all.
And for my part, I count the field to be
The honourablest bed to die upon;
And here your eyes this day shall either see
My body laid, or else this action done.
The Lord, the chief and sov'reign general
Of hosts, makes weak to stand, the strong to fall."

With which brave resolution he so warm'd
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble work; which they perform'd
As gallantly as ever men have done:
Of which 'tis better nothing now to say,
Than say too little. For there rests behind
A trophy t' be erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keep in mind
That glorious act, which did a Kingdom save,
Kept the crown whole, and made the peace we have.

And now I will omit to show, therefore,
His management of public businesses;
Which oft are under Fortune's conduct, more
Than ours: and tell his private carriages,
Which on his own discretion did rely,
Wherewith his spirit was furnish'd happily.

Mild, affable, and easy of access
He was; but with a due reservedness:
So that the passage to his favours lay
Not common to all comers; nor yet was
So narrow, but it gave a gentle way
To such as fitly might, or ought to pass.
Nor sold he smoke; nor took he up to day
Commodities of men's attendances,
And of their hopes; to pay them with delay,
And entertain them with fair promises.
But as a man that lov'd no great commerce
With business and with noise, he ever flies
That maze of many ways, which might disperse
Him into other men's uncertainties:
And with a quiet calm sincerity,
H' effects his undertakings really.
His tongue and heart did not turn backs; but went
One way, and kept one course with what he meant.
He us'd no mark at all, but ever ware
His honest inclination open-fac'd:
The friendships that he lov'd most constant were,
And with great judgment and discretion plac'd.

And Devonshire, thy faith hath her reward;
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death; but bear a kind regard
Unto thine honour in the grave; and show

That worthiness which merits to remain
Among th' examples of integrity;
Whereby themselves no doubt shall also gain
A like regard unto their memory.

Now, mutt'ring Envy, what can'st thou produce,
To darken the bright lustre of such parts?
Cast thy pure stone exempt from all abuse.
Say, what defects could weigh down these deserts:
Summon detraction, to object the worst
That may be told, and utter all it can:
It cannot find a blemish to b' enforc'd
Against him, other than he was a man;
And built of flesh and blood, and did live here
Within the region of infirmity;
Where all perfections never did appear
To meet in any one so really,
But that his frailty ever did bewray
Unto the world that he was set in clay.
And Gratitude and Charity, I know,
Will keep no note, nor memory will have
Of ought, but of his worthy virtues now,
Which still will live; the rest lies in his grave.
Seeing only such stand ever base and low,
That strike the dead, or mutter under-hand:
And as dogs bark at those they do not know,
So they at such they do not understand.
The worthier sort, who know we do not live
With perfect men, will never be s' unkind;
They will the right to the deceased give,
Knowing themselves must likewise leave behind
Those that will censare them. And they know how
The lion being dead, ev'n hares insult:
And will not urge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to consult,
Nor tongue nor advocate to show his mind:
They rather will lament the loss they find,
By such a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world such men brings forth.

But let it now sufficient be, that I
The last scene of his act of life bewray,
Which gives th' applause to all, doth glorify
The work—for 't is the ev'ning crowns the day.
This action of our death especially
Shows all a man. Here only he is found.
With what munition he did fortify
His heart; how good his furniture hath been.
And this did he perform in gallant wise:
In this did he confirm his worthiness.
For on the morrow after the surprize
That sickness made on him with fierce access,
He told his faithful friend, whom he held dear,
(And whose great worth was worthy so to be)
" How that he knew those hot diseases were
Of that contagious force, as he did see
That men were over-tumbl'd suddenly;
And therefore did desire to set a course
And order t' his affairs as speedily,
As might be, ere his sickness should grow worse.
And as for death," said he, " I do not wey;
I am resolv'd and ready in this case.
It cannot come t' affright me any way,
Let it look never with so grim a face:
And I will meet it smiling; for I know
How vain a thing all this world's glory is."
And herein did he keep his word—Did show
Indeed, as he had promised in this.
For sickness never heard him groan at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to show his pain;
Which howsoever b'ing tyrannical,
He sweetly made it look; and did retain

A lovely countenance of his being well,
 And so would ever make his tongue to tell.
 Although the fervour of extremity,
 Which often doth throw those defences down,
 Which in our health wall in infirmity,
 Might open lay more than we would have known;
 Yet did no idle word in him bewray
 Any one piece of Nature ill set in;
 Those lightnesses that any thing will say,
 Could say no ill of what they knew within.
 Such a sure lock of silent modesty
 Was set in life upon that noble heart,
 As if no anguish nor extremity
 Could open it, t' impair that worthy part.
 For having dedicated still the same
 Unto devotion, and to sacred skill;
 That furnish perfect held; that blessed flame
 Contin'd to the last in fervour still.
 And when his spir't and tongue no longer could
 Do any certain services beside,
 Ev'n at the point of parting they unfold,
 With fervent zeal, how only he rely'd
 Upon the merits of the precious death
 Of his Redeemer; and with rapt desires
 Th' appeals to grace, his soul delivereth
 Unto the hand of mercy, and expires.
 Thus did that worthy, who most virtuously
 And mildly liv'd, most sweet and mildly die.
 And thus, great patron of my Muse, have I
 Paid thee my vows, and fairly clear'd th' accounts,
 Which in my love I owe thy memory.
 And let me say, that herein there amounts
 Something unto thy fortune, that thou hast
 This monument of thee perhaps may last.
 Which doth not t' ev'ry mighty man befall:
 For lo! how many when they die, die all.
 And this doth argue too thy great deserts:
 For honour never brought unworthiness
 Further than to the grave: and there it parts,
 And leaves men's greatness to forgetfulness.
 And we do see that nettles, thistles, brakes,
 (The poorest works of Nature) tread upon
 The proudest frames that man's invention makes,
 To hold his memory when he is gone.
 But Devonshire, thou hast another tomb,
 Made by thy virtues in a safer room.

▲

PANEGYRIC CONGRATULATORY,

DELIVERED TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, AT
 BURLINGHAM, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Lo here the glory of a greater day,
 Than England ever heretofore could see
 In all her days! when she did most display
 The ensigns of her pow'r; or when as she
 Did spread herself the most, and most did sway
 Her state abroad; yet could she never be
 Thus bless'd at home, nor ever come to grow
 To be entire in her full orb till now.

And now she is, and now in peace; therefore
 Shake hands with union, O thou mighty state!
 Now thou art all Great Britain, and no more;
 No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
 No borders, but the ocean and the shore;
 No wall of Adrian serves to separate
 Our mutual love, nor our obedience;
 B'ing subjects all to one imperial prince.

What heretofore could never yet be wrought
 By all the swords of pow'r, by blood, by fire,
 By ruin and destruction: here's brought to pass
 With peace, with love, with joy, desire:
 Our former blessed union hath begot
 A greater union that is more entire,
 And makes us more ourselves; sets us at one
 With Nature, that ordain'd us to be one.

Glory of men! this hast thou brought to us,
 And yet hast brought us more than this by far:
 Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousness,
 Judgment, and justice; which more glorious are
 Than all thy kingdoms: and art more by this
 Than lord and sovereign; more than emperor
 Over the hearts of men, that let thee in
 To more than all the pow'rs on Earth can win.

God makes thee king of our estates; but we
 Do make thee king of our affection,
 King of our love: a passion born more free,
 And most unsubject to dominion.
 And know, that England, which in that degree
 Can love with such a true devotion
 Those that are less than kings; to thee must bring
 More love, who art so much more than a king.

And king of this great nation, populous,
 Stout, valiant, pow'ful both by sea and land;
 Attemptive, able, worthy, generous,
 Which joyfully embraces thy command:
 A people tractable, obsequious,
 Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
 To any form of honour, t' any way
 Of high attempts, thy virtues shall assay.

A people so inur'd to peace; so wrought
 To a successive course of quietness,
 As they've forgot (and O b' it still forgot!)
 The nature of their ancient stubbornness:
 Time alter'd hath the form, the means, and brought
 The state to that proportion'd evenness,
 As 't is not like again 't will ever come
 (Being us'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

This people, this great state, these hearts adore
 Thy sceptre now; and now turn all to thee,
 Touch'd with a pow'ful zeal, and if not more:
 (And yet O more how could there ever be,
 Than unto her, whom yet we do deplore
 Amidst our joy!) and give us leave, if we
 Rejoice and mourn; that cannot, without wrong,
 So soon forget her we enjoy'd so long.

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we hold
 True after death; and bring not this respect
 To a new prince, for hating of the old;
 Or from desire of change, or from neglect:
 Whereby, O mighty sov'reign, thou art told,
 What thou and thine are likely to expect
 From such a faith, that doth not haste to run
 Before their time to an arising run.

And let my humble Muse, whom she did grace,
 Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead;
 That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
 Nor that her fame become disfigured:
 O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace!
 Let not her honour be disquieted
 Now after death; but let the grave enclose
 All but her good, and that it cannot close.

It adds much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our love
Runs thus to thee all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remove,
Not as in motion but from out our place,
But in one course; and do not seem to move,
But in more joy than ever heretofore;
And well we may, since thou wilt make us more.

Our love, we see, concurs with God's great love,
Who only made thy way, thy passage plain;
Levell'd the world for thee; did all remove
That might the show but of a let retain:
Unbarr'd the North; humb'd the South; did move
The hearts of all, the right to entertain;
Held other states embroil'd, whose envy might
Have foster'd factions to impugn thy right:

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his pow'r, and reverence thine;
Whom he hath rais'd to glorify our days,
And make this empire of the north to shine,
Against all th' impious workings, all th' assays
Or vile disnatur'd rapiers; whose design
Was to embroil the state, t' obscure the light,
And that clear brightness of thy sacred right.

To whose reproach, since th' issue and success
Doth a sufficient mark of shame return;
Let no pen else blazon their ugliness:
Be it enough, that God and men do scorn
Their projects, censures, vain pretences.
Let not our children, that are yet unborn,
Find there were any offer'd to contest,
Or make a doubt to have our kingdom bless'd.

Bury that question in th' eternal grave
Of darkness, never to be seen again.
Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
And t' whom all good men knew did appertain
Th' inheritance thy sacred birth-right gave;
That need'd n' other suffrages t' ordain
What only was thy due, nor no decree
To be made known, since none was known but thee.

Witness the joy, the universal cheer,
The speed, the ease, the will, the forwardness,
Of all this great and spacious state; how dear
It held thy title and thy worthiness.
Haste could not post so speedy any where,
But Fame seem'd there before in readiness,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaim thy name;
O greater than our hopes! more than thy fame!

What a return of comfort dost thou bring,
Now at this fresh returning of our blood;
Thus meeting with the op'ning of the spring,
To make our spirits likewise to imbud!
What a new season of encouraging
Begins t' enlength the days dispos'd to good!
What apprehension of recovery
Of greater strength, of more ability!

The pulse of England never more did beat
So strong as now—Nor ever were our hearts
Let out to hopes so spacious and so great,
As now they are—Nor ever in all parts
Did we thus feel so comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
The whole complexion of the commonwealth,
So weak before, hop'd never more for health.

Could'st thou but see from Dover to the Mount,
From Totnes to the Orcades; what joy,
What cheer, what triumphs, and what dear account
Is held of thy renown this blessed day!
A day, which we and ours must ever count
Our solemn festival, as well we may.
And though men thus court kings still which are new;
Yet do they more, when they find more is due.

They fear the humours of a future prince,
Who either lost a good, or felt a bad:
But thou hast cheer'd us of this fear long since;
We know thee more than by report we had.
We have an everlasting evidence
Under thy hand; that now we need not dread
Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designs,
Than there thou art in those judicial lines.

It is the greatest glory upon Earth
To be a king; but yet much more to give
The institution with the happy birth
Unto a king, and teach him how to live.
We have by thee far more than thine own worth,
That doth encourage, strengthen, and relieve
Our hopes in the succession of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

We have an earnest, that doth even tie
Thy sceptre to thy word, and binds thy crown
(That else no band can bind) to ratify
What thy religious hand hath there set down;
Wherein thy all-commanding sovereignty
Stands subject to thy pen and thy renown.
There we behold thee king of thine own heart;
And see what we must be, and what thou art.

There, great exemplar! prototype of kings!
We find the good shall dwell within thy court:
Plain Zeal and Truth, free from base flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd, and have resort:
Honest Discretion, that no cunning brings;
But counsels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiv'd with those whose care attends
Thee and the state more than their private ends.

There grace and favour shall not be dispos'd,
But by proportion, even and upright.
There are no mighty mountains interpos'd
Between thy beams and us, t' imbar thy light.
There majesty lives not as if enclos'd,
Or made a prey t' a private benefit.
The hand of pow'r deals there her own reward,
And thereby reaps the whole of men's regard.

There is no way to get up to respect,
But only by the way of worthiness;
All passages that may seem indirect,
Are stop't up now; and there is no access
By gross corruption: bribes cannot effect
For th' undeserving any offices.
Th' ascent is clean; and he that doth ascend,
Must have his means as clean as is his end.

The deeds of worth, and laudable deserts,
Shall not now pass thorough the straight report
Of an embasing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours shall comport.
The prince himself now hears, sees, knows what parts
Honour and virtue acts, and in what sort;
And thereto gives his grace accordingly,
And cheers up other to the like thereby.

Nor shall we now have use for flattery ;
For he knows falsehood far more subtle is
Than truth, baseness than liberty,
Fear than love, t' invent these flourishes :
And adulation now is spent no night,
As that it hath no colours to express
That which it would, that now we must be fain
T' unlearn that art, and labour to be plain.

For where there is no ear to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t' inform a wrong :
The insolent depraver stands confus'd ;
The impious atheist seems to want a tongue.
Transform'd into the fashion that is us'd,
All strive t' appear like those they live among :
And all will seem compos'd by that same square,
By which they see the best and greatest are.

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
As that without a sword, without debate,
Without a noise, (or feeling, in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, form, accommodate,
Thy kingdom, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the least convulsion of the state ;
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seem a change, but only of our ill.

We shall continue and remain all one,
In law, in justice, and in magistrate ;
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy ancestors have laid of this estate,
Nor grieve thy land with innovation,
Nor take from us more than thou wilt collate ;
Knowing that course is best to be observ'd,
Whereby a state hath longest been preserv'd.

A king of England now most graciously
Remits the injuries that have been done
T' a king of Scots, and makes his clemency
To check them more than his correction :
Th' anointed blood that stain'd most shamefully
This ill-seduc'd state, he looks thereon
With eye of grief, not wrath, t' avenge the same,
Since th' authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

Thus mighty rivers quietly do glide,
And do not by their rage their pow'rs profess,
But by their mighty workings ; when in pride
Small torrents roar more loud, and work much less.
Peace greatness best becomes. Calm pow'r doth
With a far more imperious stateliness, [guide
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

Then, England, thou hast reason thus to cheer ;
Reason to joy and triumph in this wise ;
When thou shalt gain so much, and have no fear,
To lose ought else but thy deformities ;
When thus thou shalt have health, and be set clear
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By such a hand that best knows how to cure,
And where most lie those griefs thou dost endure.

When thou shalt see there is another grace,
Than to be rich ; another dignity,
Than money ; other means for place,
Than gold—wealth shall not now make honesty.
When thou shalt see the estimation base,
Of that which most afflicts our misery ;
Without the which else could'st thou never see
Our ways laid right, nor men themselves to be.

By which improvement we shall gain somewhat more
Than by Peru ; or all discoveries :
For this way to embase, is to enstore
The treasure of the land, and make it rise.
This is the only key t' unlock the door,
To let out plenty, that it may suffice ;
For more than all this isle, for more increase
Of subjects than by thee, there can increase.

This shall make room and place enough for all,
Which otherwise would not suffice a few :
And by proportion geometrical,
Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawl,
Intrusion, wresting, and by means undue ;
Desert shall have her charge, and but one charge,
As having but one body to discharge.

Whereby the all-incheering majesty
Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
And spread her beams of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deserts.
For thus to check, embase, and vilify
Th' esteem of wealth, will fashion so our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good than to be rich.

This will make peace with Law ; restore the Bar
T' her ancient silence ; where contention now
Makes so confus'd a noise—This will debate
The fast'ring of debate ; and overthrow
That ugly monster, that foul ravenor,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
By making prey upon our misery,
And wasting it again as wickedly.

The strange examples of improv'risments,
Of sacrilege, exaction, and of waste,
Shall not be made, nor held as precedents
For times to come ; but end with th' ages past.
When as the state shall yield more supplements
(B'ing well employ'd) than kings can well exhaust ;
This golden meadow lying ready still
Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will,

Favour, like pity, in the hearts of men
Have the first touches ever violent ;
But soon again it comes to languish, when
The motive of that humour shall be spent :
But b'ing still fed with that which first both beam
The cause thereof, it holds still permanent,
And is kept in by course, by form, by kind ;
And time begets more ties, that still more bind.

The broken frame of this disjointed state
B'ing by the bliss of thy great grandfather
(Henry the Seventh) restor'd to an estate
More sound than ever, and more steadfast,
Owes all it hath to him ; and in that rate
Stands bound to thee, that art his successor :
For without him it had not been begun ;
And without thee we had been now undone.

He of a private man became a king ;
Having endur'd the weight of tyranny, [thing
Mour'n'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the
That good men wish for in their misery
Under ill kings ; saw what it was to bring
Order and form, to the recovery
Of an unruly state : conceiv'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'rance.

thou, born a king, hast in thy state endur'd
 the severe affronts of private discontent,
 With subjects' broils; and ever been inur'd
 to this great mystery of government:
 Whereby thy princely wisdom hath allur'd
 the state to peace, left to thee turbulent,
 and brought us an addition to the frame
 of this great work, squar'd fitly to the same.

And both you (by th' all-working providence,
 that fashions out of dangers, toils, debates,
 those whom it hath ordained to commence
 the first and great establishments of states)
 came when your aid, your pow'r's experience
 Which out of judgment best accommodates
 these joints of rule) was more than most desir'd,
 and when the times of need the most requir'd.

And as he laid the model of this frame,
 by which was built so strong a work of state,
 as all the pow'r's of changes in the same,
 All that excess of a disordinate
 and lustful prince, nor all that after came;
 nor child, nor stranger, nor yet women's fate,
 could once disjoint the compliments, whereby
 it held together in just symmetry.

to thou likewise art come, as fore-ordain'd
 to reinforce the same more really,
 Which oftentimes hath but been entertain'd
 by th' only style and name of majesty;
 and by no other counsels oft attain'd
 those ends of her enjoy'd tranquillity,
 than by this form, and by th' encumbrances
 of neighbour-states, that gave it a success.

That had'st thou had no title, (as thou hast
 the only right; and none hath else a right)
 We yet must now have been enforc'd t' have cast
 ourselves into thy arms, to set all right;
 and to avert confusion, bloodshed, waste,
 that otherwise upon us needs must light.
 None but a king, and no king else beside,
 could now have sav'd this state from being destroy'd.

Thus hath the hundred years brought back again
 the sacred blood lent to adorn the north,
 and here return'd it with a greater gain,
 and greater glory than we sent it forth.
 Thus doth th' all-working Providence retain,
 and keep for great effects the seed of worth,
 and so doth point the steps of time thereby,
 to periods of uncertain certainty.

Sarg'net of Richmond, (glorious grandmother
 into that other precious Margaret,
 from whence th' Almighty worker did transfer
 his branch of peace, as from a root well set)
 Thou mother, author, plotter, counsellor
 of union! that did'st both conceive, beget,
 and bring forth happiness to this great state,
 to make it thus entirely fortunate:

Could'st thou now but view this fair success,
 this great effect of thy religious work,
 and see therein how God hath pleas'd to bless
 thy charitable counsels; and to work
 still greater good out of the blessedness
 of this conjoined Lancaster and York
 which all conjoin'd within; and those shut out,
 whom nature and their birth had set without!

How much hast thou bound off posterities
 in this great work to reverence thy name!
 And with thee that religious, faithful, wise,
 And learned Morton! who contriv'd the same,
 And first advis'd, and did so well advise,
 As that the good success that thereof came,
 Show'd well, that holy hands, clean thoughts, clear
 Are only fit to act such glorious parts. [hearts,

But, Muse, these dear remembrances must be
 in their convenient places registered,
 When thou shalt bring stern Discord to agree,
 And bloody War into a quiet bed.
 Which work must now be finished by thee,
 That long hath lain undone; as destined
 Unto the glory of these days: for which
 Thy vows and verse have laboured so much.

Thou ever hast opposed all thy might
 Against contentions, fury, pride, and wrong;
 Persuading still to hold the course of right;
 And peace hath been the burden of thy song.
 And now thyself shalt have the benefit
 Of quietness, which thou hast wanted long;
 And now shalt have calm peace, and union
 With thine own wars; and now thou must go on.

Only the joy of this so dear a thing
 Made me look back unto the cause, whence came
 This so great good, this blessing of a king;
 When our estate so much requir'd the same:
 When we had need of pow'r for th' well-ord'ring
 Of our affairs: need of a spirit to frame
 The world to good, to grace and worthiness,
 Out of this humour of luxuriousness:

And bring us back unto ourselves again,
 Unto our ancient native modesty,
 From out these foreign sins we entertain,
 These loathsome surfeits, ugly gluttony;
 From this unmanly, and this idle vein
 Of wanton and superfluous bravery;
 The wreck of gentry, spoil of nobleness;
 And square us by thy temperate soberness.

When abstinence is fashion'd by the time,
 It is no rare thing to be abstinent: [crime]
 But then it is, when th' age (full fraught with
 Lies prostrate unto all misgovernment.
 And who is not licentious in the prime
 And heat of youth, nor then incontinent
 When out of might he may, he never will;
 No pow'r can tempt him to that taste of ill.

Then what are we t' expect from such a hand,
 That doth this stem of fair example guide?
 Who will not now shame to have no command
 Over his lusts? who would be seen t' abide
 Unfaithful to his vows; t' infringe the band
 Of a most sacred knot which God hath ty'd?
 Who would now seem to be dishonour'd
 With th' unclean touch of an unlawful bed?

What a great check will this chaste court be now
 To wanton courts debauch'd with luxury;
 Where we no other mistresses shall know,
 But her to whom we owe our loyalty?
 Chaste mother of our princes, whence do grow
 Those righteous issues, which shall glorify
 And comfort many nations with their worth,
 To her perpetual grace that brought them forth.

We shall not fear to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperial lust, that b'ing uncein'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betray'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to wear
His time of life; but knows whereto he tends;
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

And that this mighty work of Union, now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clos'd, as all the joints may grow
Together firm in due proportion:
A work of pow'r and judgment, that must show
All parts of wisdom and discretion,
That man can show; that no cloud may impair
This day of hope, whose morning shows so fair.

He hath a mighty burden to sustain
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious prince;
Or where men's expectations entertain
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he undergoes a greater pain,
A more laborious work; who must commence
The great foundation of a government,
And lay the frame of order and content.

Especially whose men's desires do run
A greedy course of eminency, gain,
And private hopes; weighing not what is done
For the republic, so themselves may gain
Their ends; and where few care who be undone,
So they be made: whilst all do entertain
The present motions that this passage brings,
With th' infancy of change, under new kings.

So that the weight of all seems to rely
Wholly upon thine own discretion;
Thy judgment now must only rectify
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands upon:
From thee must come, that thy posterity
May joy this peace, and hold this union.
For whilst all work for their own benefit,
Thy only work must keep us all upright.

For did not now thy full maturity
Of years and wisdom, that discerns what shows,
What art and colours may deceive the eye,
Secure our trust that that clear judgment knows
Upon what grounds depend thy majesty,
And whence the glory of thy greatness grows;
We might distrust, lest that a side might part
Thee from thyself, and so surprise thy heart.

Since thou 'rt but one, and that against thy breast
Are laid all th' engines both of skill and wit;
And all th' assaults of cunning are address'd,
With stratagems of art, to enter it;
To make a prey of grace, and to invest
Their pow'rs within thy love; that they might sit,
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselves and their own ends.

And seeing how difficult a thing it is
To rule; and what strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th' interlac'd responses
Of combinations, set to keep the hand
And eye of Pow'r from out the provinces,
That Avarice may draw to her command;
Which, to keep here, she others vows to spare,
That they again to her might see like care.

But God that rais'd thee up to act this part,
Hath giv'n thee all those pow'rs of worthiness,
Fit for so great a work; and fram'd thy heart
Discernible of all appearances;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great art
Of ord'ring man: *knowledge of knowledges!*
That from thee men might reckon how this state
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

That thou the first with us in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion us a-new;
Wherein the times hath offer'd that to thee,
Which seldom t' other princes could scorn.
Thou hast th' advantage only to be free,
T' employ thy favours where they shall be dear;
And to dispose thy grace in general,
And like to Jove, to be alike to all.

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to mine,
But t' all thy people universally;
And not to them, but for thy love alone,
Which they account is plac'd worthily.
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereas
They rest; nor they fail in their loyalty:
Since no prince comes deceived in his trust,
But he that first deceives, and proves unjust.

Then since we are in this so fair a way
Of restoration, greatness, and command;
Cursed be he that causes the least stay
In this fair work, or interrupts thy hand;
And cursed be that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodness to withstand;
Let him be held abhor'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

And he that shall by wicked offices
Be th' author of the least disturbance,
Or seek t' avert thy godly purposes,
Be ever held the scorn of infamy.
And let men but consider their success,
Who princes' loves abus'd presumptuously;
They shall perceive their ends do still relate,
That sure God loves them not, whom men do hate.

And it is just, that they who make a prey
Of princes' favours, in the end again
Be made a prey to princes; and repay
The spoils of misery with greater gain:
Whose sacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men conceiv'd in their disdain:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still
More than ill princes, those that make them ill.

But both thy judgment and estate doth free
Thee from those pow'rs of fear and flattery,
The conquerors of kings; by whom, we see,
Are wrought the acts of all impiety.
Thou art so set, as thou'lt no cause to be
Jealous, or dreadful of disloyalty:
The pedestal whereon thy greatness stands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

TO
SIR THOMAS EGERTON, KNIGHT:

LORD KEPTER OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

WELL hath the powerful hand of majesty,
Thy worthiness, and England's hap beside,
Set thee in th' aidfullst rooms of dignity;
As th' isthmus these two oceans to divide,
Of rigour and confus'd uncertainty,
To keep out th' intercourse of wrong and pride,
That they ingulf not up unsuccessor'd right,
By th' extreme current of licentious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fast'ning of society,
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remain concus'd with uncertainty;
And seem to foster, rather than withstand
Contention; and embrace obscurity,
Only t' afflict, and not to fashion us,
Making her cure far worse than the disease:

As if she had made covenant with wrong,
To part the prey made on our weaknesses;
And suffer'd falsehood to be arm'd as strong
Unto the combat, as is righteousness;
Or suited her, as if she did belong
Unto our passions; and did ev'n profess
Contention, as her only mystery,
Which she restrains not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same she is now, in ages past?
Or was she less, when she was need less;
And grows as malice grows; and so comes cast
Just to the form of our unquietness?
Or made more slow, the more that strife runs fast;
Staying t' undo us, ere she will redress?
That th' ill she checks, seems suffer'd to be ill,
When it yields greater gain than goodness will.

Must there be still some discord mix'd among
The harmony of men; whose mood accords
Best with contention, tun'd t' a note of wrong?
That when war fails, peace must make war with
words,
And b' arm'd unto destruction ev'n as strong,
As were in ages past our civil swords:
Making as deep, although unbleeding wounds;
That when as fury fails, wisdom confounds.

If it be wisdom; and not cunning, this
Which so embroils the state of truth with brawls,
And wraps it up in strange confus'dness;
As if it liv'd immur'd within the walls
Of hideous terms, fram'd out of barbarousness
And foreign customs, the memorials
Of our subjection; and could never be
Deliver'd but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plain,
Uncurious, gentle, easy of access;
Certain unto itself; of equal vein;
One face, one colour, one assuredness.
It's falsehood that is intricate and vain,
And needs these labyrinths of subtleness:
For where the cunning'st cov'rage most appear,
It argues still that all is not sincere.

Which thy clear-ey'd experience well describes,
Great keeper of the state of equity!
Refuge of mercy! upon whom relies
The succour of oppress'd misery:
Altar of safeguard! Whereof affliction flies,
From th' eager pursuit of severity.
Haven of peace! That labour'st to withdraw
Justice from out the tempests of the law;

And set her in a calm and even way,
Plain, and directly leading to redress;
Barring these counter-courses of delay,
These wasting, dilatory processes.
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, easigns, and travoices;
The heads of hydra, springing out of death,
That gives this monster Malice still new breath.

That what was made for the utility
And good of man, might not be turn'd t' his hurt,
To make him worse by his remedy,
And cast him down with what should him support.
Nor that the state of law might lose thereby
The due respect and rev'rence of her port;
And seem a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to entangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations, and our deeds,
Unto a like infinity arise;
As being a science that by nature breeds
Contention, strife, and ambiguities.
For altercation controversy feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of cavil lying all like wide,
Yields like advantage unto either side.

Which made the grave Castilian king devise
A prohibition, that no advocate
Should ha convey'd to th' Indian colonies;
Lost their new settling, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender root, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firm estate.
"For having not this skill how to contend,
Th' unmourish'd strife would quickly make an end."

So likewise did the Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian bartolists, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explain the law,
T' embroil it more, and make it much less clear;
Caus'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw,
With this infectious skill, some other-where;
Whose learning rather let men further out,
And open'd wider passages of doubt.

Seeing ev'n injustice may be regulate;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And th' ordinances, which are always fix'd:
Ten thousand laws more cannot reach so far,
But malice goes beyond, or lives immix'd
So close with goodness, as it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore did these glorious monarchs (who
Divide with God the style of majesty,
For being good; and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honesty)
Ordain this sanctuary, wherunto
Th' oppress'd might fly; the seat of equity,
Whereon thy virtues sit with fair renown,
The greatest grace and glory of the gown.

