

THE  
WORKS

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

J. BEAUMONT,  
G. AND F. FLETCHER,  
F. BEAUMONT,  
BROWNE, 1591-1695  
DAVENANT, 1626-68  
HABINGTON, 1605-60

SUCKLING, 1600-42  
CARTWRIGHT, 1612-48  
CRASHAW, 1612-40  
SHERBURNE, 1619-47  
BROME, 1627-72  
C. COTTON.

LONDON:

WELLS FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; E. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; W. OTTRIDGE AND SON;  
G. AND SOHSEY; R. FAULDER AND SON; G. NICOL AND SON; T. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND  
SON; C. DAVIES; T. EGERTON; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; J. WALKER; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE;  
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AT, AND LINGREY; J. BOOKER; S. BAGSTER; J. HARDING; J. MACKINLAY; J. HATCHARD; E. H. EVANS;  
TREWS AND LEIGH; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; J. ASPERNE; P. AND W. WYRNE; AND W. GRACE. DEIGHTON  
SON AT CAMBRIDGE, AND WILSON AND SON AT YORK.

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THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
*WILLIAM BROWNE.*

THE

# LIFE OF WILLIAM BROWNE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

---

THIS ingenious poet was the son of Thomas Browne, of Tavistock, in Devonshire, gent. who, according to Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon*, was most probably a descendant from the knightly family of Browne, of Brownes-Illash, in the parish of Langtree, near Great Torrington, in Devonshire<sup>1</sup>. His son was born in the year 1590, and became a student of Exeter College, Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of James I. After making a great progress in classical and polite literature, he removed to the Inner Temple, where his attention to the study of the law was frequently interrupted by his devotion to the Muses. In his twenty-third year (1613) he published, in folio, the first part of his *Britannia's Pastorals*, which, according to the custom of the time, was ushered into the world with so many poetical eulogies, that he appears to have secured, at a very early age, the friendship and favour of the most celebrated of his contemporaries, among whom we find the names of Selden and Drayton. To these he afterwards added Davies, of Hereford, Ben Jonson, and others. That he wrote some of these pastorals before he had attained his twentieth year, has been conjectured from a passage in Book I. Song V. but there is sufficient internal evidence, independent of these lines, that much of them was the offspring of a juvenile fancy. In the following year he published, in octavo, *The Shepherd's Pipe*, in seven eclogues. In the fourth of these he laments the death of his friend, Mr. Thomas Manwood, under the name of Philarete, the precursor, as some critics assert, of Milton's *Lycidas*.

In 1616, he published the second part of his *Britannia's Pastorals*, recommended as before by his poetical friends, whose praises he repaid with liberality in the body of the work. The two parts were reprinted, in octavo, in 1625, and procured him, as is too frequently the case, more fame than profit. About a year before this, he appears to have taken leave of the Muses, and returned to Exeter College, in the capacity of tutor to Robert Dormer, earl of Caernarvon, a nobleman who fell in the battle of

<sup>1</sup> The facts in this short sketch are taken from Prince's *Worthies*, the *General Dictionary*, *Biog. Britannica*, and Wood's *Athens*. C.

Newbury in 1643, while fighting gallantly for his king, at the head of a regiment of horse, and of whom lord Clarendon has given us a character drawn with his usual discrimination and fidelity. While guiding the studies of this nobleman, Browne was created Master of Arts, with this honourable notice in the public register: *Vir omni humana literatura et bonarum artium cognitione instructus.*

After leaving the university with lord Caernarvon, he found a liberal patron in William earl of Pembroke, of whom likewise we have a most elaborate character in Clarendon, some part of which may be supposed to reflect honour on our poet. "He was a great lover of his country, and of the religion and justice, which he believed could only support it: and his friendships were *only with men of those principles.* And as his conversation was most with men of the *most pregnant parts and understanding,* so, towards any such who needed support or encouragement, though unknown, if fairly recommended to him, he was very liberal."

This nobleman, who had a respect for Browne probably founded on the circumstances intimated in the above character, took him into his family, and employed him in such a manner, according to Wood, that he was enabled to purchase an estate. Little more, however, is known of his history, nor is the exact time of his death ascertained. Wood finds that one of both his names, of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, died in the winter of 1645, but knows not whether this be the same. He hints at his person in these words: "As he had a little body, so a great mind;" a high character from this biographer, who had no indulgence for poetical failings.

Browne has experienced the fate of many of his contemporaries, whose fame died with them, and whose writings have been left to be revived, under many disadvantages, by an age of refined taste and curiosity. The civil wars, which raged about the time of his death, and whose consequences continued to operate for many years after, diverted the public mind from the concerns of poetry. The lives of the poets were forgotten, and their works perished through neglect or wantonness. We have no edition of Browne's poems from 1625 to 1772, when Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, was assisted by some of his learned friends in publishing them, in three small volumes. The advertisement, prefixed to the first volume, informs us that the gentlemen of the king's library procured the use of the first edition of *Britannia's Pastorals*, which had several manuscript notes on the margin, written by the rev. William Thomson, one of the few scholars of his time who studied the antiquities of English poetry<sup>2</sup>. Mr. Thomas Warton contributed his copy of the *Shepherd's Pipe*, which was at that time so scarce that no other could be procured. Mr. Price, the librarian of the Bodleian library, sent a correct copy of the *Elegy upon the death of Henry*, prince of Wales, from a manuscript in that repository: and Dr. Farmer furnished a transcript of the *Inner Temple Mask* from the library of Emanuel College, which had never before been printed. With such helps, a correct edition might have been expected; but the truth is, that the few editions of ancient poets (Suckling, Marvell, Carew, &c.) which Davies undertook to print, are extremely deficient in correctness. Of this assertion, which the comparison of a few pages with any of the originals will amply

<sup>2</sup> See his *Life and Works*, vol. xv. of the present collection. C.

confirm, we have a very striking instance in the present work, in which two entire pages of Book I. of *Britannia's Pastorals* were omitted<sup>2</sup>.

Few poets, however, of his age, have a better claim to be added to a collection like the present, than Browne. His works exhibit abundant specimens of true inspiration, and had his judgment been equal to his powers of invention, or had he yielded less to the bad taste of his age, or occasionally met with a critic instead of a flatterer, he would have been entitled to a much higher rank in the class of genuine poets. His *Pastorals* form a vast store-house of rural imagery and description, and in personifying the passions and affections, he exhibits pictures that are not only faithful but striking, just to nature and to feeling, and frequently heightened by original touches of the pathetic and sublime, and by many of those wild graces which true genius only can exhibit. It is not improbable that he studied Spenser, as well as the Italian poets. To the latter he owes something of elegance and something of extravagance. From the former he appears to have caught the idea of a story like the *Faery Queene*, although it wants regularity of plan; and he follows his great model in a profusion of allegorical description and romantic landscape<sup>4</sup>.

His versification, which is so generally harmonious that where he fails, it may be imputed to carelessness, is at the same time so various as to relax the imagination with specimens of every kind, and he seems to pass from the one to the other with an ease that we do not often find among the writers of lengthened poems. Those, however, who are in search of faulty rhimes, of foolish conceits, of vulgar ideas and of degrading imagery, will not lose their pains. He was, among other qualities, a man of humour, and his humour is often exceedingly extravagant. So mixed, indeed, is his style, and so whimsical his flights, that we are sometimes reminded of Swift in all his grossness, and sometimes of Milton in the plenitude of his inspiration.

The obligations Milton owes to this poet might alone justify his admission into a more fastidious collection than the present can pretend to be. Mr. Warton has remarked<sup>3</sup> that the morning landscape of the *L'Allegro* is an assemblage of the same objects which Browne had before collected in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, B. IV. Song IV. beginning,

“By this had chanticlere,” &c.

It has already been noticed that Philarete was the precursor of *Lycidas*, but what Mr. Warton asserts of *Comus* deserves some consideration. After copying the exquisite Ode which *Circe*, in the *Inner Temple Mask*, sings as a charm to drive away sleep from *Ulysses*, Mr. Warton adds,—“In praise of this song it will be sufficient to say, that it reminds us of some favourite touches in Milton's *Comus*, to which it perhaps gave birth. Indeed one cannot help observing here in general, although the observation more properly belongs to another place, that a masque thus recently

<sup>2</sup> The first notice of this egregious blunder was reserved for Mr. Waldron, in his *Miscellanies* on the English Stage, p. 49. C.

<sup>4</sup> He studied also our earliest poets, having incorporated in his *Shepherd's Pipe* a poem written by Hoccleve, translated from *Gesta Romanorum*; and entitled the story of *Ionathas*. See Mr. George Mason's splenetic republication of some of the poems of that very indifferent writer. Preface, p. 2. C.

<sup>3</sup> Warton's *Milton*, p. 46, 47.

exhibited on the story of *Circe*, which there is reason to think had acquired some popularity, suggested to Milton the hint of a masque on the story of *Comus*. It would be superfluous to point out minutely the absolute similiarity of the two characters: they both deal in incantations conducted by the same mode of operation, and producing effects exactly parallel."

Without offering any objection to these remarks, it may still be necessary to remind the reader of a circumstance to which this excellent critic has not adverted—namely, that the *Inner Temple Mask* appears to have been exhibited about the year 1620, when Milton was a boy of only twelve years old, and remained in manuscript until Dr. Farmer procured a copy for the edition of 1772; and that Milton produced his *Comus* at the age of twenty-six. It remains, therefore, for some future conjecture to determine on the probability of Milton's having seen Browne's manuscript in the *interim* <sup>6</sup>.

Prince informs us, that "as he had honoured his country with his sweet and elegant Pastorals, so it was expected, and he also entreated a little farther to grace it by his drawing out the line of his poetic ancestors, beginning in Joseph Iscanus, and ending in himself. A noble design if it had been effected." Josephus Iscanus was Joseph of Exeter, who flourished in the thirteenth century, and wrote two epic poems in Latin heroics. Had Browne begun much later he would have conferred a very high obligation on posterity. Collections of poetry are of very ancient date, but very little is known with certainty of the lives of English poets, and that little must now be recovered with great difficulty.

It yet remains to be noticed, that some poems of Browne are supposed to exist in manuscript. Mr. Nichols <sup>7</sup> thinks that Warburton the herald had some which were sold with the rest of his library about the year 1759 or 1760.

<sup>6</sup> Those who are fond of coincidences may be probably amused by comparing the account of a concert among the birds in *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book I. Song 3. beginning,

"Two nights thus past: the lilly-handed morn, &c."

with some ingenious poems lately written for the use of children, under the titles of the *Butterfly's Ball*, the *Peacock at home*, &c. C.

<sup>7</sup> *Nichols's Miscellany Poems*, vol. i. p. 262. C.



# DEDICATION.

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TO THE NO LESSE ENOBLED BY VIRTUE, THAN ANCIENT IN NOBILITIE,  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

*EDWARD LORD ZOUCH,*

ST. MAURE AND CANTELUPE, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTIE'S MOST HONOURABLE  
PRIVIE COUNSELL.

---

---

HONOR's bright ray  
More highly crown'd with vertue then with yeares,  
Pardon a rusticke Muse that thus appears  
    In shepherds gray,  
Intreating your attention to a lay  
Fitting a Sylvan bowre, not courtly traines;  
    Such choiser eares,  
Should have Apollo's priests, not Pan's rude swaines:  
But if the musick of contented plaines  
    A thought upreares,  
For your approvement of that part she beares,  
When time (that embrions to perfection brings)  
    Hath taught her straines,  
May better boast their being from the spring  
Where brave Heroë's worth the Sisters sing:  
    (In lines whose raignes  
In spight of Envy and her restless paines:  
Be unconfin'd as blest eternities:)  
    The vales shall ring  
Thy honor'd name: and every song shall be  
A pyramis built to thy memorie.

Your honor's:

W. BROWNE.

## TO THE READER.

---

THE times are swolne so big with nicer wits,  
That nought sounds good, but what opinion strikes,  
Censure with judgment seild together sits ;  
And now the man more than the matter likes.

The great rewardresse of a poet's penne,  
Fame, is by those so clogg'd she seldome fyes,  
The Muses sitting on the graves of men,  
Singing that vertue lives and never dyes,

Are chas'd away by the malignant tongues  
Of such, by whom detraction is ador'd :

Hence grows the want of ever-living songs,  
With which our ile was whilome bravely stor'd.

If such a basiliske dart downe his eye,  
(Impoyson'd with the dregs of utmost hate)  
To kill the first bloomes of my poesie,  
It is his worst, and makes me fortunate.

Kind wits I vaile to, but to fooles precise  
I am as confident as they are nice.

W. W.

From the Inner Temple,  
June the 18, 1613.

## RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

### IN BUCOLICA G. BROWN,

ἄσπας, PER SECESSUS RUSTICI OTIA, LIQUIT AD AMIC.  
& BON. LIT. AMANTIST.

#### ANACREONTICUM.

ΚΑλλος σὸν Κυβήρεια,  
Σὸν, Κύριαι Διός, ἦθος  
Ἐρωτίωνται, Πιστά.  
Τῆ συμπαράξας Ἐρώτις·  
Ταῖς σου Παλλάδι Φίβος·  
Τῆς Μούσας κραδονήχου.  
Ταῖς Σὺ Διῶλος ὑπάχου·  
Τῆς ὄμμα δικούσης.  
Ὡ γὰρ ἰσ' ἀίρατος  
Ψυχῇ, ἔνια εἴπαι  
Φίλογ' ἔντα ἴσπαι·  
Ὅς ἀροτίσις ἔρως·  
Μούσας ἢ Ἀφροδίτη  
Πρωτοῦ τῶτο φίλους  
Νέσραξ ἀφροτίσις·  
Ὀδῶς ἰσὶ φίλους.

### AD AMORIS NUMINA.

QUIVROSTRUM Paphie, Anteros, Erosque,  
Ut regnum capiat mali quid, absit!  
Venus, per Syrium nimis venustuū!  
Amplexus teneros, parces, suaves  
Psyches, per, tibi, basiationum,  
Eros quantum erat! & per Anterotis  
Foslices animas! periclitanti  
Obtestor, dubiisque consulatis  
Rei vestræ! Miserum magis favete  
Languori, miserum favete amantum,  
Divi, cordolio! Quod est amatum  
Ictu propitii ferite pectus!  
Ictus quin sit ab aenea sagitta!  
Ortas spe placita fovete flammæ!  
Ortis quin similes parate flammæ!  
Sas gnaviter ambient Nexas!  
Et cautim laciunt suos Nexas!  
Dextris sternuite adprobationes!  
Adjactis detur osculum labellis!  
Et junctis detur osculum salivis!  
Tui nectaris adde, diva, quintam<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Amica, domina (nostro idiomate amatorio, mistress) & Nexa sunt uti synonyma Prudentio, ante alios, Peri Steph. hymn. 12. & alicubi. v. si placet & Jos. Scalig. ad 3. Tibulli.

<sup>2</sup> Horat. Carm. 1. od. 13.

Conturbet tremulæ libido linguæ,  
Ne quis basia fascinare possit!<sup>1</sup>  
Morsus mutua temperet voluptas!  
Dormitis, nimiumque defuistis  
Procis, atque adamantinis puellis.  
Isthac prospiciens tibi, Cupido,  
Audax admonui. Tuas Apollo,  
Deusque, Arcadis, Minerva, & Hermes  
Supplantant Venere. Murinus arcum  
Tendit, quin jaculis tua pharetra  
Surreptis petimur. Camena textit  
Cantu dædala, blandulum Aphroditæ  
Cestum, & insidias plicat. Minervæ  
Buxus, Mercurii Chelys, Cicuta  
Fauni, dulce melos canunt. Eros  
En, olim docuit<sup>2</sup>, plagas Froti  
Jam tendit, juvenis, poeta, pastor,  
Isthac prospiciens tibi, Cupido,  
Audax admonui. Fave Cupido.

#### BY THE SAME.

So much a stranger my severer Muse  
Is not to love-strains, or a shepherd's reed,  
But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,  
Of Pan, of Pallas, and his sister's meed.  
Read and commend, she durst these tun'd essays  
Of him that loves her (she hath ever found  
His studies as one circle.) Next she prays  
His readers be with rose and myrtle crown'd!  
No willow touch them! As his baies<sup>1</sup> are free  
From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be!

J. SELDEN, JURIS C.

### TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR<sup>2</sup>.

Drive forth thy focke, young pastor, to that plaine,  
Where our old sheperds wost their flocks to feed:  
To those cleare walks, where many a skilfull swaine  
To'ards the calme ev'ning, tun'd his pleasant reede.

<sup>1</sup> Ne scilicet quis pernumeret. Finitus n. & notus numerus fascino, apud veteres, obnoxius. Idque in Basis observatum habes ap. Catul. Carm. 5. & 7.

<sup>2</sup> Amor a pastore omne genus Musices olim eductus, Bion Idyll. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Baies (faire readers) being the materials of poet's ghirlands (as myrtle and roses are for enjoying lovers, and the fruitless willow for them which your unconscience, too oft, makes most unhappy) are supposed not subject to any hurt of Jupiter's thunderbolts, as other trees are.

<sup>4</sup> See Canto 5. and B. 2. S. 2.

Those, to the Muses once so sacred, downes,  
As no rude foote might there presume to stand :  
(Now made the way of the unwortheist clownes,  
Dig'd and plow'd up with each unhallowed hand)  
If possible thou canst, redeeme those places,  
Where, by the brim of many a silver spring,  
The learned maydens, and delightfull graces  
Often have sate to heare our shepherds sing :  
Where on those pines the neigbb'ring groves among  
(Now utterly neglected in these dayes)  
Our garlands, pipes, and cornamutes were hong  
The monuments of our deserved praise.  
So may thy sheepe like, so thy lambes increase,  
And from the wolfe feede over safe and free !  
So mai'st thou thrive, among the learned prease,  
As thou young shepheard art below'd of me !

MICHAEL DRAITON<sup>6</sup>.

TO HIS INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND,  
*THE AUTHOR.*

He that will tune his oaten pipe aright,  
To great Apollo's harp : he that will write  
A living poem ; must have many yeres,  
And settled judgment 'mongst his equall peeres,  
In well-rig'd barke to steere his doubtful course ;  
Least secret, rockie envy ; or the source  
Of froathy, but skye-tow'ring arrogance ;  
Or fleeting, sandy vulgar censure chance  
To leave him ship-wrackt, on the desert maine  
Imploring aged Neptune's help in vaine.  
The younger cygnet, even at best, doth teare,  
With his harsh squealings, the melodious care :  
It is the old, and dying swan that sings  
Notes worthy life, worthy the Thespian springs.  
But thou art young ; and yet thy voyce as sweet,  
Thy verse as smooth, composure as discreet.  
As any swan's, whose tuneful notes are spent  
On Thames his banks ; which makes me confident,  
He knows no music, hath not ears, nor tongue,  
That not commends a voyce so sweet, so young.