Which equity, being the soul of law,
The life of justice, and the spir't of right;
Dwells not in written lines; or lives in awe
Of books' deaf pow'rs, that have nor ears nor sight:
But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw
The essence of a judgment requisite;
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
Plies to the work, nor forc'th the work to it.

Maintaining still an equal parallel
Just with th' occasions of humanity,
Making her judgment ever liable
To the respect of peace and amity;
When surely law, stern and unaffable,
Cares only but itself to satisfy;
And often innocencies scarce defends,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

But equity, that bears an even rein
Upon the present courses, holds in awe
By giving hand a little; and doth gain,
By a gentle relaxation of the law:
And yet inviolable doth maintain
The end whereto all constitutions draw,
Which is the welfare of society,
Consisting of an upright policy:

Which first b'ing by necessity compos'd,
Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate;
Where when as justice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole body of the state.
For if there be a passage once disclos'd,
That wrong may enter at the self-same gate
Which serves for right, clad in a coat of law;
What violent discourses may it draw?

And therefore dost thou stand to keep the way,
And stop the course that malice seeks to run,
And by thy provident injunctions stay
This never-ending altercation;
Sending contention home, to th' end men may
There make their peace, whereas their strife begun;
And free these pester'd streets they vainly wear,
Whom both the state and theirs do need elsewhere.

Lest th' humour which doth thus predominate,
Convert unto itself all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And cease t' exceed th' affairs it undertakes:
As if the only science of the state,
That took up all our wits, for gain it makes;
Not for the good that hereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearly bought.

What shall we think, when as ill causes shall
Enrich men more, and shall be more desir'd
Than good; as far more beneficial?
Who then defends the good? Who will be hir'd
To entertain a right, whose gain is small?
Unless the advocate that hath conspir'd
To plead a wrong, he likewise made to run
His clients' chances, and with him be undone.

So did the wisest nations ever strive
To bind the hands of Justice up so hard;
That lest she falling to prove lucrative,
Might basely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her provisions fit to live,
Out of the public; as a public guard,
That all preserps, and all doth entertain;
Whose end is only glory, and not gain.

That ev'n the sceptre, which might all command,
Seeing her s' impartial, equal, regular;
Was pleas'd to put itself into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admir'd far.
And this is that great blessing of this land,
That both the prince and people use one bar;
The prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood)
Is never bad, but where himself is good.

This is that balance which committed is
To thy most even and religious hand,
Great minister of Justice! who by this
Shalt have thy name still gracious in this land.
This is that seal of pow'r which doth impress
Thy acts of right, which shall for ever stand!
This is that train of state, that pompously
Attends upon thy reverent dignity!

All glory else besides ends with our breath;
And men's respects scarce brings us to our grave:
But this of doing good, must out-live Death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts;
Pow'r may have knees, but Justice hath our hearts.

TO THE

LORD HENRY HOWARD,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

PRAYN, if it be not choice, and laid aright,
Can yield no lustre where it is bestow'd;
Not any way can grace the giver's art,
(Though 't be a pleasing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can be show'd,
Will bear it well, but virtue and desert.

And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy utterance; and commend them right,
As that which doth you much, and gives you grace,
Yet your clear judgment best deserveth it,
Which in your course hath carried you upright,
And made you to discern the truest face,

And best complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the love of men;
And held you in the tract of honesty,
Which ever in the end we see succeed;
Though oft it may have interrupted been,
Both by the times, and men's iniquity.

For sure those actions which do fairly run
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most clean and safest to their end;
And pass the best without confusion,
Either in those that act, or else dispose;
Having the scope made clear, whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s' embroll,
And intricate the passage of affairs,
As that they seldom fairly can get out;
But cost, with less success, more care and toil;
Whilst doubt and the distrust'd cause impairs
Their courage, who would else appear more stout.

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they
Have divers doors whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without disturbance,
Not any course, and into every way
Of humour, that affection turns about;
Let have the best but one t' have passage by;

And that so surely warded with the guard
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must
Have course that way, but with the certain pass
Of a persuasive right; which being compar'd
With their conceit, must thereto answer just,
And so with due examination pass.

Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are more religious, constant, and upright;
And bring the ablest hands for any effect;
And best bear up the reputation, fame,
And good opinion that the action's right,
When th' undertakers are without suspect.

But when the body of an enterprise
Shall go one way, the face another way;
As if it did but mock a weaker trust;
The motion being monstrous, cannot rise
To any good; but falls down to bewray,
That all pretences serve for things unjust:

Especially where th' action will allow
Apparency; or that it hath a course
Concentric, with the universal frame
If men combin'd: whom it concerneth how
These motions run, and entertain their force;
Saying their being resting on the same.

And be it that the vulgar are but gross;
Yet are they capable of truth, and see,
And sometimes guess the right; and do conceive
The nature of that text that needs a gloss,
And wholly never can deluded be:
All wail a few; few cannot all deceive.

And these strange disproportions in the train
And course of things, do evermore proceed
From th' ill-set disposition of their minds;
Who in their actions cannot but retain
Th' encumber'd forms which do within them breed,
And which they cannot show but in their kind.

Whereas the ways and counsels of the light
A sort with valour and with manliness,
As that they carry things assuredly,
Indazzling of their own or others' sight:
Here being a blessing that doth give success
To worthiness, and unto constancy.

And though sometimes th' event may fall amiss,
Yet shall it still have honour for th' attempt;
When craft begins with fear, and ends with shame,
And in the whole design perplexed is:
'Tis true, though luckless, yet shall 'scape contempt;
And though it hath not hap, it shall have fame.

TO

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same!
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding wars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still,
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brew
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to Earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwept eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

M m

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by being condemn'd,
Than being pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turbulent they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Duties her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess;
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

TO

THE LADY LUCY,

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THOUGH Virtue be the same when low she stands
In th' humble shadows of obscurity,
As when she either sweats in martial bands,
Or sits in court clad with authority;
Yet, madam, doth the strictness of her room
Greatly detract from her ability.
For as in-wall'd within a living tomb,
Her hands and arms of action labour not;
Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,
Come never born, though happily begot.
But where she hath mounted in open sight
An eminent and spacious dwelling got;
Where she may stir at will, and use her might,
There is she more herself, and more her own;
There in the fair attire of honour dight,
She sits at ease, and makes her glory known.
Applause attends her hands; her deeds have grac'd
Her worth, now-born, is straight as if full grown
With such a godly and respected face
Doth Virtue look, that's set to look from high;
And such a fair advantage by her place
Hath state and greatness to do worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you comes grac'd thereof;
And well was let into a house so sweet,
So good, so fair: so fair, so good a guest!
Who now remains as blessed in her seat,
As you are with her residency bless'd.
And this fair course of knowledge, whereunto
Your studies (learn'd lady) are address'd,
Is th' only certain way that you can go
Unto true glory, to true happiness:
All passages on Earth besides, are so
Encumber'd with such vain disturbances,
As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
Being but deluded with appearances.
And no key had you else that was so fit
To unlock that prison of your sex as this,
To let you out of weakness, and admit
Your pow'rs into the freedom of that bliss,
That set you there where you may over-see
This rolling world, and view it as it is;
And apprehend how th' outsidings do agree
With th' inward; being of the things we deem
And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
Of highest value, and of best esteem:
Since all the good we have rests in the mind,
By whose proportions only we redeem
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
The measure of ourselves, and of our pow'rs:
And that all happiness remains confin'd

Within the kingdom of this breast of ours;
 About whose bounds, all that we look on lies
 Others' jurisdictions, others' pow'rs,
 Out of the circuit of our liberties.
 If glory, honour, fame, applause, renown,
 Be not belonging to our royalties,
 At t' others' wills, wherein they're only grown:
 And that unless we find us all within,
 We never can without us be our own;
 For call it right our life that we live in;
 But a possession held for others' use,
 That seem to have most interest therein;
 Which we do so discover, part, traduce,
 Set out to custom, fashion; and to show
 As we enjoy but only the abuse,
 And have no other deed at all to show.
 How oft are we constrained to appear
 With other countenance than that we owe;
 And be ourselves far off, when we are near!
 How oft are we forc'd on a cloudy heart
 To set a shining face, and make it clear;
 Seeking content to put ourselves apart,
 To bear a part of others' weaknesses!
 As if we only were compos'd by art,
 Not Nature; and did all our deeds address
 To opinion, not t' a conscience, what is right;
 As fram'd by example, not advisedness,
 Into those forms that entertain our sight.
 And though books, wadam, cannot make this mind,
 Which we must bring apt to be set aright;
 Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
 And touch it so, as that it turns that way
 Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find
 The certain place of truth; yet do they stay,
 And entertain us near about the same;
 And give the soul the best delight, that may
 Encheer it most, and most our spirits inflame
 To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
 And therefore, in a course that best became
 The clearness of your heart, and best commends
 Your worthy pow'rs; you run the rightest way
 That is on Earth, that can true glory give;
 By which, when all consumes, your fame shall live.

TO

THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

Unto the tender youth of those fair eyes
 The light of judgment can arise but new,
 And young; the world appears t' a young conceit,
 Whilst through the unacquainted faculties:
 The late invested soul doth rarely view
 Those objects which on that discretion wait.
 Yet you that such a fair advantage have,
 Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t' outgo,
 And be before your years, can fairly guess
 What hue of life holds surest without stain;
 Having your well-wrought heart full furnish'd so
 With all the images of worthiness,
 As there is left no room at all t' invest
 Figures of other form, but sanctity.
 Whilst yet those clean-created thoughts within
 The garden of your innocencies rest;
 Where are no motions of deformity,
 Nor any door at all to let them in.

With so great care doth she that hath brought forth
 That comely body, labour to adorn
 That better part, the mansion of your mind,
 With all the richest furniture of worth,
 To make y' as highly good as highly born,
 And set your virtues equal to your kind.
 She tells you, how that honour only is
 A goodly garment put on fair deserts;
 Wherein the smallest stain is greatest seen,
 And that it cannot grace unworthiness;
 But more apparent shows defective parts,
 How gay soever they are deck'd therein.
 She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
 And kept enclosed with so many eyes,
 As that it cannot stray and break abroad
 Into the private ways of carlessness;
 Nor ever may descend to vulgarity,
 Or be below the sphere of her abode.
 But like to those supernal bodies set
 Within their orbs, must keep the certain course
 Of order; destin'd to their proper place,
 Which only doth their note of glory get.
 Th' irregular appearances enforce
 A short respect, and perish without grace:
 Being meteors seeming high, but yet low plac'd,
 Blazing but while their dying matters last.
 Nor can we take the just height of the mind,
 But by that order which her course doth show,
 And which such splendour to her actions gives;
 And thereby men her eminency find,
 And thereby only do attain to know
 The region, and the orb wherein she lives.
 For low in th' air of gross uncertainty,
 Confusion only rolls, order sits high.
 And therefore since the dearest things on Earth,
 This honour, madam, hath his stately frame
 From th' heavenly order, which begets respect;
 And that your nature, virtue, happy birth,
 Have therein highly interplac'd your name,
 You may not run the least course of neglect.
 For where not to observe, is to profane
 Your dignity; how careful must you be,
 To be yourself? and though you may to all
 Shine fair aspects; yet must the virtuous gain
 The best effects of your benignity.
 Nor must your common graces cause to fall
 The price of your esteem t' a lower rate,
 Than doth beget the pitch of your estate.
 Nor may you build on your sufficiency,
 For in our strongest parts we are but weak;
 Nor yet may over-much distrust the same,
 Lest that you come to check it so thereby,
 As silence may become worse than to speak:
 Though silence women never ill becomes.
 And none we see were ever overthrown
 By others' flattery, more than by their own.
 For though we live amongst the tongues of praise,
 And troops of smoothing people, that collaud
 All that we do; yet 't is within our hearts
 Th' ambushment lies, that evermore betrays
 Our judgments, when ourselves be come t' applaud
 Our own ability, and our own parts.
 So that we must not only fence this fort
 Of ours against all others' fraud, but most
 Against our own; whose danger is the most,
 Because we lie the nearest to do hurt,
 And seem't deceive ourselves; and soon'st are
 lost
 By our best pow'rs, that do us most transport.

Such are your holy bounds, who must convey
 (If God so please) the honourable blood
 Of Clifford, and of Russell; led aright
 To many worthy stems, whose offspring may
 Look back with comfort, to have had that good
 To spring from such a branch that grew s' upright;
 Since nothing cheers the heart of greatness more
 Than th' ancestors' fair glory gone before.

TO

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Non fort ullum lotum illam felicitas.

He who hath never war'd with misery,
 Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,
 Hath had n' occasion, nor no field to try
 The strength and forces of his worthiness.
 Those parts of judgment which felicity
 Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
 And only men show their abilities,
 And what they are in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
 Of what thou art, had'st thou not been undone;
 And only thy affliction hath begot
 More fame, than thy best fortunes could have done:
 For ever by adversity are wrought
 The greatest works of admiration;
 And all the fair examples of renown,
 Out of distress and misery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
 Did make the miracles of faith and zeal;
 Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
 Imprisonment and poison did reveal
 The worth of Socrates. Fabricius'
 Poverty did grace that commonweal,
 More than all Sylla's riches got with strife;
 And Cato's death did vie with Cæsar's life.

Not to b' unhappy is unhappiness,
 And misery not to have known misery:
 For the best way unto discretion, is
 The way that leads us by adversity.
 And men are better show'd what is amiss,
 By th' expert finger of calamity,
 Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
 Who never shows them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have endur'd,
 With a repos'd cheer, wrong, and disgrace;
 And with a heart and countenance assur'd,
 Have look'd stern Death and horrour in the face!
 How should we know thy soul had been secur'd,
 In honest counsels, and in way unbase;
 Had'st thou not stood to show us what thou wert,
 By thy afflictions that deserv'd thy heart!

It is not but the tempest that doth show
 The seaman's cunning; but the field that tries
 The captain's coerage—And we come to know
 Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies.
 For lo! how many have we seen to grow
 To high renown from lowest miseries,

Out of the hands of Death? And many a one
 T' have been undone, had they not been undone!

He that endures for what his conscience knows
 Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
 Look only on the cause whereeto he owes
 Those sufferings, not on his misery:
 The more he endures, the more his glory grows:
 Which never grows from imbecility:
 Only the best-compos'd and worthiest hearts,
 God sets to act the hard'st and constant'st parts.

THE

PASSION OF A DISTRESSED MAN;

WHO BEING IN A TEMPEST ON THE SEA, AND HEAVING IN
 HIS BOAT TWO WOMEN, (OF WHOM HE LOVED THE ONE,
 THAT DESPAIR'D HIM; AND SCORND THE OTHER,
 WHO AFFECTED HIM) WAS BY COMMANDMENT FOR
 VENTURE TO CAST OUT ONE OF THEM, TO APPEASE THE
 RAGE OF THE TEMPEST; BUT WHICH, WAS LEAV'D
 TO HIS OWN CHOICE.

My unkind love, or she that loves me dear,
 Neptune will have cast forth, to calm the sea:
 One of these two, or all, must perish here;
 And therefore now which shall I save of these?
 Ah! do I make a question which to save,
 When my desires share but one only part!
 Whom should it be but she, to whom I have
 Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my heart?
 She! she must live!—The tempests of whose law
 Confound me more than all these storms can do:
 And but for whom I live—and therefore how
 Can any life be life, less she live too?
 For by that means I both may pacify
 The rigor of these waves, and her hard heart:
 Who must save him, who would not let her die;
 Nor can she but reward so great desert.
 She cannot, but in mercy needs must give
 Comfort to him, by whom herself doth live.

PART ALTERA.

But shall the blood of her that loves me then
 Be sacrific'd to her disdainfulness
 That scorns my love? And shall I hope to win
 Mercy from her, by being merciless?
 Will not her safety being thus attain'd,
 Raise her proud heart t' a higher set of score,
 When she shall see my passions are disdain'd
 With blood; although it were to serve her turn?
 Since th' act of ill, though it fall good to us,
 Makes us yet hate the doer of the same.
 And though my hand should have preserv'd her then;
 Yet being by cruel means, it is my shame,
 Which she will but ascribe to my defects,
 And th' imperfections of my passions; which
 She knows the influence of her eyes effects,
 And therein joys t' have vanquish'd me so much
 And when desert shall seem t' exact reward,
 It breeds a loathing in the heart of grace,
 That must work free out of her own regard,
 And have no dues t' upbraid her to her face.

call I then have bent against my soul,
 wh' her disdain, and th' horror of that deed,
 wh' ever must my cruelty control,
 wh' check the wrong that never can succeed.
 though it be requir'd that one must go,
 y' message sent me from the pow'r's divine,
 will I not redeem my safety so;
 though life be in their hand, death is in mine:
 therefore since compassion cannot be
 sh' to either; Neptune, take all three.

RESUMPTIO.

that were to be cruel to all three;
 rebel to Nature, and the gods arrest,
 one Ordinance must observed be:
 For may our frailty with the Heav'n's contest.
 y' then that must be done that's least unjust;
 And my affections may not bear a part
 th' cruelty and wrong. But here I must
 Be of a side, to go against my heart;
 wh' her disdain her due reward must have:
 I must be cast away, that would not see.

MUSOPHILUS:

CONTAINING

A GENERAL DEFENCE OF LEARNING.

TO

MR. RIGHT WORTHY AND JUDICIOUS FAVOURER OF VIRTUE,

MR. FULKE GREVILL.

Do not here upon this hum'rous stage
 ring my transformed verse apparelled
 th' others' passions, or with others' rage;
 'th' loves, with wounds, with factions furnished:
 at here present thee, only modelled
 in this poor frame, the form of mine own heart:
 There, to revive myself, my Muse is led
 th' motions of her own, t' act her own part,
 triving to make her own contemned art
 as fair t' herself as possibly she can;
 not seeming of no force, of no desert,
 he might repent the course that she began;
 and, with these times of dissolution, fall
 from goodness, virtue, glory, fame and all.

MUSOPHILUS:

PHILOCOENUS.

Good man, Musophilus, that thus dost spend
 in an ungainful art thy dearest days,
 firing thy wits, and toiling to no end,
 but to attain that idle smoke of praise!
 how when this busy world cannot attend
 th' untimely music of neglected lays;
 wh' delights than these, other desires,
 wh' wiser profit-seeking age requires.

MUSOPHILUS.

Friend Philocoenus, I confess indeed
 I love this sacred art thou sett'st so light;
 And though it never stand my life in stead,
 it is enough it gives myself delight,
 The whilst my unafflicted mind doth feed
 On no unholy thoughts for benefit.

Be it, that my unseasonable song
 Come out of time, that fault is in the time;
 And I must not do virtue so much wrong.
 As love her ought the worse for others' crime:
 And yet I find some blessed spirits among,
 That cherish me, and like and grace my rhyme.

Again, that I do more in soul esteem,
 Than all the gain of dust the world doth crave:
 And if I may attain but to redeem
 My name from dissolution and the grave;
 I shall have done enough; and better deem
 I have liv'd to be, than to have dy'd to have.

Short-breath'd mortality would yet extend
 That span of life so far forth as it may,
 And rob her fate; seek to beguile her end
 Of some few ling'ring days of after-stay;
 That all this while all might not descend
 Into the dark an universal prey:
 And give our labours yet this poor delight,
 That when our days do end, they are not done;
 And though we die, we shall not perish quite.
 But live two lives where other have but one.

PHILOCOENUS.

Silly desires of self-abusing man,
 Striving to gain th' inheritance of air,
 That having done the uttermost he can,
 Leaves yet perhaps but beggary t' his heir:
 All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
 Feeds not his race, or makes his house more fair.

And what art thou the better, thus to leave
 A multitude of words to small effect;
 Which other times may scorn, and so deceive
 Thy promis'd name of what thou dost expect?
 Besides some vip'rous critic may bereave
 Th' opinion of thy worth for some defect;

And get more reputation of his wit,
 By but controlling of some word or sense,
 Than thou shalt honour for contriving it
 With all thy travail, care, and diligence;
 B'ing learning now enough to contradict,
 And censure others with bold insolence.

Besides, so many so confus'dly sing,
 Whose diverse discords have the music marr'd,
 And in contempt that mystery doth bring,
 That he must sing aloud that will be heard.
 And the receiv'd opinion of the thing,
 For some unballow'd string that vilely jarr'd,

Hath so unseason'd now the ears of men,
 That who doth touch the tenour of that vein,
 Is held but vain; and his unreckon'd pen
 The title but of levity doth gain.
 A poor light gain, to recompense their toll,
 That thought to get eternity the while!

And therefore leave the left and out-worn course
Of unregarded ways, ~~and labour how~~
To fit the times with what is most in force;
Be new with men's affections that are new:
Strive not to run an idle counter-course,
Out from the scent of humours men allow.

For not discreetly to compose our parts
Unto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off ourselves, and make our arts
Rebels to nature and society,
Whereby we come to bury our deserts
In th' obscure grave of singularity.

MUSCOPHILES

Do not profane the work of doing well,
Seduced man, that can't not look so high
From out that mist of Earth, as thou can't tell
The ways of right which virtue doth decry;
That overlooks the base contemptibly,
And low-hid follies of mortality.

Nor mete out truth and right-deserving praise
By that wrong measure of confusion,
The vulgar foot; that never takes his ways
By reason, but by imitation;
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The course which he should go, but what is gone.

Well were it with mankind, if what the most
Did like were best: but ignorance will live
By others' square, as by example lost.
And man to man must th' band of error give,
That none can fall alone at their own cost;
And all because men judge not, but believe.

For what poor bounds have they, whom but th'
Earth bounds?
What is their end whereto their care attains;
When the thing got relieves not, but confounds;
Having but travail to succeed their pains?
What joy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and grief his gains?

Oath'ring, encroaching, wresting, joining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, alt'ring, and so much ado,
To his soul's toil, and body's travelling:
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have th' inheriting.

And his fair house rais'd high in Envy's eye,
Whose pillars rear'd (perhaps) on blood and wrong,
The spoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the walls of piety,
Shall the profaneest pile of sin keep strong?

How many proud aspiring palaces
Have we known made the grey of wrath and pride;
Level'd with th' earth, left to forgetfulness;
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderless
Order; pretending change of some strong side?

Then where is that proud title of thy name,
Written in ice of melting vanity?
Where is thine heir left to possess the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggary.
Something may rise, to be beyond the shame
Of vile and unregarded poverty.

Which I confess; although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colours I can give.
Yet for all that methinks she looks but ill;
I cannot brook that face, which (dead-alive)
Shows a quick body, but a bury'd will.

Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint
Holds goodness in, which loose wealth would let;
And fruitless riches, barrener than want,
Brings forth small worth from idle liberty:
Which when disorders shall again make ascent,
It must refresh her state from poverty.

But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair grace stands fast:
For what high races hath there come to fall
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since Chaucer liv'd; who yet lives, and yet shall
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last!

Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime,
That by his means came first adorn'd with bays!
Unto the sacred relics of whose time,
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.

And could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtain but such a blessed hand of years,
And 'scape the fury of that threatening rage,
Which in confused clouds ghastly appears;
Who would not strain his travels to engage,
When such true glory should succeed his care?

But whereas he came planted in the spring,
And had the sun before him of respect;
We, set in th' autumn, in the withering
And sullen season of a cold defect,
Must taste those sours we detest the times do bring
Upon the fulness of a cloy'd neglect;

Although the stronger constitutions shall
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,
And come with glory to out-live this fall,
Recover'ing of another spring of praise;
Clear'd from th' oppressing burthens wherewithal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.

When as (perhaps) the words thou scornest now
May live, the speaking picture of the mind;
The extract of the soul, that labour'd how
To leave the image of her self behind;
Wherewith posterity, that loves to know,
The just proportion of our spir'ts may find.

For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pass, and still shall exercise
The motion, spir't, and nature both impart,
And shall with those alive so sympathize,
As nourish'd with their pow'rs, enjoy their part.

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make us live with all,
By you we do converse with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto quiet call:
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.

loul of the world, Knowledge, without thee,
 What bath the Earth that truly glorious is?
 Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
 To be forgot? What good is like to this,
 To do worthy the writing, and to write
 Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

And let th' unnatural and wayward race,
 Born of one womb with us, but to our shame;
 (That never read t' observe, but to disgrace)
 Raise all the tempest of their pow'r, to blame;
 That puff of folly never can deface
 The work a happy genius took to frame.

Yet why should civil learning seek to wound,
 And mangle her own members with despite?
 Prodigious wit! that study to confound
 The life of wit, to seem to know aright;
 As if themselves had fortunately found
 Some stand from off the Earth beyond our sight;
 Whence overlooking all as from above,
 Their grace is not to work, but to repose.

But how came they plac'd in so high degree,
 Above the reach and compass of the rest?
 Who hath admitted them only to be
 Free denizens of skill, to judge the best?
 From whom the world as yet could never see
 The warrant of their wit soundly express'd.

T' acquaint our times with that perfection
 Of high conceit, which only they possess;
 That we might have things exquisitely done,
 Measur'd with all their strict observances:
 Such would (I know) scorn a translation,
 Or bring but others' labours to the press;
 Yet oft these monster-breeding mountains will
 Bring forth small mice of great-expected skill.

Presumption, ever fullest of defects,
 Fails in the doing to perform her part;
 And I have known proud words, and poor effects,
 Of such indeed as do condemn this art:
 But let them rest; it ever hath been known,
 'They others' virtues scorn, that doubt their own.

And for the divers disagreeing cords
 Of inter-jangling ignorance, that fill
 The dainty ears, and leave no room for words,
 The worthier minds neglect, or pardon will:
 Knowing the best he hath, he frankly 'fords,
 And scorns to be a niggard of his skill.

And that the rather since this short-liv'd race
 B'ing fatally the sons but of one day,
 That now with all their pow'r ply 't apace,
 To hold out with the greatest might they may,
 Against confusion that hath all in chase,
 To make of all an universal prey.

For now great Nature hath laid down at last
 That mighty birth wherewith so long she went,
 And over-went the times of ages past,
 Here to lie in upon our soft content;
 Whose fruitful she hath multiply'd so fast,
 That all she hath on these times seem'd t' have spent.

All that which might have many ages grac'd,
 Is born in one, to make one cloy'd with all;
 Where plenty hath impress'd a deep distaste
 Of best and worst, and all in general;
 That goodness seems goodness to have defac'd,
 And virtue hath to virtue giv'n the fall.

For emulation, that proud curse of wit,
 Scorning to stay below, or come behind,
 Labours upon that narrow top to sit
 Of sole perfection in the highest kind.
 Envy and wonder looking after it,
 Thrust likewise on the self-same bliss to find:

And so long striving till they can no more,
 Do stuff the place, or others' hopes shut out;
 Who doubting to o'ertake those gone before,
 Give up their care, and cast no more about;
 And so in scorn leave all as fore-posses'd,
 And will be none, where they may not be best.

Er'n like some empty creek, that long hath lain
 Left or neglected of the river by,
 Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wand'ring vein,
 Finding some little way that close did lie,
 Steal in at first; then other streams again
 Second the first, then more than all supply;

Till all the mighty main hath borne at last
 The glory of his chiefest pow'r that way,
 Plying this new-found pleasant room so fast,
 Till all be full, and all be at a stay;
 And then about, and back again doth cast,
 Leaving that full to fall another way:

So fares this hum'rous world, that evermore
 Rapt with the current of a present course,
 Runs into that which lay contemn'd before;
 Then glutted, leaves the same, and falls t' a worse.
 Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore;
 Then cold in sp'it, and faith is of no force.

Straight all that holy was unhallow'd lies,
 The scatter'd carcasses of ruin'd vows;
 Then truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes;
 Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows:
 That evermore to foolish or to wise,
 It fatal is to be seduc'd with shows.

Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear!
 How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd!
 What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
 What stately piles we prodigal erect!
 How sweet perfum'd thou art; how shining clear!
 How solemnly observ'd; with what respect!

Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare;
 Thou must have all within, and nought without;
 Sit poorly without light, disrob'd: no care
 Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout;
 Pow'rless, unfolow'd: scarcely men can spare
 The necessary rites to set thee out.

Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still
 The self-same which they are, and always one,
 But alter to the project of our will;
 Or we our actions make them wait upon,
 Putting them in the liv'ry of our skill,
 And cast them off again when we have done.

You, mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand ;
Keep a right course ; bear up from all disgrace ;
Observe the point of glory to our land :

Hold up disgraced Knowledge from the ground ;
Keep Virtue in request ; give Worth her due :
Let not Neglect with barb'rous means confound
So fair a good ; to bring in night a-new :
Be not, O be not necessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure ?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them sure ?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer ?

No, no ; unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mock'ries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown ;
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own.

And whereto serve that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Walton stands ?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is ; nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory—it was set to show,
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whereto when as the gazing passenger
Hath greedy look'd with admiration ;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were ;
How there erected ; and how long ago :
Inquires and asks his fellow-traveller
What he hath heard, and his opinion :

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs ; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness :
Angry with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders' wonder to express.

Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair Art and Cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the Devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night ;
And thence to Britany, by magic course,
From giants' hands redeem'd by Merlin's slight :

And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murder'd there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley in peace at unawara
With this old legend then Credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

But is Antiquity so great a liar ?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse ;
See'g after-comers still so apt t' admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That reverence and respect dazls not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse ?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our easy credit and delight ;
For once found false, they straight become to us
Our faith, and their own reputation quite ;
That now her truths hardly believed are ; [right
And though she' avouch the right, she scarce but

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stands corrupted so with Time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right ;
And art become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might ;

Thou shalt stand still bely'd and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonish'd,
Shall never more desire such hopes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Consider'ing in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive ;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the Earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage ;
Though Time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining age ;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage ;
Pleading the Hear'n's prescription for eternity,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

PHILOSOPHY.

Behold how ev'ry man, drawn with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way ;
Striving to make his course seem only right,
Doth his own rest and his own thoughts betray :
Imagination bringing bravely dight
Her pleasing images in best array,

With flatter'ing glasses that must show him fair,
And others' foul ; his skill and wit the best,
Others seduc'd, deceiv'd and wrong in their :
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest ;
Not seeing how these minions in the air
Present a face of things falsely express'd,
And that the glimm'ring of these errors shows,
Are but a light to let him see his own.