*ON HIM ;*

## A PASTORALL ODE TO HIS FAIREST SHEPHEARDESSE.

SYREN more than earthly faire,  
Sweetly breake the yeelding ayre :  
Sing on Albion's whitest rockes :  
Sing ; whilst Willie to his flockes,  
Defly tunes his various reede.  
Sing ; and he, whilst younglings feede,  
Answers shall thy best of singing,  
With his rural musicke, bringing  
Equall pleasure ; and requite  
Musicke's sweets with like delight.  
What though Willie's songs be plaine,  
Sweet they be : for he's a swaine

<sup>6</sup> He likewise pays him this compliment in his epistle on Poets and Poetry, in the 2d vol. of his poems, in fol, printed 1627, p. 208. or vol. iv. p. 398 of the present collection.

Then they two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,  
My dear companions, whom I freely chose.  
My bosom friends \* ; and in their several wayes  
Rightly born poets, and in these last days  
Men of much note, and no less noble parts, &c.

\* Sir John Beaumont, bart. and his brother Francis Beaumont, esq.

Made of purer mould than earth.  
Him did Nature from his birth,  
And the Muses single out,  
For a second Colin Clout.  
Tityrus made him a singer :  
Pan him taught his pipe to finger :  
Numbers, curious eares to please,  
Learn'd he of Philisides.  
Kala loves him : and the lasses  
Points at him, as by he passes,  
Wishing never tongue that's bad  
Censure may so blithe a lad.  
Therefore well can he requite  
Musicke's sweets with like delight :  
Sing then ; breake the yeelding ayre,  
Syren more than earthly fayre.  
è So Int. Temp.

EDWARD HEYWARD.

## TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR',

## UPON HIS POEM.

THIS plant is knotlesse that puts forth these leaves,  
Upon whose branches I his praise doe sing :  
Fruitfull the ground, whose verdure it receives  
From fertile Nature and the learned spring.  
In zeale to good ; knowne, but unpractiz'd ill,  
Chaste in his thoughts, though in his youthful  
prime,  
He writes of past'rall love, with nectar'd quill,  
And offers up his first fruits unto time. [stern  
Receive them (Time) and in thy border place  
Among thy various flowers of poesie ;  
No envy blast, nor ignorance deface them,  
But keep them fresh in fayrest memory !  
And when from Daphne's tree he plucks more  
baies [laics.  
His shepherd's pipe may chant more heav'nly  
CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

## ANAGRAMMA.

## GUILIELMUS BROWNE.

Ne vulgo Librum ejus,

Si vulgus gustare tuo velis apta palato ;  
I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes.  
Nil vulgare sapit liber hic ; hinc vulgus abesto ;  
Non nisi delicias hæc tibi mensa dabit.  
è So. Int. Temp.

FR. DYMER.

## TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

OR (jolly lad) and hys thee to the field  
Amongst the best swaines that the vallyes yeeld ;  
Goe boldly, and in presence of them all,  
Proceede a shepheard with his pastorall.  
Let Pan, and all his rural traine attending,  
From stately mountaines to the plaines descending,  
Salute this pastor with their kinde embraces ;  
And entertaine him to their holy places.  
Let all the nymphes of hills and dales together  
Kisse him for earnest of his welcome thither :  
Crowne him with garlands of the choisest flowres,  
And make him ever dwell within their bowres :

\* See Book 2. Canto 2.

For well I wote in all the plaines around,  
 There are but few such shepheards to be found,  
 That can such learned layes and ditties frame,  
 Or aptly fit their tunes unto the same.  
 And let them all (if this young swaine should die)  
 Tame all their reedes to sing his memorie.  
 † So. Int. Tempel. THEO. GARDINER.

## TO THE AUTHOR.

HAD I beheld thy Muse upon the stage,  
 A poesie in fashion with this age;  
 Or had I seen, when first I view'd thy taake,  
 An active wit dance in a satyre's maske,  
 I should in those have prais'd thy wit and art,  
 But not thy ground, a poem's better part:  
 Which being the perfect'st image of the braine,  
 Not fram'd to any base end, but to gaine  
 True approbation of the artist's worth,  
 When to an open view he sets it forth,  
 Judiciously: he strives, no lesse t' adorne  
 By a choise subject, than a curious forme:  
 Well hast thou then past o'er all other rhyme,  
 And in a pastorall spent thy leasure's time:  
 Where fruit so fayre, and field so fruitfull is,  
 That hard it is to judge whether in this  
 The substance or the fashion more excel,  
 So precious is the jemme, and wrought so well.  
 Thus rest thou prais'd of me, fruit, field, jemme  
 art,  
 Doe claime much praise to equall such desert.  
 † So. Med. Tempel. W. FERRAR.

## TO THE AUTHOR.

FRIEND, ile not erre in blazing of thy worth:  
 This worke in truest termes will set it forth:  
 In these few lines the all I doe intend  
 Is but to show that I have such a friend.  
 † So. Int. Tempel. FR. OULDR.

## TO THE MOST INGENIOUS AUTHOR

## MR. W. BROWNE.

ISXIOUS swaine! that highly dost adorne  
 Clear Tavy! on whose bruck we both were borne!  
 Just praise in me would ne'er be thought to move  
 From thy sole worth, but from thy partiall love,  
 Wherefore I will not do thee so much wrong,  
 As by such mixture to allay thy song.  
 But while kind strangers rightly praise each grace  
 Of thy chaste Muse, I (from the happy place,  
 That brought thee forth, and thinks it not unfit  
 To boast now, that it earst bred such a wit;)   
 Would only have it knowne I much rejoyce,  
 To hear such matters, sung by such a voyce.

JOHN GLANVILL.

## TO HIS FRIEND MR. BROWNE.

ALL that doe reade thy workes, and see thy face,  
 (Where scarce a haire grows up, thy chin to  
 grace)  
 Doe greatly wonder how so youthful yeeres  
 Could frame a worke, where so much worth ap-  
 pears,

To hear how thou describ'st a tree, a dale,  
 A grove, a greene, a solitary vale,  
 The evening showers, and the morning gleames,  
 The golden mountaines, and the silver streames,  
 How smooth thy verse is, and how sweet thy rimes,  
 How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy lines;  
 What more or lesse can there be said by men,  
 But, Muses rule thy hand, and guide thy pen.  
 † So. Int. Tempel. THEO. WENMAN.

## TO HIS WORTHILY-AFFECTED FRIEND

## MR. W. BROWNE.

AWAKE sad Muse, and thou my sadder spright,  
 Made so by Time, but more by Fortune's spight:  
 Awake, and high us to the greene,  
 There shall be seene  
 The quaintest lad of all the time  
 For neater rime:  
 Whose free and unaffected straines  
 Take all the swaines  
 That are not rude and ignorant,  
 Or envy want.

And envy lest its hate discovered be  
 A courtly love and friendship offers thee:  
 The shepardesses blith and fayre  
 For thee despayre.  
 And whose're depends on Pap  
 Holds him a mau  
 Beyond themselves, (if not compare,)  
 He is so rare,  
 So innocent in all his wayes  
 As in his layes.  
 He master's no low soule who hopes to please  
 The nephew of the brave Philisides.

## ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

WERE all men's envies fixt in one man's lookes,  
 That monster that would prey on safest fame;  
 Durst not once checke at thine, not at thy name:  
 So he who men can reade as well as bookes  
 Attest thy lines; thus tryde, they show to us  
 As Scava's shield, thyselfe Emeritus.

W. HERBERT.

To my BROWNE, yet brightest swaine  
 That woons, or haunts, or hill, or plaine,

## POETA NASCITUR.

PIPE on, sweet swaine, till joy, in blisse, sleepe  
 waking!  
 Hermes, it seems, to thee, of all the swaines,  
 Hath lent his pipe and art: for, thou art making  
 With sweet notes (noted) heav'n of hills and plaines!  
 Nay, as if thou beginn'st, thou dost hold on,  
 The totall earth thine Arcadie will be;  
 And Neptune's monarchy thy Helicon:  
 So, all in both will make a god of thee.  
 To whom they will exhibit sacrifice  
 Of richest love and praise; and envious swaines  
 (Charm'd with thine accents) shall thy notes agnize  
 To reach above great Pan's in all thy straines.  
 Then, ply this veyne: for, it may well containe  
 The richest morals under poorest shroud;  
 And sith in thee the past'rall spirit doth raigne,  
 On such wit's treasures let it sit abroad:

Till it hath hatch'd such numbers as may buy  
The rarest fame that e're enriched ayre :  
Of fann'd the way faire to eternity,  
To which, unsoil'd, thy glory shall repaire !  
Where (with the gods that in faire starres doe dwell,  
When thou shalt, blazing, in a starre abide)  
Thou shalt be stil'd the shepherd's starre, to tell  
Them many mysteries, and be their guide.

Thus, do I spurre thee on with sharpest praise,  
To use thy gifts of nature, and of skill,  
To double-guild Aprillo's browes, and bayes,  
Yet make great Nature art's true sov'raigne still.  
So, Fame shall ever say, to thy renouwe,  
" The shepherd's starre, or bright'st in sky, is  
Browne !"

The true lover of thyne  
Art and Nature,  
JOHN DAVIES of Heref.

AD ILLUSTRISSIMUM JUVENEM  
GULIELMUM BROWNE,

GENEROSUM, IN OPERIS SUI TOMUM SECUNDUM.

CARMEN GRATULATORIUM.

SCRIPTA pridem vidi, legi, digitoque notavi  
Carminis istius singula verba meo.  
Ex scriptis sparsim quærebam carpere dicta,  
Omnia æd par est, aut ego nulla notem.  
Filla si fuerit facies hæc nacta sororis,  
Laudator prolis solum & author eris :  
Hæc nondum visi qui flagrat amore libelli  
Prænarat scriptis omnia certa tuis.

CAROLUS CROKE.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

A PERFECT pen, itself will ever praise.  
So pipes our shepherd in his roundelayes,  
That who could judge of musique's sweetest straine,  
Would swear thy Muse were in a heavenly vayne.  
A worke of worth, shews what the worke-man is :  
When as the fault that may be found amisse,  
(To such at least, as have judicious eyes)  
Nor in the worke, nor yet the worke-man lyes.  
Well worthy thou, to weare the lawreil wreath :  
When from thy breast, these blessed thoughts do  
breathe ;

That in thy gracious lines such grace doe give,  
It makes thee, everlastingly to live.  
Thy words well coucht, thy sweet invention show  
A perfect poet, that could place them so.  
æ So. Int. Templ. UNTON CROKE.

TO THE AUTHOR.

THAT priviledge which others claime,  
To flatter with their friends,  
With thee, friend, shall not be mine ayme,  
My verse so much pretenda.

The generall umpire of best wit  
In this will speak thy fame.  
The Muse's minions as they sit,  
Will still confirme the same.

Let me sing him that merits best,  
Let other scrape for fashion ;  
Their buzzing prate thy worth will jest,  
And sleight such commendation.

ANTH. VINCENT.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND

MR. WILLIAM BROWNE,

ON HIS BOOKE.

THAT poets are not bred so, but so borne,  
Thy Muse it proves ; for in her age's morne  
She hath stroke envy dumbe, and charm'd the love  
Of ev'ry Muse whose birth the skyes approve.  
Goe on ; I know thou art too good to feare.

And may thy carely straines affect the care  
Of that rare lord, who judge and guerdon can  
The richer gifts which do advantage man !  
æ So. Int. Templ, JOHN MORGAN.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

SOMETIMES (deare friend) I make thy booke my  
And then I judge 'tis honey that I eate. [meat,  
Sometimes my drink it is, and then I thinke  
It is Apollo's nectar, and no drinke  
And being hurt in minde, I keepe in store  
Thy booke, a precious balsame for the sore.  
'Tis hony, nectar, balsame most divine :  
Or one word for them all ; my friend, 'tis thine.  
æ So. Int. Templ. THO. HEYGATE.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

If antique swaines wanne such immortall praise,  
Though they alone with their melodious layes,  
Did onely charme the woods and flow'ry lawnes :  
Satyres, and floods, and stones, and hairy fawnes :  
How much, brave youth, to thy due worth belongs  
That charm'nt not them but men with thy sweet  
songs ?  
æ So. Int. Templ. AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

TO THE AUTHOR.

'Tis knowne I scorne to flatter (or commend)  
What merits not applause though in my friend :  
Which by my censure should now more appeare,  
Were this not full as good as thou art deare :  
But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,  
That I might my impartiall humour show  
By finding fault ; nor one of these friends tell  
How to show love so ill, that I as well  
Might paint out mine : I feel an envious touch,  
And tell thee, swaine : that at thy fame I grutch,  
Wishing the art that makes this poeme shine,  
And this thy worke (wert not thou wronged) mine.  
For when detraction shall forgotten be  
This will continue to eternize thee ;  
And if hereafter any busie wit  
Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,  
Though seeming learn'd or wise : here he shall see,  
'Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd than he.

G. WITHER.

## TO MR. BROWNE.

Was there a thought so strange as to deny  
 That happy bayes do some men's births adorne,  
 Thy worke alone might serve to justifie,  
 That poets are not madeso, but so borne. [high  
 How could thy plumes thussoone have soar'd thus  
 Hadst thou not lawrell in thy cradle worpe?  
 Thy birth o'er-took thy youth: and it doth make  
 Thy youth (herein) thine elders over-take.

W. R.

TO MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND,

MR. BROWNE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

Some men, of bookes or friends not speaking right,  
 May hurt them more with praise, than foes  
 with spight.

But I have seen thy worke, and I know thee:  
 And, if thou list thyselfe, what thou canst be.  
 For, though but early in these pathes thou  
 tread,

I find thee write most worthy to be read.  
 It must be thine owne judgement, yet, that sends  
 This thy worke ferth: that judgment mine  
 commends. [fames,

And, where the most reade bookes on author's  
 Or, like our money-brokers, take up names  
 On credit, and are cossen'd; see, that thou  
 By off'ring not more sureties, than inow,  
 Hold thine owne worth unbroke: which is as  
 good

Upon th' exchange of letters, as I wou'd  
 More of our writers would, like thee, not swell  
 With the how much they set forth, but th' how  
 well.

BEN JONSON.

# POEMS

OF

## WILLIAM BROWNE.

### BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK I.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's love, ycleep'd the faire,  
Celand's disdain, and her despair,  
Are the first wings my Muse puts on  
To reach the sacred Helicon.

[**T**HAT while care, neere Tavi's<sup>1</sup> stragling spring,  
Unto my seely sheepe did use to sing,  
And plai'd to please myselfe, on rusticke reede,  
Nor sought for baye, (the learned shepheard's  
meede)

But as a swayne unkennt fed on the plaines,  
And made the Rocho umpire of my straines :  
And drawne by time (altho' the weak't of many)  
To sing those layes as yet unsung of any.  
What neede I tune the swaines of Thessaly ?  
Or, bootelesse, adde to them of Arcadie ?  
No: faire Arcadia cannot be compleater,  
My prayse may lesson, but not make thee greater.

<sup>1</sup> Tavis is a river, having his head in Dertmore, in Devon, some few miles from Marie-Tavy, and falls southward into Tamar: out of the same moore riseth, running northward, another, called Tau: which by the way the rather I speake of, because in the printed Malmesburie de Gest. Pontific. lib. 2. fol. 146. you reade, Est in Domnonia caesibium Monachorum juxta Tau fluvium, quod Tavistock vocatur: whereas upon Tau stands (neere the north-side of the shire) Taustocke, being no remnants of a monasterie: so that you must there reade, juxta Tavi Fluvium, as in a manuscript copie of Malmesburie, (the forme of the hand assuring Malmesburie's time) belonging to the abbey of S. Augustine, in Canterburie, I have seen, in the hands of my very learned friend M. Selden.

My Muse for lofty pitches shall not rome,  
But homely pipen of her native home:  
And to the swaynes, love rural minstralsie,  
Thus, deare Britannia, will I sing of thee.

High on the plaines of that renowned ile,  
Which all men Beautie's Garden-plot enstyle,  
A shepheard dwelt, whom fortune had made rich  
With all the gifts that seely men bewitch.  
Neere him a shepheardesse, for beautie's store  
Unparalell'd of any age before.

Within those breasts her face, a flame did move,  
Which never knew before what 'twas to love,  
Dazeling each shepheard's sight that view'd her  
And, as the Persians, did idolatrise [eyes,  
Unto the Sunne: they thought that Cynthia's light  
Might well be spar'd, where she appear'd in night.  
And as when many to the goale doe runne,  
The prize is given never but to one:  
So first, and onely Celandine was led,  
Of destinies and Heaven much favoured,  
To gaine this beautie, which I here do offer  
To memorie: his paynes (who would not proffer  
Paynes for such pleasures?) were not great nor  
much,

But that his labour's recompence was such  
As countervayled all: for she whose passion,  
(And passion oft is love) whose inclination  
Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know  
He was the elme whereby her vine did grow:  
Yea, told him, when his tongue began this taske,  
She knew not to deny when he would aske.  
Finding his suite as quickly got as mov'd,  
Celandine, in his thoughts, not well approv'd  
What none could disallow, his love grew fained,  
And what he once affected, now disdain'd.  
But faire Marina (for so was she call'd)  
Having in Celandine her love install'd,  
Affected so this faithlesse shepheard's boy,  
That she was rapt beyond degree of joy.  
Briefely, she could not live one houre without him.  
And thought no joy like theirs that liv'd about him.

This variable shepheard for a while  
Did Nature's jewell, by his craft, beguile:  
And still the perfecter her love did grow,  
His did appeare more counterfeit in show.



Which she perceiving that his flame did slake,  
 And lov'd her onely for his trophies sake :  
 " For he that's stuffed with a faithlesse tumour,  
 Loves onely for his lust and for his humour :"  
 And that he often, in his merry fit,  
 Would say, his good came, ere he hop'd for it:  
 His thoughts for other subjects being prest,  
 Esteeming that as nought, which he possesseth :  
 " For, what is gotten but with little paine,  
 As little griefe we take to lose againe :"  
 Well-minded Marine, grieving, thought it strange,  
 That her ingratefull swaine did seeke for change.  
 Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,  
 Joyes to the wane: heart-rending griefe did pull  
 Her from herselfe, and she abandon'd all  
 To cryes and teares, fruits of a funerall:  
 Running, the mountaines, fields, by wat'ry springs,  
 Filling each cave with wofull echoings;  
 Making in thousand places her complaint,  
 And uttering to the trees what her tears meant.  
 " For griefes conceal'd (proceeding from desire)  
 Consume the more, as doth a close-pent fire."  
 Whilst that the daye's sole eye doth guide the seas,  
 In his daye's journey to th' Antipodes:  
 And all the time the jetty chariotere  
 Hurles her black mantle through our hemisphere,  
 Under the covert of a sprouting pyne  
 She sits and grieves for faithlesse Celandine.  
 Beginning thus: " Alas! and must it be  
 That love, which thus torments and trouble me  
 In settling it, so small advice hath lent  
 To make me captive, where enfranchisement  
 Cannot be gotten? Nor where, like a slave,  
 The office due to faithfull prisoners, have?  
 Oh, cruel Celandine! why shouldst thou hate  
 Her, who to love thee was ordain'd by Fate!  
 Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice  
 My wretched life to thy betraying eyes?  
 Aye me! of all, my most unhappy lot,  
 What others would, thou mai'st, and yet wilt not.  
 Have I rejected those that me ador'd,  
 To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd?  
 And pass'd by others' teares, to make election  
 Of one, that should so pass by my affection?  
 I have: and see, the heav'nly powers intend  
 ' To punish sinners in what they offend!  
 May be he takes delight to see in me  
 The burning rage of hellish jealousy;  
 Tries if in fury any love appears;  
 And bathes his joy within my flood of teares.  
 But if he lov'd to soile my spotlesse soule,  
 And me amongst deceived maides enrolle,  
 To publish to the world my open shame:  
 Then, heart, take freedom; hence, accursed flame!  
 And, as queene regent, in my heart shall move  
 ' Didaine, that onely over-ruleth love:'  
 By this infranchiz'd sure my thoughts shall be,  
 And in the same sort love, as thou lov'st me.  
 But what! or can I cancell or unbinde [sign'd?  
 That which my heart hath seal'd and love hath  
 No, no! griefe doth deceive me more each houre;  
 ' For, whose truly loves, hath not that power.'  
 I wrong to say so, since of all 'tis knowne,  
 ' Who yeelds to love doth love to be her owne.'  
 But what availes my living thus apart?  
 Can I forget him? or out of my heart  
 Can teares expulse his image? Surely no.  
 ' We well may flye the place, but not the woe:  
 Love's fire is of a nature which by turnes  
 Consumes in presence, and in absence burnes.'

And knowing this, aye me! unhappy wight!  
 What meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?  
 And from that peevish, shooting, hood-winc't elfe,  
 To repossesse my love, my heart, my selfe?  
 Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect,  
 Since what my life, nor can nor will effect,  
 My ruine shall: and by it, I shall finde,  
 ' Death cures (when all helps faile) the griev'd  
 minde.'

And welcome here, (than love, a better guest)  
 That of all labours art the onely rest:  
 Whilst thus I live, all things discomfort give,  
 The life is sure a death wherein I live:  
 Save life and death do differ in this one,  
 That life hath ever cares, and death hath none.  
 But if that he (disdainfull swaine) should know  
 That for his love I wrought my overthrow;  
 Will he not glory in't? and from my death  
 Draw more delights, and give new joyes their  
 Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I [breath?  
 Render myselfe to death than misery.  
 I cannot live, thus barred from his sight,  
 Nor yet endure, in presence, any wight  
 Should love him but myselfe. O reason's eye,  
 How art thou blinded with wilde jealousy!  
 And is it thus? Then which shall have my blood,  
 Or certaine ruine, or uncertaine good?  
 Why do I doubt? Are we not still adviz'd,  
 ' That certaintie in all things best is priz'd?'  
 Then, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,  
 ' Know death hath certaintie, but life hath none.'

" Here is a mount, whose toppe seemes to despise  
 The farre inferior vales that under lies:  
 Who, like a great man rais'd aloft by Fate,  
 Measures his height by others' meane estate:  
 Neere to whose foote there glides a silver flood,  
 Falling from hence, I'll cliumbe unto my good:  
 And by it finish love and reason's strife,  
 And end my misery as well as life.  
 But as a coward's hartener in warre, [farre,  
 The stirring drumme, keeps lesser noyse from  
 So seeme the murmuring waves tell in mine care,  
 That guiltlesse blood was never spilled there.  
 Then stay awhile; the beasts that haunt those  
 springs,

Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,  
 May doe that deede, (as mov'd by my cry)  
 Wher by my soule, as spotlesse ivory, [hence,  
 May turne from whence it came, and, freed from  
 Be unpolluted of that foule offence.  
 But why protract I time? Death is no stranger,  
 ' And generous spirits never feare for danger:  
 Death is a thing most naturall to us,  
 And feare doth onely make it odious."

As when to seeke her foode abroad doth rove  
 The nuncius of peace, the seely dove,  
 Two sharpe set hawkes doe her on each side hem,  
 And she knowes not which way to flye from them:  
 Or like a shippe, that tossed to and fro  
 With winde and tyde, the winde doth sternely blow,  
 And drives her to the maine, the tyde comes shore  
 And hurles her backe againe towards the shore;  
 And since her balast and her sailes do lacke,  
 One brings her out, the other beates her backe;  
 Till one of them encreasing more his shokes,  
 Hurles her to shore, and rends her on the rockes:  
 So sfood she long, 'twixt love and reason tost,  
 (untill despaire (who, were it comes, rules most)  
 Wonne her to throw herselfe, to meete with death,  
 From off the rocke into the flood beneath.

The waves that were above, when as she fell,  
For feare flew backe againe into their well;  
Doubting ensuing times on them would frowne,  
That they so rare a beauty help'd to drowne,  
Her fall, in griefe, did make the streame so rore,  
That sullen murmuring filled all the shore.

A shepheard (neere this flood that fed his sheepe,  
Who'at this chance left grazing, and did weepe)  
Having so sad an object for his eyes,  
Left pipe and focke, and in the water flies,  
To save a jewell, which was never sest  
To be possess by one sole element :

But such a worke Nature dispos'd and gave,  
Where all the elements concordance have,  
He tooke her in his armes, for pittie cride,  
And brought her to the river's further side :  
Yea, and he sought by all his arte and paine,  
To bring her likewise to herselfe againe :  
While she that by her fall was senselesse left,  
And almost in the waves had life bereft,  
Lay long, as if her sweet immortall spirit  
Was fled, some other palace to inherit.

But as cleere Phoebus, when some foggy cloud  
His brightnesse from the world a while doth shrowd,  
Doth by degrees beginne to shew his light  
Unto the view : or, as the queene of night,  
In her increasing hornes, doth rounder grow,  
Till full and perfect she appeare in show :  
Such order in this mayde the shepheard spies,  
When she beganne to shew the world her eyes.  
Who (thinking now that she had past death's  
dreame,

Occasion'd by her fall into the streame,  
And that Hell's ferriman did then deliver  
Her to the other side th' infernall river)  
Said to the swaine : " O Charon ! I am bound  
More to thy kindnesse, than all else, that round  
Come thronging to thy boate : thou hast past over  
The woful'st maide that ere these shades did cover :  
But prithee, ferriman, direct my spright  
Where that blacke river runnes that Lettie hight,  
That I of it (as other ghosts) may driuke,  
And never of the world, or love, more thinke."  
The swaine perceiving by her words ill sorted,  
That she was wholly from herselfe transported ;  
And fearing lest those often idle fits  
Might cleane expel her uncollected wits :  
" Faire nymph," said he, " the powers above deny  
So faire a beautie should so quickly dy :  
The Heavens unto the world have made a loane,  
And must for you have interest, three for one :  
Call backe your thoughts, o'er-cast with dolour's  
night ;

Do you not see the day, the heavens, the light ?  
Do you not know, in Pluto's darkesome place  
The light of Heaven did never shew his face ?  
Do not your pulses beat, y' are warme, have breath,  
Your sense is rapt with feare, but not with death ?  
I am not Charon, nor of Pluto's boast ;  
Nor is there flesh and bloud found in a ghost :  
But, as you see, a seely shepheard's swaine,  
Who, though my meere revenues be the traine  
Of milk-white sheepe, yet am I joy'd as much,  
In saving you, (O, who would not save such !)  
As ever was the wand'ring youth of Greece<sup>2</sup>,  
That brought from Colchos home the golden sleepe."

The never-too-much-praised faire Marine,  
Bearing those words, beleev'd her eares and eyne :

And knew how she escaped had the flood  
By means of this young swaine that neere her  
stood.

Whereat, for griefe, she gan againe to faint,  
Redoubling thus her cryes and sad complaint :  
" Alas ! and is that likewise barr'd from me,  
Which for all persons else lies ever free ?  
Will life, nor death, nor aught abridge my paine ?  
But live still dying, dye to live againe ?  
The most unhappy I ! which finde most sure,  
The wound of love, neglected, is past cure.  
Most cruell god of love ! (if such there be)  
That still to my desires art contrary !  
Why should I not in reason this obtaine,  
That as I love, I may be lov'd againe ?  
Alas ! with thee, too, Nature plays her parts,  
That fram'd so great a discord 'twenee two hearts :  
One flies, and awiaies doth in hate persever ;  
'The other followes, and in love growes ever.  
Why dost thou not extinguish cleane this flame,  
And plac't on him that best deserves the same ?  
Why had not I affected some kinde youth,  
Whose everie word had bene the word of truth ?  
Who might have had to love, and lov'd to have  
So true a heart as I to Celand gave.  
For Psyche's love<sup>3</sup> ! if beautie gave thee birth,  
Or if thou hast attractive power on Earth,  
Dame Venus' sweetest childe, requite this love ;  
Or Fate yeeld means my soule may hence re-  
move !"

Once se. ing in a spring her drowned eyes,  
" O cruell beautie, cause of this !" she cries ;  
" Mother of love, (my joye's most fattall knife)  
That work't her death, by whom thyselfe hast  
life !"

The youthfull swaine, that heard this loving  
So oftentimes to poure forth such complaint,  
Within his heart such true affection prais'd,  
And did perceiue kinde love and pittie rais'd  
His minde to sighes ; yea, beautie forced this,  
That all her griefe he thought was likewise his.  
And having brought her what his lodge affords,  
Sometime he wept with her, sometime with words  
Would seeke to comfort ; when, alas, poor elfe !  
He needed then a comforter himselfe.  
Daily whole troupes of griefe unto him came,  
For her who languish'd of another flame.  
If that she sigh'd, he thought him lov'd of her,  
When 'twas another saile her winde did stirre :  
But had her sighes and teares beene for this boy,  
Her sorrow had bene lesse, and more her joy.  
Long time in griefe he bid his love-made paines,  
And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines ;  
Bearing a fuell, which her sun-like eyes  
Inflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.  
Yet he, sad swaine ! to shew it did not dare ;  
And she, least he should love, nye dy'd for feare.  
She, ever-wailing, blam'd the powers above,  
That night nor day give any rest to love.  
He prais'd the Heavens in silence, oft was mute,  
And thought with tears and sighs to yinne his sute.  
Once in the shade, when she by sleepe repos'd,  
And her cleare eyes 'twixt her faire lids enclos'd ;  
The shepheard-swaine beganne to hate and curse  
That day unfortunate, which was the nurse  
Of all his sorrowes. He had given breath  
And life to her, which was his cause of death.

<sup>3</sup> See Apuleius' Golden Ass, 4th, 5th, and 6th v.

<sup>2</sup> Jason.

O Æsop's snake, that thirstest for his blood,  
From whom thyself receiv'dst a certayne good.  
Thus oftentimes unto himselfe alone  
Would he recount his griefe, utter his mone;  
And after much debating did resolve  
Rather his grandame Earth should cleane involve  
His pining body, ere he would make knowne  
To her, what tares love in his breast had sowne.  
Yea, he would say, when griefe for speech hath  
" 'Tis better never aske than be denide." [cride;

But as the queene of rivers, fairest Thames,  
That for her buildings other fouds enflames  
With greatest envie; or the nymph<sup>4</sup> of Kent,  
That stateliest ships to sea hath ever sent;  
Some baser groome, for lucre's hellish course,  
Her channell having stopt, kept backe her source,  
(Fill'd with disdaine) doth swell above her mounds,  
And overfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,  
Angry she teares up all that stops her way,  
And with more violence runnes to the sea:  
So the kind shepheard's griefe (which, long uppent,  
Grew more in powre, and longer in extent)  
Forth of his heart more violently thrust,  
And all his vow'd intentions quickly burst.  
Marina hearing sighes, to him drew neere,  
And did entreate his cause of griefe to heare:  
But had she knowe her beauty was the sting,  
That caused all that instant sorrowing;  
Silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,  
And shad not ask'd for what the shepheard wept.

The swaine first, of all times, this best did thinke,  
To show his love, whilst on the river's brinke  
They sate alone, then thought, he next would  
move her

With sighes and teares (true tokens of a lover):  
And since she knew what helpe from him she found,  
When in the river she had else beene drown'd,  
He thinketh sure she cannot but grant this,  
To give reliefe to him, by whom she is:  
By this incited, said: " Whom I adore,  
Sole mistresse of my heart, I thee implore,  
Doe not in bondage hold my freedome long;  
And since I life or death hold from your tongue,  
Suffer my heart to love, yea, dare to hope  
To get that good of love's intended scope.  
Grant I may praise that light in you I see,  
And dying to myselfe, may live in thee.  
Faire nymph, surcease this death-alluring languish,  
So rare a beautie was not borne for anguish.  
Why shouldst thou care for him that cares not for  
thee?"

Yea, most unworthy wight, seemes to abhorre thee:  
And if he be as you doe here paint forth him,  
He thinks you, best of beauties, are not worth him;  
That all the joyes of love will not quit cost  
For all lov'd freedome which by it is lost.  
Within his heart such selfe-opinion dwels,  
That his conceit in this he thinks excels;  
Accounting women beautie's sugred baites,  
That never catch, but fooles, with their deceits:  
' Who of himselfe harbours so vaine a thought,  
Truely to love could never yet be brought.'  
Then love that heart, where lies no faithlesse seed,  
That never wore dissimulation's weed:  
Who doth account all beauties of the spring,  
That jocund summer-daies arc ushering,  
As foiles to yours. But if this cannot move  
Your minde to pittie, nor your heart to love;

† Medway.

Yet, sweetest, grant me love to quench that flame,  
Which burnes you now. Expel his worthless  
name,

Cleane rote him out by me, and in his place  
Let him inhabit, that will runne a race  
More true in love. It may be for your rest.  
And when he sees her, who did love him best,  
Possessed by another, he will rate  
The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late:  
' For what is in our powers, we little deeme,  
And things possess'd by others, best esteeme.'  
If all this gaine you not a shepheard's wife,  
Yet give not death to him which gave you life."

Marine the faire, hearing his woiung tale,  
Perceived well what wall his thoughts did scale,  
And answer'd thus: " I pray, sir swaine, what  
Is it to me to plucke up by the roote [boote  
My former love, and in his place to sow  
As ill a seede, for any thing I know?  
Rather 'gainst thee I mortall hate retaine,  
That seek'st to plant in me new cares, new paine:  
Alas! th' hast kept my soule from death's sweet  
To give me over to a tyrant's hands; [bands,  
Who on his racks will torture by his powre,  
This weakned, harmlesse body, every houre.  
Be you the judge, and see if reason's lawes  
Give recompence of favour for this cause:  
You from the streames of death brought life on  
shore;

Releas'd one paine, to give me ten times more.  
For love's sake, let my thoughts in this be free;  
Object no more your haplesse saving me:  
That obligation which you thinke should binde,  
Doth still increase more hatred in my minde;  
Yea, I doe think, more thankes to him were due  
That would bereave my life, than unto you."

The thunder-stroken swaine lean'd to a tree,  
As voyd of sense as weeping Niobe:  
Making his teares the instruments to wooe her,  
The sea wherein his love should swimme unto her:  
And, could there flow from his two-headed fount,  
As great a foud as is the Hellespont,  
Within that deepe he would as willing wander,  
To meet his Hero, as did ere Leander.  
Mean while the nymph withdrew herselfe aside,  
And to a grove at hand her steps applide.

With that sad sight (O! had he never seene,  
His heart in better case had ever beene)  
Against his heart, against the streame he went,  
With this resolve, and with a full intent,  
When of that streame he had discovered  
The fount, the well-spring, or the bubbling head,  
He there would sit, and with the well-drop vie,  
That it before his eyes would first runne drie:  
But then he thought the god<sup>6</sup> that haunts that  
lake,

The spoiling of his spring would not well take.  
And therefore leaving soone the christall foud,  
Did take his way unto the nearest wood:

<sup>5</sup> See Musæus and Ovid's Epistles; likewise the Testyad, a poem, in six books, begun by Christopher Marlow, and finished by George Chapman; highly esteemed by Ben Jonson.

<sup>6</sup> Deæ sanæ et nimphæ, plerûnque fontibus & fluviis præsentat apud poetas, quæ Ephydrîades & Naiades dictas: verum & nobis tamen deum præficere (sic Alpheum Tyberinum, & Rhenum, & id genus alios divos legimus) hæud illicitum.

Setting himselfe within a darkesome cave,  
 (Such places heavy Saturnis day doe crave)  
 Where yet the gladsome day was never seene,  
 Nor Phoebus' piercing beams had ever beene,  
 Fit for the synode house of those fell legions,  
 That walke the mountains, and Silvanus' regions,  
 Where Tragedie might have her full scope given,  
 From men's aspects, and from the view to Heaven.  
 Within the same some crannies did deliver  
 Into the midst thereof a pretty river;  
 The nymph whereof came by out of the veynes  
 Of our first mother, having late tane paines  
 In scouring of her channell all the way,  
 From where it first begaunne to leave the sea.  
 And in her labour thus farre now had gone,  
 When coming thro' the cave, she heard that one  
 Spake thus: "If I doe in my death persevere,  
 Pittie may that effect, which love could never."  
 By this she can conjecture 'twas some swaine,  
 Who, overladen by a maide's disdainie,  
 Had here (as fittest) chosen out a place,  
 Where he might give a period to the race  
 Of his loath'd life: which she (for pittie's sake)  
 Minding to hinder, div'd into her lake,  
 And hast'ned where the ever-teeming earth  
 Unto her current gives a wished birth;  
 And by her new-delivered river's side,  
 Upon a banke of flow'rs, had soone espide  
 Remond, young Remond, that full well could sing,  
 And tune his pipe at Pan's-birth carolling:  
 Who for his nimble leaping, sweetest layes,  
 A lawrell garland wore on holidayes;  
 In framing of whose hand dame Nature swore  
 There never was his like, nor should be more:  
 Whose locks (insnaring nets) were like the rayes,  
 Wherewith the Sunne doth diaper the seas:  
 Which if they had beene cut, and hung upon  
 The snow-white cliffes of fertile Albion,  
 Would have allured more, to be their winner,  
 Than all the diamonds' that are hidden in her.  
 Him she accosted thus: "Swaine of the wreath,  
 Thou art not placed, only here to breathe;  
 But Nature, in thy framing, shoves to me,  
 Doe good; and surely I myselfe perswade,  
 Thou never wert for evill action made.  
 In Heaven's consistory 'twas decreed,  
 That choicest fruit should come from choicest seede;  
 In baser vessels we doe ever put  
 Basest materials, doe never shut  
 Those jewels most in estimation set,  
 But in some curious costly cabinet.  
 If I may judge by th' outward shape alone,  
 Within, all vertues have convention:  
 'Fort gives most lustre unto Vertue's feature,  
 When she appeares cloth'd in a goodly creature.'  
 Halfe way the hill, neere to those aged trees,  
 Whose insides are as hives for lab'ring bees,  
 (As who should say, before their roots were dead,  
 For good workes' sake and almes, they harboured  
 Those whom nought else did cover but the skies:)  
 A path (untrodden but of beasts) there lies,  
 Directing to a cave in yonder glade,  
 Where all this forest's citizens, for shade,

At noone-time come, and are the first, I thinke,  
 That (running thro' that cave) in waters drinke:  
 Within this rocke their sits a wofull wight,  
 As voide of comfort as that cave of light;  
 And as I wot, occasion'd by the frownes  
 Of some coy shepherdesse that haunts these  
 downes.