Alas, poor Fame ! in what a narrow room,
As an engaged parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us ; where ev'n as good be dumb
As speak, and to be heard with no attend ?
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent ?

Is this the walk of all your wide renown ?
This hudd point, this scarce discern'd isle ?
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech en-
Made never any traffic of our style. [knows,
And in this all, where all this care is shown ;
T' enchant your fame to last so long a while ;
And for that happier tongues have won so much,
Think you to make your barb'rous language such ?

Poor narrow limits for so mighty pains,
That cannot promise any foreign vent!
And yet if here too all your wondrous veins
Were generally known, it might content.
But lo! how many reads not, or disdain
The labour of the chief and excellent?

How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spencer; or their books?
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame;
And seem to bear down all the world with looks:
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
In whose endeavours few or none scarce look?

Do you not see these pamphlets, libels, rhymes,
These strange confused tumults of the mind,
Are grown to be the sickness of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankind?
Four virtues, by your follies made your crimes,
Have issue with your indiscretion join'd.

Schools, arts, professions, all in so great store,
Pass the proportion of the present state;
Where being as great a number as before,
And fewer rooms them to accommodate;
It cannot be, but they must throng the more,
And kick and thrust, and shoulder with debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attain
The expected good which they account their right,
And yet perceive others to reap that gain
Of far inferior virtues in their sight;
They present, with the sharp of envy, strain
To wound them with reproaches and despite;
And for these cannot have as well as they,
They scorn their faith should deign to look that way.

Hence discontented sects and schisms arise;
Hence interwinding controversies spring,
That feed the simple, and offend the wise,
Who know the consequence of cavilling
Disgrace, that these to others do devise:
Contempt and scorn on all in th' end doth bring,
Like scolding wives, reck'ning each other's fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.

For when to these rare dainties Time admits
All comers, all complexions, all that will;
Where none should be let in but choicest wits,
Whose mild discretion could comport with skill:
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place; who can expect but ill?

For being unapt for what they took in hand,
And for ought else whereto they shall be address'd,
They ev'n become th' encumbrance of the land,
Is out of rank, disordering all the rest:
This grace of theirs to seem to understand,
Mans all their grace, to do without their rest.

Men find that action is another thing,
Than what they in discoursing papers read:
The world's affairs require in managing
More arts than those wherein you clerks proceed;
Whilst tim'rous Knowledge stands considering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deed.
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

This sweet-enchanting knowledge turns you clean
Out from the fields of natural delight,
And makes you hide, unwilling to be seen
In th' open concourse of a public sight:
This skill wherewith you have so cunning been,
Unnews all your pow'rs, unmans you quite.

Public soci'ity, and commerce of men,
Require another grace, another port:
This eloquence, these rhymes, these phrases then,
Begot in shades, do serve us in no sort:
The unmaterial swelling of your pen
Touch not the spirit that action doth import.

A manly style fitted to manly ears,
Best agrees with wit; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudy liv'ry wears
Of nice corruptions, which the times do sway;
And waits on th' humour of his pulse, that bears
His passions set to such a pleasing key.
Such dainties serve only for stomachs weak;
For men do foulest, when they finest speak.

Yet do I not dislike, that in some wise
Be sung the great heroicall deserts
Of brave renowned spirits; whose exercise
Of worthy deeds may call up others' hearts,
And serve a model for posterity,
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts;
But so that all our spirits may tend hereto,
To make it not our grace to say, but do.

MUSOPHILUS.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I hear,
As one that am not so possess'd with love
Of what I do; but that I rather bear
An ear to learn, than a tongue to disprove:
I know men must, as carry'd in their sphere,
According to their proper motions move.
And that course likes them best, which they are on;
Yet truth hath certain bounds, but falsehood none.

I do confess our limits are but small,
Compar'd with all the whole vast Earth beside;
All which again rated to that great all,
Is likewise as a point, scarcely demy'd:
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point, where we abide.

But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of overlooking contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread upon;
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world, standing alone.

Where if our fame confin'd cannot get out,
What shall we imagine it is peev'd,
That hath so great a world to walk about;
Whose bounds with her reports have both one end?
Why shall we not rather esteem her stout,
That further than her own scorn to extend?

Where being so large a room both to do well,
And eke to hear th' applause of things well done;
That further if men shall our virtues tell,
We have more mouths, but not more merit won;
It doth not greater make that which is laud'ble,
The flame is bigger blown, the fire all one.

And for the few that only lead their ear,
That few is all the world; which with a few
Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.
This is the heart doth feel, and only know
The rest of all that only bodies bear,
Roll up and down, and fill up but the row;

And serves as others' members, not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
They live ungrac'd, and die but in neglect.

And for my part, if only one allow
The care my lab'ring spirits take in this;
He is to me a the'tre large snow,
And his applause only sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow;
That is my all, and all I am is his.

And if some worthy spirits be pleased too,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.
But what if none? It cannot yet undo
The love I bear unto this body still.
This is the thing that I was born to do:
This is my scene; this part must I fulfil.

Let those that know not breath esteem of wind,
And set t' a vulgar air their servile song;
Rating their goodness by the praise they find,
Making their worth on others' fits belong;
As Virtue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not live if Fame had ne'er a tongue:

Hath that all-knowing pow'r, that holds within
The goodly prospective of all this frame,
(Where whatsoever is, or what hath been,
Reflects a certain image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seek an aim of Fame?

Must she, like to a wanton courtesan,
Open her breasts for show, to win her praise;
And blaze her fair bright beauty unto man,
As if she were enamour'd of his ways;
And knew not weakness, nor could rightly scan
To what defects his hum'rous breath obeys?

She that can tell how proud Ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giv'n of mere devotion: [thra]!!
For which, how much it sweats! how much it 's
What toil it takes! and yet when all is done,
Th' ends in expectation never fall.

Shall she join hands with such a servile mate,
And prostrate her fair body, to commit
Folly with earth; and to defile that state
Of clearness, for so gross a benefit?
Having reward dwelling within her gate,
And glory of her own to furnish it.

Herself a recompense sufficient
Unto herself, to give her own content.
Is 't not enough that she hath rais'd so high
Those that be her's; that they may sit and see
The Earth below them, and this all to lie
Under their view? taking the true degree
Of the just height of swol'n mortality
Right as it is, not as it seems to be.

And undecieved with the paradox
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these mask'd outsides what the inward lacks;
Mearning man by himself, not by his show:
Wood'ring not at their rich and golden backs,
That have poor minds, and little else to show.

Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their load:
The lies of fortune, wherewithal men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad;
Whose ground, whose grass, whose earth have cap
and knee,
Which they suppose is on themselves bestow'd;

And think (like Isis' ass) all honours are
Giv'n unto them alone; the which are done
Unto the painted idol which they bear,
That only makes them to be gazed on.
For take away their pack, and show them bare,
And see what beast this honour rides upon.

Hath knowledge lent to her's life privy key,
To let them in unto the highest stage
Of causes, secrets, counsels; to survey
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage;
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gain-ay,
Believe and unbelieve, all in one age?

And shall we trust goodness, as it proceeds
From that unconstant mouth; which with one breath
Will make it bad again, unless it feeds
The present humour that it favoureth?
Shall we esteem, and reckon how it feeds
Our works, that his own vows unhalloath?

Then whereto serves it to have been enlarg'd
With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discover'd errors which we find?
As if our knowledge only were discharg'd,
Yet we ourselves stay'd in a servile kind.

That Virtue must be out of countenance,
If this gross spir't, or that weak shallow brain,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distaste, uncomprehend, disdain:
When such sick eyes can never cast a glance,
But through the colours of their proper stain.

Though I must needs confess, the small respect
That these great seeming-best of men do give,
(Whose brow begets th' inferior sort's neglect)
Might move the wreck irresolute to grieve;
But stranger see how justly this defect
Hath overtaken the times wherein we live.

That learning needs must run the common fate
Of all things else, thrust on by her own weight;
Comporting not herself in her estate,
Under this burthen of a self-conceit:
Our own dissentious hands op'ning the gate
Unto contempt, that on our quarrels wait,

Discover'd have our inward government;
And let in hard opinion to disgrace
The general, for some weak impostor,
That bear out their disease with a sto'rs face;
Who (willy souls!) the more wit they have spent,
The less they show'd, not bett'ring their bad case.

And see how soon this rolling world can take
Advantage for her dissolution!
'Tis to get loose from this withholding stake
Of civil science and discretion;
How glad it would run wild, that it might make
A formless form of one confusion!

The tyrant Ottomans blindfolded state,
Which must know nothing more, but to obey:
For this seeks greedy ignorance to abate
For number, order, living, form and sway:
For this it practises to dissipate
The unshelter'd troops, till all be made away.

For since our fathers' sins pull'd first to ground
The pale of this discover'd dignity,
And overthrew that holy reverend bound,
That parted learning and the laity,
And laid all flat in common; to confound
The honour and respect of piety.

It did so much baffle the estimate
Of th' open'd and invulgar'd mysteries,
Which now reduc'd unto the basest rate,
Must wait upon the Norman subtleties;
Who being mounted up into their state,
Do best with wrangling rudeness sympathize.

And yet, though now set quite behind the train
Of vulgar sway, (and light of pow'r weigh'd light)
Yet would this giddy innovation fain
Down with it lower, to abase it quite:
And those poor remnants that do yet remain
The spoiled marks of their divided right,

They wholly would deface, to leave no face
Of reverend distinction and degree;
As if they weigh'd no difference in this case,
Betwixt Religion's age and infancy:
Where th' one must creep, th' other stand with grace,
Let turn'd t' a child, it overturned be.

Though to pull back th' on-running state of things,
Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers days)
Unto the form of their first orderings,
Is the best means that dissolution stays;
And to go forward, backward right men brings,
I observe the line from whence they took their
ways.

Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not level to the time's condition;
To alter course may bring men more astray:
And leaving what was known, to light on none:
Since every change, the reverence doth decay
Of that which alway should continue one.

For this is that close-kept palladium,
Which once remov'd, brings ruin evermore:
This stir'd, makes men fore-settled, to become
Curious to know what was believ'd before:
Whilst Faith disputes, that used to be dumb;
And more men strive to talk, than to adore.

For never head-strong Reformation will
Rest, till to th' extreme opposite it run,
And overrun the mean discreet will;
As being too near of kin to that men shun:
For good and bad, and all must be one ill,
When once there is another truth begun.

So hard it is an even hand to bear,
In tempt'ring with such maladies as these;
Lest that our forward passions launch too near,
And make the cure prove worse than the disease:
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it grows with that which doth displeas.

And faults are easier look'd in, than redress'd:
Men running with such eager violence,
At the first view of errors fresh in quest;
As they, to rid an inconvenience,
Stick not to raise a mischief in the stealth,
Which after mocks their weak improvidence.

And therefore do make not your own sides bleed,
To prick at others: you that would amend,
By pulling down; and think you can proceed,
By going back unto the farther end:
Let stand that little covert left behind,
Whereon your succours and respects depend;

And bring not down the prizes of the mind,
With under-rating of yourselves so base:
You that the mightie's doors do crouching find,
To sell yourselves to buy a little grace;
Or wait whole months to out-bid sinners,
For that which being got, is not your place.

For if it were, what headed you to buy
What was your due? Your thirsting shows your
shift,

And little worth, that seeks injuriously
A worthier from his lawful room to lift.
We cannot say, that you were then preferr'd;
But that your money was, or some worse gift.

O scatt'ring gath'ers! that, without regard
Of times to come, will (to be made) undo;
As if you were the last of men, prepar'd
To bury in your graves all other too.
Dare you profane that holy portion,
Which never sacrilegious hand durst do?

Did form-establishing Devotion,
To maintain a respective reverence,
Extend her bountiful provision
With such a charitable providence,
For your deforming hands to dissipate,
And make God's due your impious expense!

No marvel then, though th' over peaster'd state
Want room for goodness; if our little hold
Be lessen'd unto such a narrow rate,
That reverence cannot sit; sit as it should.
And yet what need we thus for rooms complain;
That shall not want void rooms, if this course hold?

And more than will be fill'd—For who will strain,
To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes; and travel for an honour vain,
And gain a port, without support or stay?
What need hath envy to malign their state,
That will themselves (so kind!) give it away?

This makes indeed our number pass the rate
Of our provisions; which, if dealt aright,
Would yield sufficient room to accommodate,
More than we have in places requisite.
The ill-disposing only doth us set
In dearth, and out of order quite.

Whilst others gifts then of the mind shall get,
Under our colours, that which is our dues;
And to our travels, neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor respect accrues:
The sickness of the state's soul (learning) then
The body's great distemp'rature eases.

For if that learning's roots to learned men
Were as their heritage distributed,
All this disorder'd thrust would cease. For when
The fit were call'd; th' unworthy frustrated:
These would be 'sham'd to seek; those to b' unsought;
And, staying their turn, were sure they should be sped.

Then would our drooping academick, brought
Again in heart, regain that rev'rend hand
Of lost opinion; and no more be thought
Th' unnecessary furnish of the land,
Nor (discouraged with their small esteem)
Confus'd, irresolute and wav'ring stand:

Caring not to become profound; but seem
Contented with a superficial skill,
Which for a slight reward enough they deem,
When th' one succeeds as well as th' other will:
See'g shorter ways lead sooner to their end,
And other's longer travels thrive so ill.

Then would they only labour to extend
Their now unsearching spirit beyond these bounds
Of others' pow'r, wherein they must be pent'd;
As if there were besides no other grounds:
And set their bold plus ultra far without
The pillars of those axioms age propounds.

Discovering daily more and more about,
In that immense and boundless ocean
Of Nature's riches, never yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinary course,
That other unindustrious ages ran;

That these more curious times they might divorce
From the opinion they are link'd unto,
Of our disable and inactive force;
To show true knowledge can both speak and do:
Arm'd for the sharp which in these days they find,
With all provisions that belong thereto:

That their experience may not come behind
The time's conceit; but leading in their place,
May make men see the weapons of the mind
Are states' best strengths, and kingdoms' chiefest
grace; [praise,
And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and
Makes Majesty appear with her full face;

Shining with all her beams, with all her rays;
Unscanted of her parts, unshadowed
In any darken'd point: which still betrays
The wain of pow'r, when pow'r's unfurnish'd,
And both not all those entire compliments,
Wherewith the state should for her state be sped.

And though the fortune of some age consents
Unto a thousand errors grossly wrought,
Which flourish'd over with their fair events,
Have pass'd for current, and good courses thought;
The least whereof, in other times, again
Most dang'rous inconveniences have brought;

Whilst to the times, not to men's wits, pertain
The good successes of ill-manag'd deeds:
Though th' ignorant deceiv'd with colours vain,
Miss of the causes whence this luck proceeds.
Foreign defects giving home-faults the way,
Make ev'n that weakness sometimes well suc-
ceeds.

I grant, that some unletter'd practice may
(Leaving beyond the Alps faith and respect
To God and man) with impious cunning swag
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintain the turning on,
And have his errors deem'd without defect:

But when some pow'ful opposition
Shall, with a sound encount'ring shock, disjoin
The fore-contrived frame; and thereupon
Th' experience of the present disappoint;
And other stirring spirits, and other hearts
Built huge for action, meeting in a point;

Shall drive the world to summon all their arts,
And all too little for so real might,
When no advantages of weaker parts
Shall bear out shallow counsels from the fight;
And this sense-op'ning action (which doth hate
Unmanly craft) shall look to have her right.

Who then holds up the glory of the state;
(Which letter'd arms, and armed letters wage)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate,
Contemn'd Justinian, or else Littleton?
When it shall not be held wisdom to be
Privately made, and publicly undone:
But sound design, that judgment shall decree
Out of a true discern of the clear ways
That lie direct, with safe-going equity;
Embroid'ring not their own, and others' days.

Extending forth their providence beyond
The circuit of their own particular;
That ev'n th' ignorant may understand,
How that Deceit is but a caviller,
And true unto itself can never stand,
But still must with her own conclusions war.

Can Truth and Honesty, wherein consists
The right repose on Earth, the surest ground
Of trust; come weaker arm'd into the lists,
Than Fraud or Vice, that doth itself confound?
Or shall Presumption, that doth what it lists,
(Not what it ought) carry her courses sound?

Then what safe place out of confusion,
Hath plain proceeding Honesty to dwell?
What suit of grace hath Virtue to put on,
If Vice shall wear as good, and do as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion,
Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable?

Which all this mighty volume of events,
The world, th' universal map of deeds,
Strongly controls; and proves from all descents,
That the directest courses best succeeds,
When Craft (wra'pt still in many commentments)
With all her cunning thrives not, though it speak.



Or should not grave and learn'd Experience,
That looks with th' eyes of all the world beside,
And with all ages holds intelligence,
To safer than Deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence,
Following the ways of right, still runs more wide.

Who will not grant, and therefore this observe,
To state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,
Of virtue, knowledge; judgment to preserve,
And all the pow'rs of learning requisite?
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
'Tis in the trial they will weigh too light.

And do not thou condemn this swelling tide,
And stream of words, that now doth rise so high
(bove the usual banks, and spreads so wide
O'er the borders of antiquity:
Which, I confess, comes ever amplify'd
With th' abounding humours that do multiply;

And is with that same hand of happiness
Enlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:
'Tis so as if let out but to redress,
And calm and sway th' affections it commands;
Which as it stirs, it doth again repress,
And brings in th' out-gone malice that withstands.

How'r above pow'rs! O heavenly, Eloquence!
That with the strong rein of commanding words
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their words!
Shall we not offer to thy excellence,
The richest treasure that our wit affords?

Thou that can'st do much more with one poor pen,
Than all the powers of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, dispose and fashion men,
Better than force or rigour can direct!
Should we this ornament of glory then,
In th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?

Or should we careless come behind the rest
In pow'r of words, that go before in worth;
When as our accent's equal to the best,
A sble greater wonders to bring forth?
When all that ever hotter spir'its express'd,
Comes better'd by the patience of the north.

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What would'st thou in th' yet uninform'd accident,
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?

Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordain'd?
What pow'rs it shall bring in, what spir'its command?
What thoughts let out; what humours keep re-
strain'd?
What mischief it may pow'rfully withstand;
And what fair ends may thereby be attain'd?

And as for Po'sy, (mother of this force!)
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might;
Teaching it in a loose, yet measur'd course,
With comely motions how to go upright;
And fast'ning it with bountiful discourse,
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight.

What should I say?—Since it is well approv'd
The speech of Heav'n, with whom they have com-
merce;

That only seem out of themselves remov'd,
And do with more than human skills converse:
Those numbers wherewith Heav'n and Earth are
mov'd,
Show weakness speaks in prose, but pow'r in verse.

Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow,
That th' acts of worthy men should be preserv'd,
As in the holiest tombs we can bestow
Upon their glory that have well deserv'd;
Wherein thou dost no other virtue show,
Than what most barb'rous countries have observ'd:
When all the happiest nations hitherto,
Did with no lesser glory speak, than do.

Now to what else thy malice shall object,
For schools, and arts, and their necessity;
When from my lord, whose judgment must direct
And form and fashion my ability,
I shall have got more strength; thou shalt expect,
Out of my better leisure, my reply.

SONNETS TO DELIA.

SONNET L

Upro the boundless ocean of thy beauty
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of zeal,
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here I unclasp the book of my charg'd soul,
Where I have cast th' accounts of all my care:
Here have I summ'd my sighs; here I enroll
How they were spent for thee; look what they are.
Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beauty with my truth;
And truly my cares, e'er greater sums arise.
Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly;
Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

SONNET II.

Go, wailing Versè, the infants of my love;
Minerva-like, brought forth without a mother!
Present the image of the cares I prove;
Witness your father's grief exceeds all other.
Sigh out a story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair;
A monument that whosoever reads,
May justly praise, and blame my loveless fair.
Say her disdain hath dried up my blood,
And starv'd you, in succours still denying;
Press to her eyes, importune me some good;
Waken her sleeping pity with your crying;
Knock at her hard heart; beg till y' have mov'd her;
And tell th' unkind how dearly I have lov'd her.

SONNET III.

Is it so hap, this offspring of my care,
 These fatal anthems, lamentable songs,
 Come to their view who like afflicted are;
 Let them sigh for their own, and moan my wrongs,
 But untouch'd hearts, with unaffected eye,
 Approach not to behold my heaviness:
 Clear-sighted, you soon note what is awry;
 Whilst blinded souls mine errors never guess:
 You blinded souls, whom youth and error lead!
 You out-cast eagles, dazzled with your sun!
 Do you, and none but you, my sorrows read;
 You best can judge the wrongs that she hath done.
 That she hath done!—the motive of my pain:
 Who whilst I love, doth kill me with disdain.

SONNET IV.

These plaintive verse, the poets of my desire,
 Which haste for succour to her slow regard,
 Bear not report of any slender fire;
 Forging a grief, to win a fame's reward.
 Nor are my passions limn'd for outward hue,
 For that no colours can depict my sorrows:
 Delia herself, and all the world may view
 Best in my face, where cares have till'd deep furrows.
 No bays I seek to deck my mourning brow,
 O clear-ey'd rector of the holy hill!
 My humble accents bear the olive bough
 Of intercession, but to move her will.
 These lines I use, t' unburthen mine own heart;
 My love affects no fame, nor steams of art.

SONNET V.

Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
 And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
 All unawares a goddess charde I find,
 (Diana-like) to work my sudden change.
 For her no sooner had mine eyes bewray'd,
 But with disdain to see me in that place,
 With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid,
 Cast water-cold disdain upon my face.
 Which turn'd my sport into a heart's despair,
 Which still is chas'd while I have any breath,
 By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair:
 My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
 Those that I foster'd of mine own accord,
 Are made by her to murder thus their lord.

SONNET VI.

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair; (sunny;
 Her brow-shades frowns, although her eyes are
 Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
 And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
 A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour;
 Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love!
 The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
 Sacred on Earth; design'd a saint above!
 Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
 Live reconciled friends within her brow:
 And had she pity to conjoin with those;
 Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
 For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
 My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

SONNET VII.

Fox had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
 Then had no finger pointed at my lightness;
 The world had never known what I do find,
 And clouds obscure had shaded still her brightness.
 Then had no censor's eye these lines survey'd,
 Nor graver brows have judg'd my Muse so vain:
 No sun my blush and error had bewray'd,
 Nor yet the world have heard of such disdain.
 Then had I walk'd with bold erected face;
 No down-cast look had signify'd my sin:
 But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace,
 Did force me groan out griefs, and utter this.
 For being full, should I not then have spoken,
 My sense oppress'd had fail'd, and heart had broken.

SONNET VIII.

Two, poor heart, sacrific'd unto the fairest,
 Hast sent the income of thy nights to Heaven;
 And still against her frowns fresh vows repeat,
 And made thy passions with her beauty even.
 And you, mine eyes, the agents of my heart,
 Told the dumb message of my hidden grief;
 And oft with careful turns, with silent art,
 Did treat the cruel fair to violent relief.
 And, you, my verse, the advocates of love,
 Have follow'd hard the process of my case;
 And urg'd that title which doth plainly prove,
 My faith should win, if justice might have place.
 Yet though I see that ought we do can move;
 'T is not disdain must make me cease to love.

SONNET IX.

Is this be love, to draw a weary breath,
 Paint on floods, till the shore cry to th' air;
 With downward looks, still reading on the earth,
 These sad memorials of my love's despair:
 If this be love to war against my soul,
 Lie down to wall, rise up to sigh and grieve;
 The never-resting stone of care to roll;
 Still to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve.
 If this be love to clothe me with dark thoughts,
 Haunting untrodden paths to wall apart;
 My pleasure's horror, music tragic notes;
 Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart.
 If this be love, to live a living death;
 Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

SONNET X.

Thus do I love, and draw this weary breath
 For her the cruel fair; within whose brow,
 I written find the sentence of my death
 In unkind letters, wrote she cares not how.
 Thou pow'r that rul'st the confines of the night,
 Laughter-loving goddess, worldly pleasure's queen,
 Intestate that heart that sets so light;
 The truest love that ever yet was seen!
 And cause her leave to triumph in this wise,
 Upon the prostrate spoil of that poor heart,
 That serves a trophy to her conqu'ring eyes;
 And must their glory to the world impart.
 Once let her know sh' hath done enough to prove me;
 And let her pity, if she cannot love me.

SONNET XI.

TEARS, vows, and prayers, win the hardest heart:
 Tears, vows, and prayers, have I spent in vain!
 Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert;
 Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
 Lest my tears, where I have lost my love;
 Vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
 Pray in vain, a mercurious to move:
 To rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
 Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
 Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows;
 Though all my pray'rs be to so deaf ears,
 So favour though the cruel fair allow;
 Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel she:
 Melt, frost, disdain, wears, melts, and yields we see.

SONNET XII.

My spotless love hovers with purest wings
 About the temple of the proudest fame;
 Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
 Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.
 My ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
 Effect no honour, but what she can give:
 My hopes do rest in limits of her grace,
 Weigh no comfort, unless she relieve.
 For she that can my heart imparadise,
 Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is;
 My fortune's wheels the circle of her eyes,
 Whose rolling grace design once a turn of bliss.
 All my life's sweet consists in her alone;
 So much I love the most unloving one.

SONNET XIII.

Knows what hap Pigmallon had to frame,
 And carve his proper grief upon a stone!
 My heavy fortune is much like the same;
 I work on flint, and that's the cause I moan.
 For hapless, lo! ev'n with mine own desires,
 Figur'd on the table of mine heart,
 The fairest form that all the world admires;
 And so did perish by my proper art.
 And still I toil, to change the marble breast
 Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore;
 Yet cannot find her breathe unto my rest:
 Hard is her heart; and woe is me therefore!
 But happy he, that joy'd his stone and art:
 Unhappy I, to love a stony heart.

SONNET XIV.

Those snary locks, are those same nets (my dear)
 Wherewith my liberty thou did'st surprise;
 Love was the flame that fired me so near,
 The dart transpiercing were those crystal eyes:
 It rogn is the net, and fervent is the flame;
 Deep is the wound, my sighs can well report:
 Yet do I love, adore, and praise the same,
 That holds, that burns, that wounds me in this sort:
 And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal
 The bond, the flame, the wound that fest'reth so;
 By knife, by liquor, or by salve to deal:
 So much I please to perish in my woe.
 Yet lest long travels be above my strength,
 Good Delia lose, quench, heal me now at length.

SONNET XV.

Is that a loyal heart and faith unfeign'd,
 If a sweet languish, with a chaste desire;
 If hunger-starven thoughts, so long retain'd,
 Fed but with smoke, and cherish'd but with fire:
 And if a brow with care's characters painted,
 Bewrays my love with broken words half-spoken,
 To her that sits in my thought's temple sainted,
 And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open:
 If I have done due homage to her eyes,
 And had my sighs still tending on her name;
 If on her love my life and honour lies,
 And she (th'unkindest maid) still scorns the same:
 Let this suffice, that all the world may see
 The fault is her's, though mine the hurt must be.

SONNET XVI.

Happy in sleep, waking content to languish;
 Embracing clouds by night, in day-time mourn;
 My joys but shadows, touch of truth my anguish:
 Grievs ever springing, comforts never born.
 And still expecting when she will relent;
 Grown hoarse with crying mercy, mercy give:
 So many vows and prayers having spent,
 That weary of my life, I loath to live.
 And yet the hydra of my cares renews
 Still new-born sorrows of her fresh disdain;
 And still my hopes the summer-winds pursue,
 Finding no end nor period of my pain.
 This is my state my griefs do touch so nearly;
 And thus I live, because I love her dearly.

SONNET XVII.

Why should I sing in verse; why should I frame
 These sad neglected notes for her dear sake?
 Why should I offer up unto her name
 The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
 Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
 That never deigns to give me joy to live?
 Why should my afflicted Muse so much endeavour
 Such honour unto cruelty to give?
 If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
 What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love?
 If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
 What passions would her milder favours move?
 Favours (I think) would sense quite overcome,
 And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

SONNET XVIII.

Since the first look that led me to this error,
 To this thought's maze, to my confusion tending;
 Still have I liv'd in grief, in hope, in terror,
 The circle of my sorrows never ending,
 Yet cannot leave her love that holds me hateful;
 Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdains me:
 See what reward he hath that serves th'ungrateful!
 So true and loyal love no favour gains me.
 Still must I whet my young desires abated
 Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling;
 And all in vain, her pride is so innated,
 She yields no place at all for pity's dwelling.
 Oft have I told her that my soul did love her,
 (And that with tears) yet all this will not move her.

SONNET XIX.

Rarrows thy tresses to the golden ear;
 Yield Cithara's son these sails of love;
 Bequeath the Heav'n's the stars that I adore;
 And to th' Orient do thy pearls remove.
 Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white;
 T' Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet;
 Restore thy blush unto Aurora's light;
 To Thetis give the honour of thy feet.
 Let Venus have thy groves, her reign'd;
 And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;
 But yet restore thy force and cruel mind
 To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears.
 Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

SONNET XX.

WHAT it is to breathe and live without life;
 How to be pale with sickness, red with fear;
 T' have peace abroad, and nought within but strife;
 Wish to be present, and yet thum' appear;
 How to be held far off, and hateful near:
 How to think much, and have no words to speak;
 To crave redress, yet hold affliction dear:
 To have affection strong, a body weak.
 Never to find, and evermore to seek:
 And seek that which I dare not hope to find.
 T' affect this life, and yet this life disack;
 Grateful t' another, to myself unkind.
 This cruel knowledge of these contraries,
 Delia, my heart hath learn'd out of those eyes.

SONNET XXI.

If beauty thus be clouded with a frown,
 That pity shows no comfort to my bliss,
 And vapours of disdain so over-grown,
 That my life's light wholly extinction'd is:
 Why should I miss what the world with ones;
 The air with sighs, the earth below with tears?
 Sith I live hateful to those ruthless eyes,
 Vexing quicken'd look, more her destiny eyes.
 If I have lov'd her longer than my breath,
 My breath that, call'd the hour, is to witness it,
 And still must hatch her dear till after death;
 And that all things come not her thoughts a while,
 Yet sure she cannot but see that I part.
 She doth me wrong; my griefs so true a part.