This I doe know, (whos'ever wrought his care)  
 He is a man nye treading to despair.  
 Then hie thee thither, since 'tis charitie  
 To save a man; leave here thy flocke with me;  
 For whilst thou sav'st him from the Stygian bay,  
 Ple keepe thy lambkins from all beasts of prey."  
 The neernesse of the danger, (in his thought)  
 As it doth ever, more compassion wrought:  
 So that, with reverence to the nymph, he went  
 With winged speed, and hast'ned to prevent  
 Th' untimely seizure of the greedy grave:  
 Breathlesse, at last, he came unto the cave;  
 Where, by a sign directed to the man,  
 To comfort him he in this sort began:  
 "Shepherd, all haille! what mean these plaints?  
 This care

(Th' image of death, true portrait of the grave)  
 Why dost frequent? and waile thee under ground,  
 From whence there never yet was pittie found?  
 Come forth, and show thyselfe unto the light,  
 Thy griefe to me. If there be ought that might  
 Give any ease unto thy troubled minde,  
 We joy as much to give, as thou to finde."  
 The love-sicke swaine replide: "Remond, thou art  
 The man alone to whom I would impart  
 My woes, more willing than to any swaine,  
 That lives and feeds his sheepe upon the plains.  
 But vaine it is, and 'twould increase my woes  
 By their relation, or to thee or those  
 That cannot remedie. Let it suffice,  
 No fond distrust of thee makes me precise  
 To show my griefe. Leave me then, and forgo  
 This care more sad, since I have made it so."  
 Here teares broke forth. And Remond gan anew  
 With such intreaties earnest to pursue  
 His former suite, that he (though hardly) wan  
 The shepheard to disclose; and thus began:  
 "Know briefly, Remond, then, a heavenly face,  
 Nature's idea, and perfection's grace,  
 Within my breast hath kindled such a fire,  
 That doth consume all things, except desire;  
 Which daily doth increase, tho' alwaies burning,  
 And I want teares, but lacke no cause of mourning:  
 'For he whom Love under his colours draws,  
 May often want th' effect, but ne're the cause."  
 Quoth th' other, "Have thy starres maligne bene  
 That their predominations sway so much [such,  
 Over the rest, that with a milde aspect  
 The lives and loves of shepherds doe affect?  
 Then doe I thinke there is some greater hand,  
 Which thy endeavours still doth countervand:  
 Wherefore I wish thee quench the flame, thus  
 mov'd,  
 'And never love, except thou be belov'd:  
 For such an humour every woman seiseth,  
 She loves not him that plaineth, but that pleaseth.  
 When much thou lovest, most disdainie comes on  
 thee, [thee;  
 And when thou thinkest to hold her, she flies from  
 She follow'd, flies; she fled from, follows post,  
 And loveth best where she is hated most.  
 'Tis ever noted, both in maides and wives,  
 Their hearts and tongues are never relatives.

7 Julium Caesarem, spe Margaritarum, Britanniam petisse, scribit Sueton. in Jul. cap. 47. & ex his thoracem factum Ven'ri genetrici dicasso. Phin. Hist. Nat. 9. cap. 35. De Margaritis verb nostris consulas Camden. in Cornub. & Somerset.

Hearts full of holes, (so elder shepheard's saine)  
 As apter to receive than to retaine.  
 Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,  
 This day would not permit me time, I know:  
 The daye's swift horses would their course have run,  
 And div'd themselves within the ocean,  
 Ere I should have performed halfe my taske,  
 Striving their craftie subtilties to unmaske.  
 And gentle swaine some counsell take of me;  
 Love not still where thou mai'st; love, who loves  
 thee;

Draw to the courteous, flye thy love's abhorrer,  
 ' And if she be not for thee, be not for her.'  
 If that she still be wavering, will away,  
 Whys should'st thou strive to hold what will not stay?  
 This maxime, reason never can confute,  
 ' Better to live by losse than dye by sute.'  
 If to some other love she is inclinde, [miinde.  
 Time will at length cleane roote that from her  
 Time will extinct love's flames, his hell-like flashes,  
 And like a burning brand consum't to ashes.  
 Yet mai'st thou still attend, but not importune:  
 ' Who seekes oft misseeth, sleepers light on fortune,'  
 Yea, and on woman too. ' Thus dolefull sots  
 Have fate and fairest women for their lots.  
 Favour and pittie waite on patience.'  
 And hatred oft attendeth violence.  
 If thou wilt get desire, whence love hath pawn'd it,  
 Believe me, take thy time, but ne'r demanda it.  
 Women, as well as men, retaine desire;  
 But can dissemble, more than men, their fire.  
 Be never caught with lookes, nor selfe-wrought  
 ramour;

Nor by a quaint disguise, nor singing humour.  
 Those out-side shewes are toys, which outwards  
 But virtue lodg'd within, is onely faire. (sware:  
 If thou hast seene the beauty of our nation,  
 And find'st her have no love, have thou no passion:  
 But seeke thou further; other places sure  
 May yeeld a face as faire, a love more pure:  
 Leave, (O, then leave) food swaine, this idle course,  
 For Love's a god no mortall wight can force."

Thus Remond said, and saw the faire Marine  
 Plac'd neere a spring, whose waters christaline  
 Did in their murmurs bare a part, and pained  
 That one so true, so faire, should be disdain'd:  
 Whilst in her cryes, that slip'd the vale along,  
 Still Celand was the burthen of her song.  
 The stranger shepheard left the other swaine,  
 To give attendance to his fleecy traine;  
 Who in departing from him, let him know,  
 That yonder was his freedom's over-throw,  
 Who sate bewailing (as he late had done)  
 That love by true affection was not wonne.  
 This fully knowu: Remond came to the mayde  
 And after some few words (her tears allay'd)  
 Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruell,  
 To follow hate, and flye love's chiefest jewell.

" Faire, doe not blame him that he thus is moved;  
 For women sure were made to be beloved.  
 If beautie waiting lovers long should stay,  
 It like an house undwelt in would decay:  
 When in the heart if it have taken place,  
 Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.  
 The adamant and beautie we discover  
 To be alike; for beautie draws a lover,  
 The adamant is iron. Doe not blame  
 His loving thee, but that which caus'd the same.  
 Who so is lov'd, doth glory so to be:  
 The more your lovers, more your victorie.

Know, if you stand on faith, most women's joathing,  
 'Tis but a word, a character of nothing.  
 Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance,  
 Within a heart hath no long time residence,  
 And in a woman, she becomes alone  
 Faire to herselfe, but foule to every one.  
 If in a man it once have taken place,  
 He is a foole, or deates, or wants a face  
 To winne a woman, and I thinke it be  
 No vertue, but a meere necessitie." [" have done,  
 " Heaven's powers deny it swaine" (quoth she)  
 Strive not to bring that in derision,  
 Which whose'er detracts in setting forth,  
 Doth truly derogate from his owne worth.  
 It is a thing which Heaven to all hath lent  
 To be their vertue's chiefest ornament:  
 Which whoso wants, is well compar'd to these  
 False tables, wrought by Alcibiades;  
 Which noted well of all, were found to have bin  
 Most faire without, but most deform'd within.  
 Then shepheard know that I intend to be  
 As true to one, as he is false to me."

" To one?" (quoth he) " why so? Maides  
 pleasure take  
 To see a thousand languish for their sake:  
 Women desire for lovers of each sort,  
 And why not you? Th' amorous swaine for sport;  
 The lad that drives the greatest flocke to field,  
 Will buskins, gloves, and other fancies yeeld;  
 The gallant swaine will save you from the jaws  
 Of ravenous bears, and from the lyon's pawes.  
 Believe what I propound; doe many chuse,  
 ' The least hearbe in the field serves for some use.'"

Nothing perswaded, nor asswag'd by this,  
 Was fairest Marine, or her heavinesse:  
 But prais'd the shepheard as he ere did hope,  
 His silly sheepe should fearlessse have the scope  
 Of all the shadowes that the trees do lend,  
 From Raynard's stealth, when Titan doth ascend,  
 And runne his mid-way course; to leave her there,  
 And to his bleating charge againe repaire.  
 He condescended; left her by the brooke,  
 And to the swaine and's sheepe himselfe betooke.

He gone: she with herselfe thus gan to saine;  
 " Alas poore Marine, thinke'st thou to attaine  
 His love by sitting here? or can the fire  
 Be quencht with wood? can we allay desire  
 By wanting what's desired? O that breath,  
 The cause of life, should be the cause of death!  
 That who is shipwrackt on love's hidden shelve,  
 Doth live to others, dyes unto herselfe.  
 Why might I not attempt by death as yet  
 To gaine that freedom, which I could not get,  
 Being hind'rd heretofore; a time as free,  
 A place as fit offers itselfe to me,  
 Whose seed of ill is growne to such a height,  
 That makes the earth groane to support his weight.  
 Who so is lull'd asleepe with Midas' treasures,  
 And onely seaves by death to lose life's pleasures;  
 Let them feare death: but since my fault is such,  
 And onely fault, that I have lov'd too much,  
 On joyes of life why should I stand! for those  
 Which I neere had, I surely cannot lose.  
 Admit a while I to those thoughts consented,  
 ' Death can be but deferred, not prevented.'"

\* They represented a god or goddess without,  
 and a Silenus or deformed piper within. Erasmus  
 has a curious dissertation on Sileni Alcibiades.—  
 Adag. p. 667. Edit. R. Stephens.

Then raging with delay, her teares that fell  
 Usher'd her way, and she into a well  
 Straight wayes leapt after: 'O! how desperation  
 Attends upon the minde enthral'd to passion!'

The fall of her did make the god below,  
 Starting, to wonder whence that noyse should grow:  
 Whether some ruder clowne in spite did fling  
 A lambe, wastimely false, into his spring:  
 And if it were, he solemnely then swore  
 His spring should flow some other way: no more  
 Should it in wanton manner ere be scene  
 To writhe in knots, or give a gowne of greene  
 Unto their meadows, nor be scene to play,  
 Nor drive the rusby-mills, that in his way  
 The shepherds made: but rather for their lot,  
 Send them red waters that their sheepe should rot.  
 And with such moorish springs embrace their field,  
 That it should nought but mosse and rushes yeeld.  
 Upon each hillocke, where the merry boy  
 Sits piping in the shades his notes of joy,  
 He'd shew his anger, by some flood at hand,  
 And turne the same into a running sand.  
 Upon the oake, the plumb-tree and the holme,  
 The stock dove and the blackbird should not come,  
 Whose muting on those trees does make to grow  
 Rots curing hypbear\*, and the misseltoe. [failes,  
 Nor shall this helpe their sheep, whose stomackes  
 By tying knots of wooll neere to their tails:  
 But as the place next to the knot doth dye,  
 So shall it all the body mortifie.

Thus spake the god! but when as in the water  
 The corps came sinking downe, he spide the matter,  
 And catching softly in his arms the maide,  
 He brought her up, and having gently laid  
 Her on his banke, did presently command  
 Those waters in her, to come forth: at hand  
 They straight came gushing out, and did contest  
 Which chiefly should obey their god's behest.  
 This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,  
 And from his silver haire let fall a drop  
 Into her mouth, of such an excellence, [thence,  
 That call'd backe life, which griev'd to part from  
 Being for troth assur'd, that, than this one,  
 She ne'er possesst a fairer mansion.  
 Then did the god her body forwards stoepe,  
 And cast her for a while into a sleepe:  
 Sitting still by her did his full view take  
 Of Nature's master-piece. Here for her sake,  
 My pipe in silence as of right shall mourne,  
 Till from the wat'ring we againe returne.

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## THE SECOND SONG.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Oblivion's spring, and Dory's love,  
 With faire Marina's rape, first move  
 Mine oaten pipe, which after singe  
 The birth of two renowned springs.

Now till the Sunne shall leave us to our rest,  
 And Cynthia have her brother's place possesst,

\* Hypbear ad imaginanda pecora utilissimus: nino  
 astem satum nullo modo nascitur, nec nisi per  
 alvum avium redditum maximè pambule & turdi.  
 Pfin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44. Hinc illud vetus ver-  
 bom, Turdus sibi malum cacat.

I shall goe on: and first id diff'ring stripe,  
 The foud-god's speech thus tune on oaten pipe.

"Or mortall, or a power above,  
 Inrag'd by fury, or by love,  
 Or both, I know not, such a deede,  
 Thou would'st effected, that I blede  
 To thinke thereon: alas! poore elfe,  
 What, growne a traitour to thyselfe?  
 This face, this haire, this hand so pure  
 Were not ordain'd for nothing sure.  
 Nor was it meant so sweet a breath  
 Should be expos'd by such a death;  
 But rather in some lover's breast  
 Be given up, the place that best  
 Befits a lover yeeld his soule.  
 Nor should those mortals ere controule  
 The gods, that in their wisdom sage  
 Appointed have what pilgrimage  
 Each one should runne: and why should men  
 Abridge the journey set by them?  
 But much I wonder any wight  
 If he did turne his outward sight  
 Into his inward, dar'd to act  
 Her death, whose body is compact  
 Of all the beauties ever Nature  
 Laid up in store for earthly creature.  
 No savage beast can be so cruell  
 To rob the Earth of such a jewel.  
 Rather the stately unicorn  
 Would in his brest enraged scorne,  
 That maides committed to his charge  
 By any beast in Forrest large  
 Shoul'd so be wrong'd. Satyres rude  
 Durst not attempt, or ere intrude  
 With such a minde the flowry balke  
 Where harmeless virgines have their walke.  
 Would she be wonne with me to stay,  
 My waters should bring from the sea  
 The corral red, as tribute due,  
 And roundest pearles of orient hue:  
 Or in the richer veines of ground  
 Should seeke for her the diamond,  
 And whereas now unto my spring  
 They nothing else but gravell bring,  
 They should within a mine of gold  
 In piercing manner long time hold,  
 And having it to dust well wrought,  
 By them it hither should be brought;  
 With which ile pave and over-spread  
 My bottome, where her foote shall tread.  
 The best of fishes in my flood  
 Shall give themselves to be her food.  
 The trout, the dace, the pike, the bream,  
 The eele, that loves the troubled streame,  
 The miller's thumbe, the hiding loach,  
 The perch, the ever nibling roach,  
 The shoales with whom is Tavia fraught,  
 The foolish gudgeon quickly caught,  
 And last the little minnow-fish,  
 Whose chief delight in gravell is.

"In right she cannot me despise  
 Because so low mine empire lyes  
 For I could tell how Nature's store  
 Of majesty appeareth more  
 In waters, than in all the rest  
 Of elements. It seem'd her best  
 To give the waves most strength and pow'r;  
 For they doe swallow and devour  
 The earth; & the waters quence and kill  
 The flames of fire: and mounting still

Up in the aire, are seeme to be,  
 As challenging a seignore  
 Within the Heavens, and to be one  
 That should have like dominion.  
 They be a seeling and a floore  
 Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours store  
 Arising from them, vitall spirit  
 By which all things their life inherit  
 From them is stopp'd, kept asunder.  
 And what's the reason else of thunder,  
 Of lightning's flashes all about,  
 That with such violence break out,  
 Causing such troubles and such jarres,  
 As with itselfe the world had warres?  
 And can there any thing appeare  
 More wonderfull, than in the aire  
 Congealed waters oft to spie  
 Continuing pendant in the skie?  
 Till falling downe in haile or snow,  
 They make those mortall wights below  
 To runne, and ever helpe desire,  
 From his foe element the fire,  
 Which fearing then to come abroad  
 Within doores maketh his abeade.  
 Or falling downe oft time in raine,  
 Doth give greene liveries to the plaine,  
 Make shepheard's lambs fit for the dish,  
 And giveth nutriment to fish.  
 Which nourisheth all things of worth  
 The earth produceth and brings forth:  
 And therefore well considering  
 The nature of it in each thing:  
 As when the teeming earth doth grow  
 So hard, that none can plow nor sow,  
 Her brest it doth so mollifie,  
 That it not onely comes to be  
 More easie for the share and oxe,  
 But that in harvest times the shocks  
 Of Ceres' hanging cared corne  
 Doth fill the novell and the barne.  
 To trees and plants I comfort give  
 By me they fructifie and live:  
 For first ascending from beneath  
 Into the skie, with lively breath,  
 I thence am furnish'd, and bestow  
 The same on hearbes, that are below.  
 So that by this each one may see  
 I cause them spring and multiply.  
 Who seeth this, can doe no lesse,  
 Than of his owne accord confesse,  
 That notwithstanding all the strength  
 The earth enjoys in breadth and length,  
 She is beholding to each streame,  
 And hath received all from them.  
 Her love to him she then must give  
 By whom herselfe doth chiefly live."

This being spoken by this water's god,  
 He straight-way in his hand did take his rod,  
 And stroke it on his banke, wherewith the flood  
 Did such a roaring make within the wood, [shore,  
 That straight the nymph<sup>1</sup> who then sate on her  
 Knew there was somewhat to be done in store:  
 And therefore hastning to her brother's spring  
 She spied what caus'd the water's echoing.  
 Saw where faire Marine fast asleepe did lie,  
 Whilst that the god still viewing her sate by:  
 Who then he saw his sister nymphe draw neare,  
 He thus gan tune his voyce unto her eare.