SONNET XXII.

[Faint, mostly illegible text for Sonnet XXII]

SONNET XXIII.

Time, cruel Time, come and unbind that bow,
 Which compass all but thee; and then come,
 As if she were exempt from anyth' or how,
 From love or years, subject to decay;
 Or art thou grown in languor with those fair eyes,
 That they may help thee to consume thy days?
 Or dost thou spare her for her erotics;
 B'ing merciles, like thee, that no man might?
 And yet thou see'st thy year's she disobeys;
 Carest not for them, but lets those waste in vain;
 And prodigal of hours and years, betrays
 Beauty and youth & opinion and disdain.
 Yet spare her, Time; let her exempt the
 She may become as kind to thee, as me.

SONNET XXIV.

These sorrowing sighs, the strokes of mine agony;
 These tears which heat of sacred flames distill;
 Are those due tributes, that my faith doth pay
 Unto the tyrant, whose unkindness kill'd.
 I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
 At her proud feet, and she respects not it:
 My flow'r untimely 's wither'd with my tears;
 And winter woes, for spring of youth stuff.
 She thinks a look may recompense my care,
 And so with looks prolongs my long-look'd care:
 As short that bliss, so is the comfort rare;
 Yet must that bliss my hungry thoughts appease.
 Thus she returns my hopes so fruitless ever;
 Once let her love indeed, or else look never.

SONNET XXV.

FAITH hope prolongs my ever certain grief;
 Traitor to me, and faithful to my love:
 A thousand times it promis'd me relief,
 Yet never any'th' effect I prove.
 Oft when I had in her no wrath at all,
 I banish her, and blame her treachery;
 Yet soon again I trust her back again,
 As one that dies without her company.
 Thus often as I chase my hope's wing
 Straightway she hastes her own Delf's wing,
 Fed with some pleasing look there shall she fly,
 And so sent back, and thus my fortune's wing
 Looks feed my hope; hope feeds me to the wing,
 Hope's are unwise, when faith is in my wing.

SONNET XXVI.

Look in my griefs and blame me not the more;
 From care to care that leads a life of care;
 Th' orphan of Fortune, whom she has bereav'd
 Whose clouded brow doth make my days to care.
 Long are their nights, when care doth reign;
 Loathsome their days, when care doth reign;
 Th' impression of her eyes doth pierce my soul;
 That thus I live both day and night away;
 But since the constant night yields fast to day,
 Her praise shall my complaint I trust not part;
 I leave th' affliction quenching of this penitence
 I'll praise her face, and blame her eyes;
 Whilst she looks on the world, and I on thee,
 Her for disdain, and me for loving thee.

SONNET XXVII.

FROM in my thoughts, fair hand, sweet eye, rare
 essence one whole, my heart's trivariate: [voice;
 et heavy heart, to make so hard a choice,
 if such as spoil thy poor afflicted state,
 or whilst they strive which shall be lord of all,
 if my poor life by them is trodden down;
 hey all erect their trophies on my fall,
 and yield me sought that gives them their renown.
 When back I look, I sigh my freedom past,
 and wail the state wherein I present stand;
 and see my fortune ever like to last,
 judging me rein'd with such a heavy hand.
 What can I do but yield?—And yield I do,
 and serve all three; and yet they spoil me too.

SONNET XXVIII.

FLUDDING TO THE SPARROW, PURSUED BY A HAWK, THAT
 FLEW INTO THE BOSOM OF SUCROCRATES.

WILLER by thy eyes pursu'd, my poor heart flew
 into the sacred refuge of thy breast;
 thy rigour in that sanctuary slew
 that, which thy sweet'ring mercy should have bless'd.
 No privilege of faith could it protect,
 'neath b'ing with blood, and five years witness sign'd,
 wherein no show gave cause of least suspect;
 for well thou saw'st my love, and how I pin'd.
 Yet no mild comfort would thy brow reveal,
 no lightning looks which falling hopes erect;
 what boots to laws of succour to appeal?
 Ladies and tyrants never laws respect.
 Then there I die, from whence my life should come;
 and by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

SONNET XXIX.

STILL in the trace of one perplexed thought,
 My senseless cares continually run on;
 Seeking in vain what I have ever sought,
 One in my love, and her hard heart still one
 I who did never joy in other sun,
 And have no stain but those that must fulfil
 The work of rigour, fatally begun
 Upon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
 Injurious Delia, yet I love thee still;
 And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine:
 I'll tell the world, that I deserv'd but ill,
 And blame myself 't' excuse that heart of thine.
 See then who sins the greater of us twain;
 I in my love, or thou in thy disdain.

SONNET XXX.

OW do I marvel, whether Delia's eyes
 Are eyes; or else two radiant stars that shine!
 For how could Nature ever thus devise
 Of earth (or Earth) a substance so divine?
 Stars sure they are, whose motions ruin desires;
 And calm and tempest follow their aspects:
 Their sweet appearing still each pow'r's trophies,
 That makes the world admire so strange effects:
 Yet whether fix'd or wand'ring stars are they,
 Whom infinite rule the orb of my poor heart?
 Fix'd sure they are; but wand'ring make the stray
 In endless errors, whence I cannot part.
 Stars then, not eyes, move you with milder view,
 Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

VOL. III.

SONNET XXXI.

THE star of my mishap impos'd this pain,
 To spend the April of my years in grief;
 Finding my fortune ever in the vain,
 With still fresh cares, supply'd with no relief.
 Yet thee I blame not, though for thee 't is done:
 But these weak wings promising to aspire,
 Which now are melted by thine eyes' bright sun,
 That makes me fall from off my high desire.
 And in my fall I cry for help with speed,
 No pitying eye looks back upon my fears:
 No succour find I now, when I most need,
 My heart must drown in th' ocean of my tears:
 Which still must bear the title of my wrong,
 Caus'd by those cruel beams that were so strong.

SONNET XXXII.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the fight,
 Or blame th' attempt presuming so to soar;
 The mounting venture for a high delight,
 Did make the honour of the fall the more.
 For who gets wealth, that puts out from the shore?
 Danger hath honour; great designs their fame:
 Glory doth follow; courage goes before.
 And though th' event oft answers not the name,
 Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
 The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
 Lives without honour, dies without a name,
 And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.
 And therefore, Delia, 't is to us no blot,
 To have attempted, though attain'd thee not.

SONNET XXXIII.

RASMS my hopes on hills of high desire,
 Thinking to scale the Heaven of her heart,
 My slender means presu'd too high a part;
 Her thunder of disdain forc'd me 't retire,
 And threw me down to pain in all this fire;
 Where to I languish in so heavy smart,
 Because th' attempt was far above my art:
 Her pride brook'd not poor souls should so aspire.
 Yet I protest, my high-desiring will
 Was not, to dispossess her of her right;
 Her sov'reignty should have remained still;
 I only sought the bliss to have her sight.
 Her sight contented thus to see me still,
 Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

SONNET XXXIV.

WHY dost thou, Delia, credit so thy glass,
 Gazing thy beauty design'd thee by the skies;
 And dost not rather look on him, (alas!) {aged?
 Whose state best shows the force of sword/ing
 The broken tops of lofty trees declare
 The fury of a mercy-wasting storm;
 And of what force thy wounding graces are,
 Upon myself thou hast may'st find the form.
 Then leave thy glass, and gaze thyself on me;
 That mirror shows what pow'r is in thy face:
 To view your form too much, may danger be;
 Narcissus chang'd 't a flower in such a case.
 And you are chang'd, but not 't a lyciate:
 I fear your eye hath turn'd your heart to flint.

N 2

SONNET XXXV.

I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire;
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
Shall fall in force, their working not so strong:
Then Beauty, (now the burthen of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
Then fade those flow'rs that deck'd her pride so long.
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue;
Go you, my verse; go tell her what she was:
For what she was, she best shall find in you.
Your fire's heat lets not her glory pass,
But (phœnix-like) shall make her live anew.

SONNET XXXVI.

Look, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour!
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty, Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns the glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

SONNET XXXVII.

But love whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again,
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lap with flow'rs;
Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
Now see the summer smiles, ere winter low'rs.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising Sun,
The fairest flow'r that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night;
And that thy brightness sets at length to west,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou show'st,
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most inveil, and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the stalk for that it was,
When once they find her flow'r, her glory pass.

SONNET XXXVIII.

When men shall find thy flow'r, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone,
Received had'st this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone.
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wound thou mad'st;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall see;
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

SONNET XXXIX.

When winter snows upon thy sable hairs,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties near;
Which dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
And all lies wither'd that was held so dear:
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limned with a pencil not all unworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and Nature lent thee:
Here read thyself, and what I suffer'd for thee.
This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherish;
These colours with thy fading are not spent:
These may remain, when thou and I shall perish
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby;
They will remain, and so thou can'st not die.

SONNET XL.

Thou can'st not die, whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive these hues;
Though thou a Laura, hast no Petrarch found,
In base attire yet clearly beauty shines.
And I (though born within a colder clime)
Do feel mine inward heat no great, (I know it):
He never had more faith, although more rhyme;
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest isle:
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then should'st thou live in an immortal style.
For though that Laura better limned be,
Suffice thou shalt be lov'd as well as she.

SONNET XLI.

Be not displeas'd, that these my papers should
Bewray unto the world how fair thou art;
Or that my wits have show'd the best they could
(The chastest flame that ever warmed heart!):
Think not, sweet Delia, this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with modest
How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice, when time is grav'd in marble:
Thou may'st in after-ages live esteem'd,
Unbury'd in these lines, reserv'd in passness;
These shall entomb those eyes, that have red-
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurance.
Although my careful accents never mov'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I have lov'd thee.

SONNET XLII.

DELIA, these eyes that so admire thine,
Have seen those walls which proud ambition rears
To check the world; how they entomb'd have
Within themselves, and on them ploughs have
Yet never found that barb'rous hand stain'd
The spoil of fame deserv'd by virtuous men;
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain'd
Th' eternal annals of a happy pen.
And therefore grieve not if thy beauties die;
Though time do spoil thee of the fairest veil,
That ever yet cover'd mortality;
And must sustain the needle and the rail.
That grace which doth more than enwreath the
Lives in my lines, and must eternal be.

SONNET XLIII.

O'er fair and lovely maid! look from the shore,
 Thy Leander striving in these waves!
 Nor soul! quite spent, whose force can do no more!
 Draw send forth hope; for new calm pity eases.
 And waft him to thee with those lovely eyes,
 Happy convoy to a holy land:
 O'er show thy power, and where thy virtue lies;
 > save thine own, stretch out the fairest hand;
 stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;
 That hand that darts so right, and never misses.
 Shall forget old wrongs; my griefs shall cease:
 And that which gave my wounds, I'll give it kisses.
 Hence let the ocean of my owns flood shore;
 That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

SONNET XLIV.

BEAN in my face a volume of despair,
 The wailing Iliads of my tragic woe;
 Drawn with my blood, and painted with my cares,
 Vrought by her hand that I have honour'd so.
 Who whilst I burn, she sings at my soul's wrack,
 Looking aloft from turret of her pride;
 There my soul's tyrant joys her, in the sack
 Of her own seat, whereof I made her guide.
 There do these smokes that from affliction rise,
 Serve as an incense to a cruel dame;
 A sacrifice thrice-grateful to her eyes,
 Because their power serves to exact the same.
 Thus ruins she (to satisfy her will)
 The temple where her name was honour'd still.

SONNET XLV.

My Delia hath the waters of mine eyes,
 The ready hand-maids on her grace t' attend;
 That never fall to ebb, but ever rise;
 For to their flow she never grants an end.
 The ocean never did attend more duly
 Upon his sov'reign's course, the night's pale queen,
 Nor paid the impost of his waves more truly,
 Than mine unto her cruelty hath been.
 Yet nought the rock of that hard heart can move,
 Where beat their tears with zeal, and fury drives;
 And yet I rather languish for her love,
 Than I would joy the fairest she that lives.
 And if I find such pleasure to complain,
 What should I do then, if I should obtain!

SONNET XLVI.

How long shall I in mine affliction mourn?
 A burden to myself, distress'd in mind!
 When shall my interdicted hopes return
 From out despair, wherein they live confin'd?
 When shall her troubled brow, charg'd with disdain,
 Reveal the treasure which her smiles impart?
 When shall my faith the happiness attain,
 To break the ice that hath congeal'd her heart?
 Unto herself, herself my love doth satanize,
 (If love in her hath any pow'r to move)
 And let her tell me 'tis she is a woman,
 Whether my faith blith not deserv'd her love?
 I know her heart cannot but judge with me,
 Although her eyes my adversaries be.

SONNET XLVII.

BEAUTY, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
 Whose short refresh upon the tender green
 Cheers for a time, but till the Sun doth show;
 And straight 't is gone, as it had never been.
 Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
 Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
 The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
 Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
 When thou, surcharg'd with burden of thy years,
 Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
 And that in beauty's lease surpris'd, appears
 The date of age, the extends of our death.
 But ah! no more; this must not be foretold:
 For women grieve to think they must be old.

SONNET XLVIII.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
 Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
 Flowers have time before they come to ead,
 And she is young, and now must sport the while.
 And sport, sweet maid, in season of those years,
 And learn to gather flow'rs before they wither;
 And where the sweetest blossoms first appears,
 Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
 Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
 And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
 Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
 Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

SONNET XLIX.

And whither, poor forsaken, wilt thou go,
 To go from sorrow, and thine own distress?
 When ev'ry place presents like face of woe,
 And no remove can make thy sorrows less?
 Yet go, forsaken; leave these woods, these places:
 Leave her and all, and all for her, that leaves
 Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdain;
 And of both wrongful deems, and ill conceives.
 Seek out some place; and see if any place
 Can give the least release unto thy grief:
 Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace;
 Steal from thyself, and be thy cares' own thief.
 But yet what comforts shall I hereby gain?
 Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain.

SONNET L.

Drawn with th' attractive virtue of her eyes,
 My touch'd heart turns it to that happy coast;
 My joyful North, where all my fortune lies,
 The level of my hopes desired most:
 There were my Delia fairer than the Sun,
 Deck'd with her youth whereon the world doth smile;
 Joys in that honour which her eyes have won,
 Th' eternal wonder of our happy isle!
 Flourish, fair Albion, glory of the North;
 Neptune's best darling, held between his arms:
 Divided from the world, as better worth;
 Kept for himself, defended from all harms.
 Still let disarm'd peace deck her and thee;
 And Muse-for Mars abroad far foster'd be.

SONNET LI.

CAKE-CHASERS Sleep, son of the sable Night;
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born;
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
 With dark forgetting of my care, return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow;
 Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SONNET LIJ.

Let others sing of knights and palladines,
 In aged accents, and untimely words;
 Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
 Which well the reach of their high wits records:
 But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes;
 Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
 When yet th' unborn shall say, "Lo where she lies,
 Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb."
 These are the arts, the trophies I erect,
 That fortify thy name against old age;
 And these thy sacred virtues must protect,
 Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
 Though th' error of my youth in them appear,
 Suffice they show I liv'd and lov'd thee dear.

SONNET LIJL.

As to the Roman that would free his land,
 His error was his honour and renown;
 And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
 Than if he had the tyrant overthrown.
 So, Delia, hath mine error made me known,
 And my deceiv'd attempt deserv'd more fame,
 Than if I had the victory mine own,
 And thy hard heart had yielded up the same.
 And so likewise renowned is thy blame,
 Thy cruelty, thy glory. O strange case,
 That errors should be grac'd, that merit shame;
 And sin of frowns bring honour to the face!
 Yet happy, Delia, that thou wast unkind; [mind.
 Though happier far, if thou would'st change thy

SONNET LIV.

Let us the lute delights, or else dislikes,
 As is his art that plays upon the same;
 So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
 On my heart-strings high tun'd unto her fame.
 Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
 Which here I yield in lamentable wise;
 A wailing dracant on the sweetest ground,
 Whose due reports give honour to her eyes.
 Else harsh my style, untunable my Muse;
 Hoarse sounds the voice, that praiseth not her name:
 If any pleasing relief here I use,
 Than judge the world her beauty gives the same.
 For no ground else could make the music such,
 Nor other hand could give so true a touch.

SONNET LV.

None other face mine unambitious Muse
 Affected ever, but t' adore thee thou:
 All other honours do my hopes remove,
 Which neither priz'd and honorary be.
 For God forbid I should my papers best
 With mercenary lines, with servile pen;
 Praising virtues in them that have them not,
 Beady attending on the hopes of men.
 No, no; my verse respects not Thames, merchant
 Nor seeks it to be lumber unto the great:
 But Avon, poor in fame, and poor in waters,
 Shall have my song; where Delia hath her seat
 Avon shall be my Thames, and she my song;
 No other proser brother shall hear my wrong.

SONNET LVJ.

Unhappy pen, and ill-accepted lines,
 That intimate in vain my chaste desires;
 My chaste desire, which from dark sorrow shine
 Enkindl'd by her eyes' celestial fire,
 Celestial fire, and unrespecting pow'rs!
 Which pity out the wounds made by their mist
 Show'd in these lines the work of careful hours,
 The sacrifice here offer'd to her sight.
 But since she weighs them not, this note for me
 I'll mean myself, and hide the wrong I bear;
 And so content me that her frowns should be
 To m' infant style, the cradle and the gear.
 What though my Muse no honour get thereby,
 Each bird sings to herself, and so will I.

SONNET LVJL.

Lo here the impost of a faith entire,
 Which love doth pay, and her disdain extorts:
 Behold the message of a chaste desire,
 Which tells the world how much my griefs imports.
 These tributary passions, beauty's due,
 I send those eyes the cabinets of love;
 That cruelty herself might grieve to see
 Th' affliction her unkind disdain doth prove.
 And how I live cast down from off all earth,
 Pensive alone, only but with despair:
 My joys abortive perish in their birth;
 My griefs long-liv'd, and care succeeding care.
 This is my state; and Delia's heart is high:
 I say no more—I fear I said too much.

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
 Passing happy days and hours;
 One bird reports unto another,
 In the fall of silver show'rs;
 Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
 Hath her bosom deck'd with flow'rs.

Whilst the greatest torch of Heaven,
 With bright rays warms Flora's lap;
 Making nights and days both even,
 Cheering plants with fresher sap;
 My field of flowers quite bereaven,
 Wants refresh of b. utter hap.

Who, daughter of the air,
 Babbling guest of rocks and hills)
 Knows the name of my fierce fair,
 And sounds the accents of my ill;
 Each thing pities my despair,
 Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid!)
 With me and my love despise;
 My life's flourish is decay'd,
 That depended on her eyes:
 But her will must be obey'd;
 And well he ends, for love who dies.

A PASTORAL

O happy, golden age!
 Not for that rivers ran
 With streams of milk, and honey dropp'd from trees;
 Not that the Earth did gage
 Into the husbandman
 Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.
 Not for no cold did freeze,
 Nor any cloud beguile
 The starry bowing spring,
 Wherein he'd every thing;
 And whereon the heavens perpetually did smile:
 Not for no ship had brought
 From foreign shores, or wars or wars ill sought.

But only for that name,
 That idle name of wind;
 That idol of deceit, that empty sound
 Call'd Honour; which became
 The tyrant of the mind,
 And so torments our nature without ground,
 Was not yet vainly found:
 Not yet sad grief imparts,
 Amidst the sweet delights
 Of joyful am'rous sights.
 For were his hard laws known to free-born hearts;
 Not golden laws, like those
 Which Nature wrote—*That is lawful, which doth
 please.*

Then amongst flow'rs and springs,
 Seeking delightful sport,
 Not lovers without conflict, without flame;
 And nymphs and shepherds sing
 Fixing in wanton sort
 Whispers with songs, then kisses with the same
 Which from affection came.
 The naked virgin then
 Her roses fresh reveals,
 Which now her veil conceals.
 The tender apples in her bosom seen;
 And oft in rivers clear,
 The lovers with their loves conversing were.

Honour, thou first did'st cloze
 The spring of all delight;
 Denying water to the am'rous thirst,
 Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose.
 The glory of their light:
 Restrain'd from men, and on themselves revers'd.
 'Twas in a lawn did'st first

Those golden hairs increase,
 Late spread unto the wind;
 Thou mad'st loose grace unkind;
 Gav'st bride to their words, art to their pace.
 O Honour, it is thou
 That mak'st that stealth, which Love doth free allow.

It is thy work that brings
 Our griefs and torments thus:
 But thou fierce lord of nature and of love,
 The qualifier of kings;
 What dost thou here with us,
 That are below thy pow'r, shut from above?
 Go, and from us remove;
 Trouble the mighties' sleep;
 Let us neglected be
 Live still without thy grace,
 And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep.
 Let's love—this life of ours
 Can make no truce with Time that all devours.
 Let's love—the Sun doth set, and rise again;
 But when as our short light
 Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.

DESCRIPTION OF BEAUTY.

TRANSLATED OUT OF MARINO.

O BEAUTY, (beams, nay, flame
 Of that great lamp of light)
 That shines awhile with fame,
 But presently makes night!
 Like winter's short liv'd bright,
 Or summer's sudden gleams;
 How much more dear, so much less-lasting beams.

Wing'd Love away doth fly,
 And with it Time doth bear;
 And both take suddenly
 The sweet, the fair, the dear.
 A shining day and clear
 Succeeds an obscure night;
 And sorrow is the hue of sweet delight.

With what then dost thou swell,
 O youth of new-born day!
 Wherein doth thy pride dwell,
 O Beauty made of clay!
 Not with so swift a way
 The headlong current flies,
 As do the sparkling rays of two fair eyes.

Do not thyself betray
 With wantonizing years;
 O Beauty, traitors gay!
 Thy melting life that wears,
 Appearing, disappears;
 And with thy flying days,
 Ends all thy good of price, thy fair of praise.

Trust not, vain creditor,
 Thy apt-deceived view,
 In thy false counsellor,
 That never tells thee true.
 Thy form and flatter'd hue,
 Which shall so soon transpire,
 Is far more fair than is thy looking-glass.

Enjoy thy April now,
 Whilst it doth freshly shine;
 This lightning flash and show,
 With that clear spirit of thine,
 Will suddenly decline:
 And thou fair murthering eyes
 Shall be Love's tombs, where now his cradle lies.

Old trembling age will come,
 With wrinkl'd cheeks and stains,
 With motion troublesome;
 With skin and bloodless veins,
 That lively visage reaves,
 And made deform'd and old,
 Hates sight of glass it lov'd so to behold.

Thy gold and scarlet shall
 Pale silver-colour be;
 Thy row of pearls shall fall
 Like wither'd leaves from tree;
 And thou shalt shortly see
 Thy face and hair to grow
 All plough'd with furrows, over-swoll'n with snow.

That which on Flora's breast,
 All fresh and flourishing,
 Aurora newly dress'd
 Saw in her dawning spring;
 Quite dry and languishing,
 Depriv'd of honour quite,
 Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Fair is the lily; fair
 The rose; of flow'rs the eye!
 Both wither in the air,
 Their besauteous colours die;
 And so at length shall lie
 Depriv'd of former grace,
 The lilies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face.

What then will it avail,
 O youth advised ill!
 In lap of Beauty frail
 To nurse a wayward will,
 Like snake in sun-warm hill?
 Pluck, pluck betime thy flow'r,
 That springs, and perotheth in one short hour.

TO THE ANGEL SPIRIT OF THE
 MOST EXCELLENT SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To thee, pure spirit, to thee alone address'd
 Is this just-work, by double in'rest thine:
 Thine by thine own, and what is done of mine
 Inspir'd by thee, thy secret pow'r impress'd.
 My Muse with thine itself dar'd to combine,
 As mortal stuff with that which is divine:
 Let thy fair beams give lustre to the rest.

That Israel's king may deign his own transform'd
 In substance no, but superficial tye;
 And English guis'd in some suit may aspire,
 To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd.
 His sacred tunes age after age admire;
 Nations grow great in pride and pure desire,
 So to excel in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soul, which honour brought to rest
 Too soon, not left, and left the world of all
 What man could show which we perfection call!
 This precious piece had sort'd with the best.
 But, ah! wide-fester'd wounds (that never shall
 Nor must be clos'd) unto fresh bleeding fall.
 Ah, Memory! what needs this new artist?

Yet blessed grief that sweetness can impart,
 Since thou art bless'd—wrongly do I complain;
 Whatever weights my heavy thoughts contain,
 Dear feels my soul for thee—I know my part.
 Nor be my weakness to thy rites a stain;
 Rites to aright, life, blood, would not refrain.
 Assist me then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth what time hath yet suppress'd
 In whom thy loss hath laid to utter waste:
 The wreck of time, untimely all defect'd,
 Remaining as the tomb of life success'd:
 Where in my heart the highest room thou hast:
 There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac'd:
 Triumph of death!—in earth how more than blast!

Behold (O that thou were now to behold!)
 This finish'd long perfection's part begun;
 The rest but piec'd, as left by thee undone.
 Pardon, bless'd soul, presumption over bold:
 If love and zeal hath to this error run,
 'T is zealous love; love that hath never done,
 Nor can enough, though justly here controll'd.

But since it hath no other scope to go,
 Nor other purpose but to honour thee;
 That thine may shine, where all the graces be:
 And that my thoughts (like smallest streams) do
 Pay to their sea their tributary fee; (Am
 Do strive, yet have no means to quit nor free
 That mighty debt of infinite I owe.

To thy great worth, which time to times ead,
 Wonder of men! sole burn! goal of thy kind!
 Complete in all—but heav'nly was thy mind!
 For wisdom, goodness, sweetness, fairness, soul!
 Too good to wish; too fair for Earth; soild
 For heav'n; where all true glory rests confin'd:
 And where but there no life without control!

O when from this account, this cast-up sum,
 This reckon'g made the audit of my sum!
 Some time of race my swelling passions leave;
 How work my thoughts! My sense's stricken sum!
 That would thee more than words could ever show
 Which all fall short. Who know thee best in sum!
 These lines no wit that may thy prayer become!

And rest fair monuments of thy fair fate,
 Though not complete. Nor can we reach in thought
 What on that goodly piece Thine would be
 wrought:

Had divers so spar'd that life (but life) to frisk
 The rest: alas, such loss! The world hath not
 Can equal it—or (O) more grievance brought!
 Yet what remains, must ever crown thy name.

Receive these hints; these obsequies receive;
 (If any mark of thy secret spirit thou bear)
 Made only thine, and no name else must wear.
 I can no more, dear soul; I take my leave:
 My sorrow strives to mount the highest sphere.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

JAMES MONTAGUE,

ORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER; DEAN OF THE CHAPEL,
AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY-
COUNCIL.

Altruism you have, out of your proper store,
The best munition that may fortify
A noble heart; as no man may have more,
Against the batt'ries of mortality:
Yet, rev^d and lord, vouchsafe me leave to bring
One weapon more unto your furnishment,
That you th' assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sickness may prevent:
For that myself have struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do.
And let me tell you this, you never could
Have found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more fair proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity;
Nor give more time to make resistance,
And to repair your breaches, than will this.

For whatsoever sickness surpris
Our spirits at unawares, disswaying suddenly
All sense of understanding in such wise,
As that they lay us dead before we die,
Or fire us out of our inflamed fort,
With rav'ing phrensies in a fearful sort:

This comes and steals us by degrees away;
And yet not that without our privacy.
They rap us hence, as vultures do their prey,
Compounding us with fortunes instantly.
This fairly kills, they foully murther us,
Trip up our heels before we can discern.
This gives us time of treaty, to discuss
Our suffering, and the cause thereof to learn.

Besides, therewith we oftentimes have troce
For many months; sometimes for many years;
And are permitted to enjoy the use
Of study: and although our body wears,
Our wit remains; our speech, our memory
Fail not, or come before ourselves to die.
We part together, and we take our leave
Of friends, of kindred: we dispose our state,
And yield up fairly what we did receive,
And all our bus'nesses accommodate.
So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
But we depart from hence in quiet sort;
The foe with whom we have the battle fought,
Hath not subdued us, but got our fort.
And this disease is held most incident
To the best natures, and most innocent.

And therefore, rev^d and lord, there cannot be
A gentler passage, than there is hereby
Ute that port, wherein we shall be free
From all the storms of worldly misery.
And though it show us daily fir our glass,
Our fading leaf turn'd to a yellow hue;
And how it withers as the sap doth pass,
And what we may expect is to ensue.

Yet that I know disquiets not your mind,
Who knows the brittle metal of mankind;
And have all comforts virtue can beget,
And most the conscience of well-acted days:
Which all these monuments which you have set
On holy ground, to your perpetual praise,

(As things best set) must ever testify
And show the worth of noble Montague:
And so long as the walls of piety
Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you.
And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall show
Their fair repairs to all posterity;
And how much bless'd and fortunate they were,
That ever-gracious hand did plant you there.
Besides, you have not only built up walls,
But also (worthier edifices) men;
By whom you shall have the memorials,
And everlasting honour of the pen.
That whensoever you shall come to make
Your exit from this scene, wherein you have
Perform'd so noble parts; you then shall take
Your leave with honour, have a glorious grave!
" For when can men go better to their rest,
Than when they are esteem'd and loved best?"

DEFENCE OF RHYME;

AGAINST A PAMPHLET, ENTITLED

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POEY;

WHEREIN IS DEMONSTRATIVELY PROVED, THAT RHYME IS
THE FITTEST HARMONY OF WORDS THAT COMFORTS
WITH OUR LANGUAGE.

TO

ALL THE WORTHY LOVERS AND LEARNED
PROFESSORS OF RHYME WITHIN HIS MA-
JESTY'S DOMINIONS.

WORTHY CHETLEMEN,

About a year since, upon the great reproach
given the professors of rhyme, and the use hereof,
I wrote a private letter, as a defence of my own
undertakings in that kind, to a learned gentle-
man, a friend of mine, then in court. Which I
did, rather to confirm myself in mine own
course, and to hold him from being won from
us, than with any desire to publish the same to
the world.