1 The watry nymphe that spoke to Romond.

" Fairest sister (for we come  
 Both from the swelling Thetis' wombe)  
 The reason why of late I strooke  
 My ruling wand upon my brooke  
 Was for this purpose: Late this maide  
 Which on my bank asleepe is laide,  
 Was by herselfe, or other wight,  
 Cast in my spring, and did affright,  
 With her late fall, the fish that take  
 Their chiefest pleasure in my lake:  
 Of all the fry within my deepe,  
 None durst out of their dwellings peepe.  
 The trout within the weeds did scud,  
 The eele him hid within the mud.  
 Yea, from this feare I was not free;  
 For as I musing sate to see  
 How that the pretty pibbles round  
 Came with my spring from under ground,  
 And how the waters issuing  
 Did make them dance about my spring:  
 The noyse thereof did me appall;  
 That starting upward therewithall,  
 I in my arms her body caught,  
 And both to light and life her brought:  
 Then cast her in a sleepe you see."  
 " But brother, to the cause," quoth she,  
 " Why by your raging waters wilde  
 Am I here called?" " Thetis' childe,"  
 Replide the god, " for thee I sent,  
 That when her time of sleepe is spent,  
 I may commit her to thy gage,  
 Since women best know women's rage.  
 Mean while, faire nymphe, accompany  
 My spring with thy sweet harmony;  
 And we will make her soule to take  
 Some pleasure, which is sad to wake,  
 Although the body hath his rest."  
 She gave consent: and each of them address  
 Unto their part. The watry nymphe did sing  
 In manner of a pretty questioning:  
 The god made answer to what she propounded,  
 While from the spring a pleasant musicke sounded,  
 (Making each shrub in silence to adore them)  
 Taking their subject from what lay before them.

NYMPH.

WHAT's that, compact of earth, infus'd with ayre,  
 A certaine, made full with uncertainties;  
 Sway'd by the motion of each severall spheare;  
 Who's fed with nought but infelicities;  
 Indures nor beate nor colde; is like a swan,  
 That this hour sings, next dies?

GOD. It is a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, borne to be sicke, so alwayes dying,  
 That's guided by inevitable fate;  
 That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying;  
 Whose kalender of woes is still in date;  
 Whose life's a bubble: and in length a span;  
 A consort still in discords?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, whose thoughts are still quell'd in th'  
 Though ne'er so lawful, by an opposite, [event,  
 Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent:  
 And at his cares weares still a parasite:

Bath friends in wealth, or wealthy friends, who  
In want prove meere illusions? [can

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, that what he is not, strives to seeme,  
That doth support an Atlas-weight of care:  
That of an outward good doth best esteeme,  
And looketh not within how solid they are:  
That doth not vertuous, but the richest scan;  
Learning and worth by wealth?

GOD. It is a man.

NYMPH.

What's that possessor, which of good makes bad;  
And what is worst makes choice still for the best;  
That giveth most to thinke of what he had,  
And of his chiefest losse accounteth least,  
That doth not what he ought, but what he can;  
Whose fancie's ever boundlesse!

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

But what is it, wherein dame Nature<sup>2</sup> wrought  
The best of workes, the onely frame of Heaven;  
And having long to finde a present sought,  
Wherein the world's whole beautie might be given;  
She did resolve in it all arts to summon,  
To joyne with nature's framing?

GOD. 'Tis this woman.

NYMPH.

If beautie be a thing to be admired;  
And if admiring draw to it affection;  
And what we do affect, is most desired:  
What wight is he to love denyes subjection?  
And can his thoughts within himselfe confine?

Marine that waking lay, said; "Celandine.  
He is the man that hates, which some admire;  
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire:  
'Tis onely he to love denies subjecting,  
And but himselfe, thinks none is worth affecting.  
Unhappy me the while: accurst my fate,  
That Nature gives no love where she gave hate."  
The watry rulers then perceived plaine,  
Nipt with the winter of love's frost, disdain'd;  
This non-pareil of beautie had been led  
To doe an act which envy pittied:  
Therefore in pittie did conferre together,  
What physicke best might cure this burning fever.  
At last found out that in a grove below,  
Where shadowing sicamous past number grow,  
A fountaine takes his journey to the maine,  
Whose liquor's nature was so soveraigne,  
(Like to the wond'rous well and famous spring,  
Which in Boetia<sup>3</sup> hath his issuing)  
That who so of it doth but onely taste,  
All former memory from him doth waste.  
Not changing any other worke of nature,  
But doth endowe the drinker with a feature  
More lovely. Fair Medea tooke from hence  
Some of this water; by whose quaintesence,

<sup>2</sup> The first woman is fayned to be named Pandora, i. e. a creature framed of the concurrence of the gifts and ornaments of all the gods. As Hesiod. *Ὅτι πάντας ἀλαμπία δόμαρ' ἴχθυος ἄλιον ἕδωκεν.*

<sup>3</sup> Plinie writes of two springs rising in Boetia, the first helping memory, called *Μνήμη*. The latter causing oblivion, called *Αθήη*.

Eson<sup>4</sup> from age came backe to youth. This  
The god thus spake: [knowne,

"Nymph be thine owne,

And after mine. This goddess here  
(For she's no lesse) will bring thee where  
Thou shalt acknowledge springs have done  
As much for thee as any one.  
Which ended, and thou gotten free,  
If thou wilt come and live with me,  
No shepheard's daughter, nor his wife,  
Shall boast them of a better life,  
Meane while I leave thy thoughts at large,  
Thy body to my sister's charge;  
Whilst I into my spring do dive,  
To see that they do not deprive  
The meadows neare, which much do thirst,  
Thus heated by the Sunne." "May first"  
(Quoth Marine) "swaines give lambs to thee;  
And may thy foud have seignorie  
Of all fouds else; and to thy fame  
Meete greater springs, yet keep thy name.  
May never euct, nor the toade,  
Within thy banks make their abode!  
Taking thy journey from the sea,  
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way  
On nitre or on brimstone myne,  
To spoyle thy taste! this spring of thine  
Let it of nothing taste but earth,  
And salt conceived, in their birth  
Be ever fresh! Let no man dare  
To spoil thy fish, make locke or ware,  
But on thy margent still let dwell  
Those flowers which have the sweetest smell.  
And let the dust upon thy strand  
Become like Tagus' golden sand.  
Let as much good betide to thee,  
As thou hast favour shew'd to me."

Thus said; in gentle paces they remove,  
And hast'ned oaward to the shady grove:  
Where both arriv'd! and having found the rocke,  
Saw how this precious water it did locke.  
As he whom avarice possesseth most,  
Drawne by necessitie unto his cost, [gold,  
Doth drop by piece-meale downe his prison'd  
And seemes unwilling to let goe his hold.  
So the strong rocke the water long time stops  
And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops.  
Like hoarding huswives that doe mold their food,  
And keep from others, what doth them no good.  
The drops within a cesterne fell of stone  
Which fram'd by Nature, art had never one  
Halfe part so curious. Many spels then using,  
The water's nymph twixt Marine's lips infusing.  
Part of this water, she might straight perceive  
How soone her troubled thoughts began to leave  
Her love-swolne breast; and that her inward  
Was cleane asswaged, and the very name [dame  
Of Celandine forgotten; did scarce know  
If there were such a thing as love or no.  
And sighing, therewithall threw in the ayre  
All former love, all sorrow, all despeire;  
And all the former causes of her mone  
Did therewith bury in oblivion.  
Then must'ring up her thoughts, growne vagabonda  
Prest to relieve her inward bleeding wounds,  
She had as quickly all things past forgotten,  
As men doe monarchs that in earth lie rotten.

<sup>4</sup> Ovid. *Metam.* B. 6.



As one new borne she seem'd, so all discerning :  
 " Though things long learn'd are the longest un-  
 learning."

Then walk'd they to a grove but neare at hand,  
 Where fiery Titan had but small command,  
 Because the leaves conspiring kept his beames,  
 For feare of hurting (when he's in extreames)  
 The under-flowers, which did enrich the ground  
 With sweeter sents than in Arabia found. [exhale]  
 The earth doth yeeld (which they through pores  
 Earth's best of odours, th' aromatical :  
 Like to that smell, which oft our sense descries  
 Within a field which long unplow'd lycs,  
 Some-what before the setting of the Sunne ;  
 And where the raine-bow in the horizon  
 Doth pitch her tips : or as when in the prime,  
 The earth being troubled with a drought long time,  
 The hand of Heaven his spongy clouds doth straine,  
 And throws into her lap a shewre of raine ;  
 She sendeth up (conceived from the Sunne)  
 A sweete perfume and exhalation.

Not all the ointments brought from Delos isle ;  
 Nor from the confines of seven-headed Nile :  
 Nor that brought whence Phœnicians have abodes ;  
 Nor Cyprus' wilde vine-flowers ; nor that of Rhodes ;  
 Nor roses-oyle from Naples, Capua,  
 Saffron confected in Cilicia ;  
 Nor that of quinces, nor of marioram,  
 That ever from the isle of Coös came.  
 Nor these, nor any else, though ne're so rare,  
 Could with this place for sweetest smels compare,  
 There stood the elme<sup>1</sup>, whose shade so mildly dym  
 Doth nourish all that groweth under him.  
 Cipresse that like piramides runne topping,  
 And hurt the least of any by their dropping.  
 The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,  
 Each plant set neere to him long flourisheth.  
 The heavie-headed plane-tree, by whose shade  
 The grasse grows thickest, men are fresher made.  
 The oake, that best endures the thunder shocks :  
 The everlasting ebene, cedar, boxe.  
 The olive that in wainscot never cleaves.  
 The amorous yucc which in the elme still weaves.  
 The lotus<sup>2</sup>, jupiter, where wormes ne'er euter :  
 The pyne, with whom men through the ocean  
 ventur. [lance]

The warlike yewgh, by which (more than the  
 The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France.  
 Amongst the rest the tamariske there stood,  
 For huswife's besomes onely knowne most good.  
 The cold-place-loving birch, and servis tree :  
 The walnut loving vales, and mulbury.  
 The maple, ashe, that doe delight in fountaines,  
 Which have their currents by the sides of moun-  
 The laurell, mirtle, ivy, date, which hold [taines].  
 Their leaves all winter, be it ne'er so cold.  
 The firre, that oftentimes doth rosin drop :  
 The beach that scales the welkin with his top :  
 All these, and thousand more within this grove,  
 By all the industry of nature strove  
 To frame an harbour that might keepe within it  
 The best of beauties that the world hath in it.

Here ent'ring, at the entrance of which  
 shroud,

The Sunne half angry hid him in a cloud,  
 As raging that a grove should from his sight  
 Locke up a beauty whence himselfe had light.

The flowers pull'd in their heads as being sham'd  
 Their beauties by the others were defam'd, [meade,

Neare to this wood there lay a pleasant  
 Where fairies often did their measures treade,  
 Which in the meadow made such circles Greene,  
 As if with garlands it had crown'd beene,  
 Or like the circle where the signes we tracke,  
 And learned shepherds call't the zodiacke :  
 Within one of these rounds was to be seene  
 A hillock rise, where oft the fairie queene  
 At twy-light sate, and did command her elves,  
 To pinch those maids that had not swept their  
 And further if by maidens' over-sight, (shelves :  
 Within doores water were not brought at night :  
 Or if they spread no table, set no bread,  
 They should have nips from toe unto the head :  
 And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,  
 She in the water-pale had leave a ring.

Upon this hill there sate a lovely swaine,  
 As if that Nature thought it great disdain  
 That he should (so through her his genius told him)  
 Take equall place with swaines, since she did hold  
 him

Her chiefest worke, and therefore thought it fit,  
 That with inferiours he should never sit.  
 Narcissus' change sure Ovid cleane mistooke,  
 He dy'd not looking in a christall brooke,  
 But (as those which in emulation gage)  
 He pinte to death by looking on this face.  
 When he stood fishing by some river's brim,  
 The fish wou'd leape, more for a sight of him  
 Than for the fie. The eagle highest bred,  
 Was taking him once up for Ganimed.  
 The shag-hair'd satyres, and the tripping fawnes ;  
 With all the troope that frolicke on the lawnes,  
 Would come and gaze on him, as who should say  
 They had not seen his like this many a day.  
 Yea Venus knew no difference 'twixt these twaine,  
 Save Adon<sup>6</sup> was a hunter, this a swaine.  
 The wood's sweet quieters from spray to spray  
 Would hop them nearest him, and then there stay :  
 Each joying greatly from his little hart,  
 That they with his sweet reed might beare a part.  
 This was the boy, (the poets did mistake)  
 To whom bright Cynthia so much-love did make ;  
 And promis'd for his love no scornful eyes  
 Should ever see her more in horned guise :  
 But she at his command would as of dutie  
 Become as full of light as he of beutie.  
 Lucina at his birth for midwife stucke :  
 And Citherea nurc'd and gave him sucke.  
 Who to that end, once dove-drawn from the sea,  
 Her full paps dropt, whence came the milkie-way,  
 And as when Plato did it<sup>7</sup> cradle thrive,  
 Bees to his lips brought honey from their hive :  
 So to this boy they came, I know not whether  
 They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.  
 The wood-nymphs oftentimes would busied be,  
 And pluck for him the blushing strawberrie :  
 Making of them a bracelet on a bent,  
 Which for a favour to this swaine they sent.  
 Sitting in shades, the Sunne would oft by skips  
 Steale through the boughes, and seize upon his lips.  
 The chiefest cause the Sunne did condiscend  
 To Phœton's request<sup>7</sup>, was to this end,

<sup>6</sup> See Shakespear's Venus and Adonis.

<sup>7</sup> See Ovid's Metam. b. 2. Apollonius Argonaut.  
 l. 4. Lucretius, l. 5.

<sup>1</sup> See Spenser's Fairie Queene, b. 1. c. 1. st. 8, 9.

That whilst the other did his horses reyse,  
He might slide from his spears, and court this  
swaine;

Whose sparkling eyes w'd lustre with the starres,  
The truest center of all circulars.  
In briefe, if any man in skill were able  
To finish up Apelles' halfe-done table,<sup>3</sup>  
This boy (the man left out) were fittest sure  
To be the patterne of that portraiture.

Piping he sate, as merry as his looke,  
And by him lay his bottle and his hooke,  
His buskins (edg'd with silver) were of silke,  
Which held a legge more white than morning's  
milke.

Those buskins he had got and brought away  
For dancing best upon the revell day.  
His oaten reede did yeeld forth such sweet notes,  
Joynd in consort with the birds shrill throtes,  
That equaliz'd the harmony spears,  
A musicke that would ravish choicest eares.  
Long look'd they on (who would not long looke on,  
That such an object had to looke upon?)  
Till at the last the nymph did Marine send,  
To aske the neerest way, whereby to wend  
To those faire walkes where sprung Marina's ill  
Whilst she would stay: Marine obey'd her will,  
And hast'ned towards him (who would not doe so,  
That such a pretty journey had to goe?)  
Sweetly she came and with a modest blush,  
Gave him the day, and then accosted thus:

" Fairest of men, that (whilst thy socke doth  
Sit'st sweetly piping on thine oaten reed [feed]  
Upon this little berry (some ycleep  
A hillocke) voide of care, as are thy sheepe  
Devoid of spots, and sere on all this greene  
A fairer socke as yet were never scene:  
Doe me this favour (men should favour maides)  
That whatsoever path directly leades,  
And voide of danger, thou to me doe show,  
That by it to the Marsh I might goe."  
" Marriage!" (quoth he) mistaking what she said,  
" Nature's perfection, thou most fairest maid,  
(if any fairer than the fairest may be)  
Come sit thee downe by me; know, lovely ladie,  
Love is the readiest way: if tane aright  
You may attaine thereto full long ere night."  
The maiden thinking he of Marsh spake,  
And not of marriage, straight-way did invoke,  
And praid the shepherd's god might alwayes keepe  
Him from all danger, and from wolves his sheepe.  
Wishing with all that in the prime of spring  
Each sheep he had, two lambes might yearely bring.  
" But yet" (quoth she) " arede good gentle swaine,  
If in the dale below, or on yond plaine;  
Or is the village scituate in a grove,  
Through which my way lyes, and yclesped Love."  
" Nor on yond plaine, nor in this neighbouring wood;  
Nor in the dale where glides the silver flood.  
But like a beacon on a hill so hie,  
That every one may see't which passeth by  
Is Love yplac'd: there's nothing can it hide,  
Although of you as yet 'tis unespide." [true?"  
" But on which hill" (quoth she) " pray tell me  
" Why here" (quoth he) " it sits and talke to  
you." [adue.  
" And are you Love" (quoth she) " fond swaine  
You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you."

<sup>3</sup> An unfinished Venus. Plin. l. 35. c. 10. Cicero, l. 3. de Officiis, lib. 1. epist. 9. Epist. ad Famil.

" Though not your way, yet may you lye by me:  
Nymph, with a shepherd thou as merrily  
Maist love and live, as with the greatest lovd,  
' Greatness doth never most content afford.'  
I love thee onely, not affect world's pelfe,  
' She is not lov'd, that's lov'd not for herselfe.'  
How many shepherd's daughters who in dutie,  
' To griping fathers, have intral'd their beautie,  
To waite upon the goat: to walke when pleases  
Olde January hault. O that diseases  
Should linke with youth! She hath such a mate  
Is like two twinnes borne both incorporate:  
Th' one living, the other dead: the living twinne  
Must needs be slaine through noysomnesse of him  
He carrieth with him: such are their estates,  
Who merly marry wealth and not their mates."

As ebbing waters freely slide away,  
To pay their tribute to the raging sea;  
When meeting with the flood they justle stout,  
Whether the one shall in, or th' other out:  
Till the strong flood new power of waves doth bring,  
And drives the river back into his spring:  
So Marine's words off'ring to take their course,  
By love then enter'ring, were kept backe, and force  
To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd  
And threw them backe againe into her minde.

" How hard it is to leave and not to do  
That which by nature we are prone unto?  
We hardly can (alas! why not?) discusse,  
When nature hath decreed it must be thus.  
It is a maxime held of all, knowne plaine,  
Thrust nature off with forkes, she'll turne againe."  
Blithe Doridon (so men this shepherd hight)  
Seeing his goddess in a silent plight,  
(" Love often makes the speech's organs mute,")  
Began againe thus to renew his sute:

" If by my words your silence hath been such,  
Faith I am sorry I have spoke so much.  
Barrs I those lips? fit to be th' utt'rers, when  
The Heavens would parly with the chiefe of men.  
Fit to direct (a tongue all hears convinces)  
When best of scribes writes to the best of princes,  
Were mine like yours of choicest words compleat,  
' Ide show how grief's a thing weiges downe the  
greatest, [taint it.