But now, seeing the times to promise a new
regard to the present condition of our writings,
in respect of our sovereign's happy inclination
this way; wherby we are rather to expect an
encouragement to go on with what we do, than
that any innovation should check us, with a show
of what it would do in another kind, and yet do
nothing but deprave: I have now given a greater
body to the same argument; and here present it
to your view, under the patronage of a noble

King James I.

earl, who in blood and nature is interested to take our part in this cause, with others who cannot, I know, but hold dear the monuments that have been left unto the world in this manner of composition; and who, I trust, will take in good part this my defence, if not as it is my particular, yet in respect of the cause I undertake, which I here invoke you all to protect.

DEFENCE OF RHYME.

TO
WILLIAM HERBERT,
EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE general custom and use of rhyme in this kingdom, noble lord, having been so long (as if from a grant of Nature) held unquestionable, made me to imagine that it lay altogether out of the way of contradiction, and was become so natural, as we should never have had a thought to cast it off into reproach, or be made to think that it ill became our language: but, now I see, when there is opposition made to all things in the world by words, we must now at length likewise fall to contend for words themselves, and make a question whether they be right or not. For we are told how that our measures go wrong, all rhyming is gross, vulgar, barbarous: which, if it be so, we have lost much labour to no purpose; and for my own particular, I cannot but blame the fortune of the times, and my own genius, that cast me upon so wrong a course, drawn with the current of custom and an unexamined example. Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable brother, and received the first notion for the formal ordering of those compositions at Willon, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and grateful memory. Afterward drawn further on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my Muse, I adventured to bestow all my whole powers therein, perceiving it agree so well, both with the complexion of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me: but yet now, upon the great discovery of these new measures threatening to overthrow the whole state of rhyme in this kingdom, I must either stand out to defend, or else be forced to forsake myself, and give over all; and though irresolution and a self distrust be the most apparent faults of my nature, and that the least check of reprehension; if it favour of reason, will as easily shake my resolution as any man's living; yet in this case I know not how I am grown more resolved, and before I sink, willing to examine what those powers of judgment are, that must bear me down, and beat me off from the station of my profession, which by the law of nature I am set to defend.

And the rather, for that this detractor from commendable rhyme, about now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth in a man of his pen and good reputation, and therefore the steps forcibly cast from such a hand, may otherwise more at once than the labours of many shall long time build up again, especially upon the very foundation of opinion, and the world's constancy, which knows not well what it would see and

Disce enim citius, mensurisque libentius illud
Quod quis desiderat quibus quod probat et viderit.

And he who is thus become our wished adversary, must pardon us if we be as just as our fame and reputation, as he is malicious of truth by his new old art, and most consider that we cannot in a thing that concerns us so much, but have a feeling of the wrong done, whereas every rhyme in this universal island, as well as yourself, much interested; so that if his charity had equally drawn with his learning, he would have sooner procured the easy of so powerful a minister against him, from whom he cannot but expect the voice of a like measure of blame, and only these may way to his own grace, by the proof of his skills, without the disparaging of us, who should have been glad to have stood quietly by him, and perhaps commended his adventure, seeing that we more of one science another may be had, and that these sallies, made out of the darkness of our set knowledge, are the gallant practices of our attemptive spirits, and commendable, though they work so other effect than make a hearer; and I know it were indolent, as mercenary, since industrious modern poets. We could well see allowed of his numbers, had he not disgraced our rhyme, which both custom and Nature without powerfully defend; custom that is habitual in nature that is above all art. Every language hath her proper number or measure, found in our delight, which custom entertaining by the assistance of the ear, doth induce a natural taste. All verse is but a frame of words divided into in certain measures, differing from the ordinary speech, and introduced, the latter: as our men's conceits, both for delight and merriness; which frame of words, consisting of systems or metrum, number of measures, are disposed into divers fashions, according to the business of the composer, and the set of the time; and the rhythm, as Aristotle saith, are familiar amongst all nations, and a natural et sponte form compositions. And they fall as naturally already in our language as ever art can make them, being set as the ear of itself doth without in their paper rooms, and they of themselves will not willingly be put out of rank, and that is such a vast as best comports with the nature of our language: as for our rhyme (which is an excellency added to this work of measure, and a surmount for happier than any proportion antiquity could ever show us) doth add more grace, and hath more of delight than ever have numbers, however they are forced to run in our slow language, can possibly yield; which, whether it be derived of rhythms, or of romance, which were songs the Bards and Druids above rhymes used, and therefore are

Mutavit mentem populus levis, et calet uno
 Scribendi studia, poseri, patrasque severi
 Frode omnes vincti constant, et curmina dactant.

So that their plenty seems to have bred the same waste and contempt as our doth now, though it had not power to disvalue what was worthy of posterity, nor keep back the reputation of excellencies, destined to continue for many ages. For seeing it is matter that satisfies the judicial, appear it in what habit it will, all these pretended proportions of words, howsoever placed, can be but words, and peradventure serve but to embroil our understanding, whilst seeking to please our ear, we enthral our judgment; to delight an exterior sense, we smooth up a weak confused sense, affecting sound to be unswayed, and all to seem *servam pecus*, only to imitate the Greek and Latin, whose felicity, in this kind, might be something to themselves, to whom their own idiom was natural, but to us it can yield no other commodity than a sound. We admire them not for their smooth gliding words, nor their measures, but for their inventions; which treasure, if it were to be found in Welsh and Irish, we should hold those languages in the same estimation, and they may thank their sword that made their tongues so famous and universal as they are. For to say truth, their verse is many times but a confused deliverer of their excellent conceits, whose scattered limbs we are fain to look out and join together, to discern the image of what they represent unto us. And even the Latines, who profess not to be so licentious as the Greeks, shows us many times examples, but of strange cruelty, in terturing and dismembering of words in the middle, or disjoining such as naturally should be married and march together, by setting them as far asunder as they could possibly stand; that sometimes, unless the kind reader, out of his own good nature, will stay them up by their measure, they will fall down into flat prose, and sometimes are no other indeed in their natural sound; and then again, when you find them disobedient to their own laws, you must hold it to be licentious posture, and so dispensable. The striving to show their changeable measures in the variety of their odes, have been very painful, no doubt, unto them, and forced them thus to disturb the quiet stream of their words, which by a natural succcessive otherwise desire to follow in their due course.

But such affliction doth labourers curiosity still lay upon our best delights (which ever must be made strange and variable) as if art were ordained to afflict nature, and that we could not go but in fetters. Every science, every profession, must be so wrapt up in unnecessary intrications, as if it were not to fashion, but to confound the understanding, which makes me much to distrust man, and fear that our presumption goes beyond our ability, and our curiosity is more than our judgment; labouring over to seem to be more than we are, or laying greater burthens upon our minds than they are well able to bear, because we would not appear like other men.

And indeed I have wished there were not that multiplicity of rhymes as is used by many in sonnets, which yet we see is some so happily to succeed, and hath been so far from hindering their inventions, as it hath begot conceits beyond expect-

ation, and comparable to the best inventions of the world; for sure in an eminent spirit was nature hath fitted for this mystery, rhyme is an impediment to his conceit, but rather gives his wings to mount, and carries him not out of his course, but as it were beyond his power to a happier flight. All easinesses being sold us at the hard price of labour, it follows, where we take most thereof, we buy the best success; as rhyme being for more labours than those means (whatsoever is objected) must needs, meeting wit and industry, breed greater and worthier effect in our language. So that if our labour be wrought out a manumission from bondage, as that we go at liberty, notwithstanding that we are no longer the slaves of rhyme, but we still is a most excellent instrument to serve us. It is this certain limit observed in conceits, any rational bounding of the conceit, but rather a raising it in giram, and a just force, neither too far for the shortest project; nor too short for the longest, being but only employed for a present pause. For the body of our imagination being as an unfixed chaos, without fashion, without day, if the divine power of the spirit it be wrought into orb of order and form, is it not more pleasing nature, that desires a certainty, and compares with what is infinite? to have these chances, more than not to know where to end, or how far to go especially seeing our passions are often without measure: and we find the best of the Latins may finish, either not concluding, or else otherwise the end than they began. Besides, is it not more delightful to see such easiness enclosed in a small room, or little gallery disposed and made to fill up a space of like capacity, in such sort that the one would not appear so beautiful in a larger circuit, nor the other do well in a less; which often we find to be so, according to the powers of nature, in the workman. And the limited proportions, and sets of stanzas, consisting of six, seven, or eight lines, are of that happiness, both for the disposition of the matter, the apt placing the sentence where it may best stand to hit the certain close of delight with the full body of a just poem well carried, is such, as neither the Greeks or Latins ever attained unto. For their boundlessness in on often so confounds the reader, that being once lost himself, must either give off unthought or uncertainly cast back to retrieve the exact sense, and to find way again into his master.

Mathieks we should not so soon yield up our conceits captive to the authority of antiquity, unless we see more reason; all our understandings are not to be built by the square of Greece or Italy. We are the children of nature as well as they, we are not so placed out of the way of judgment, but that the same sun of discretion should upon us; we have our portion of the same virtues as well as of the same vices, et *Catilliam quocunque in populo videns, quocunque sub ex*. Time and the turn of things bring about the faculties according to the present estimation; and res temporibus non tempora rubet servire oportet. So that we must never rebel against us; *qua paco arbitria est, et via et norma loquuntur*. It is not the observing of treacheries nor their treacheries, that will make our writings equal the size; all their poetry, and all their philosophy, is nothing unless we bring the discerning light of com-

with us to apply it to use. It is not books, but only that great book of the world, and the all over-arching grace of Heaven that makes men truly judicial. Nor can it but touch of arrogant ignorance, to hold this or that nation barbarous, these of those times gross, considering how this manifold creature man, whosoever he stand in the world, hath always some disposition of worth, entertains the order of society, affects that which is most in use, and is eminent in some one thing or other that fits his humour and the times. The Grecians held all other nations barbarous but themselves; yet Pyrrhus, when he saw the well ordered marching of the Romans, which made them see their presumptuous error, could say it was no barbarous manner of proceeding. The Goths, Vandals, and Longobards, whose coming down like an inundation overwhelmed, as they say, all the glory of learning in Europe, have yet left us still their laws and customs, as the originals of most of the provincial constitutions of Christendom; which well considered with their other courses of government, may serve to clear these from this imputation of ignorance. And though the vanquished never speak well of the conqueror, yet even through the unsound coverings of malediction appear these monuments of truth, as argue well their worth, and prove them not without judgment, though without Greek and Latin.

Will not experience confute us, if we should say the state of China, which never heard of amputation, trachias, and tributes, were gross, barbarous, and uncivil? And is it not a most apparent ignorance, both of the succession of learning in Europe, and the general course of things, to say, that all lay pitifully deformed in those lack-learning times from the declining of the Roman empire, till the light of the Latin tongue was revived by Boscio, Erasmus, and Moore. When for three hundred years before them, about the coming down of Tamburlaine into Europe, Franciscus Petrarcha (who then no doubt likewise found whom to imitate) showed all the best notions of learning, in that degree of excellence, both in Latin, prose, and verse, and in the vulgar Italian, as all the wits of posterity have not yet over-matched him in all kinds to this day; his great volumes written in moral philosophy, show his infinite reading, and most happy power of disposition; his twelve eclogues, his *Africa*, containing nine books of the last Punic war, with his three books of epistles in Latin verse, show all the transformations of wit and invention, that a spirit naturally born to the inheritance of poetry and judicial knowledge could express: all which, notwithstanding, wrought him not that glory and fame with his own nation, as did his poems in Italian, which they esteem above all, whatsoever wit could have invented in any other form than wherein it is; which questionless they will not change with the best measures Greeks or Latins can show them, howsoever our adversary imagine.

Nor could this very same innovation in verse, began amongst them by G. Tolomei, but die in the attempt, and was buried as soon as it came born, neglected as a prodigious and unnatural issue amongst them; nor could it ever induce Tasso, the wonder of Italy, to write that admirable poem of Jerusalem, comparable to the best of the an-

cients, in any other form than the accustomed verse.

And with Petrarch lived his scholar Boccaccio, and near about the same time Johannes Ravennas, and from these tanquam ex equo Trojano, seems to have issued all those famous Italian writers, Leonardus Arétinus, Laurentius Vallia, Poggius, Blondus, and many others. Then Hieronimus Chrysostomus, a Constantinopolitan gentleman, renowned for his learning and virtue, being employed by John Paleologus, emperor of the east, to implore the aid of Christian princes, for the succouring of perishing Greece; and understanding in the mean time, how Bajazeth was taken prisoner by Tamburlaine, and his country freed from danger, staid still at Venice, and there taught the Greek tongue, discontinued before in these parts the space of seven hundred years.

Him followed Bessarion, George Trapezuntius, Theodorus Gaza, and others, transporting philosophy, beaten by the Turk out of Greece, into Christendom. Hereupon came that mighty conference of learning in these parts, which returning, as it were per post liminum, and here meeting thee with the new invented stamp of printing, spread itself indeed in a more universal sort than the world ever heretofore had it.

When Pomponius Letus, Enea Sylvius, Angelus Politianus, Hieronymus Barbarus, Johannes Picus de Mirandula, the miracle and phoenix of the world, adorned Italy, and watered other nations likewise with this desire of glory, long before it brought forth Rowclin, Erasmus, and Moore, worthy men, I confess, and the last a great ornament to this land, and a rhymist.

And yet long before all these, and likewise with these, was not our nation behind in her portion of spirit and worthiness, but concurrent with the best of all this lettered world; witness venerable Bede, that flourished about a thousand years since; Aldelmus Durotelmus, that lived in the year 739, of whom we find this commendation registered: *Omnium poetarum sui temporis facile primas, tantæ eloquentiæ, majestatis et eruditionis homo fuit, ut nunquam satis admirari possemus unde illi in tam barbara ac rudi mæte facultas accerserit, usque adeo omnibus ueneris teris, elegans et rotunda, versus edidit cum antiquitate de palma contententes.* Witness Josephus Deronias, who wrote *De Bello Trojano*, in so excellent a manner, and so near resembling antiquity, as printing his work beyond the seas, they have ascribed it to Coracius Nepon, one of the ancients.

What should I name Walterus Mape, Gulielmus Nigellus, Gervasius Tithuricensis, Bracton, Bacon, Ockham, and an infinite catalogue of excellent men, most of them living about four hundred years since, and have left behind them monuments of most profound judgment and learning in all sciences. So that it is but the clouds gathered about our own judgment that makes us think all other ages wrapped up in mists, and the great distance betwixt us, that causes us to imagine men so far off to be so little in respect of ourselves.

We must not look upon the immense course of times past, as men overlook spacious and wide countries, from off high mountains, and see never the nearer to judge of the true nature of the soil, or the particular site and face of those territories they see. Nor must we think, viewing the super-

facial figure of a region in a map, that we know straight the fashion and place as it is. Or reading an history, which is but a map of men, and doth so otherwise acquaint us with the true substance of circumstances, than a superficial card doth the seaman with a coast never seen (which always proves other to the eye than the imagination forecast it) that presently we know all the world, and can distinctly judge of times, men, and manners, just as they were.

When the best measure of man is to be taken by his own foot, bearing ever the nearest proportion to himself, and is never so far different and unequal in his powers, that he hath all in perfection at one time, and nothing at another.

The distribution of gifts are universal, and all seasons have them in some sort. We must not think but that there were Scipios, Cæsars, Catos, and Pompeys, born elsewhere than at Rome; the rest of the world hath ever had them in the same degree of nature, though not of state; and it is our weakness that makes us mistake, or misconceive in these deliberations of men the true figure of their worth; and our passion and belief is so apt to lead us beyond truth, that unless we try them by the just compass of humanity, and as they were men, we shall cast their figures in the air, when we should make their models upon Earth. It is not the contexture of words, but the effects of action that gives glory to the times: we find they had Mercurium in pectore, though not in lingua; and in all ages, though they were not Ciceronians, they knew the art of men, which only is, ars artium, the greatest gift of Heaven, and the chief grace and glory on Earth; they had the learning of government and ordering their state, eloquence enough to show their judgments, and, it seems, the best times followed Lycurgus's council: *Literas ad vitam saltem discerant, reliqua omnis disciplina erit, ut pulchre parerent, ut labores preferrent, &c.* Had not unlearned Rome laid the better foundation, and built the stronger frame of an admirable state, eloquent Rome had confounded it utterly, which we saw ran the way of all confusion, the plain course of dissolution in her greatest skill; and though she had not power to undo herself, yet wrought she so, that she cast herself quite away from the glory of a commonwealth, and fell upon that form of state she ever most feared and abhorred of all other; and then scarce was there seen any shadow of policy under her first emperors; but the most horrible and gross confusion that could be conceived; notwithstanding it still endured, preserving not only a monarchy, locked up in her own fronts, but therewithal held under her obedience so many nations, so far distant, so ill affected, so disorderly contumacious and unjustly conquered, as it is not to be attributed to any other fate; but to the first frame of that commonwealth, which was so strongly jointed, and with such infinite combinations interlinked, as one nail or other over-held up the majesty thereof.

There is but one learning, which omnes gentes habent scripturam in cordibus suis, one and the self-same spirit that worketh in all. We have but one body of justice, one body of wisdom throughout the whole world, which is but apparelled according to the fashion of every nation.

Eloquence and gay words are not of the substance of wit; it is but the garnish of a nice time,

the ornaments that do but deck the house of state et imitatur publicos mores: hunger is as well satisfied with meat served in pewter as silver. Election is the best measure, the rightest foot is what pace soever it run. Erasmus, Rucelin, and Moore, brought no more wisdom into the world, with all their new revived words, than we had us before; it bred not a profounder divine than Saint Thomas, a greater lawyer than Bartolus, a more acute logician than Scotus; nor are the effects of all this great mass of eloquence so admirable, as of that consequence, but that *impemta illa utipitas* can yet compare with it.

Let us go to further, but look upon the wondrous architecture of this state of England, and see whether they were deformed things that could give it such a form. Where there is no one the best pillar of majesty, but was set with most profound judgment, and borne up with the just conveniency of princes and people. No court of justice, but hid by the rule and square of Nature, and the best of the best commonwealths that ever were in the world; so strong and substantial as it hath stood against all the storms of factions, both of hubb and ambition, which so powerfully beat upon it, and all the tempestuous alterations of humours times whatsoever; being continually, in all ages, furnished with spirits fit to maintain the majesty of her own greatness, and to march in an equal concurrency all other kingdoms round about her with whom it had to encounter.

But this innovation, like a viper, must ever creep way into the world's opinion, thorough the bosom of her own breeding, and is always born with reproach in her mouth; the disgracing others is the best grace it can put on, to win reputation of it, and yet it is never so wise as it would seem, as doth the world ever get so much by it as it imagineth; which being so often deceived, and seeing it never performs so much as it promises, methinks men should never give more credit unto it: fit, let us change never so often, we cannot change man, our imperfections must still run on with us, and therefore the wiser nations have taught us always to use, *Moribus legibusque presantibus etiam deterioriores sint.* The Lacedæmonians, who a musician, thinking to win himself credit by his new invention, and be before his fellows, had hid one string more to his crowd, brake his strings, and banished him the city, holding the *innovatio*, though in the least things, dangerous to a public society. It is but a fantastical giddiness to break the way of other men, especially were it less tolerable: *Ubi nunc est respublica, ubi sinitis potius quam dum illum veterem sequimur, moris nulla.*

But shall we not tend to perfection? Yes, and that ever best by going on in the course we are in, where we have advantage, being so far onward, of him that is but now setting forth; for we shall never proceed, if we be ever beginning, nor arrive at any certain port, sailing with all winds that blow, non convalescit planta que semper transcuratur, and therefore let us hold on in the course we have undertaken, and not still be wandering. Perfection is not the portion of man; and if it were, why may we not as well get to it this way as another? And suspect these great undertakers, but they have conspired with envy to betray our proceedings, and put us by the honour of our a-

tempts, with casting us back upon another course, of purpose to overthrow the whole action of glory, when we lay the fairest for it, and were so near our hopes. I thank God, that I am none of these great scholars, if thus their high knowledges do but give them more eyes to look out into uncertainty and confusion, accounting myself rather beholding to my ignorance, that hath set me in so low an understanding of conceit with other men, and hath given me as much distrust as it hath done hope, daring not adventure to go alone, but plodding on the plain tract, I find beaten by custom and the time, contenting me with what I see in use.

And surely methinks these great wits should rather seek to adown, than to disgrace the present, bring something to it, without taking from it what it hath; but it is ever the misfortune of learning, to be wounded by her own hand. Stimulus dat scintilla virtus; and when there is not ability to match what is, malice will find out engines, either to disgrace or ruin it, with a perverse encounter of some new impression; and, which is the greatest misery, it must ever proceed from the powers of the best-reputation, as if the greatest spirits were ordained to endanger the world, as the gross are to dishonour it; and that we were to expect, ab optimis periculum, à pessimis defectus publicum. Emulation, the strongest pulse that beats in high minds, is oftentimes a wind, but of the worst effect; for whilst the soul comes disappointed of the object it wrought on, it presently forges another, and even cozens itself, and crosses all the world, rather than it will stay to be under her desires, falling out with all it hath, to flatter and make fair that which it would have.

So that it is the ill success of our longings, that with Xerxes makes us to whip the sea, and send a cartel of defiance to Mount Athos; and the fault laid upon others' weakness, is but a presumptuous opinion of our own strength, who must not seem to be mastered: but had our adversary taught us, by his own proceedings, this way of perfection, and therein framed us a poem of that excellency as should have put down all, and been the masterpiece of these times, we should all have admired him. But to deprave the present form of writing, and to bring us nothing but a few loose and uncharitable epigrams, and yet would make us believe those numbers were come to raise the glory of our language, giveth us cause to suspect the performance, and to examine whether this new art, *constat sibi, or, aliquid sit dictum quod nos sit dictum prius.*

First, we must here imitate the Greeks and Latins, and yet we are here showed to disobey them, even in their own numbers and quantities; taught to produce what they make short, and make short what they produce; made heliete to be showed measures in that form we have not seen, and no such matter; told that here is the perfect art of versifying, which in conclusion is yet confessed to be imperfect, as if our adversary, to be opposite to us, were become unfaithful to himself; and seeking to lead us out of the way of reputation, hath adventured to intricate and confound him in his own courses, running upon most uneven grounds, with imperfect rules, weak proofs, and unlawful laws, whereunto the world, I am persuaded, is not so unreasonable as to subscribe, considering the unjust authority of the law-giver; for who hath constituted him to be the Radamantus, thus to tor-

turn syllables, and adjudge them their perpetual doom, setting his theta, or mark of condemnation upon them, to endure the appointed sentence of his cruelty, as he shall dispuse? as though there were that disobedience in our words, as they would not be ruled, or stand in order without so many intricate laws, which would argue a great perverseness amongst them, according to that, in pessima republica plurimae leges; or, that they were so far gone from the quiet freedom of nature, that they must be brought back again by force: and now, in what case were this poor state of words, if, in like sort, another tyrant the next year should arise and abrogate these laws, and ordain others clean contrary, according to his humour, and say, that they were only right, the others unjust? what disturbance were there here, whom should we obey? were it not far better to hold us fast to our old customs, than to stand thus distracted with uncertain laws, wherein right shall have as many faces as it please passion to make it, that wheresoever men's affections stand, it shall still look that way? what trifles doth our unconstant curiosity call up to contend for? what colours are there laid upon indifferent things, to make them seem other than they are; as if it were but only to entertain contestation amongst men; who standing according to the prospective of their own humour, seem to see the self same things to appear otherwise to them, than either they do to others, or are indeed in themselves, being but all one in nature. For what ado have we here, what strange precepts of art about the framing of iambic verse in our language, which, when all is done, reaches not by a foot, but falleth out to be the plain ancient verse, consisting of ten syllables, or five feet, which hath ever been used among us time out of mind? and for all this quanning and counterfeit name, neither can, or will be any other in nature than it hath been ever heretofore; and this new diameter is but the half of this verse divided in two, and no other than the caesura or breathing-place in the midst thereof, and therefore it had been as good to have put two lines in one, but only to make them seem diverse; nay, it had been much better for the true English reading and pronouncing thereof, without violating the accent, which now our adversary hath herein most unkindly done; for, being as we are so sound it, according to our English march, we must make a rest, and raise the last syllable, which falls out very unnatural in *devote, superb, Elizabeth, prodigal*, and in all the rest, saving the monosyllables. Then follows the English trochaic, which is said to be a simple verse, and so indeed it is, being without rhyme; having here no other grace, than that in sound it runs like the known measure of our former ancient verse, ending (as we term it, according to the French) in a feminine foot, saying, that it is shorter by one syllable at the beginning, which is not much misad, by reason it falls full at the last.

Next comes the elegiac, being the fourth kind, and that likewise is no other than our accustomed measure of five feet; if there be any difference, it must be made in the reading, and therein we must stand bound to stay, where often we would not, and sometimes either break the accent, or the due course of the word. And now for the other four kinds of numbers, which are to be employed for odes, they are either of the same measure, or such

as have ever been familiarly used amongst us; so that of all these eight several kinds of new promised numbers, you see what we have; only what was our own before, and the same but apparelled in foreign titles, which had they come in their kind and natural attire of rhyme, we should never have suspected that they had affected to be other, or sought to degenerate into strange manners, which now we see was the cause why they were turned out of their proper habit, and brought in as aliens, only to induce men to admire them as far comers: but see the power of nature; it is not all the artificial coverings of wit, that can hide their native and original condition, which breaks out thorough the strongest hands of affectation, and will be itself, do singularity what it can. And as for those imagined quantities of syllables, which have been ever held free and indifferent in our language, who can enforce us to take knowledge of them, being in nullius verba jurati, and owing fealty to no foreign invention; especially in such a case, where there is no necessity in nature, or that it imports either the matter or form, whether it be so or otherwise. But every versifier that well observes his work, finds in our language, without all these unnecessary precepts, what number best fit the nature of her idiom, and the proper places destined to such accents, as she will not let into any other rooms, than in those for which they were born. As for example, you cannot make this fall into the right sound of a verse,

None thinks reward rendered worthy his worth,

unless you thus misplace the accent upon *rendered* and *worth*, contrary to the nature of these words, which sheweth that two feminine numbers, (or trochees, if so you will call them) will not succeed in the third and fourth place of the verse. And so likewise in this case,

Though death doth consume, yet virtue preserves,

it will not be a verse, though it hath the just syllables, without the same number in the second, and the altering of the fourth place, in this sort,

Though death doth ruins, virtue yet preserves.

Again, who knows not that we cannot kindly answer a feminine number with a masculine rhyme, or (if you will so term it) a trochei with a sponde, as *weakness* with *confess*, *nature* and *endure*, only for that thereby we shall wrong the accent, the chief lord and grave governor of numbers; also you cannot, in a verse of four feet, place a trochei in the first, without the like offence, as,

Yearly out of his watry call.

for so you shall sound it, *yearly*, which is unnatural: and other such like observations occur, which nature and a judicial ear of themselves teach us readily to avoid.

But now for whom hath our adversary taken all this pain, for the learned, or for the ignorant, or for himself to show his own skill? if for the learned, it is to no purpose, for every grammarian in this land hath learned his Prosodia, and already knows this art of numbers: if for the ignorant, it was

vain; for if they become versifiers, we see first have less numbers instead of flat rhyme. And Tully would have his orator skilled in all the knowledge appertaining to god and man, what shall they have who would be a degree above others? why then it was to show his own skill, and what himself had observed; so he might well have done, without doing wrong to the honour of the dead, wrong to the fame of the living, and wrong to England, in seeking to lay reproach upon her native ornaments, and to turn the fair stream and full course of her accents, into the shallow current of a loose uncertainty, clean out of the way of her known delight. And I thought it could never have proceeded from the pen of a scholar (who sees a profession free from the impure smooth of the sootier) to say the reproach of others' idle tongues is the curse of nature upon us, when it is rather her curse upon him that knows not how to use his tongue. What, doth he think himself is now gotten so far out of the way of contempt, that his numbers are gone beyond the reach of obloquy; and that how frivolous or idle soever they shall run, they shall be protected from disgrace, as though that light rhymes and right numbers did not weigh all alike in the grave opinion of the wise! and that it is not rhyme, but our idle arguments that hath brought down to so base a reckoning, the price and estimation of writing in this kind: when the best good things of this age, by coming together in one throng, and press with the many head, are not discerned from them, but overlooked with them, and all taken to be alike; but when after-times shall make a quest of inquiry, to examine the best of this age, peradventure there will be found, in the now contending records of rhyme, matter not unfitting the gravest divine, and severest lawyer in the kingdom: but those things must have the date of antiquity to make them reverend and authentic, for ever in the collation of writers, men rather weigh their age than their merit, et leges priores cum reverentia, quando constant non possunt sine invidia. And let no writer in rhyme be any way discouraged in his endeavour by this brave strain, but rather animated to bring up all the best of his powers, and charge withal the strength of nature and industry upon contempt, that the show of this real forces may turn back insolency into her own hold; for, be sure that innovation never with any overthrow, but upon the advantage of a certain idleness, and let this make us look the better to our feet, the better to our matter, better to our manners. Let the adversary that thought to hurt us, bring more profit and honour, by being against us, than if he had stood still on our side; for that (next to the awe of Heaven) the best way, the strongest hand to make men keep their way, is that which their enemy bears upon them! and is this be the benefit we make by being against us, and the means to redeem back the good bodies, vanity and idleness have suffered to be with us, which nothing but substance and matter can effect: for,

Scindendi recte capere ut et principium et finem.

When we hear music, we must be in the air; in the utter-room of sense; but when we flourish

¹ Simplices lingua possit taliter.

judgment, we retire into the cabinet and innermost withdrawing chamber of the soul: and it is but as music for the ear,

Verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis :

but it is a work of power for the soul.