The beat of forms (who knows not?) griefe doth  
The skilfull'st pencill never yet could paint it.  
And reason good, since no man yet could finde  
What figure represents a grieved minde.  
Me thinkes a troubled thought is thus exprest,  
To be a chaos rude and indigest:  
Where all doe rule, and yet none beares chiefe  
away:

Checkt onely by a power that's more than they.  
This do I speake, since to this every lover  
That thus doth love, is thus still given over.  
If that you say you will not, cannot love: [move?  
Oh Heavens! for what cause then do you here  
Are you not fram'd of that expertest molde,  
For whom all in this round concordance holds?  
Or are you fram'd of some other fashion,  
And have a forme and heart, but not a passion?  
It cannot be: for then unto what end  
Did the best worke-man this great worke intend?  
Not that by minde's commerce, and joynt estate,  
The world's continuers still should propagate?  
Yea, if that reason (regent of the senses)  
Have but a part amongst your excellences,  
She'll tell you what you call virginitie,  
Is fitly lik'ned to a barren tree;

Which when the gardner on it paines bestowes,  
To graff and impe thereon, in time it growes  
To such perfection, that it yeerly brings  
As goodly fruit, as any tree that springs.  
Beleeve, me maiden, vow no chastitie  
For maidens but imperfect creatures be."

"Alas, poor boy!" quoth Marine, "have the  
Exempted no degrees? Are no estates [Fates  
Free from love's rage? Be rul'd: unhappy swaine,  
Call backe thy spirits, and recollect againe  
Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth,  
Love is a syren that doth shipwracke youth.  
Be well advis'd, thou entertain'st a guest  
That is the harbinger of all unrest:  
Which like the viper's young, that lickes the earth,  
Eate out the breeder's wombe to get a birth."

"Faith," quoth the boy, "I know there cannot  
Danger in loving or in enjoying thee. [he  
For what cause were things made and called good,  
But to be loved? If you understood  
The birds that prattle here, you would know then,  
As birds wooe birds, maidens should be woo'd of men.  
But I want power to wooe, since what was mine  
Is fled, and lye as vassals at your shrine:  
And since what's mine is yours, let that same move,  
Although in me you see nought worthy love."

Marine about to speake, forth of a sling  
(Fortune to all misfortune's pyles her wing  
More quicke and speedy) came a sharp'ned flint,  
Which in the faire boy's necke made such a dint,  
That crimson blood came streaming from the wound,  
And he fell downe into a deadly s wound.  
The blood ranne all along where it did fall,  
And could not finde a place of buriall:  
But where it came, it there congealed stood,  
As if the earth loath'd to drinke guiltlesse blood.

Gold-hair'd Apollo, Muses' sacred king,  
Whose praise in Delphos' ile doth ever ring:  
Physicke's first founder, whose art's excellence  
Extracted nature's chiefest quintessence,  
Unwilling that a thing of such a worth  
Should so be lost; straight sent a dragon forth  
To fetch his blood, and he perform'd the same:  
And now apothecaries give it name,  
From him that fetch'd it: (doctors know it good  
In physicke's use) and call it dragon's blood.<sup>9</sup>  
Some of the blood by chance did down-ward fall,  
And by a veine got to a minerall,  
Whence came a red, decayed dames infuse it  
With Venice ceruse, and for painting use it.  
Marine, astonisht, (most unhappy maide)  
O'er-come with feare, and at the view afraid,  
Fell downe into a trance, eyes lost their sight,  
Which being open made all darknesse light.  
Her blood ranne to her heart, or life to feed,  
Or loathing to behold so vilde a deed.

And as when winter doth the earth array  
In silver sute, and when the night and day  
Are in dissension, night lockes up the ground,  
Which by the helpe of day is oft unbound;  
A shepheard's boy, with bow and shafts adrest,  
Ranging the fields, having once pierc'd the breast  
Of some poore fowle, doth with the blow straight  
To catch the bird lies panting in the bush: [rush  
So rusht the striker in, up Marine tooke,  
And hast'ped with her to a neare-hand brooke,

<sup>9</sup> The tears of a tree bearing a fruit something like a cherry; the skin of which pulled off, they say, resembles a dragon.

Olde shepherds saine (olde shepherds sooth  
have saine)

Two rivers<sup>10</sup> took their issue from the maine,  
Both neare together, and each bent his race,  
Which of them both should first behold the face  
Of radiant Phoebus: one of them in gliding  
Chanc'd on a veine where niter had abiding:  
The other, loathing that her purer wave  
Shoul'd be defil'd with that the niter gave,  
Fled fast away; the other follow'd fast,  
Till both beene in a rocke ymet at last.  
As seemed best, to rocke did first deliver  
Out of his hollow sides the purer river:  
(As if it taught those men in honour clad,  
To helpe the vertuous and suppress the bad)  
Which gotten loose, did softly glide away.  
As men from earth, to earth; from sea, to sea  
So rivers runne: and that from whence both came  
Takes what she gave: waves, earth: but leaves a  
name.

As waters have their course, and in their place  
Succeeding streames well out, so is man's race:  
The name doth still survive, and cannot die,  
Untill the channels stop, or spring grow dry.

As I have seen upon a bridall-day  
Full many maidens clad in their best array,  
In honour of the bride come with their flaskets  
Fill'd full with flowers: others in wicker-baskets  
Bring from the marish rushes, to o'er-spread  
The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread;  
Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plaine  
Users their way with many a piping straine:  
So, as in joy, at this faire river's birth,  
Triton came up a channell with his mirth.  
And call'd the neigh'ring nymphes, each in her  
turne,

To poure their pretty rivulets from their urne;  
To waite upon this new-delivered spring.  
Some, running through the meadows, with them  
Cowslip and miut: and 'tis another's lot [bring  
To light upon some gardener's curious knot,  
Whence she upon her breast (love's sweete repose)  
Doth bring the queene of flowers, the English rose.  
Some from the fen bring reeds, wilde-thyme from  
downes;

Some from a grove the bay that poets crowne;  
Some from an aged rocke the mosse hath torne,  
And leaves him naked unto winter's storme:  
Another from her bankes (in meere good-will)  
Brings nutriment for fish, the camomill.  
Thus all bring somewhat, and doe over-spread  
The way the spring unto the sea doth tread.

This while the flood, which yet the rocke up pent,  
And suffer'd not with jocund merriment  
To tread rounds in his spring; came rushing forth,  
As angry that his waves (he thought) of worth  
Should not have libertie, nor helpe the prime.  
And as some ruder swaine composing rhyme,  
Spends many a gray goose quill unto the handle,  
Buries within his socket many a candle;  
Blots paper by the quire, and dries up incke,  
As Xerxes' armie did whole rivers drinke,  
Hoping thereby his name his worke should raise,  
That it should live untill the last of dayes:  
Which finished, he boldly doth addresse  
Him and his workes to under-goe the presse;

<sup>10</sup> An expression of the natures of two rivers rising neare together, and differing in their tastes and manner of running.

When loe (O fate!) his worke not seeming fit  
 To walke in equipage with better wit, [worms,  
 Is kept from light, there gnawn by moathes and  
 At which he frets: right so this river stormes:  
 But broken forth, as Tavy creepes upon  
 The western vales<sup>11</sup> of fertile Albion,  
 Here dashes roughly on an aged rocke,  
 That his extended passage doth up locke;  
 There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,  
 Losing himselfe in many a wry meander:  
 Here, amorously bent, clips some faire meade;  
 And then dispersit in rills, doth measures treade  
 Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry ranks:  
 There in another place beares downe the banks  
 Of some day-labouring wretch: heere meets a rill,  
 And with their forces joynde cut out a mill  
 Into an island, then in jocund guise  
 Surveyes his conquest; lauds his enterprise:  
 Here digs a cave at some high mountaine's foote:  
 There undermines an oak, tears up his roote:  
 Thence rushing to some country farme at hand,  
 Breakes o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweepes from  
 his land

His harvest hope of wheate, of rye, or pease:  
 And makes that channell which is shepherds'  
 Here, as our wicked age doth sacriledge, [lease:  
 Helpe downe an abbey, then a naturall bridge,  
 By creeping under ground he frameth out,  
 As who should say he cyther went about  
 To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,  
 For having done a deed so wild and base:  
 So ranne this river on, and did bestirre  
 Himselfe, to finde his fellow-traveller.

But th' other fearing least her noyse might show  
 What path she tooke, which way her streames did  
 flow:

As some way-faring man strays through a wood,  
 Where beasts of prey, thirsting for humane bloud,  
 Lurke in their dens, he softly list'n'ing goes,  
 Not trusting to his heeles, treads on his toes:  
 Dreads every noyse he eares, thinkes each small  
 To be a beast, that would upon him rush: [bush  
 Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth smother;  
 Now leaves this path, takes that, then to another:  
 Such was her course. This feared to be found,  
 The other not to finde, swels o'er each mound,  
 Roares, rages, foames, against a mountaine dashes,  
 And in recoile, makes meadows standing plashe:  
 Yet findes not what he seeks in all his way,  
 But in despaire runnes headlong to the sea.  
 This was the cause them by tradition taught,  
 Why one floud ranne so fast, th' other so soft,  
 Beth from one head. Unto the rougher streame,  
 (Crown'd by that meadowe's flow'ry diadeame,  
 Where Doridon lay hurt) the cruell swaine  
 Hurries the shepheardesse, where having layne  
 Her in a boate like the caunowes of Inde<sup>12</sup>,  
 Some seely trough of wood, or some tree's rinde;  
 Puts from the shoare, and leaves the weeping  
 Intends an act by water, which the land [strand,  
 Abhorr'd to boulder; yea, the guiltlesse earth  
 Loath'd to be mid-wife to so vilde a birth:  
 Which to relate, I am infore'd to wrong  
 The modest blushes of my maiden-song.

<sup>11</sup> Devonshire.

<sup>12</sup> See Th. De Bry's America, vol. 1. fol. part 1. Virginia Tabul. 12mo. Lintrium conficiendum Ratio. See likewise Sir Tho. Herbert's Travels, fol. 3d edit. p. 30.

Then each faire nymph, whom Nature doth endow  
 With beautie's cheekes, crown'd with a shamefast  
 brow;

Whose well-tun'd eares, chast-object-loving eyne,  
 Ne'er heard nor saw the workes of Aretine<sup>13</sup>;  
 Who ne'er came on the Citherean shelve,  
 But is as true as chastitie itsef,   
 Where hated impudence ne'er set her seede;  
 Where lust lies not vail'd in a virgin's weede:  
 Let her with-draw. Let each young shepheardling  
 Walke by, or stop his eare, the whilst I sing.

But yee, whose bloud, like kids upon a plaine,  
 Doth skip, and daunce lavoltos in each veine;  
 Whose breasts are swolne with the Venerean game,  
 And warme yourselves at lust's alluring flame;  
 Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,  
 And wallowing lie within a sensuall sinke;  
 Whose fained gestures doe entrap our youth  
 With an appareance of simple truth;  
 Insatiate gulphs, in your defective part  
 By art helpe nature, and by nature, art:  
 Lend me your eares, and I will touch a string  
 Shall lull your sense asleepe the while I sing.

But stay: me thinkes I heare something in me  
 That bids me keepe the bounds of modestie;  
 Says, "Each man's voice to that is quickly moved  
 Which of himselfe is best of all beloved;  
 By utt'ring what thou know'st lesse glory's got,  
 Than by concealing what thou knowest not."  
 If so, I yeeld to it, and set my rest  
 Rather to loose the bad, than wrong the best.  
 My maiden Muse flies the lascivious swaines,  
 And scornes to style her lines with lustfull straines:  
 Will not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare  
 Immodestie's abhorred character)  
 His shamelesse prying, his indecent doings;  
 His curious searches, his respectlesse wooings:  
 How that he saw. But what? I dare not breake it,  
 You safer may conceive than I dare speake it.  
 Yet verily, had he not thought her dead,  
 Sh'ad lost, ne'er to be found, her maiden-head.

The rougher streame, loathing a thing oom-  
 pacted

Of so great shame, should on his floud be acted;  
 (According to our times not well allow'd  
 In others, what he in himselfe avow'd)  
 Bent hard his fore-head, furrow'd up his face,  
 And danger led the way the boate did trace.  
 And as within a landskip that doth stand  
 Wrought by the pencil of some curious hand,  
 We may descry, here meadow, there a wood:  
 Here standing ponds, and there a running floud:  
 Here on some mount a house of pleasure vanted,  
 Where once the roaring cannon had been planted:  
 There on a hill a swaine pipes out the day,  
 Out-braving all the quiristers of May.  
 A huntsman here follows his cry of hounds,  
 Driving the hare along the fallow grounds:  
 Whilst one at hand seeming the sport to allow,  
 Followes the hounds, and carelesse leaves the plow.  
 There in another place some high-raisd land,  
 In pride beares out her breasts unto the strand.  
 Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit-head:  
 Here round a May-pole some the measures tread:  
 Here boyes the truant play and leave their booke:  
 Here stands an angler with a bayted hook.  
 There for a stagge one lurkes within a booke:  
 Here sits a maiden milking of her cow.

<sup>13</sup> An obscene Italian poet. See Bayle's Diet.

There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne downe)  
Lies buried in his dust some ancient towne;  
Who now invillaged, there's onely seene  
In his vaste ruines what his state has bene:  
And all of these in shadowes so exprest,  
Make the beholder's eyes to take no rest,  
So for the swaine the foud did meane to him  
To show in nature (not by art to limbe)  
A tempest's rage, his furious waters threate,  
Some on this shoare, some on the other, beate.  
Here stands a mountaine, where was once a dale;  
There, where a mountaine stood, is now a vale.  
Here flows a billow, there another meetes:  
Each, on each side the skiffe, unkindely gregates.  
The waters underneath gan upward move,  
Wond'ring what stratagems were wrought above:  
Billowes that mist the boate, still onward thrust,  
And on the cliffes, as swoln with agger, burst.  
All these, and more, in substance so exprest,  
Made the beholder's thoughts to take no rest.  
Horror in triumph rid upon the waves;  
And all the Furies from their gloomy caves  
Come hovering o'er the boate, summon'd each sence  
Before the fearefull barre of Conscience;  
Were guilty all, and all condemned were  
To under-goe their horrours which despair.

What Muse? what powre? or what thrise sacred  
That lives immortal in a wel tun'd verse, [harse,  
Can lend me such a sight, that I might see  
A guiltie conscience' true anatomie;  
That well kept register, wherein is writ  
All its men doe, all goodnesse they omit?  
His pallid feares, his sorrowes, his affrightings;  
His late wisht had-I-wists, remorsefull bitings:  
His many tortures, his heart-renting paine:  
How were his griefes compos'd in one chaine,  
And he by it let downe into the seas,  
Or through the centre to the antipodes?  
He might change climates, or be barr'd Heaven's  
face:

Yet finde no salve, nor ever change his case.  
Feares, sorrowes, tortures, sad affrights, nor any,  
Like to the conscience sting, tho' thrice as many;  
Yet all these torments by the swaine were borne,  
Whilst Death's grimme visage lay upon the storme.

But as when some kinde nurse doth longe time  
keepe

Her pretty babe at sucke, whom, false asleepe,  
She layes downe in his cradle, stints his cry  
With many a sweet and pleasing lullaby;  
— Whilst the sweet child, not troubled with the  
shocks,

As sweetly slumbers, as his nurse doth rocks.  
So lay the maide, th' amazed swaine sate weeping,  
And death in her was dispossest by sleeping.  
The roaring voyce of winds, the billowes' raves,  
Nor all the mutt'ring of the sullen waves,  
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stirre:  
But lull'd her more asleepe than wakened her.  
Sneeh are their statas, whose soules, from foul of-  
Ethrond sit in spotlesse innocencie. [fence,  
Where rest my Muse; till (jolly shepherd's  
swaines) [plaines,

Next morne with pearles of dew bedecks our  
We'll fold our sockes, then in fit time go on  
To tune mine oaten pipe for Doridon.

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## THE THIRD SONG.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The shepherd's swaine, here singing on,  
Tels of the cure of Doridon:  
And then unto the water's fairs  
Chanteth the rusticke pastorals,

Now had the Sunne, in golden chasiet hurf'd,  
Twice bid good-inorrow to the nether world:  
And Cyathia, in her orbe and perfect round,  
Twice view'd the shadowes of the upper ground.  
Twice had the day-starre usber'd forth the light;  
And twice the evening-starre proclaim'd the night;  
Ere once the sweet-fac'd boy (now all forlorne)  
Came with his pipe to resalute the morne.

When grac'd by time, (unhappy time the while)  
The cruell swaine (who ere knew swaine so vile?)  
Had stroke the lad, in came the wat'ry nymp,  
To raise from sound poore Doridon, (the impe,  
Whom Nature seem'd to have selected forth  
To be ingrafted on some stocke of worth;)  
And the maides helpe, but since "to dommes of false  
Succour, tho' ne'er so soone, comes still too late."  
She rais'd the youth, then with her armes strings

him, [him.

And so with words of hope she home-wards brings  
At doore expecting him his mother sate,  
Wond'ring her boy would stay from her so late;  
Framing for him unto herselfe excuses:  
And with such thoughts gladly herselfe abuses:  
As that her sonne, since day grew olde and weake,  
Staid with the maides to runne at barilbreake:  
Or that he cou'd a parke with females fraught,  
Which would not runne except they might be  
Or in the thickets lay'd some wily snare, [caught.  
To take the rabbit or the pousblinde hare.  
Or taught his dogge to catch the climbing kid:  
Thus shepherds doe; and thus she thought he did.  
"In things expected meeting with delay,  
Tho' there be none, we frame some cause of stay."  
And so did she, (as she who doth not so)  
Conjecture Time unwing'd, he came so slow.  
But Doridon drew neere, so did her griefe:  
"Ill lucke, for speede, of all things else is chiefe."  
For as the blinde-man' sung, "Time so pro-  
vides,

That joy goes still on foots, and sorrow rides."

Now when she saw (a wofull sight!) her sonne,  
Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cries begun  
To utter such a plaint, that scarce another,  
Like this, ere came from any love-sicke mother.

"If man hath done this, Heaven, why mad'st  
Not to deface thee in thy children; [thou men?  
But by the works the worke-man to adore;  
Framing that something, which was sought before.  
Aye me, unhappy wretch! if that in things  
Which are as we, (save title) men feare kings,  
That be their postures to the life limb'd on  
Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,  
'Tis death to stab: why then should earthly  
things,

Dare to deface his forme who formed kings?

When the world was but in his infancy,  
 Revenge, desires unjust, vilde jealousy,  
 Hate, envy, murder, all these six then raign'd,  
 When but their halfe of men the world contain'd.  
 Yet but in part of these, those ruled then,  
 When now as many vices live as men.  
 Live they? Yes, live, I feare, to kill my sonne,  
 With whom my joyes, my love, my hopes, are  
 done." [swaine;

"Cease," quoth the water's nymph, that led the  
 "Tho' tis each mother's cause thus to complaine:  
 Yet 'abstinence in things we must professe,  
 Which Nature fram'd for neede, not for excesse.'"

"Since the least blood, drawne from the lesser  
 part

Of any childe, comes from the mother's hart,  
 We cannot choose but grieve, except that we  
 Should be more senseless than the senseless tree,"  
 Reply'd his mother. "Doe but cut the limbe  
 Of any tree, the trunkes will weepe for him:  
 Read the cold sicamor's<sup>2</sup> thin bark in two,  
 His name and teares would say, 'So love should do.'  
 'That mother is all flint (than beasts lesse good)  
 Which drops no water when her childe streames  
 blood.'"

At this the wounded boy fell on his knee,  
 "Mother, kind mother," (said) "weepe not for me,  
 Why, I am well! indeed I am. If you  
 Cease not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew.  
 When I was promist first the light's fruition,  
 You oft have told me, 'twas on this condition,  
 That I should hold it with like rent and paine  
 As others doe, and one time leave't againe.  
 Then, dearest mother, leave, oh! leave to wayle,  
 'Time will effect where teares can nought avail.'"

Herewith Marinda, taking up her sonne,  
 Her hope, her love, her joy, her Doridon,  
 She thank'd the nymph, for her kind succour lent,  
 Who strait tript to her wat'ry regiment.

Downe in a dell (where in that mouth<sup>3</sup> whose  
 fame

Growes greater by the man who gave it name,  
 Stands many a well-pil'd cocke of short sweet hay,  
 That feeds the husband's neate each winter's day)  
 A mountaine had his foote, and 'gan to rise  
 In stately height to parlee with the skies.  
 And yet as blaming his owne lofty gate,  
 Waighing the fickle props in things of state,  
 His head began to droope, and down-wards bending,  
 Knockt on that brest which gave it birth and ending:  
 And lyes so with an hollow hanging vault,  
 As when some boy, trying the somersault,  
 Stands on his head, and feete, as he did lie  
 To kicke against earth's spangled canopie;  
 When seeing that his heeles are of such weight,  
 That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,  
 Leaves any more to strive; and thus doth say:  
 "What now I cannot do, another day  
 May well effect: it cannot be denyde  
 I show'd a will to act, because I tride."  
 The Scornfull-hill men call'd him, who did scorne  
 So to be call'd, by reason he had borne  
 No hate to greatness, but a minde to be  
 The slave of greatness through humilitie:  
 For had his mother Nature thought it meete,  
 He, meekely bowing, would have kist her feete.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to our English pronunciation, and in-  
 different orthographic.

<sup>3</sup> July took its name from Julius Cæsar.

Under the hollow hanging of this hill  
 There was a cave, cut out by Nature's skill:  
 Or else it seem'd the mount did open's brest,  
 That all might see what thoughts he there posses.  
 Whose gloomy entrance was environ'd round  
 With shrubs that cloy ill husbands' meadow-grounds:  
 The thicke-growne haw-thorne and the binding  
 bryer,

The holly that out-dares cold winter's ire:  
 Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale,  
 That scarce a glympse of light could inward steale.  
 An uncouth place, fit for an uncouth minde,  
 That is as heavy as that cave is blinde;  
 Here liv'd a man his hoary haire call'd olde,  
 Upon whose front time many yeares had tolde.  
 Who, since dame Nature in him feeble grew,  
 And he unapt to give the world aught new,  
 The secret power of hearbes, that grow on molde,  
 Sought aught, to cherish and relieve the olde.

Hither Marinda all in haste came running,  
 And with her teares deair'd the olde man's cunning.  
 When this good man (as goddesse still is prest,  
 At all assays, to helpe a wight distrest)  
 As glad and willing was to ease her sonne,  
 As she would ever joy to see it done.  
 And giving her a salve in leaves up bound,  
 And she directed how to cure the wound,  
 With thanks, made home-wards, (longing still to  
 Th' effect of this good hermit's surgerie) [see  
 There carefully, her sonne laid on a bed,  
 (Enriched with the blood he on it shed)  
 She washe, dresses, binds his wound, (yet sore)  
 That griev'd, it could weepe blood for him no more.

Now had the glorious Sunne tane up his inne,  
 And all the lamps of Heav'n inlight'ned bin,  
 Within the gloomy shades of some thicke spring,  
 Sad Philomel 'gan on the haw-thorne sing  
 (Whilst every beast at rest was lowly laid)  
 The outrage done upon a seely maide.  
 All things were hush, each bird slept on his bough;  
 And night gave rest to him, day tir'd at plough:  
 Each beast, each bird, and each day-toying wight,  
 Receiv'd the comfort of the silent night:  
 Free from the gripes of sorrow every one,  
 Except poore Philomel and Doridon;  
 She on a thorne sings sweet tho' sighing straines;  
 He, on a couch more soft, more sad complaines:  
 Whose in-pent thoughts him long time having  
 pained,

He sighing wept, and weeping thus complain'd.  
 "Sweet Philomela!" (then he heard her sing)

"I do not envy thy sweet carolling,  
 But doe admire thee, that each even and morrow,  
 Canst carelessly thus sing away thy sorrow.  
 Would I could doe so too! and ever be  
 In all my woes still imitating thee:  
 But I may not attaine to that; for then  
 Such most unhappy, miserable men,  
 Would strive with Heaven, and imitate the Sunne,  
 Whose golden beames in exhalation,  
 Tho' drawne from fens, or other grounds impure,  
 Turne all to fructifying nouriture.  
 When we draw no thing by our sun-like eyes,  
 That ever turnes to mirth, but miseries:  
 Would I had never seene, except that she  
 Who made me wish so, love to looke on me.  
 Had Colia Clout<sup>4</sup> yet liv'd, (but he is gone)  
 That best on Earth could tune a lover's mone.

<sup>4</sup> Edmund Spenser.

Whose sadder tones inforc'd the rockes to weepe,  
And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe:  
Who, when he sung (as I would do to mine)  
His truest loves to his faire Rosaline,  
Entic'd each shepheard's care to heare him play,  
And, rapt with wonder, thus admiring say:  
'Thrice happy plaines, (if plaines thrice happy  
may be)

Where such a shepheard pipes to such a ladie!  
Who made the lasses long to sit downe neere him,  
And woo'd the rivers from their springs to heare  
him.

Heaven rest thy soule, (if so a swaine may pray)  
And as thy workes live here, live there for aye.  
Meane while (unhappy) I shall still complain  
Love's cruell wounding of a seely swaine."

Two nights thus past: the lilly-handed morne  
Saw Phoebus stealing dewe from Ceres' corne.  
The mounting lark (daie's herald) got on wing,  
Bidding each bird choose out his bow and sing.

'The lofty treble sung the little wren;  
Robin the meane, that best of all loves men;  
The nightingale the tenor: and the thrush  
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:  
And that the musicke might be full in parts,  
Birds from the groves flew with right willing harts:  
But (as it seem'd) they thought (as do the swaines,  
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's plaines)  
There should some droaning part be, therefore will'd  
Some bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,  
In embassie unto the king of bees,

To aide his partners on the flowres and trees:  
Who condescending gladly flew along  
To beare the base to his well tuned song.  
The crow was willing they should be beholding  
For his deep voyce, but being boarse with skolding,  
He thus lends aide; upon an oake doth climbe,  
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.

O true delight! enbarboring the breasts  
Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.  
Mad Nature unto man such simp'esse given,  
He would, like birds, be farre more neere to Heaven.  
But Doridon well knew (who knowes no lesse?)  
"Man's compounds have o'erthrowne his simple-  
nesse."

None-tide the morne had woo'd, and she gan  
When Doridon (made ready for the field)  
Goes sadly forth, (a wofull shepheard's lad)  
Drowned in teares, his minde with griefe yclad,  
To ope his fold, and let his lamkins out,  
(Full jolly flocke they seem'd, a well fleec'd rout)  
Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,  
Both guides and followes them towards their grazing.  
When from a grove the wood-nymphs held full  
Two heavenly voyces did intreat his eare, [deare  
And did compell his longing eyes to see  
What happy wight enjoy'd such harmonic.  
Which joyncd with five more, and so made seaven,  
Would parallell in mirth the spheres of Heaven.  
To have a sight at first he would not presse,  
For feare to interrupt such happiness:  
But kept aloofe the thicke growne shrubs among,  
Yet so as he might heare this wooing song.

- f. Fvs, shepheard's swaine, why sit'st thou all alone,  
Whilst other lads are sporting on the leyes?  
a. Joy may have company, but griefe hath none.  
Where pleasure never came, sports cannot please.

\* A description of a musical consort of birds.

- f. Yet may you please to grace our this daye's sport  
Though not an actor, yet a looker on.  
a. A looker on indeed, so swaines of sort,  
Cast low, take joy to looke whence they are  
v. Seeke joy and finde it. [throwne  
a. Griefe doth not minde it.

BOTH.

"Then both agree in one,  
Sorrow doth hate  
To have a mate;  
True griefe is still alone."

- f. Sad swaine, areade, (if that a maide may aske?)  
What cause so great effects of griefe hath  
wrought?  
a. Alas! love is not hid, it weares no maske;  
To view 'tis by the face conceiv'd and brought.  
f. The cause I grant: the causer is not learned:  
Your speech I doe entreat about this taske.  
a. If that my heart were seene, 'twould be dis-  
cerned;  
And Fida's name found graven on the caske.  
v. Hath love young Remond moved?  
a. 'Tis Fida that is loved.

BOTH.

"Although 'tis said that no men  
Will with their hearts,  
Or good's chiefe parts,  
Trust either seas or women."

- f. How may a maiden be assur'd of love,  
Since falshood late in every swaine excelleth?  
a. When protestations faile, time may approve  
Where true affection lives, where falshood  
dwelleth.  
f. The truest cause elects a judge as true:  
Fie, how my sighing my much loving telleth!  
a. Your love is fixt in one, whose heart to you  
Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth.  
v. None other shall have grace.  
a. None else in my heart place.

BOTH.

"Go, shepheard swaine, and wive all,  
For love and kings  
Are two like things,  
Admitting no corrival."

As when some malefactor judg'd to die  
For his offence, his execution nye,  
Casteth his sight on states unlike to his,  
And weighs his ill by other's happiness:  
So Doridon thought every state to be  
Further from him, more neere felicitie.  
"O blessed sight! where such concordance  
meetes, [greetea.  
Where truth with truth, and love with liking  
Had," quoth the swaine, "the Fates given me some  
Of true delight's inestimable treasure, [measure  
I had beee fortunate: but now so weake,  
My bankrupt heart will be inforc'd to breake.  
Sweet love, that draws on Earth a yoke so even;  
Sweet life, that imitates the blisse of Heaven;  
Sweet death they needs must have, who so unite  
That two distinct make one Hermaphrodite\*"

\* See the Hermaphrodite in F. Beaumont's  
poems, Our author has a short copy of verses in  
commendation of it.

Sweet love, sweet life, sweet death, that so do meet  
On Earth ! in death, in Heaven, be ever sweet !  
Let all good wishes ever waite upon you,  
And happinesse as hand-maid tending on you.  
Your loves within one centre meeting have !  
One houre your deaths, your corps possesse one  
grave ! [plore]

Your name's still greene, (thus doth a swaine im-  
Till time and memory shall be no more !"

Herewith the couple hand in hand arose,  
And tooke the way which to the sheep-walke goes.  
And whilst that Doridon their gate look'd on,  
His dogge disclos'd him, rushing forth upon  
A well fed deere, that trips it o'er the meade,  
As nimbly as the wench did whilome tread  
On Ceres' dangling eares, or shaft let goe  
By some faire nymph that beares Diana's bowe.  
When turning head, he not a foote would sturte,  
Scorning the barking of a shepherd's curre :  
So should all swaines as little weigh their spite,  
Who at their songs do bawle, but dare not bite.

Remond, that by the dogge the master knew,  
Came backe, and angry bad him to pursue :  
" Dory " (quoth he) " if your ill-tuter'd dogge  
Have nought of awe, then let him have a clogge.  
Do you not know this seely timerous deere,  
(As usuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,  
The Sunne not ten degrees got in the signes,  
Slnce to our maides, here gathering columbines,  
She weeping came, and with her head low laid  
In Fida's lap, did humbly begge for aide.  
Whereat unto the hounds they gave a checke,  
And saving her, might spie about her necke  
A collar hanging, and (as yet is scene)  
These words in gold wrought on a ground of greene :  
' Maidens : since 'tis decreed a maid shall have  
me,

Keepe me till he shall kill me that must save me.'  
But whence she came, or who the words concerne,  
We neither know, nor can of any learne.  
Upon a pallat she doth lie at night,  
Neere Fida's bed, nor will she from her sight :  
Upon her walkes she all the day attends,  
And by her side she trips where ere she wenda."  
" Remond," (replide the swaine) " if I have  
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd, [wron'g'd  
I sorrow for't, and truly doe protest,  
As yet I never heard speech of this beast :  
Nor was it with my will ; or if it were,  
Is it not lawfull we should chase the deere,  
That, breaking our inclosures every morne,  
Are found at feede upon our crop of corne ?  
Yet had I knowne this deere, I had not wron'g'd  
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd."

" I thinke no lesse," quoth Remond ; " but, I  
Whither walkes Doridon this holy-day ? [pray,  
Come, drive your sheepe to their appointed feeding,  
And make you one at this our merry meeting.  
Full many a shepheard, with his lovely lasso,  
Sit telling tales upon the clover grasse :  
There is the merry shepheard of the hole ;  
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,  
Alexis, Silvan, Teddy of the glen,  
Rowly, and Perigot here by the fen,  
With many more, I cannot reckon all,  
That meet to solemnize this festivall."

" I grieve not at their mirth," said Doridon :  
Yet had there beene of feasts not any one  
Appointed or commanded, you will say,  
' Where there's content 'tis ever holy-day."

" Leave further talke," quoth Remond, " let's  
be gone ; [on.

He helpe you with your sheepe, the times draws  
Fida will call the hinde, and come with us."

Thus went they on, and Remond did discusse  
Their cause of meeting, till they wonne with  
pacing

The circuit chosen for the maidens' tracing.  
It was a roundell seated on a plaine,  
That stood as sentinell unto the maine,  
Environ'd round with trees and many an arbour,  
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour :  
And on a bough, within the quick'ning spring,  
Would be a tesching of their young to sing ;  
Whose pleasing noates the tyred swaine have  
made

To steale a nappie at noone-tide in the shade.  
Nature herselfe did there in triumph ride,  
And made that place the ground of all her pride,  
Whose various flowes deceiv'd the rasher eye  
In taking them for curious tapistrie.

A silver spring forth of a rocke did fall,  
That in a drought did serve to water all.  
Upon the edges of a grassie bancke,  
A tuft of trees grew circling in a rancke,  
As if they seem'd their sports to gaze upon,  
Or stood as guard against the winde and Sunne :

So faire, so fresh, so greene, so sweet a ground,  
The piercing eyes of Heaven yet never found.  
Here Doridon all ready met doth see  
(O who would not at such a meeting be ?)  
Where he might doubt, who gave to other grace,  
Whether the place the maides, or maides the  
place.

Here gan the reede and merry bag-pipe play,  
Shrill as a thrash upon a morne of May,  
(A rurall musicke for an heavenly traine)  
And every shepheardesse danc'd with her swaine.  
As when some gale of winde doth nimbly take  
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make  
Some prettie driving ; here it sweepes the plaine :  
There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turnes  
again :

Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say  
That now it stops, or leapes, or turnes away :  
So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,  
But thought their severall motions to be one.

A crooked measure was their first election,  
Because all crooked tends to best perfection,  
And as I weene this often bowing measure,  
Was chiefly framed for the women's pleasure.  
Tho', like the ribbe, they crooked are and  
bending,

Yet to the best of formes they aime their ending :  
Next in an (I) their measure made a rest,  
Shewing when love is plainest, it is best.  
Then in a (Y), which thus doth love commend,  
Making of two at first, one in the end.  
And lastly closing in a round do enter,  
Placing the lusty shepherds in the center :  
About the swaines they dauncing seem'd to roule,  
As other planetes round the heavenly pole.  
Who by their sweet aspect or chiding frowne,  
Could raise a shepheard up, or cast him downe.  
Thus were they circled till a swaine came neere,  
And sent this song unto each shepheard's eare :  
The note and voyce so sweet, that for such mirth,  
The gods would leave the Heavens, and dwell on  
Earth.



"HAPPY are you so inclosed,  
 May the maides be still disposed,  
 In their gestures and their dances,  
 So to grace you with intwining,  
 That Envy wish in such combining,  
 Fortune's smile with happy chances.

"Here it seems as if the Graces  
 Measur'd out the plains in traces,  
 In a shepheardesse disguising,  
 Are the spheres so simily turning,  
 Wand'ring lampes in Heavea burning,  
 To the eye so much intising ?

"Yes, Heaven means to take these thither,  
 And adde one joy to see both dance together.

"Gentle nymphes, be not refusing,  
 Love's neglect is time's abusing,  
 They and beauty are but lent you ;  
 Take the one and keepe the other ;  
 Love keeps fresh what age doth smother,  
 Beauty gone, you will repent you.

"'Twill be said when ye have proved,  
 Never swaines more truly loved :  
 O then fly all nice behaviour !  
 Pity faine would (as her dutie)  
 Be attending still on Beautie,  
 Let her not be out of favour.

"Disdaine is now so much rewarded,  
 That Pity weepes since she is unregarded."

The measure and the song here being ended,  
 Each swaine his thoughts thus to his love com-  
 mended.

The first presents his DOGS, with these :

WHEN I my focke nere you doe keepe,  
 And bid my dogge goe take a sheepe,  
 He cleane mistakes what I bid doe,  
 And bends his pace still towards you.  
 Poore wretch ! he knowes more care I keepe  
 To get you, than a seely sheepe.

The second, his PIPE, with these :

BID me to sing, (faire maide) my song shall prove  
 There ne'er was truer pipe sung truer love.

The third, a paire of GLOVES, thus :

THESE will keepe your hands from burning,  
 Whilst the Sunne is swiftly turning ;  
 But who can any veile devise  
 To shield my heart from your faire eyes ?

The fourth, an ANAGRAM.

MAIDEN AND MEN.

MAIDENS should be ayding men,  
 And for love give love agen :  
 Learnè this lesson from your mother,  
 " One good wish requires another."  
 They deserve their names best, when  
 Maides most willingly ayd men.

The fifth, a RING, with a picture in a JEWELL on it.

NATURE bath fram'd a jemme beyond compare,  
 world's the ring, but you the jewell are.

The sixth, a NOSEGAY of ROSES, with a NETTLE in it.

SUCH is the posie, Love composes ;  
 A stinging nettle mixt with roses.

The seventh, a GIRDLE.

THIS during light I give to clip your waist :  
 Faire, grant mine armes that place when day is past.

The eight, a HEART.