Numerosque modosque ediscere vite.

The most judicial and worthy spirits of this land are not so delicate, or will owe so much to their ear, as to rest upon the outside of words, and be entertained with sound; seeing that both number, measure, and rhyme, is but as the ground or seat, whereupon is raised the work that commends it, and which may be easily at the first found out by any shallow conceit; as we see some fantastic to begin a fashion, which afterward gravity itself is fain to put on, because it will not be out of the wear of other men, and *recti apud nos locum tenet error ubi publicus factus est.* And power and strength that can plant itself any where, having built within this compass, and reared it of so high a respect, we now embrace it as the fittest dwelling for our invention, and have thereon bestowed all the substance of our understanding to furnish it as it is; and therefore here I stand forth, only to make good the place we have thus taken up, and to defend the sacred monuments erected therein, which contain the honour of the dead, the fame of the living, the glory of peace, and the best power of our speech, and wherein so many honourable spirits have sacrificed to memory their dearest passions, showing by what divine influence they have been moved, and under what stars they lived.

But yet notwithstanding all this which I have here delivered in the defence of rhyme, I am not so far in love with mine own mystery, or will seem so forward, as to be against the reformation, and the better settling the measures of ours; wherein there be many things, I could wish were more certain and better ordered, though myself dare not take upon me to be a teacher therein, having so much need to learn of others. And I must confess, that to mine own ear, those continual cadences of couplets used in long and continued poems, are very tiresome and unpleasant, by reason that still methinks they run on with a sound of one nature, and a kind of certainty which stuffs the delight rather than entertains it. But yet notwithstanding, I must not out of my own faintness condemn this kind of writing, which peradventure to another may seem most delightful; and many worthy compositions we see to have passed with commendation in that kind. Besides, methinks sometimes to beguile the ear with a running out and passing over the rhyme, as no bound to stay us in the line where the violence of the matter will break through, is rather graceful than otherwise. Wherein I find my *Flumen-Lucan* as if he gloried to seem to have no bounds; albeit, he were confined within his measures, to be in my conceit most happy; for so thereby, they who care not for verse or rhyme, may pass it over without taking any notice thereof, and please themselves with a well-measured prose. And I must confess my adversary hath wrought this much upon me, that I think a tragedy would indeed best comport with a blank verse, and dispense with rhyme, saving in the chorus, or where a

sentence shall require a couplet: and to avoid this overglutting the ear with that always certain and full encounter of rhyme, I essayed in some of my epistles to alter the usual place of meeting, and to set it further off by one verse to try how I could disuse my own ear, and to ease it of this continual burthen, which indeed seems to surcharge it a little too much, but as yet I cannot come to please myself therein; this alternate or cross rhyme holding still the best place in my affection.

Besides in me this change of number in a poem of one nature fits not so well, as to mix uncertainly feminine rhymes with masculine, which, ever since I was warned of that deformity by my kind friend and countryman, Mr. Hugh Samford, I have always so avoided it, as there are not above two couplets in that kind in all my poem of the Civil Wars; and I would willingly if I could, have altered it in the rest, holding feminine rhymes to be fittest for ditties, and either to be set certain, or else by themselves: but in these things, I say, I dare not take upon me to teach that they ought to be so, in respect myself holds them to be so, or that I think it right; for indeed there is no right in these things that are continually in a wandering motion, carried by the violence of our uncertain likings, being but only the time that gives them their power. For if this right, or truth, should be no other thing than what we make it, we shall shape it in a thousand figures, seeing this excellent painter-man can so well lay the colours which himself grinds in his own affection, as that he will make them serve for any shadow, and any counterfeit. But the greatest hinderer of our proceedings, and the reformer of our errors, is this self-love, whereunto we versifiers are ever noted to be especially subject; a disease of all other the most dangerous and incurable, being once seated in the spirits, for which there is no cure, but only by a spiritual remedy; *multos puto, ad sapientiam potuisse pervenire, nisi putassent se pervenisse:* and this opinion of our sufficiency makes so great a crack in our judgment, as it will hardly ever hold any thing of worth, *circus amor sui*, and though it would seem to see all without it, yet certainly it discerns but little within. For there is not the simplest writer that will ever tell himself he doth ill, but as if he were the parasite only to sooth his own doings, persuades him that his lines cannot but please others, which so much delight himself:

*Suffenus est quinque sibi—neque idem unquam.
Æque est beatus, ac poema cum scribit,
Tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.*

And the more to show that he is so, we shall see him evermore in all places, and to all persons, repeating his own compositions: and,

Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo.

Next to this deformity stands our affectation, wherein we always betray ourselves to be both unkind and unnatural to our own native language, in disguising or forging strange or unusual words, as if it were to make our verse seem another kind of speech out of the course of our usual practice, displacing our words, or investing new, openly upon a singularity; when our own accustomed phrase, set in the due place, would express us more

familiarly and to better delight, than all this life
 affectation of antiquity or novelty can ever do.
 And I cannot but wonder at the strange presump-
 tion of those men, that dare so audaciously to in-
 troduce any whatsoever foreign words, be they
 never so strange; and of themselves as it were,
 without a permission, without any consent or al-
 lowance, establish them as free-denizens in our lan-
 guage. But this is but a character of that perpe-
 tual revolution which we see to be in all things that
 never remain the same, and we must herein be
 content to submit ourselves to the law of time,
 which in a few years will make all that for which
 we now contend, *nothing*.

755

COMPLAINT OF ROSANOND.

" Out from the horror of infernal deeps,
 My poor afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
 Attended with my shame that never sleeps,
 The spot wherewith my kind and youth did stain it;
 My body found a grave where to contain it:
 A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
 For fame needs never tomb 't inclose it in.

" And which is worse, my soul is now denied
 Her transport to the sweet Elysian rest,
 The joyful bliss for ghosts repaired,
 The ever-springing gardens of the blessed:
 Charon denies me passage with the rest,
 And says, my soul can never pass the river;
 Till lovers' sight on Earth shall it deliver.

" So shall I never pass; for how should I
 Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
 Time hath long since worn out the memory
 Both of my life, and lives unjust depriving,
 sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving,
 Rosanond hath little left her but her name,
 And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

" No Muse suggests the pity of my case,
 Each pen doth overpass my just complaint,
 Whilst others are prefer'd, though far more base;
 Shera's wife is grac'd, and passes for a saint;
 Her legend justifies her soul attain'd:
 Her well-told tale did such compassion find,
 That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

" Which e'en with grief, my miserable ghost,
 (Whilome invested in so fair a veil,
 Which, whilst it liv'd, was honour'd of the best;
 And being dead, gives master to beveil)
 Comes to solicit thee (whilst others fail)
 To take this task, and in thy woful song
 To form my case, and register my wrong.

" Although I know thy just lamenting Muse,
 Told'st in the affection of thine own distress;
 In others' cases hath little time to use,
 And therefore may'st esteem of mine the less;
 Yet as thy hopes attend happy redress:
 The joys depending on a woman's grace,
 No more thy mind, a woful woman's case.

" Dost thou may hap to deign to read our story,
 And offer up her sighs amongst the rest,
 Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
 Wherewith thou might'st be grac'd and I be best?
 That ingratitude would profit me the best:
 Such pow'r she hath by whom thy youth is led,
 To joy the living, and to bless the dead.

" So I (through beauty) made the woful'st sight,
 By beauty might have comfort after death;
 That dying fairest, by the fairest night
 Find life above on Earth, and rest beneath:
 She that can bless us with one happy breath,
 Give comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
 That thereby thou may'st joy, and I may rest."

Thus said, forthwith mov'd with a tender care
 And pity (which myself could never find)
 What she desir'd my Muse desir'd to declare,
 And therefore will'd her boldly tell her mind:
 And I (more willing) took this charge assign'd,
 Because her griefs were worthy to be known,
 And telling hers, might apt forget mine own.

" Then write," quoth she, " the ruin of my youth
 Report the downfall of my slipp'ry state;
 Of all my life reveal the simple truth,
 To teach to others what I learnt too late;
 Exemplify my frailty, tell how fate
 Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
 And e'er they come to know them 't is fearful."

" For whilst the sunshine of my fortune lasted,
 I joy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
 That ever yet imperious beauty tasted;
 I had what glory ever seek could get;
 But this fair morning had a shameful set;
 Disgrace dark'd honour, sin did cloud my lust
 As note the sequel, and I'll tell thee how.

" The blood I stain'd was good, and of the best
 My birth had honour, and my beauty bloom'd;
 Nature and fortune join'd to make me blessed,
 Had I had grace 't have known to use the best
 My education shew'd from whence it came,
 And all concurr'd to make me happy first,
 That so great hope might make me more sure."

" Happy liv'd I, whilst parents' eyes did guide
 The indiscretion of my feeble ways;
 And country home kept me from being gay,
 Where best, unknown, I spent my sweetest days
 Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
 To higher place, which greater credit yields,
 Deeming such beauty was unfit for fields."

" From country then to court I was prefer'd
 From calm to storms, from shore into the deep
 There, where I peris'd, where my youth was led
 There, where I lost the flower which honour
 There, where the worse thrives, the better
 Ah me! (poor wench) on this unhappy shelf
 I ground'd me, and cast away myself."

" There, where as frail and tender beauty
 With all assaulting powers environ'd;
 Having but prayer and weak feeble beams
 To hold their honour's feet unvanquish'd;
 There where to stand, and be unconquer'd,
 Is to b' above the nature of our kind,
 That cannot long, for pity, be unkind."

' For thither com'd, when years had arm'd my
With rarest proof of beauty ever seen: [youth,
When my reviving eye had learnt the truth,
But it had power to make the winter green,
and flourish affections, whereas none had been;
moon could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
and make the world do homage to mine eyes.

' For age I saw (though years with cold conceit
longen'd their thoughts against a warm desire)
set sigh their wait, and look at such a bait:
saw how youth was wax before the fire;
saw by death, I fram'd my look a fyre,
set wail perceiv'd how fortune made me then
The envy of my sex, and wonder unto man.

' Look how 't' comet, at the first appearing,
Draws all mine eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale, at sudden hearing,
Takes silent listening unto him that told it;
So did my speech, when robes did unfold it;
So did the blasing of my blush appear,
To amaze the world that holds such sights so dear.

' Ah! Beauty! thy art, fair seducing good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
More than the word or wisdom of the wise;
Still harmony, whose dissonance lies
Within a base) the key which passions move
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

' What might I then not do, whose power is such?
What sacred women do that know their power?
What women know it not (I fear too much)
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or frow?
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,
Whilst Nature decks them in their best attire
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

' Secluded was I, my beauty was mine own;
No borrow'd blush, which beset my beauties seek,
That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown;
Thy adorning beauty of a false cheek;
Vile stain to honour, and to women etc;
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
That with defect to cover our defect.

' Impiety of blood, chastity's abator,
Falseness, wherein thyself thyself dost set;
Treason to counterfeit the seal of nature,
The stamp of Heaven, impressed by the highest;
Diagnose unto the world, to whom thou liest
Idol unto thyself, thine to the wise,
And all that honour thee dost hate.

' Far was that from thee, whose eye was pure,
Whose simple beauty was a second veil;
The hand whose touch had no other line
But honesty, pure cheeks, a white breast,
This was the youth wherein my youth was bless'd;
These were the ornaments which mine beauty won,
In all the conflicts with mine eyes began.

' What was that maid, whose eyes did seem to
A crown was in my feet, steeples obey'd me;
Whom fortune made my king, love made my wife;
Who did command the hand, most humbly pray'd
Henry the Second, that he might be my
VOL. III

Found well (by proof) the privilege of beauty,
That it had power to countermand all duty.

' For after all his victories in France,
And all the triumphs of his honour won;
Unwatch'd by sword, was vanquish'd by a glance,
And hotter wars within his breast begun:
Wars, whom whole legions of desires drew on;
Against all which, my chastity contends
With force of honour, which my shame defends.

' No armour might be found that could defend
Transpiercing rays of crystal pointed eyes;
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No, not his age; (yet old men should be wise)
But shows deceits, outward appearance lies.
Let none for seeming so think saints of others;
For all are men, and all have suck'd their mothers.

' Who would have thought a monarch would have
Obey'd his hand-maid of so mean estate? (over
Vulture ambition feeding on his liver,
Age having worn his pleasures out of date?)
But hap comes never, or it comes too late;
For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Unto his feeble age did chance a lot.

' Ah, fortune! never absolutely good,
For that some crew still counter-checks our luck;
As here behold th' incompatible blood
Of age and youth, was that whereon we stuck,
Whom longing we from Nature's breasts do suck;
As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equal age doth equal like-desires.

' But mighty men in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold a
Sooth'd in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffer'd once to think they're old;
Not trusting what they see, but what is told,
Miserable fortune to forget so far
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

' Yet must I need excuse no great defect,
For drinking of the Lethe of mine eyes,
He's fore'd to forget himself, and all respect
Of majesty, whereas his wife relies;
And now of loves and pleasures must devise.
For thus reviv'd again, he serves who did
And seeks all means to undermine my youth.

' Which never by ambition could be won;
So well encamp'd in strength of chastity, I
My clean soul in thoughts could not have won;
The crown that would command such respect
I lesser priz'd than chastity's attire.
Th' ungather'd rose, defend'd with many a
Th' ungather'd rose, defend'd with many a

' And safe mine honour, mine all that I
One of my sex, of place and nature free,
Was set in anguish to entrap my youth;
One in the habit of the frailty, one
One who the ivory of like weakness had.
A seeming madman, yet a simple man;
As by her words the chaster she may see

' She set upon me with the smoothest speech,
That court and age could cunningly devise;
The one authentic, the other to deceive,
The other learn'd the how to grieve,
Both were enough to circumspect the wise.

A document that well might teach the sage,
That there 's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

" ' Daughter,' said she, 'behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast down into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'st thy honour great advance,
Whilst thou, unhappy, wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth an' errap,
T' oppose thyself against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, and seems thee to importune.

" ' Dost thou not see, how that thy king (thy Jove)
Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate:
And showers down gold and treasure from above,
Whilst thou dost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Eie, fooling, so! thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canst not see
What is thy fortune that doth follow thee.

" ' Thou must not think thy flower can always flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admir'd;
But that those rays which all these flames do nourish,
Cancell'd with time, will have their date expir'd,
And men will scorn what now is so desir'd.
Our frailties' doom is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade e'er many hours.

" ' Read in my face the ruins of my youth,
The wreck of years upon my aged brow;
I have been fair (I must confess the truth)
And stood upon as nice respects as thou;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth again,
I would redeem the time I spent in vain.

" ' But thou hast years and privilege to use them,
Thy privilege doth bear beauty's great seal;
Besides, the law of Nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may have a just appeal.
Esteem not fame more than thou dost thy weal.
Fame (whereof the world seems to make such choice)
Is but an echo, and an idle voice.

" ' Then why should this respect of honour bound
In th' imaginary lists of reputation? [us,
Titles which cold severity hath found us,
Breath of the vniager, fee to recreation;
Melancholy's opinion, custom's relation;
Measure of plague, beauty's torments, Hell to the fair,
To leave the sweet for smiles in the air.

" ' Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiv'd,
Honour, a thing without us, not our own;
Whereof we see how many are bereav'd,
Which should have reap'd the glory they had sown:
And many have it, yet unworthy, known.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest have esteem'd least.

" ' The subtle city-women, better learn'd,
Esteem them chaste enough that best seem so:
Who though they sport, it shall not be discern'd,
Their face betrays not what their bodies do;
'T is wary walking that does easiest go.
With show of virtue, as the cunning knows,
Subs aragat'd with veils, and men with shows.

" ' Then use thy talent, youth shall be thy weal
And let not honour from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly think thyself transparent,
That those who see thy face can judge thy heart,
Let her have shame that cannot closely act.
And seem the chaste, which is the chiefest art,
For what we seem each see, none knows our heart.

" ' What, dost thou stand on this, that he is it
Thy beauty hath the more to work upon,
Thy pleasure's want shall be supply'd with pit
Cold age dotes most, when heat of youth is fit
Enticing words prevail with such a one.
Alluring shows most deep impression strike,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.'

" Here interrupt, she leaves me in a doubt,
When lo! began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth environ'd round about,
The ground uncertain where my reason stood
Small my defence to make my party good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid
To overthrow a poor unskilful maid.

" ' Treason was in my bones, myself-obscur'd
To sell myself to lust, my soul to sin:
Pure blushing shame was even in retiring,
Leaving the sacred hold it gloried in.
Honour lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When clearer thoughts my weakness gasp'd up
Against myself, and shame did force me my;

" ' Ah! Rosamond, what doth thy flesh prop
Destruction to thy days, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T' entomb with black reproach a spotted name
Leaving thy blush, the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feet to sin, thy soul to lust,
Graceless to lay thy glory in the dust?

" ' Nay, first let the Earth gape wide to swallow
And shut thee up in boxes with her dead,
Ere suspect tempt thee taste forbidden tree,
Or feel the warmth of an unlawful bed,
Suffering thyself by lust to be misled;
So to disgrace thyself and grieve thine heirs,
That Clifford's race should scorn thee one of theirs.

" ' Never wish longer to enjoy the air,
Than that thou breath'st at the breath of chaste
Longer than thou preserv'st thy soul as fair
As is thy face, free from impurity.
Thy face, that makes th' admir'd in every ear
Where Nature's care such rarities enroll,
Which us'd amiss, may serve to damn thy heir.

" ' But what! he is my king, and may on
Whether I yield or not, I live defamed.
The world will think authority did gain me,
I shall be judg'd his love, and so be shamed.
We see the fair condemn'd, that never guess
And if I yield, 't is honourable shame,
If not, I live disgrac'd, yet thought thee sane.

" ' What way is left thee then (unhappy) in
Whereby thy spotless foot may wander out
This dreadful danger, which thou seem'st in
Wherein thy shame doth compass thee about
Thy simple years cannot resolve this doubt.
Thy youth can never guide thy feet as ours
But (in despite) some scandal will be given.

Thus stood I balanc'd equally precise,
 Ill my frail flesh did weigh me down to sin;
 Ill world and pleasure made me partialize,
 and glittering pomp my vanity did win,
 When to excuse my fault my lusts begin,
 and impious thoughts alleg'd this wanton cause,
 but though I sin'd, my sin had boast cause.

So well the golden balls cast down before me,
 could entertain my course, hinder my way:
 Whereat my wretchless youth stooping to store me,
 set me the goal, the glory, and the day.
 Pleasure had set my well-school'd thoughts to play,
 and bid me use the virtue of mine eyes,
 for sweetly it fits the fair to wantonize.

' Thus wrought to sin, soon was I train'd from court,
 to a solitary grange, there to attend
 the time the king should thither make resort,
 Where he love's long desired work should end.
 Whither he daily messages doth send,
 With costly jewels (orators of love)
 Which (ah! too well men know) do women move.

' The day before the night of my defeature,
 he greets me with a casket richly wrought;
 so rare, that Art did seem to strive with Nature,
 to express the cunning workman's curious thought;
 The mystery whereof I prying sought,
 and found engraven on the lid above,
 Any-mone, how she with Neptune strove.

' Any-mone, old Danaus' fairest daughter,
 as she was fetching water all alone
 to Lerna where Neptune came and caught her,
 from whom she striv'd and struggled to be gone,
 bating the air with cries and pitious moan;
 but all in vain, with him she's forc'd to go,
 'T is shame that men should use poor maidens so.

' There might I see described how she lay,
 at those proud feet, not satisfy'd with prayer:
 Wailing her heavy heep, cursing the day,
 as set so pitious to express despair.
 And by how much more griev'd, so much more fair,
 her tears upon her cheeks (poor careful girl!)
 Had seen against the Sun crystal and pearl:

' Whose pure clear streams (which to so fair up-
 wrought hotter flames (O miracle of love) (pearl)
 that kinder fire in water, heat in tears,
 and make neglected beauty mightier prove,
 teaching afflicted eyes affect to move;
 to show that nothing ill becomes the fair,
 but crusty, which yields unto no prayer.

' This having view'd, and therewith something
 figur'd I find within the other squares, [mov'd,
 transformed to, Jove's dearest lov'd,
 in her affliction how she strangely fares.
 Strangely distress'd (O beauty, born to cares!)
 turn'd to a heifer, kept with jealous eyes,
 always in danger of her hateful spica.

' These precedents presented to my view,
 wherein the presage of my fall was shown,
 might have forewarn'd me well what would ensue,
 and others' harms have made me shun mine-own,
 but fate is not prevented, though foreknown:
 for that must hap; decreed by heavenly powers,
 who work our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

" Witness the world, wherein is nothing rarer,
 Than miseries unken'd before they come:
 Who can the characters of chance decipher,
 Written in clouds of our concealed doom?
 Which though perhaps have been reveal'd to some,
 Yet that so doubtful (as success did prove them)
 That men must know they have the Heav'n above
 them.

" I saw the sin wherein my foot was ent'ring;
 I saw how that dishonour did attend it;
 I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,
 Yet had I not the power for to defend it;
 So weak is sense, when error hath condemn'd it.
 We see what 's good, and thereto we consent;
 But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

" And now I come to tell the worst of illnesses;
 Now draws the date of mine affliction near.
 Now when the dark had wrapt up all in stillness,
 And dreadful black had disposess'd the clear,
 Com'd was the Night (mother of Sleep and Fear)
 Who with her sable mantle friendly covers
 The sweet stoll'n sport of joyful meeting lovers.

" When, lo! I joy'd my lover, not my love,
 And felt the band of lust most undesir'd;
 Enforc'd th' unproved bitter sweet to prove,
 Which yields no natural pleasure when 't is hir'd;
 Love 's not constrain'd, nor yet of due requir'd:
 Judge they who are unfortunately wed,
 What 't is to come unto a leath'd bed.

" But soon his age receiv'd his short contenting,
 And sleep seal'd up his languishing desires;
 When he turns to his rest, I to repeating,
 Into myself my waking thought retires;
 My nakedness had prov'd my senses liars.
 Now open'd were mine eyes to look therein,
 For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

" Now did I find myself unparadis'd,
 From those pure fields of my so clean beginning:
 Now I perceiv'd how ill I was advis'd,
 My flesh gan loath the new-felt touch of sinning;
 Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning;
 For nature checks a new offence with loathing;
 But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.

" And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
 And love in him incorporates such zeal,
 That jealousy increas'd with age's coldness;
 Fearing to loose the joy of all his weal,
 Or doubting time his strength might else reveal,
 He 's driven to devise some subtle way,
 How he might safest keep so rich a prey.

" A stately palace he forthwith did build,
 Whose intricate innumerable ways,
 With such confused errors, so beguill'd,
 Th' unguided ent'ers with uncertain strays,
 And doubtful turnings kept them in delays;
 With bootless labour leading them about,
 Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

" Within the closed bosom of which frange,
 That serv'd a centre to that goodly round,
 Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
 With sweetest flowers that e'er adorn'd the ground,
 And all the pleasures that delight hath found.

'T antertain the sense of wanton eyes,
Fuel of love, from whence lust's flames arise.

" Here I enclos'd, from all the world asunder,
The minotaur of Shame kept for disgrace ;
The monster of Fortune, and the world's wonder,
Liv'd cloist'rad in so desolate a case :
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a thread.

" O Jealousy ! daughter of Envy and Love,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire ;
Foster'd with fears, thy father's joys t' improve ;
Mirth-marring monster, born a subtle liar ;
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire ;
Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee ;
Happy were lovers if they never knew thee.

" Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our heart :
Hunder'd-ey'd Argus, ever waking spy,
Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart,
Envious observer, prying in every part ;
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee ;
O would to God that love could be without thee.

" Thou did'st deprive (through false suggesting fear)
Him of content, and me of liberty,
The only good that women bold so dear,
And turn'st my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner ere an enemy :
Enjoin'd the ransom of my body's shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeem the same.

" What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd ?
For what is beauty if it be not seen ?
Or what is 't to be seen, if not admir'd ?
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd ?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.

" Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sun for light :)
The fair do hold this privilege as due,
By ancient charter, to live most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vain our friends from this do us debort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

" Witness the fairest streets that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glittering fair ;
For what rare woman, deck'd with beauty, is it,
That thither covets not to make repair ?
The solitary country may not stay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t' adorn the west.

" Here doth the curious, with judicial eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attir'd :
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To live where we are prais'd and most desir'd.
O ! how we joy to see ourselves admir'd,
Whilst niggardly our favours we discover ;
We love to be belov'd, yet scorn the lover.

" Yet would to God my foot had never mov'd
From country safety, from the fields of rest ;
To know the danger to be highly lov'd,
And live in pomp to brave among the best ;
Happy for me, better had I been bless'd,

If I unloosely had never stray'd,
But liv'd at home a happy country maid.

" Whose unaffected innocency thinks
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver ?
She's deck'd with truth ; the river, where she drink
Doth serve her for her glass ; her counsel-giver
She loves sincerely, and is loved ever.
Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath.
(True life that knows not what 's to die till death.)

" So should I never have been regist'rad,
In the black book of the unfortunate ;
Nor had my name, enroll'd with maids unmaid,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate :
Nor had I taught (through my unhappy fate)
This lesson (which myself learnt with expense)
How most it hurts, that most delights the sense.

" Shame follows sin, disgrace is duly given ;
Impiety will out, never so closely done :
No walls can hide us from the eye of Heaven ;
For shame must end what wickedness began ;
Forth breaks reproach when we least think thereon,
And this is ever proper unto courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

" Fame doth explore what lies most secret hid,
Ent'ring the closet of the palace-dweller ;
Abroad revealing what is most forbidden :
Of truth and falsehood both an equal teller,
'T is not a guard can serve for to expell her :
The sword of justice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from uttering secret things.

" And thus our stealth she could not long conceal,
From her whom such a forfeit most concern'd,
The wronged queen, who could so closely deal,
That she the whole of all our practice learn'd.
And watch'd a-time when least it was discern'd,
In absence of the king, to wreak her wrong,
With such revenge as she desired long.

" The labyrinth she enter'd by that thread,
That serv'd a conduct to my absent lord ;
Left there by chance, reserv'd for such a deed,
Where she surpris'd me whom she so abhor'd :
Enrag'd with madness, scarce she speaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Offering me most unwomanly disgrace.

" Look how a tigress that hath lost her whelp,
Runs fiercely ranging through the woods astray ;
And seeing herself depriv'd of hope or help,
Furiously assaults what 's in her way,
To satisfy her wrath (not for a prey) ;
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could disdain and jealousy devise.

" And after all her vile reproaches us'd,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her fears, and ease her jealous thought ;
No cruelty her wrath could leave unwrought ;
No spiteful act that to revenge is common ;
(No beast being fiercer than a jealous woman.)

" ' Here take,' said she, ' thou impudent wretch,
Base graceless strumpet, take this neat your rest ;
Your love-sick heart, that overcharg'd hath been
With pleasure's surfeit, must be purg'd with art ;
This potion hath a power that will convert

'Wrought those humours that oppress you so;
And, girl, I'll see you take it ere I go.

'What! stand you now amaz'd; retire you back?
Remember you, minion? come, dispatch with speed;
Here is no help, your champion now we lack,
And all these tears you shed will nothing speed;
Those dainty fingers needs must do the deed:
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And tride not, lest that I use you worse.'

Having this bloody doom from belliah breath,
My wefull eyes on every side I cast;
Ligour about me, in my hand my death,
Representing me the horror of my last;
All hope of pity and of comfort past.
No means, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must give myself my end.

'Those hands that beauty's ministers had been,
They must give death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in therat;
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice itself t' appease the wrong.
So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

'And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victory)
And leaves m' alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
Death and myself alone together be.)
To whom she did her full revenge refer.
Oh, poor weak conquest both for him and her!

'Then straight my conscience summons up my sin
To appear before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soul begin,
When ev'ry corner of that hateful place
Dictates mine error, and reveals disgrace;
Whilst I remain oppress'd in every part,
Death in my body, horror at my heart.

'Down on my bed my loathsome self I cast,
The bed that likewise gives in evidence
Against my soul, and tells I was unchaste,
Fells I was wanton, tells I follow'd sense,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
Must here the right of Heaven needs satisfy,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

'Here I began to wail my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange, unlook'd-for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth entrap,
To give me such a fall of infamy.

'And poor distressed Rosamond,' said I,
'Is this thy glory got, to die forlorn
In deserts where no ear can hear thee mourn?

'Nor any eye of pity to behold
The wofull end of thy sad tragedy;
But that thy wrongs unseen, thy tale untold,
Must here in secret silence bury'd lie,
And with thee, thine excuse together die?
Thy sin reveal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame alive, but dead what thy death did.

'Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of morn,
Tell th' air thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thyself, what thyself knows too well:
Utter thy grief, wherewith thy soul doth swell.

And let thy heart pity thy heart's remorse,
And be thyself the mourner and the corse.

'Console thee here, glad all in black despair,
With silence only, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so fair,
Did'st glorious live, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoil to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yield thy breath.

'Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To show in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoil the rest?
O beauty! thou an enemy profess'd
To chastity, and us that love thee most,
Without thee, how w' are loath'd, and with thee lost!

'You, you that proud with liberty and beauty,
(And well may you be proud that you be so)
Gitter in court, lov'd and observ'd of duty;
Would God I might to you but ere I go
Speak what I feel, to warn you by my woe,
To keep your feet in cleanly paths of shame,
That not enticing may divert the same.

'Seeing how 'gainst your tender weakness still,
The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th' assaults that ever might or skill
Can give against a chaste and clean intent;
Ah! let not greatness work you to consent.
The spot is foul, though by a monarch made,
Kings cannot privilege what God forbade.

'Lock up therefore the treasure of your love,
Under the surest keys of fear and shame:
And let no powers have power chaste thoughts to
To make a lawless entry on your fame. [move
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equal love shall march with equal pace,
In those pure ways that lead to no disgrace.

'For see how many discontented beds,
Our own aspiring or our parents' pride
Have caus'd, whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth and not love, honour and sought beside:
Whilst marry'd but to titles, we abide
As wedded widows, wanting what we have,
When shadows cannot give us what we crave.

'Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweets of youth inplotting in the air;
Alas! how oft we fall, hoping to climb;
Or whither as unprofitably fair,
Whilst those decays which are without repair,
Make us neglected, scorn'd, and reprov'd.
(And O, what are we, if we be not lov'd?)

'Fasten therefore upon occasions fit,
Lest this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do overtake your youth, or ruin it,
And cloud with infamy your beauty's shine:
Seeing how many seek to undermine
The treasury that 's unpossess'd of any;
And hard 't is kept that is desir'd of many.

'And fly (O fly!) these bed-brokers unclean,
(The monsters of our sex) that make a prey
Of their own kind, by an unkindly mean;
And e'en (like vipers) eating out a way
Through th' womb of their own shame, accursed they

Live by the death of fame, the gain of sin,
The filth of lust, and cleanness walk in.

" " As if 't were not enough that we (poor we)
Have weakness, beauty, gold, and men, our foes,
But we must have some of ourselves to be
Traitors unto ourselves, to join with those;
Such as our feeble forces do disclose,
And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to folly, and to men's untruth.

" " Hateful confounders both of blood and laws,
While orators of shame, that plead delight;
Ungracious agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darkness, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, devils that do unite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluck'd, will show how foul we
be.

" " You in the habit of a grave aspect,
(In credit by the trust of years) can show
The cunning ways of lust, and can direct
The fair and wily wantons how to go,
Having (your loathsome selves) your youth spent so:
And in uncleanness ever have been fed,
By the revens of a wanton bed:

" " By you have been the innocent betray'd,
The blushing fearful bolden'd onto sin,
The wife made subtle, subtle made the maid,
The husband scorn'd, dishonour'd the kin;
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been:
Confus'd our race, and falsify'd our blood,
Whilst fathers' sons possess wrong fathers' good."

" This, and much more, I would have utter'd then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my blood, subscrib'd with conscience'
pen,

To warn the fair and beautiful from ill;
Though I could wish (by the example of my will)
I had not left this name unto the fair,
But dy'd instantly to have had no heir.

" But now the poison, spread through all my veins,
Gaz dispates my living senses quite;
And nought-respecting Death (the last of pains)
Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensign of his might)
Upon his new-got spoil before his right:
Thence chas'd my soul, setting my day ere noon,
When I least thought my joys could end so soon.

" And as convey'd 't untimely funerals,
My scores cold course not suffer'd longer stay:
Behold! the king (by chance) returning, falls
T' encounter with the same upon the way,
As he repair'd to see his dearest joy;
Not thinking such a meeting could have been,
To see his love, and seeing been unseen.

" Judge those whose chance deprives of sweetest
treasure,

What 't is to lose a thing we hold so dear!
The best delight wherein our soul takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so near.
What passions feels that heart, inforc'd to bear
The deep impression of so strange a sight,
That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite?

" Amas'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;
Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;
Confus'd affects each other do confound;
Oppress'd with grief, his passions had no bound.
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

" At length extremity breaks out a way,
Through which, th' imprison'd voice with tears at-
tended,

Wails out a sound that sorrows do betray;
With arms across, and eyes to Heaven bend'd,
Vapouring out sighs that the skies ascended;
Sighs (the poor ease calamity affords)
Which serve for speech, when sorrow wanteth words.

" " O Heavens! quoth he, ' why do mine eyes be-
The hateful rays of this unhappy Sun? [said
Why have I light to see my sins control'd,
With blood of mine own shame thus wildly done?
How can my sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide!

" " What saw my life wherein my soul might joy?
What had my days, whom troubles still afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoise annoy?
This joy, this hope, which death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose loss hath all distress inflicted;
This, that did season all my sours of life,
Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife.

" " Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife,
Dissection in my blood, jars in my bed;
Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, days in dread;
(Such life hath tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering shows,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little know."

" Thus, as these passions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my body to behold it;
And as the vice married unto the sin,
With strict embraces, so doth he hold it:
And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
Viewing the face that even death commands,
On senseless lips, millions of kisses spends.

" " Fittful mouth! quoth he, ' that living gav'st
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish:
O be it lawful now, that dead thou hav'st,
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss.
And you fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be match'd never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

" " Ah! how methinks I see Death dallying seeks
To entertain itself in Love's sweet place;
Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks,
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace:
And ugly Death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That Death itself doubts whether she be dead.

" " Wonder of beauty, oh! receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For lo, my soul that now already faints,
(That lov'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to overtake thee.
I'll meet my death, and free myself thereby,
For, ah! what can he do that cannot die?

" Yet, ere I die, thus much my soul doth vow,
 Revenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind:
 And I will cause posterity shall know,
 How fair thou wert above all women kind,
 And after-ages monuments shall find,
 Showing thy beauty's title, not thy name,
 Rose of the world, that sweeten'd so the same."

" This said, though more desirous yet to say,
 (For sorrow is unwilling to give over)
 He doth repress what grief should else bewray,
 Lest he too much his passions should discover,
 And yet respect scarce bridles such a lover,
 So far transported, that he knows not whither,
 For love and majesty dwell ill together.

" Then were my funeral not long deferred,
 But done with all the rites pomp could devise,
 At Godstow, where my body was interred,
 And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
 Where yet as now scarce any note descries
 Unto these times, the memory of me,
 Marble and brass so little lasting be.

" For those walls, which the credulous devout
 And apt-believing ignorant did found;
 With willing zeal, that never call'd in doubt,
 That time their works should ever so confound,
 Lie like confused heaps as under ground,
 And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
 The wiser ages do account as folly.

" And were it not thy favourable lines
 Re-edify'd the wreck of my decays,
 And that thy accents willingly assigns
 Some further date, and give me longer days,
 Few in this age had known my beauty's praise,
 But thus renew'd, my fame redeems some time,
 Till other ages shall neglect thy rhyme.

" Then when confusion in her course shall bring
 Sad desolation on the times to come:
 When worthless Thames shall have no swan to sing,
 All music silent, and the Muses dumb;
 And yet even then it must be known to some,
 That once they flourish'd, though not cherish'd so,
 And Thames had swam as well as ever Po.

" But here an end, I may no longer stay,
 I must return t' attend as Stygian flood:
 Yet, ere I go, this one word more I pray,
 Tell Deba, now her sigh may do me good,
 And will her note the frailty of our blood.
 And if I pass unto these happy banks,
 Thou shalt not have her praise, thy pen her thanks."

So vanish'd she, and left me to return
 To prosecute the terror of my woes:
 Eternal matter for my Muse to mourn,
 But yet the world hath heard too much of those,
 My youth such errors must no more disclose.
 I'll hide the rest, and grieve for what hath been,
 Who made me known, must make us live unseen.

A LETTER

FROM

OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST VIRTUOUS LADY,

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

ALTHOUGH the meaner sort (whose thoughts are
 As in another region, far below (plac'd,
 The sphere of greatness) cannot rightly taste
 What touch it hath, nor right her passions know:
 Yet have I here adventur'd to bestow
 Words upon grief, as my griefs comprehend,
 And made this great afflicted lady show,
 Out of my feelings, what she might have penn'd:
 And here the same, I bring forth to attend
 Upon thy reverend name, to live with thee
 Most virtuous lady, that vouchsaf'd to lend
 Ear to my notes, and comfort unto me,
 That one day may thine own fair virtues spread,
 Being secretary now but to the dead.

THE ARGUMENT.

Upon the second agreement (the first being broken through jealousy of a disproportion of eminency) between the triumviri Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus; Octavia, the sister of Octavius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a link to combine that which never yet, the greatest strength of Nature, or any power of nearest respect, could long hold together; who, made but the instrument of others' ends, and delivered up as an hostage, to serve the opportunity of advantages, met not with that integrity she brought; but as highly preferred to affliction, encountered with all the grievances that beat upon the misery of greatness, exposed to stand betwixt the diverse tending humours of tranquil parties: for Antony having yet upon him the fetters of Egypt, laid on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new laws into the state of his affection, or dispose of himself, being not himself, but as having his heart turned eastward, whither the point of his desires are directed, touched with the strongest allurements that ambition and a licentious sovereignty could draw a man unto, could not truly descend to the private love of a civil nurtur'd matron, whose entertainment, bounded with modesty and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours than the plain habit of truth, wherein she ever suited all her actions, and used all her best ornaments of honesty, to win the good liking of him that held her, but as a curtain, draws between him and Octavius, to shadow his other purposes withal, which the sharp sight of an equally jealous ambition would soon

pierce into, and as easily look through and over blood and nature, as he to abuse it; and therefore, to prevent his aspiring, he arms his forces, either to reduce Antony to the rank of his estate, or else to dethrone him out of state and all. When Octavia, by the employment of Antony, (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her trial) throws herself, great with child, and as big with sorrow, into the travail of a most labourous reconciliation: taking her journey from the furthest part of Greece to find Octavius, with whom her cares and tears were so good agents, that they affected their commission beyond all expectation, and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunity, got over again into Egypt, where he so forgot himself, that he quite put off his own nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleasures, as if he had wound himself out of the respect of his country, blood, and alliance, which gave to Octavia the cause of much affliction, and to me the argument of this letter.

A LETTER, &c.

To thee (yet dear) though most disloyal lord,
Whom impious love keeps in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife Octavia sendeth word
Of the unkind wounds received by thy hand;
Great Antony, O! let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to understand
The hurt thou dost, and do but read her tears,
That still is thine, though thou wilt not be here.

Although, perhaps, these my complaints may come
Whilst thou in th' arms of that incestuous queen,
The stain of Egypt, and the shame of Rome,
Shalt dallying sit, and blush to have them seen,
Whilst proud disdainful she, guessing from whom
The message came, and what the cause hath been,
Will scornfully, "Faith, this comes from your dear,
Now, sir, you must be silent for staying here."

From her indeed it comes, delicious dame,
(Thou royal concubine and queen of lust)
Whose arms yet pure, whose breasts are void of blame,
And whose most lawful flame proves thine unjust:
'T is she that sends the message of thy shame,
And his untruth that hath betray'd thy trust;
Pardon, dear lord, from her these sorrows are,
Whose bed brings neither infamy nor war.

And therefore hear her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame;
Although at first my truth in thee was such,
As it held out against the strongest fame;
My heart would never let in once a touch
Of least belief, till all confirm'd the same;
That I was almost lost that would believe,
Because I knew me first that most must grieve.

How oft have poor abused I took part
With falsehood, only for to make thee true?
How oft have I argued against my heart,
Not suffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not have thee what thou art,
I made myself unto myself untrue:
So much my love labour'd against my sin,
To shut out fear, which yet kept fear within.

For I could never think the aspiring mind
Of worthy and victorious Antony,
Could be by such a syren so deceiv'd,
As to be train'd a prey to luxury;
I could not think my lord would be a' wretch,
As to despise his children, Rome, and me;
But O! how soon see they deceiv'd that trust,
And more their shame, that will be so unjust.

But now that certain fate hath open laid
Thy new relapse, and strange revolt from me;
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the passage of my sorrows free;
For now, poor heart, there's nothing in the way
Remains to stand betwixt despair and thee;
All is thrown down, there comes no succour now,
It is most true, my lord is most untrue.

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

Which makes me, as I do, hide from the eye
Of the misjudging vulgar, that will deem,
That sure there was in me some reason why
Which made thee thus my bed to disesteem:
So that, alas! poor undeserving I
A cause of thy unclean deserts shall seem,
Though lust takes never joy in what is done,
But still leaves known delights to seek out men.

And yet my brother Caesar labour'd
To have me leave thy house, and live more free;
But God forbid Octavia should be led,
To leave to live in thine, though left by thee;
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed
Are still the objects that remember me,
What Antony was once, although false now,
And is my lord, though he neglect his vow.

These walls that here do keep me ought of night,
Shall keep me all unspotted unto thee,
And testify that I will do thee right,
I'll never stain thy house, though thou shame me:
The now and chamber of my once delight
Shall be the temple of my piety,
Sacred unto the faith I reverence,
Where I will pay my tears for thy offence.

Although my youth, thy absence, and this way
Might draw my blood to forfeit unto shame,
Nor need I frustrate my delights so long,
That have such means to carry so the same,
Since that the face of greatness is so strong,
As it dissolves suspect, and bears out blame,
Having all secret helps that long tharsto,
That seldom wants there ought but will to do.

Which yet to do, ere lost this heart shall seem,
Earth swallow me alive, Hell wrap me hence:
Shall I, because despis'd, contemn my shame,
And add disgrace to others' impudence?
What can my power, but give more power to fame?
Greatness must make it great incontinence:
Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,
No door keeps in their shame that do not well.

lath greatness ought peculiar else alone,
 but to stand fair and bright above the base?
 What doth divide the cottage from the throne,
 / vice shall lay both level with disgrace?
 or if uncleanness make them but all one,
 What privilege hath honour by his place?
 What though our sins go brave and better clad,
 they are as those in rags, as base, as bad.

know not how, but wrongfully I know
 lath undiscerning custom plac'd our kind
 under desert, and set us far below
 the reputation to our sex assign'd:
 We're our wrong reputed weakness, how
 Ye are unconstant, fickle, false, unkind:
 and though our life with thousand proofs shows so,
 't is since strength says it, weakness must be so.

Inequal partage, to b' allowed no share
 Of power to do of life's best benefit;
 but stand, as if we interdicted were
 Of virtue, action, liberty, and might:
 Just you have all, and not vouchsafe to spare
 Our weakness any int'rest of delight?
 Is there no portion left for us at all,
 but sufferance, sorrow, ignorance, and thrall?

How happy you, in whom it is no fault,
 To know, to speak, to do, and to be wise:
 Whose words have credit, and whose deeds, though
 Must yet be made to seem far otherwise: [sought,
 You can be only heard, whilst we are taught
 To hold our peace, and not to exercise
 The powers of our best parts, because your parts
 Have with our freedom robb'd us of our hearts.

We, in this prison of ourselves could'd,
 Must here shut up with our own passions live
 Locked in upon us, and deny'd to find
 The vent of outward means that might relieve:
 That they alone must take up all our mind:
 And no room left us, but to think and grieve.
 Yet oft our narrow'd thoughts look more direct
 Than your loose wisdoms, born with wild neglect.

For should we too (as God forbid we should)
 Carry no better hand on our desires
 Than your strength doth, what int'rest could
 Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
 What mixture of strange generations would
 Incead the fortunes of uncertain sires?
 What foul confusion in your blood and race,
 To your immortal shame and our disgrace?

What, are there here for us, no bounds for you?
 Must levity stand sure, though firmness fall?
 And are you privileg'd to be untrue,
 And we no grant to be dispens'd withal?
 Must we inviolable keep your due,
 Both to your love and to your falsehood thrall?
 Whilst you have stretch'd your lust upon your will,
 Is it your strength were licens'd to do ill.

Oh! if you be more strong, then be more just,
 Clear this suspicion, make not th' world to doubt,
 Whether in strong or weak be better trust,
 If frailty or else valour be more stout:
 And if we have shut in our hearts from lost,
 Let not your bad example let them out,
 Think that there is like feeling in our blood,
 If you still have us good, ha you then good.

Is it that love doth take no true delight
 In what it hath, but still in what it would,
 Which draws you on to do us this unright,
 Whilst fear in us of losing what we hold,
 Keeps us in still to you, that set us light,
 So that, what you unties, doth us inhold?
 Then Love, 't is thou that dost confound us so,
 To make our truth, th' occasion of our woe.

Distressed womankind, that either must,
 For loving loose your loves, or get neglect:
 Whilst wantons are more car'd for than the just,
 And falsehood cherish'd, faith without respect:
 Better she fares in whom is lesser trust,
 And more is lov'd that is in more suspect.
 Which (pardon me) shows no great strength of mind
 To be most theirs, that use you most unkind.

Yet well it fits, for that sin ever must
 Be tortur'd with the rack of his own frame;
 For he that holds no faith, shall find no trust,
 But sowing wrong, is sure to reap the same:
 How can he look to have his measure just,
 That fills deceit, and reckons not of shame,
 And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,
 Shall ever pine for that which he hath not?

Yet if thou could'st not love, thou might'st have
 seem'd,
 Though to have seem'd had likewise been unjust:
 Yet so much are lean shows of us esteem'd,
 That oft they feed, though not suffice our trust:
 Because our nature grieveth to be deem'd
 To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must;
 And it's some ease yet to be kindly us'd
 In outward show, though secretly abus'd.

But woe to her that both in show despair'd,
 And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorn,
 For whom no comforts are to be deriv'd,
 Nor no new hopes can evermore be born:
 O Antony, could it not have suffic'd
 That I was thine, but must be made her scorn,
 That envies all her blood, and doth divide
 Thee from thyself, only to serve her pride?

What fault have I committed that should make
 So great dislike of me and of my love?
 Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
 For to dislike what most doth it reprove?
 Because the conscience gladly would mistake
 Her own misdeeds, which she would fain remove;
 And they that are unwilling to amend,
 Will take offence, because they will offend.

Or having run beyond all pardon quite,
 They fly and join with sin, as wholly his,
 Making it now their side, their part, their right,
 And to turn back, would show t' have done amiss:
 For now they think, not to be opposite
 To what upbraids their fault, were wickedness:
 So much doth folly thrust them into blame,
 That ev'n to leave off shame, they count it shame.

Which do not thou, dear lord, for I do not
 Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy return
 Back to thyself, whom thou hast both forgot
 With me, poor me, that doth not spite, but mourn;
 And if thou could'st as well amend thy blot
 As I forgive, these plaints had been forborne:
 And thou should'st be the same unto my heart,
 Which once thou wert, not that which now thou art.

Though deep doth sit the hard recovering smart
Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my sad soul, than all th' unkindness past:
And, Antony, I appeal to thine own heart, (heart)
(If th' heart which once was thine, thou yet still
To judge if ever woman that did live
Had juster cause, than wretched I, to grieve?)

For coming unto Athens, as I did,
Weary and weak with toil, and all distress'd,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request:
And how my travel was considered,
And all my ease and ease, thyself knows best,
That wouldst not move one foot from lust for me,
That had left all was dear to come to thee.

For first, what great ado had I to win
My offended brother Caesar's backward will?
And pray'd, and wept, and cry'd to stay the sin
Of civil rancour, rising 'twixt you still:
For in what case shall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both, to share with both your ill?
"My blood," said I, "with either of you goes,
Whoever win, I shall be sure to lose."

For what shame should such mighty persons get,
For two weak women's cause to disagree?
Nay, what shall I that shall be doom'd to set
Th' unkindled fire, seeming indiam'd for me?
O, if I be the motive of this heat,
Let these unguilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trow to mediate an accord,
The agent 'twixt my brother and my lord.

With prayers, vows, and tears, with urging hard,
I wrong from him a slender grant at last,
And with the rich provisions I prepar'd
For thy (intended) Parthian war made haste,
Weighing not how my poor weak body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties past,
And came to Athens; whence I Niger sent,
To show thee of my coming and intent.

Whereof when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no near:
Then sent I back, to know what should be done
With th' horse, and men, and money I had there:
Whereat, perhaps, when some remove begun
To touch thy soul, to think yet what we were,
Th' enchantress straight step'd 'twixt thy heart
and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of me.

She arms her tears, the engines of deceit,
And all her battery to oppose my love,
And bring thy coming grace to a retreat,
The power of all her subtlety to prove:
Now pale and faint she languishes, and straight
Seems in a sound, unable more to move:
Whilst her instructed fellows ply thine ears
With forged passions, mix'd with feigned tears.

"Hard-hearted lord," say they, "how canst thou
This mighty queen, a creature so divine, (see)
Lie thus distress'd, and languishing for thee,
And only wretched, but for being thine?
Whilst base Octavia must entitled be
Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy concubine:
Advance thy heart, raise it unto his right,
And let a sceptre bear passions quit."

Thus they entail thy mistress's weakest suit,
And work upon th' advantage of thy mind,
Knowing where judgment stood least fortified,
And how t' encounter folly in her mind:
But yet the while, O what dost thou abide,
Who in thyself such wretched thoughts dost find!
In what confused case is thy soul in,
Rack'd betwixt pity, sorrow, shame, and sin!

I cannot tell, but sure I dare believe
My travels needs must some compassion move:
For no such lock to blood could Nature give,
To shut out pity, though it shut out love:
Conscience must leave a little way to grieve,
To let in horror, coming to reprove
The guilt of thine offence that caus'd the sin,
For deepest wounds the hand of our own sin.

Never have unjust pleasures been complete,
In joys entire, but still fear kept the door,
And held back something from that full of ease
To interour assure delights the more:
For never did all circumstances meet
With those desires which were conceiv'd before,
Something must still be left to check our sin,
And give a touch of what should not have been.

Wretched mankind! wherefore hath Nature met
The lawful unadmitted, th' unjust shame?
As if our pleasures only were forbid,
But to give fire to love, t' add greater flame:
Or else, but as ordain'd more to lase
Our heart with passions to confound the same;
Which though it be, yet add not worms to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine own will.

Redeem thyself, and now at length make pass
With thy divided heart, oppress'd with toil:
Break up this war, thy breast-discussion cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile:
I do not only seek thy good t' increase,
But thine own ease and liberty; the while
Thou in the circuit of thyself confine
And be thine own, and then thou wilt be mine.

I know my pitied love doth aggravate
Envy and wrath for these wrongs offered:
And that my sufferings add with my estate
Coals in thy bosom, hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wish t' have been unspiced
Of all but thee, than that my love should be
Hurtful to him that is so dear to me.

Cannot the busy world let me alone,
To bear alone the burden of my grief,
But they must intermeddle with my woes,
And seek t' offend me with unsoot relief?
Whilst my afflictions labour to move some
But only thee: must pity play the thief,
To steal so many hearts to hurt my heart,
And move a part against my dearest part?

Yet all this shall not prejudice my love,
If yet he will but make return at last,
His sight shall raise out of the sad record
Of my hurled grief all that is past:
And I will not so much as once afford
Place for a thought, to think I was disagree'd;
And pity shall bring back again with me,
Th' offended hearts that have forsaken thee.

And therefore come, dear lord, lest longer stay
 I arm against thee all the powers of spite,
 And thou be made at last the wofull prey
 Of full enkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
 It what presaging thought of blood doth stay
 Thy trembling hand, and doth my soul affright?
 What horror do I see, prepar'd t' attend
 On'st event of this? what end, unless thou end?

With what strange forms and shadows ominous,
 And my last sleep my griev'd soul entertain?
 I dreamt, yet O! dreams are but frivolous,
 And yet I'll tell it, and God grant it vain.
 I thought a mighty hippopotamus,
 From Nilus floating, thrusts into the main,
 Upon whose back a wanton mermaid sat,
 As if she rul'd his course, and steer'd his fate.

With whom t' encounter, forth another makes,
 Like in kind, of strength and power as good:
 Whose engrappling, Neptune's mantle takes
 Purple colour, dy'd with streams of blood;
 He great this looker-on amaz'd, forsakes
 Or champion there, who yet the better stood:
 Not seeing her gone, straight after her he hies,
 As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

In follows wrath upon disgrace and fear,
 Thenceforth th' event foretook me with the night,
 Not my wak'd cares gave me, these shadows were
 Wawn but from darkness to instruct the light;
 These secret figures Nature's message bear
 Of coming woes, were they decipher'd right;
 Not if as clouds of sleep thou shalt them take,
 Yet credit wrath and spite that are awake.

Reverent, great spirit, the tempests that begin,
 Thy lust and thy ambition have left way
 Not to look out, and have not shut all in,
 To stop thy judgment from a true survey
 Of thy estate, and let thy heart within
 Consider in what danger thou dost lay
 By life and mine, to leave the good thou hast,
 To follow hopes with shadows overcast.

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from
 Deceit,
 Observe thine own with right, with truth, with
 Peace:
 Reak from these snares, thy judgment unobscure,
 See thine own torment, and my grief release.
 Whither am I carried all this while
 Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease?
 Yords still with my increasing sorrows grow:
 I know t' have said too much, but not know.
 Therefore no more, but only I commend
 To thee the heart that's thine; and so I end.

1 A sea-horse.

DEDICATION

OF

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH.

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY OF THE MOST WISE
 PRINCESS, ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF ENGLAND,
 SCOTLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND.

Hence, what your sacred influence begat
 (Most lov'd, and most respected majesty)
 With humble heart and hand, I consecrate
 Unto the glory of your memory:
 As being a piece of that solemnity,
 Which your magnificence did celebrate
 In hallowing of those roofs (you rear'd of late)
 With fires and cheerful hospitality;
 Whereby, and by your splendid worthiness,
 Your name shall longer live, than shall your walls:
 For that fair structure goodness finishes,
 Bears off all change of times, and never falls.
 And that is it hath let you in so far
 Into the heart of England, as you are.
 And worthily, for never yet was queen,
 That more a people's love have merited
 By all good graces, and by having been
 The means our state stands fast established,
 And bless'd by your bless'd womb, who are this day
 The highest-born queen of Europe, and alone
 Have brought this land more blessings every way,
 Than all the daughters of strange kings have done.
 For we by you no claims, no quarrels have,
 No factions, no betraying of affairs:
 You do not spend our blood, nor states, but save:
 You strength us by alliance, and your heirs.
 Not like those fatal marriages of France,
 For whom this kingdom hath so dearly paid,
 Which only our afflictions did advance,
 And brought us far more miseries than aid.
 Renowned Denmark, that hath furnished
 The world with princes, how much do we owe
 To thee for this great good thou didst bestow,
 Whereby we are both bless'd and honour'd?
 Thou didst not so much hurt us heretofore,
 But now thou hast rewarded us far more.
 But what do I on this high subject fall
 Here, in the front of this low pastoral?
 This a more grave and spacious room requires,
 To show your glory, and my deep desires.

Your majesty's most humble servant,

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE

PROLOGUE.

HYMEN, OPPOSED BY AVARICE, ENVY, AND FALSOOD, THE
 DISTURBERS OF QUIET MARRIAGE, FIRST ENTRED.

HYMEN.

In this disguise and pastoral attire,
 Without my sabbon robe, without my torch,
 Or rather aways of my duty,
 I Hymen am come hither secretly,
 To make Arcadia see a work of glory,
 That shall deserve an everlasting story.

Here shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant lovers that were ever seen,
From out the greatest sufferings of annoy
That Fortune could inflict, to their full joy:
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antic sport,
But tender passions, motions soft and grave,
The still spectators must expect to have.

For these are only Cynthia's recreatives
Made unto Phoebus, and are feminine;
And therefore must be gentle like to her,
Whose sweet affections mildly move and stir.

And here, with this white wand will I effect
As much as with my flaming torch of love:
And with the power thereof, affections move
In these fair nymphs and shepherds round about.

ENVY.

Stay, Hymen, stay, you shall not have the day
Of this great glory, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were ever wont,
Oppose you in the matches you address,
And undermine them with disturbances.

HYMEN.

Now, do thy worst, base Envy, thou canst do,
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.

AVARICE.

Then will I, Hymen, in despite of thee,
I will make parents cross desires of love
With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolve
The strongest knots of kindest faithfulness.

HYMEN.

Hence, greedily Avarice, I know thou art
A hag that doest bewitch the minds of men:
Yet shalt thou have no share at all herein.

JEALOUSY.

Then will I, Hymen, do thou what thou canst,
I will steal closely into linked hearts;
And shake their veils with cold distrustfulness;
And ever keep them waking in their fears,
With spirits, which their imagination rears.

HYMEN.

Disquiet Jealousy, vile Fury, thou
That art the ugly monster of the mind,
Avaunt, begone, thou shalt have nought to do
In this fair work of ours, nor ever more
Canst enter there, where honour keeps the door.

And therefore, hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is sacred to integrity,
And clean desires; your sight most loathsome is
Unto so well dispos'd a company.
Therefore be gone, I charge you by my power,
We must have nothing in Arcadis, sour.

ENVY.

Hymen, thou canst not chase us so away,
For look, how long as thou mak'st marriages,
So long will we produce encumbrances;
And we will in the same disguise as thou,
Mix us amongst the shepherds, that we may
Effect our work the better, being unknown;
For ill show other faces than their own.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Had sorrow ever sifter place
To act his part,
Than in my heart,
Where it takes up all the space?
Where is no vein
To entertain
A thought that wears another face.
Nor will I sorrow ever have
Therein to be
But only thee,
To whom I full possession gave:
Thou in thy name
Must hold the same,
Until thou bring it to the grave.

THE

SONG OF THE FIRST CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Love is a torment of the mind,
A temper overlazing;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

THE

SONG OF THE SECOND CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Desire, that is of things ungot,
See what travail it procureth,
And how much the mind endureth,
To gain what yet it gaineth not:
For never was it paid,
The charge defray'd,
According to the price of thought.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Erin, hide my love and do not show
To any but to her my notes,
Who only doth that cipher know,
Wherewith we pass our secret thoughts:
Bely your looks in others' sight;
And wrong yourselves to do her right.

THE
FOURTH SONG OF THE CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

QUESTION.

Where ever charts and honest hearts
Expos'd unto so great distresses?

ANSWER.

Yes: they that act the worthiest parts,
Most commonly have worst successes;
Great fortunes follow not the best,
It 's virtue that is most distress'd.

Then, Fortune, why do we admire
The glory of thy great excesses?
Since by thee what men acquire,
Thy work and not their worths expresses.
Nor dost thou raise them for their good:
But 't have their ills more understood.

THE
SONG OF THE FIFTH CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Whoever saw so fair a sight,
Love and Virtue met aright:
And that wonder Constauncy,
Like a comet to the eye
Seldom ever seen so bright?
Sound out aloud to rare a thing,
That all the hills and vales may ring.

Look, lovers look, with passion see,
If that any such there be:
As there cannot but be such
Who do feel that noble touch
In this glorious company,
Sound out aloud, &c.

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours,
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers,
Whilst the Earth (our common mother)
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of Heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ill.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid)
Doth me and my love despise,
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obey'd,
And well he ends, for love who dies.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN.

STELL.

Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses come,
Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil,
That travail in the deep,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these:
But here it dwells, and here must I,
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish off the while.
Who may disport them diversly,
Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But nature of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease:

And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still :
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill

VERS.

That doth opinion only cause,
That 's out of custom bred ;
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever Nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood ;
The world we see by warlike sights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of warret,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best :
To purge the mischiefs, that increase,
And all good order mar :
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

VERS.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here ;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be woo that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won ;
For beauty hath created been
To undo or be undone.

DEDICATION

OF

THE QUEEN'S ARCADIA.

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AND HER LANCE, BY THE
UNIVERSITY OF SEBORD IN CHURCH'S CHURCH, IN AUGUST, 1603.

TO THE

QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

THAT which their zeal, whose only zeal was bent
To show the best they could that might delight,
Your royal mind, did lately represent,
Renown'd empress, to your princely sight :
Is now the offering of their humbleness,
Here consecrated to your glorious name ;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to bless
So poor presentments, and to grace the same.
And though it be in th' humblest rank of words,
And in the lowest region of ear speech,
Yet is it in that kind, as best accords
With rural passions, which use not to reach
Beyond the groves, and woods, where they were bred :
And best becomes a cloistral exercise,
Where men shut out retir'd, and sequester'd
From public fashion, seem to sympathise

With innocent and plain simplicity :
And living here under the awful hand
Of discipline and strict observance,
Learn but our weaknesses to understand.
And therefore dare not enterprise to show
In lower style the hidden mysteries,
And arts of thrones, which none that are below
The sphere of action, and the exercise
Of power, can truly show ; though man may stand
Conceit above the pitch where it should stand,
And form more monstrous figures than contain
A possibility, and go beyond
The nature of those managements so far,
As oft their common decency they mar :
Whereby the populace (in which such skill
Is needless) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turn all to a taste of ill
Whatever power shall do, or might intend :
And think all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done :
Yet th' eye of practice, looking down from high
Upon such over-reaching vanity,
Sees how from error to error it doth float,
As from an unknown ocean into a gulf :
And how though th' wolf would counterfeit the goat,
Yet every chink betrays him for a wolf.

And therefore in the view of state 't have shew'd
A counterfeit of state, had been to fight
A candle to the Sun, and so bestow'd
Our pains to bring our diseases unto light.
For majesty and power can nothing see
Without itself, that can sight-worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble argument hath birth,
Erect our scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth, [bring ;
From whence we pluck'd the flow'rs that here we
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serve but for a spring.
The first seat is the best in things as these :
A music of this nature on the ground,
Is ever wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royal goodness may raise new,
Grace but the Muses, they will honour you.
Chi non fa, non fall.

IN THE

IN THE

VISION OF THE TWELVE GODDESSES

Dance, Reward, and Gratitude,
The graces of society,
Do here with hand in hand conclude
The blessed chain of amity :
For we deserve, we give, we thank,
Thanks, gifts, deserts, thus join in rank.
We yield the splendent rays of light,
Unto these blessings that descend :
The grace whereof with more delights,
The well disposing doth commend ;
Whilst gratitude, rewards, deserts,
Please, win, draw on, and couple hearts.

For worth, and power, and due respect,
Deserves, bestows, returned with grace :
The need, reward, the kind affect,
That give the world a cheerful face,
And turning in this course of right,
Make virtue move with true delight.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

HEAR worth with honour make their choice
For measur'd notions order'd right,
W' let us likewise give a voice,
Unto the touch of our delight.

: comforts lock'd up without sound,
Are th' unborn children of the thought:
To unto treasures never found,
That buried low are left forgot.

here words our glory doth not show,
(There) like brave actions without fame:
seems as plants not set to grow,
Or as a tomb without a name.

DEDICATION

OF

THE TRAGEDY OF CLEOPATRA.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE LADY MARY, COUNTESS
OF PEMBROKE.

So! here the labour which she did impose,
Whose influence did predominate my Muse,
The star of wonder my desires first chose,
To guide their travels in the course I use:
She, whose clear brightness had the power t' infuse
Strength to my thoughts, from whence these mo-
tions came.

Call'd up my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of state, and tragic notes to frame.

Who (contented with an humble song)
Made music to myself that pleas'd me best,
And only told of Delia, and her wrong,
And prais'd her eyes, and plain'd mine own unrest:
(A text from whence my Muse had not digress'd)
Madam, had not thy well-grac'd Antony
(Who all alone having remained long)
Requir'd his Cleopatra's company.

Who if she here do so appear in yet,
That he can scarce discern her for his queen,
Finding how much she of herself hath lack'd,
And mis'd that grace wherein she should be seen,
Her worth obscur'd, her spirit embas'd clean;
Yet lighting them by thy sweet cheerfulness
My dark defects, which from her powers detract,
He may her guess by some resemblances.

And I hereafter in another kind,
More suited to the nature of my vein,
May peradventure raise my humble mind
To other music in this higher strain;
Since I perceive the world and thou dost deign
To countenance my song, and cherish me,
I must to work posterity may find
My love to serve, my gratitude to thee.

Now when so many pass (like spears) are charg'd
To chase away this tyrant of the north,
Gross Barbarism, whose pow'r grown far enlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valiant brother's worth
First found, encounter'd, and provoked forth:
Whose onset made the rest audacious,
Whereby they likewise have so well discharg'd
Upon that hideous beast encroaching thus.

And now must I with that poor strength I have
Resist so foul a foe in what I may:
And arm against oblivion and the grave,
That else in darkness carries all away,
And makes of all an universal prey;
So that if by my pen procure I shall,
But to defend me, and my name to save,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all.

But still the better part of me will live,
And in that part will live thy rev'rend name,
Although thyself dost far more glory give
Unto thyself, than I can by the same,
Who dost with thine own hand a bulwark frame
Against these monsters, (monsters of honour)
Which evermore shall so defend thy fame,
As time or they shall never prey upon her.

Those hymns which thou dost consecrate to Hear's,
Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
Unto thy voice eternity hath given, [came;
And makes thee dear to him from whence they
In them must rest thy venerable name,
So long as Sion's God remaineth honoured;
And till confusion hath all zeal bereav'd,
And murder'd faith, and temples ruined.

By this (great lady) thou wast then be known,
When Wilton lies low level'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou may'st call thine own,
Which sacrilegious time cannot confound.
Here thou surviv'st thyself, here thou art fur'd
Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame:
This monument cannot be overthrow'd,
Where, in eternal brass, remains thy name.

O that the ocean did not bound our style
Within these strict and narrow limits so;
But that the melody of our sweet isle
Might now be heard to Tyber, Arce, and Po:
That they might know how far Thames doth out-go
The music of declined Italy;
And list'ning to our songs another while,
Might learn of thee their notes to purify.

O why may not some after-coming hand
Unlock these limits, open our confines,
And break asunder this imprisoning band,
To enlarge our spirits, and publish our designs;
Planting our roses on the Apennines?
And to teach Rheyra, the Leyre, and Rhodanus,
Our accents, and the wonders of our land,
That they might all admire and honour us.

Whereby great Sidney and our Spencer might,
With those Po singers being equalled,
Enchant the world with such a sweet delight,
That their eternal songs (for ever read).
May show what great Eliza's reign hath bred.
What music in the kingdom of her peace
Hath now been made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame shall never cease.

But if that Fortune doth deny us this,
Then Neptune lock up with thy ocean key
This treasure to ourselves, and let them miss
Of so sweet riches: as unworthy they
To taste the great delights that we enjoy.
And let our harmony, so pleasing grown,
Content ourselves, whose error ever is
Strange notes to like, and disesteem our own.

But, whither do my vows transport me now,
Without the compass of my course enjoin'd?
Alas! what honour can a voice so low
As this of mine expect hereby to find?
But, madam, this doth animate my mind,
That yet I shall be read among the rest,
And though I do not to perfection grow,
Yet something shall I be, though not the best.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

BEHOLD what furies still
Torment their tortur'd breast,
Who by their doing ill
Have wrought the world's unrest.

Which when being most distress'd,
Yet more to vex their sprite,
The hideous face of sin,
(In forms they must detest)
Stands ever in their sight.
Their conscience still within
Th' eternal larum is,
That ever-barking dog, that calls upon their min.

No means at all to hide,
Man for himself can find:
No way to start aside
Out from the hell of mind.
But in himself confin'd,
He still sees Sin before;
And winged-footed Pain,
That swiftly comes behind,
The which is evermore
The sure and certain gain
Impiety doth get,
And wants loose Respect, that doth itself forget.

And Cleopatra now
Well sees the dangerous way
She took, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.
And likewise makes us pay
For her disorder'd lust
The interest of our blood,
Or live a servile prey
Under a hand unjust,
As others shall think good.
This hath a riot won;
And thus she hath her scate, herself, and us undone.

Now every mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:
How that she did not well,
To take the course she did.

For now is nothing hid,
Of what fear did restrain.
No secret closely done,
But now is utter'd.
The text is made most plain
That flattery gloss'd upon,

The bed of Sin reveal'd, [contd.]
And all the luxury that Shame would have on.

The scene is broken down,
And all uncover'd lies,
The purple actors known
Scarce men, whom men despise.

The complots of the wise,
Prove imperfections smok'd:
And all that wonder gave
To pleasure-gazing eyes,
Lies scatter'd, dash'd, all broke.
Thus much beguiled have
Poor unconsiderate wights,
These momentary pleasures, fugitive delights.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

O know, how dost thou molest
Th' affected mind of restless man?
Who following thee never can,
Nor ever shall attain to rest,
Forgetting what thou say'st is best;
Yet lo! that best he finds far wide
Of what thou promis'dst before:
For in the same he look'd for more,
Which proves but small, when once 't is try'd.
Then something else thou find'st beside,
To draw him still from thought to thought:
When in the end all proves but nought.
Further from rest he finds him then,
Than at the first when he began.
O malecontent, seducing guest,
Countriver of our greatest woes,
Which born of wind, and fed with shows,
Dost nurse thyself in thine narrows,
Judging ungoten things the best,
Or what thou in conceit design'st,
And all things in the world dost deem
Not as they are, but as they seem:
Which shows their state thou ill defin'st:
And lie'st to come, in present pain.
For what thou hast, thou still dost lack:
O mind's tormentor, body's rack,
Vain promiser of that sweet rest
Which never any yet possess'd.

If we unto ambition tend,
Then dost thou draw our weakness on,
With vain imagination
Of that which never hath an end.
Or if that lust we apprehend,
How dost that pleasant plague infect?
O what strange forms of luxury,
Thou straight dost cast t' entice us by?
And tell'st us that is ever best,
Which we have never yet possess'd,
And that more pleasure rests beside,
In something that we have not try'd:
And when the same likewise is had,
Then all is one, and all is had.

This Antony can say is true,
And Cleopatra knows 't is so,
By th' experience of their woe.
She can say, she never knew
But that lust found pleasures new,

And was never satisfy'd:
 I can say by proof of toil,
 Ambition is a vulture vile,
 That feeds upon the heart of pride,
 Finds no rest when all is try'd.
 No worlds cannot confine the one;
 In other lists and bounds hath none;
 And both subvert the mind, the state,
 procure destruction, envy, hate.

Now when all this is prov'd vain,
 My opinion leaves not here,
 But sticks to Cleopatra near,
 Persuading now, how she shall gain
 Honour by death, and fame attain,
 And what a shame it was to live,
 Her kingdom lost, her lover dead:
 And so with this persuasion led,
 Despair doth such a courage give,
 It nought else can her mind relieve,
 Nor yet divert her from that thought:
 So this conclusion all is brought.
 This is that rest this vain world lends,
 To end in death, that all things ends.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

O fearful frowning Nemesis,
 Daughter of Justice most severe,
 That art the world's great arbitress,
 And queen of causes reigning here:
 Whose swift sure hand is ever near
 Eternal Justice, righting wrong:
 Who never yet deservest long
 The prouds' decay, the weaks' redress:
 But through thy power every where,
 Dost raze the great, and raise the low;
 The less made great doth ruin too,
 To show the Earth what Heaven can do.

Thou from dark-obs'd eternity,
 From thy black cloudy hidden seat,
 The world's disorders dost descry:
 Which when they swell so proudly great,
 Reversing th' order Nature set,
 Thou giv'st thy all-confounding doom,
 Which none can know before it come:
 Th' inevitable destiny,
 Which neither wit nor strength can let,
 Fast chain'd unto necessity,
 In mortal things doth order so,
 Th' alternate course of weal or woe.

O how the pow'rs of Heaven do play
 With travell'd mortality:
 And doth their weakness still betray,
 In their best prosperity!
 When being lifted up so high,
 They look beyond themselves so far,
 That in themselves they take no care;
 Whilst swift confusion down doth lay
 Their late proud mounting vanity:
 Bringing their glory to decay,
 And with the ruin of their fall,
 Extinguish people, state, and all.

VOL. III.

But is it justice that all we,
 The innocent poor multitudes,
 For great men's faults should punish'd be,
 And to destruction thus persu'd?
 O why should th' Heavens us include,
 Within the compass of their fall,
 Who of themselves procur'd all?
 Or do the gods (in close) decree,
 Occasion take how to intrude
 Men from the Earth with cruelty?
 Ah no, the gods are ever just,
 Our faults excuse their rigour most.

This is the period fate set down,
 To Egypt's fat prosperity:
 Which now unto her greatest grown,
 Must perish thus, by course must die,
 And some must be the causes why
 This revolution must be wrought;
 As born to bring their state to nought:
 To change the people and the crown,
 And purge the world's iniquity:
 Which vice so far hath overgrown,
 As we, so they that treat us thus,
 Must one day perish like to us.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Mysterious Egypt, wonder-broeder,
 Strict religion's strange observer,
 State-orderer Zeal, the best rule-keeper,
 Fost'ring still intemperate favour:
 O how can'st thou to lose so wholly
 All religion, law, and order?
 And thus become the most unholy
 Of all lands, that Nile's border?
 How could confus'd Disorder enter
 Where stern Law sat so severely?
 How durst weak Lust and Riot venture
 Th' eye of Justice looking nearly?
 Could not those means that made thee great,
 Be still the means to keep thy state?

Ah no, the course of things requiroth
 Change and alteration ever:
 That same continuance men desireth,
 Th' unconstant world yieldeth never.
 We in our counsels must be blinded,
 And not see what doth import us:
 And oftentimes the thing least minded,
 Is the thing that most must hurt us.
 Yet they that have the start in guiding,
 'T is their fault that should prevent it,
 For oft they seeing their country sliding,
 Take their ease, as though concerned.
 We imitate the greater powers,
 The prince's manners fashion ours.

Th' example of their tight regarding,
 Vulgar looseness much increases:
 Vice uncontrol'd grows wide enlarging,
 Kings' small faults be great offences,
 And this hath set the window open
 Unto licence, lust, and riot:
 This way confusion first found broken,
 Whereby enter'd our disputes,

P p

Those laws that old Sesostris founded,
And the Pharaohs observed,
Hereby first came to be confounded,
Which our state so long preserved.
The wanton luxury of court,
Did form the people of like sort.

For all (respecting private pleasure)
Universally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
In their own delights contenting:
And future dangers nought respecting,
Whereby, (O how easy matter
Made this so general neglecting,
Confus'd weakness to disscatter :)
Cæsar found th' effect true try'd,
In his easy entrance making :
Who at the sight of arms, deary'd
All our people, all forsaking,
For riot (worse than war) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus in Egypt servile render'd
To the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure tetter'd,
All her wealth that did betray her.
Which poison (O if Heaven be rightful)
May so far infect their senses,
That Egypt's pleasure, so delightful,
May breed them the like offences;
And Romans, learn our way of weakness,
Be instructed in our vices:
That our spoils may spoil your greatness,
Overcome with our devices.
Fill full your hands, and carry home,
Enough from us to ruin Rome.

CHORUS

FROM THE SAME.

THAT thus we have beheld
Th' accomplishment of woe,
The full of ruin, and
The worst of worst of ill:
And seen all hope expell'd,
That ever sweet repose
Shall recompense the land,
That desolation fills,
And where ambition spills,
With uncontrolled hand,
All th' issues of all those
That so long rule have held:
To make us no more us,
But clean confound us thus.

And can'st, O Nile, thou
Father of floods, endure,
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streams rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him whose feet so pure,
Whose unknown hand we hold
A power divine to be?
Thou that didst ever see
Thy free banks uncontrol'd,
Live under thine own care:
Ah, wilt thou bear it now?

And now wilt yield thy streams
A prey to other realms?

Draw back thy waters, flow
To thy concealed head:
Rocks strangle up thy waves,
Stop cataracts thy fall,
And turn thy courses so,
That sandy deserts dead,
(The world of dust that craves
To swallow thee up all)
May drink so much as shall
Revive from wasty graves,
A living green, which spread
Far flourishing, may grow
On that wide face of death,
Where nothing now draws breath.

Fatten some people there,
Ere'n as thou art best done,
With plenty's wanton store,
And feeble luxury:
And them as we prepare
Fit for the duty of men,
Respite not before.
Leave level'd Egypt dry,
A barren prey to lie,
Wasted for evermore;
Of plenties yielding none
To recompense the care
Of victor's greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so, O leave to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race possess
Th' inheritance of shame,
The fee of sin, that we
Have left them for their part:
The yoke of whose distress
Must still upbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came.
Our weight of wantonness
Lies heavy on their heart,
Who nevermore shall see
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought us forth.

O thou all-seeing light,
High president of Heaven,
You magistrates, the stars,
Of that eternal court
Of providence and right,
Are these the bounds y' have given
Th' untranspassable bars
That limit pride so short?
Is greatness of this sort,
That greatness greatness' man,
And racks itself, self-driven
On rocks of her own might?
Doth order order so,
Disorders overthrow?

DEDICATION

OF THE

TRAGEDY OF PHILOTAS.

TO THE PRINCE.

O you, most hopeful prince, not as you are,
 ut as you may be, do I give these lines:
 hat when your judgment shall arrive so far,
 s t' overlook th' intricate designs
 f uncontested man; you may behold
 ith what encounters greatest fortunes close,
 hat dangers, what attempts, what manifold
 nnumbrances ambition undergoes;
 ow hardly men digest felicity;
 ow to th' intemperate, to the prodigal,
 o wantonness, and unto luxury,
 feasy things went, but to ambition all.
 nd you shall find the greatest enemy
 hat man can have, is his prosperity.

Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
 nd plant bad courses under pleasing shows,
 ow well presumption's broken ways defends,
 hich clear-ey'd judgment gravely doth disclose.
 ere shall you see how th' easy multitude,
 ransported, take the party of distress;
 nd only out of passions do conclude,
 ot out of judgment of mens' practices; [har,
 ow powers are thought to wrong, that wrongs de-
 ind kings not held in danger, though they are.
 hese ancient representations of times past,
 ell us that men have, do, and always run
 he self-same line of action, and do cast
 heir course alike, and nothing can be done,
 whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same:
 ut will be wrought upon the self-same frame.

This benefit, most noble prince, doth yield
 he sure records of books, in which we find
 he treasure of our state, how it was held
 y all our ancestors, and in what kind
 e held the same, and likewise how in th' end
 his frail possession of felicity
 hall to our late posterity descend
 y the same patent of like destiny.
 in them we find that nothing can accrue
 o man, and his condition that is new.
 hich images here figur'd in this wise,
 I leave unto your more mature survey,
 amongst the vows that others sacrifice
 nto the hope of you, that you one day
 Will give grace to this kind of harmony. [know,
 For know, great prince, when you shall come to
 how that it is the fairest ornament
 Of worthy times, to have those which may show
 he deeds of power, and lively represent
 he actions of a glorious government.
 And is no lesser honour to a crown
 T' have writers, than have actors of renown.

And though you have a swanet of your own,
 Within the banks of Doven, meditates
 Sweet notes to you, and unto your renown,
 The glory of his music dedicates,
 And in a softy tone is set to sound
 The deep reports of sullen tragedies:
 Yet may this last of me be likewise found
 Amongst the vows that others sacrifice

Unto the hope of you; that you one day
 May grace this now neglected harmony,
 Which set unto your glorious actions, may
 Record the same to all posterity.

Though I the remnant of another time,
 Am never like to see that happiness,
 Yet for the zeal that I have borne to rhyme,
 And to the Muses, wish that good success
 To others' travel, that in better place,
 And better comfort, they may be incheard
 Who shall deserve, and who shall have the grace
 To have a Muse held worthy to be heard. [know,
 And know, sweet prince, when you shall come to
 That 't is not in the pow'r of kings to raise
 A spirit for verse, that is not born thereto,
 Nor are they born in every prince's days:
 For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more
 Than all the kings of England did before.

And it may be, the genius of that time
 Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
 And that the utmost powers of English-rhyme
 Should be within her peaceful reign confin'd;
 For since that time, our songs could never thrive,
 But lain as if forlorn; though in the prime
 Of this new raising season, we did strive
 To bring the best we could unto the time.

And I, although among the latter train,
 And least of those that sung unto this land,
 Have borne my part, though in an humble strain,
 And pleased the gentler that did understand:
 And never had my harmless pen at all
 Distain'd with any loose immodesty,
 Nor ever noted to be touch'd with gall,
 T' aggravate the worst man's infamy.
 But still have done the fairest offices
 To virtue and the time; yet nought prevails,
 And all our labours are without success,
 For either favour or our virtue fails.
 And therefore since I have outliv'd the date
 Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,
 I would my lines late born beyond the fate
 Of her spent line, had never come to light;
 So had I not been tax'd for wishing well,
 Nor now mistaken by the censoring stage,
 Nor, in my fame and reputation sell,
 Which I esteem more than what all the age
 Or th' earth can give. But years hath done this
 wrong;

To make me write too much, and live too long.

And yet I grieve for that unfinished frame,
 Which thou, dear Muse, didst vow to sacrifice
 Unto the bed of peace, and in the same
 Design our happiness to memorize,
 Must, as it is, remain, though as it is:
 It shall to after-times relate my zeal
 To kings and unto right, to quietness,
 And to the union of the commonweal.
 But this may now seem a superfluous vow,
 We have this peace; and thou hast sung enough.
 And more than will be heard, and then as good
 As not to write, as not be understood.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

We as the chorus of the vulgar, stand
 Spectators here, to see these great men play
 Their parts both of obedience and command,
 And censure all they do, and all they say.

For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them prove the best in show:
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire their mysteries of state,
Yet know we by th' events what plots have been,
And how they all without do personate.

We see who wall a meaner part became,
Fail in a greater and disgrace the same.
We see some worthy of advancement deem'd,
Save when they have it: some again have got
Good reputation, and been well-esteem'd
In place of greatness, which before were not.

We see affliction act a better scene {clean;
Than prosperous fortune, which hath marr'd it
We see that all which we have prais'd in some,
Have only been their fortune, not desert: {come,
Some war have grac'd, whom peace doth ill be-
And justif case hath bleas'd all their part:
We see Philotas acts his goodness ill,
And makes his passions to report of him
Worse than he is: and we do fear he will
Bring his free nature to b' intrap'd by them.
For sure there is some engine closely laid
Against his grace and greatness with the king:
And that unless his humours prove more stay'd,
We soon shall see his utter ruining.
And his affliction our compassion draws,
Which still looks on men's fortunes, not the cause.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

How dost thou wear, and weary out thy days,
Restless Ambition, never at an end!
Whose travels no Herulean pillar stays,
But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend,
Above good fortune thou thy hopes dost raise,
Still climbing, and yet never canst ascend:
For when thou hast attain'd unto the top
Of thy desires, thou hast not yet got up.

That height of fortune either is control'd
By some more pow'rful over-looking eye,
(That doth the fulness of thy grace withhold)
Or countercheck'd with some concurrency,
That it doth cost far more ado to hold
The height attain'd, than was to get so high,
Where stand thou canst not, but with careful toil,
Nor loose thy hold without thy utter spoil.

There dost thou struggle with thine own distrust,
And others' jealousies there counterplot,
Against some underworking pride, that must
Supplanted be, or else thou standest not;
There wrong is play'd with wrong, and he that thrusts
Down others, comes himself to have that lot.
The same concussion doth afflict his breast
That others shock, oppression is oppress'd.

That either happiness dwells not so high,
Or else above, whereto pride cannot rise:
And that the high'st of man's felicity,
But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we climb but up to misery.
High fortunes are but high calamities.
It is not in that sphere where peace doth move;
Rest dwells below it, happiness above.

For in this height of fortune are involved
Those thund'ring fragors that affright the best:
From thence have all distemp'ratures their end,
That brings forth desolation, famine, death:
There certain order is disordered,
And there it is confusion hath her birth.
It is that height of fortune doth undo
Both her own quietness and others too.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

See how these great men clothe their private end
In those fair colours of the public good;
And to effect their ends, pretend the state,
As if the state by their affections stood:
And arm'd with pow'r and princes' justness,
Will put the least conceit of discontent
Into the greatest rank of treacheries,
That no one action shall seem innocent:
Yes, valour, honour, bounty shall be made
As accessories unto ends unjust:
And e'en the service of the state must lose
The needfull'st undertakings with distrust.

So that base vileness, idle luxury,
Seem safer far, than to do worthily.
Suspicion, full of eyes, and full of ears,
Doth through the tincture of her own conceit
See all things in the colours of her fears,
And truth itself must look like to deceit,
That what way ever the suspected take,
Still envy will most cunningly forelay
The ambush of their ruin, or will make
Their humours of themselves to take that way.

But this is still the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent,
Who either carried in conceit too far,
Do work their own or others' discontent,
Or else are deemed fit to be suppress'd,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since states have ever had far more cause
By spirits of worth, than men of meaner skill;
And find, that those do always better prove,
Wh' are equal to employment, not above.

For self-opinion would be seen more wise,
Than present counsels, customs, orders, laws:
And to the end to have them otherwise,
The commonwealth into combustion draws,
As if ordain'd t' embroil the world with it,
As well as greatness, to dishonour it.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

GRECIAN AND PERSIAN.

PERSIAN.

WELL, then, I see there is small difference
Betwixt your state and ours; you civil Greeks,
You great contrivers of free governments,
Whose skill the world from out all countries seek;
Those whom you call your kings, are but the same
As are our sovereign tyrants of the east;
I see they only differ but in name,
Th' effects they show, agree, or near at hand

Our great men here, as our great satrapes,
 see laid prostrate are with basest shame,
 Upon the least suspect or jealousies
 Our kings conceive, or others' envies frame;
 Holy herein they differ, that your prince
 Proceeds by form of law 't effect his end;
 Our Persian monarch makes his frown convince
 The strongest truth, his sword the process ends
 With present death, and makes no more ado:
 He never stands to give a gloss unto
 His violence, to make it to appear
 In other hue than that it ought to bear,
 Wherein plain dealing best his course commends:
 For more he offends who by the law offends.
 What need have Alexander so to strive
 By all these shows of form, to find this man
 Guilty of treason, when he doth contrive
 To have him so adjudg'd? do what he can,
 He must not be acquit, though he be clear,
 Th' offender, not th' offence, is punish'd here.
 And what avails the fore-condemn'd to speak?
 However strong his cause, his statè is weak.

GRECIAN.

Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we
 Think that well done, which done by law we see.

PERSIAN.

And yet your law serves but your private ends,
 And to the compass of your power extends:
 But is it for the majesty of kings,
 To sit in judgment thus themselves with you?

GRECIAN.

To do men justice, as the thing that brings
 The greatest majesty on Earth to kings.

PERSIAN.

That, by their subalternate ministers
 May be perform'd as well, and with more grace:
 For, to command it to be done, infer
 More glory than to do. It doth imbese
 Th' opinion of a power 't invulgar so
 That sacred presence, which should never go,
 Never be seen, but e'en as gods, below,
 Like to our Persian king in glorious show;
 And who, as stars affixed to their sphere,
 May not descend to be from what they are.

GRECIAN.

Where kings are so like gods, there subjects are not
 men.

PERSIAN.

Your king begins this course, and what will you be
 then?

GRECIAN.

Indeed since prosperous fortune gave the rein
 To head-strong power and lust, I must confess
 We Grecians have lost deeply by our gain,
 And this our greatness makes us much the less:
 For by th' accession of these mighty states,
 Which Alexander wondrously hath got,
 He hath forgot himself and us, and rates
 His state above mankind, and ours at nought.
 This hath thy pomp (O feeble Asia) wrought!
 Thy base adorings hath transformed the king
 Into that shape of pride, as he is brought
 Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
 From whence the glory of his greatness springs,
 And that it was our swords that wrought these things.
 How well were we within the narrow bounds
 Of our sufficient yielding Macedon,
 Before our kings enlarg'd them with our wounds,
 And made these sallies of ambition!
 Before they came to give the regal law [awe!
 To those free states, which kept their crowns in
 They by these large dominions are made more,
 But we became far weaker than before.
 What get we now by winning, but wide minds
 And weary bodies, with th' expense of blood?
 What should ill do, since happy fortune finds
 But misery, and is not good though good?
 Action begets still action, and retains
 Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
 A never ending circle of our pains,
 That makes us not have done, when we have done.
 What can give bounds to Alexander's ends.
 Who counts the world but small, that calls him
 And his desires beyond his prey distends, [great;
 Like beasts, that murder more than they can eat?
 When shall we look his travels will be done,
 That tends beyond the ocean and the Sun?
 What discontentments will there still arise
 In such a camp of kings, to interbrock
 Each others' greatness, and what mutinies
 Will put him from his comforts, and will mock
 His hopes, and never suffer him to have
 That which he hath of all which fortune gave?
 And from Philotas blood (O worthy man)
 Whose body now rent on the torture lies,
 Will flow that vein of fresh conspiracies,
 As overflow him will, do what he can:
 For cruelty doth not embetter men,
 But them more wary makes than they have been.

PERSIAN.

Are not your great men free from torture then,
 Must they be likewise rack'd as other men?

GRECIAN.

Treason affords a privilege to none,
 Who like offends, hath punishment all one.

END OF VOL. III.