YOU have the substance, and I live  
 But by the shadow which you give :  
 Substance and shadow, both are done  
 And given of me to none but you.  
 Then whence is life but from that part  
 Which is possessor of the heart ?

The ninth, a SHEPHERD'S HOOK.

THE hook of right belongs to you ; for when  
 I take but seely sheep, you still take men.

The tenth, a COMBE.

L OVELY maiden, best of any,  
 O f our plaines though thrice as many :  
 V aile to love, and leave denying,  
 E ndless knots let Fates be tying,  
 S uch a face, so fine a feature,  
 (K indest, fairest, sweetest creature)  
 N ever yet was found, but loving :  
 O then let my plaints be moving !  
 T rust a shepherd, though the meanest,  
 T ruth is best when she is plainest.  
 I love not with vowes contesting :  
 F aith is faith without protesting.  
 T ime, that all things doth inherit,  
 R endsers each desert his merit.  
 I f that faile in me, as no man,  
 D oubtless time nere won a woman.  
 M aidens still should be relenting,  
 A nd once flinty, still repenting.  
 Y outh with youth is best combined,  
 E ach one with his like is twined.  
 B eauty should have beauteous meaning,  
 E ver that hope easeth playing  
 U nto you, whom Nature dresses,  
 N eeds no combe to smooth your tresses.  
 T his way it may doe his dutie,  
 I n your locks to shade your beautie.  
 D oe so, and to love be turning,  
 E lse each heart it will be burning.

The eleventh, a KNOT.

[In the old editions the following lines are inclosed  
 in the figure of a knot.]

THIS is love and worth commending,  
 Still beginning, never ending ;  
 Like a wille net ensnaring,  
 In a round shuts up all squaring,  
 In and out whose every angle  
 More and more doth still entangle ;  
 Keeps a measure still in moving,  
 And is never light but loving,  
 Twining arms, exchanging kisses,  
 Each partaking other's blisses :  
 Laughing, weeping, still together,  
 Bliss in one is mirth in either.  
 Never breaking, ever bending :  
 This is love, and worth commending.

## The twelfth, CURTAIN.

Lox, Cupid leaves his bowe : his reason is,  
Because your eyes wound when his shaftes do misse.

Whilst every one was off'ring at the shrine  
Of such rare beauties, might be stil'd divine,  
This lamentable voyce towards them flies :  
" O Heaven, send aid, or else a maiden dyes !"  
Herewith some ranne the way the voyce them led ;  
Some with the maidens staid which shooke for  
dread :

What was the cause time serves not now to tell.  
Hearke ! for my jolly weather rings his bell,  
And almost all our flockes have left to graze ;  
Shepheards, 'tis almost night, his home apace ;  
When next we meet, (as we shall meet ere long)  
He tell the rest in some ensuing song.

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## THE FOURTH SONG.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Fida's distrest, the hinde is shaine,  
Yet from her ruines lives againe.  
Riot's description next I rime,  
Then Aletheia, and old Time :  
And lastly, from this song I goe,  
Having describ'd the Vale of Woe.

HAPPY, ye dayes of olde, when every waste  
Was like a sanctorie to the chaste :  
When incests, rapes, adulteries, were not knowne ;  
All pure as blossomes, which are newly blowne.  
Maides were as free from spots, and soiles within,  
As most unblemisht in the outward skinne.  
Men every plaine and cottage did afford,  
As smooth in decedes, as they were faire of word.  
Maidens with men, as sisters with their brothers ;  
And men and maides convers'd as with their  
mothers ;

Free from suspiion, or the rage of bloud,  
Strife only rain'd, for all striv'd to be good.  
But then, as little wrens, but newly sledge,  
First, by their nests hop up and downe the hedge ;  
Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree :  
His fellow, noting his agilitie,  
Thinks he as well may venter as the other,  
So flushing from one spray unto another,  
Gets to the top, and then embold'ned flies,  
Unto an height past ken of humane eyes :  
So time brought worse, men first desir'd to talke ;  
Then came suspect ; and then a private walke ;  
Then by consent appointed times of meeting,  
Where most securely each might kisse his sweeting ;  
Lastly, with lusts their panting breasts so swell,  
They came to—but to what I blush to tell.  
And ent'red thus, rapes used were of all,  
Incest, adultery, held as veniall :  
The certaintie in doubtfull ballance rests,  
If beasts did learne of men, or men of beasts.  
Had they not learn'd of man, who was their king,  
So to insult upon an underling,  
They civilly had spent their lives' gradation,  
As meeke and milde as in their first creation ;

Nor had th' infectious of infected mindes  
So alter'd nature, and disorder'd kindes,  
Fida had beene lease wretched, I more glad,  
That so true love so true a progresse had.

When Remond left her, (Remond then unkinde)  
Fida went downe the dale to seeke the hinde ;  
And found her taking soyle within a foud :  
Whom when she call'd, straight follow'd to the  
wood.

Fida, then wearied, sought the cooling shade,  
And found an arbour, by the shepheards made  
To frolicke in, (when Sol did hottest shine)  
With cates which were farre cleaner than fine.  
For in those dayes men never us'd to feede  
So much for pleasure as they did for neede.  
Enriching then the arbour, downe she sate her ;  
Where many a busie bee came flying at her :  
Thinking, when she for ayre her breasts discloses,  
That there had growne some tuft of damaske-roses,  
And that her azure veynes, which then did swell,  
Were conduit-pipes brought from a living well,  
Whose liquor might the world enjoy for money,  
Bees would be bankrupt, none would care for  
honey.

The hinde lay still without, (poor silly creature,  
How like a woman art thou fram'd by Nature !  
Timorous, apt to teares, wille in running,  
Caught best when force is entermixt with cunning)  
Lying thus distant, different chances meete them,  
And with a fearful object Fate doth grette them.

Something<sup>1</sup> appear'd, which seem'd, farre off, a  
In stature, habit, gate, proportion : [man,  
But when the eyes their object's masters were,  
And it for stricter censure came more neere,  
By all his properties one well might ghesse,  
Than of a man he sure had nothing lesse.  
For verily since olde Deucalion's<sup>2</sup> flood  
Earth's slime did ne'er produce a viler brood.  
Upon the various earth's embrodered gowne  
There is a weed, upon whose head growes downe ;  
Sow-thistle 'tis ycleep'd, whose downy wreath,  
If any one can blow off at a breath,  
We deeme her for a maide : such was his haire,  
Ready to shed at any stirring aire.  
His eares were stricken deafe when he came nie,  
'To hear the widowe's or the orphan's crye.  
His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,  
With poaring in the bloud of bodies slaine.  
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie  
Vollies of execrable blasphemie ;  
Banning the Heavens ; and he that rideth on them,  
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him :  
Like Scythian wolves, or men<sup>3</sup> of wit bereaven,  
Which howle and shoote against the lights of  
Heaven. [corse,

His hands, (if hands they were) like some dead  
With digging up his buried ancestors ;  
Making his father's tombe and sacred shrine  
The trough wherein the hog-head fed his swine.  
And as that beast hath legs (which shepheards feare,  
Ycleep'd a badger, which our lambs doth teare)  
One long, the other short, that when he runnes  
Upon the plaines, he halts ; but when he wounes  
On craggy rocks, or steepy hills, we see  
None runnes more swift, nor easier, than he :

<sup>1</sup> Description of Riot.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 1.

<sup>3</sup> Men of Sciram shoote against the starres.

Such legs the monster had, one sinew shrunk,  
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunk;  
And halted in the paths to virtue tending;  
And therefore never darst be that way bending:  
But when he came on carved monuments,  
Spiring colosses, and high raised rents,  
He pass'd them o'er, quick, as the easterne wind  
Sweepes through a meadow; or a nimble hinde;  
Or satyre on a lawne; or skipping roe;  
Or well-wing'd shaft forth of a Parthian bowe.  
His body made (still in consumptions rife)  
A miserable prison for a life.

Riot he hight; whom some curs'd fiend did raise,  
When like a chaos were the nights and dayes;  
Got and brought up in the Cimmerian clime,  
Where sunne nor moone, nor daies nor nights do  
time: [faces

As who should say, they scorn'd to show their  
To such a fiend, should seeke to spoil the graces.

At sight whereof, Fida nigh drown'd in feare,  
Was cleane dismayd when he approached neare;  
Nor durst she call the deere, nor whistling winde  
her, [her;

Fearing her noise might make the monster finde  
Who slieie came, for he had cunning learn'd him,  
And sciz'd upon the hinde, ere she discern'd him.

Oh how she striv'd and strugled; every nerve  
Is preat at all assaies a life to serve:  
Yet soon we lose, what we might longer keepe  
Were not prevention commonly a sleepe.  
Maides, of this mouster's brood be fearful all,  
What to the hinde may hap to you befall.

Who with her feete held up instead of hands,  
And tears which pittie from the rocke commands,  
She sighes, and shrikes, and weepes, and looks  
upon him: [him;

Alas! she sobs, and many a groan throws on  
With plaints which might abate a tyrant's knife,  
She begs for pardon, and entreats for life;  
The hollow caves resound her moanings neere it;  
That heart was flint which did not grieve to heare  
it; [keepe,

The high topt firres which on that mountain  
Have ever since that time been seene to weepe.  
The owle till then, 'tis thought, full well could sing,  
And tune her voice to every bubling spring:  
But when she heard those plaints, then forth she  
Out of the covert of an ivy roid, [yode  
And hollowing for aide, so strain'd her throate,  
That since she cleane forgot her former noate.

A little robin sitting on a tree,  
In doleful noates bewail'd her tragedie. [semble,  
An aspe, who thought him stout, could not dis-  
But show'd his feare, and yet is scene to tremble.  
Yet cruelty was deafe, and had no sight  
In ought which might gaine-says the appetite:  
But with his teeth rending her throat asunder,  
Besprinckel'd with her blood the green grasse under,  
And gurmundizing on her flesh and blood,  
He vomiting returned to the wood.

Riot but newly gone, as strange a vision  
Though far more heavenly, came in apparition.

As that Arabian bird\* (whom all admire)  
Her exequies preard and funerals fire,  
Burnt in a flame conceived from the Sunne,  
And nourished with slips of cynamon,  
Out of her ashes hath a second birth,  
And flies abroad, a wonderment on Earth:

\* See Claudian's Phoenix.

So from the ruines of this mangled creature<sup>†</sup>  
Arose so faire and so divine a feature,  
That Envy for her heart would doat upon her;  
Heaven could not chuse but be enamour'd on her  
Were I a starre, and she a second speare,  
Ide leave the other, and be fixed there.  
Had faire Arachne wrought this maiden's haire,  
When she with Pallas<sup>‡</sup> did for skill compare,  
Minerva's worke had never been esteem'd,  
But this had been more rare and highly deem'd.  
Yet gladly now she would reverse her doome,  
Weaving this haire within a spider's loome.  
Upon her fore-head, as in glory sate  
Mercy and majesty, for wond'ring at,  
As pure and simple as Albania's snow, [of Pt  
Or milke-white swannes which stem the streame  
Like to some goodly fore-land bearing out,  
Her haire, the tufts which fring'd the shoare about  
And least the man which sought those coasts  
might slip,

Her eyes like starres, did serve to guide the ship  
Upon her front (Heaven's fairest promontory)

Delineated was th' authentique story  
Of those elect, whose sheepe at first began  
To nibble by the springs of Canaan:  
Out of whose sacred loynes, (brought by the stem  
Of that sweet singer of Jerusalem)  
Came the best shepheard ever flocks did keepe,  
Who yielded up his life to save his sheepe.

O thou Eterne! by whom all beings move,  
Giving the springs beneath, and springs above:  
Whose finger doth this universe sustaine,  
Bringing the former and the latter raine:  
Who dost with plenty meades and pastures fill,  
By drops distil'd like dew on Hermon hill:  
Pardon a silly swaine, who (farre unable  
In that which is so rare, so admirable)  
Dares on an oaten-pipe, thus meanely sing  
Her praise immense, worthy a silver string.  
And thou which through the desert and the  
deepe,

Didst lead thy chosen like a focke of sheepe:  
As sometimes by a starre thou guidedst them,  
Which fed upon the plaines of Bethelam;  
So by thy sacred spirit direct my quill,  
When I shall sing ought of thy holy hill,  
That times to come, when they my rimes rehearse  
May wonder at me, and admire my verse:  
For who but one rapt in coelestial fire,  
Can by his Muse to such a pitch aspire?  
That from aloft he might behold and tell  
Her worth, whereon an iron pen might dwell.

When she was borne, Nature in sport began,  
To learne the cunning of an artizan,  
And did vermilion with a white compose,  
To mocke herselfe, and paint a damaske rose.  
But scorning Nature unto art should seeke,  
She spilt her colours on this maiden's cheek.  
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodnesse  
Of power to give the dead a living name. [came  
Her words embalm'd in so sweet a breath,  
That made them triumph both on Time and Death  
Whose fragrant sweets, since the camelion knew,  
And tasted of, he to this humour grew:  
Left other elements, held this so rare,  
That since he never feeds on ought but ayre.

† Description of truth.

‡ Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 6.

O had I Virgil's verse, or Tullie's tongue!  
 Or raping numbers like the Thracian's' song,  
 I have a theme would make the rocks to dance,  
 And surly beasts, that through the desert prance,  
 Hie from their caves, and every gloomy den,  
 To wonder at the excellence of men.  
 Nay, they would think their states for ever raised,  
 But once to look on one so highly praised.

Out of whose maiden breasts (that sweetly rise)  
 The seers suckt their hidden prophecies:  
 And told that, for her love in times to come,  
 Many should seeke the crown of martyrdom,  
 By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chains,  
 By stripes, by famine, and a world of paines;  
 Yet constant still remaine (to her they loved)  
 Like Syon mount, that cannot be removed.  
 Proportion on her armes and hands recorded,  
 The world for her no fitter place afforded.  
 Praise her who list, he still shall be her debtor:  
 For art ne'er fain'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.

As when a holy father hath began  
 To offer sacrifice to mightie Pan,  
 Doth the request of every swaine assume,  
 To scale the welkin in a sacred fume,  
 Made by a widow'd turtle's loving mate,  
 Or lamkins, or some kid immaculate,  
 Th' off'ring heaves aloft, with both his hands:  
 Which all adore, that neere the altar stands:  
 So was her heavenly body comely rais'd  
 On two faire columbes; those that Ovid prais'd  
 In Julia's\* borrowed name, compar'd with these,  
 Were crabs to apples of th' Hesperides;  
 Or stampe-foote Vulcan in comparison  
 With all the height of true perfection.

Nature was here so lavish of her store,  
 That she bestow'd until she had no more.  
 Whose treasure being weak'ned (by this dame)  
 She thrusts into the world so many lame.

The highest synode of the glorious skye,  
 (I heard a wood-nymph sing) sent Mercurie  
 To take a survey of the fairest faces,  
 And to describe to them all women's graces:  
 Who long time wand'ring in a serious quest,  
 Noting what parts by beauty were possess't:  
 At last he saw this maide, then thinking fit  
 To end his journey, here, Nil ultra, writ.

Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,  
 And thus bespake: "Hayle glorious Deitie!  
 (If such thou art, and who can deeme you  
 lesse?)

Whether thou reign'st queene of the wilderness,  
 Or art that goddesse ('tis unknowne to me)  
 Which from the ocean draws her Pettigree:  
 Or one of those, who by the mossie bankes  
 Of drisling Helicon, in aire ranckes  
 Tread rounde-layes upon the silver sands,  
 While shaggy satyres tripping o'er the strands,  
 Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their senses thral's  
 To the sweet cadence of your madrigals:  
 Or of the fairy troope which nimbly play,  
 And by the springs dance out the summer's day;  
 Teaching the little birds to build their nests,  
 And in their singing how to keepeen rests:  
 Or one of those, who watching where a spring  
 Out of our grandame Earth hath issuing,  
 With your attractive musicke wooe the streame  
 (As men by faeries led, false in a dreame)

To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders  
 In many mazes, intricate meanders;  
 Till at the last, to mocke th' enamour'd rith,  
 Ye bend your traces up some shady hill;  
 And laugh to see the wave no further treade;  
 But in a chafe runne foaming on his head,  
 Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,  
 Leaving the o'her destitute of name.  
 If thou be one of these, or all, or more,  
 Succour a seely maid, that doth implore  
 Aide, on a bended heart, unfain'd and meeke,  
 As true as blushes of a maiden cheekke."  
 "Maiden arise," replide the new borne maide;  
 'Pure innocence the stones will aide.'  
 Nar of the fairie troope, nor Muscs nine;  
 Nor am I Venus, nor of Proserpine:  
 But daughter to a lusty nged swaine,  
 That cuts the greene turfis of th' enamel'd plaine;  
 And with his sythe hath many a summer shorne  
 The plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne;  
 Who from the could-clipt mountaine by his stroake  
 Fels downe the lofty pine, the cedar, oake:  
 He opes the flood gates as occasion is  
 Sometimes on that man's land, sometimes on this.  
 When Verolame, a stately nymph of yore,  
 Did use to decke herselfe on Isis' shore,  
 One morne (among the rest) as thure she stood,  
 Saw the pure channell all besmeard with bloud;  
 Inquiring for the cause, one did impart,  
 Those drops came from her holy Alban's' heart;  
 Herewith in grieve she gan entreate my syre,  
 That Isis' streame, which yeerely did attire  
 Those gallant fields in changeable array,  
 Might turn her course and run some other way.  
 Least that her waves might wash away the guilt  
 From off their hands which Alban's bloud had spilt:  
 He condescended, and the nimble wave  
 Her fish no more within that channell drave:  
 But as a witness left the crimson gore  
 To staine the earth, as they their hands before.  
 He had a being ere there was a birth,  
 And shall not cease until the sea and earth,  
 And what they both containe, shall cease to be,  
 Nothing confines him but eternitie.  
 By him the names of god men ever live,  
 Which short-liv'd men unto oblivion give:  
 And in forgetfulness he lets him fall,  
 That is no other man than natural:  
 'Tis he alone that rightly can discover,  
 Who is the true, and who the fained lover.  
 In summer's heate when any swaine to sleepe  
 Doth more addict himselfe than to his sheepe;  
 And whilst the leaden god sits on his eyes,  
 If any of his folde, or strays, or dyes,  
 And to the waking swaine it be unknown,  
 Whether his sheepe be dead, or straid, or stolne;  
 To meete my syre he bends his course in paine,  
 Either where some high hill survaies the plaine;  
 Or takes his step toward the flow'ry vallyes,  
 Where Zephyre with the cowslip hourelly dallies;  
 Or to the groves, where birds from heate or  
 weather,  
 Sit sweetly tuning of their noates together;

\* He was slain and suffered martyrdom in the days of Diocletian and Maximilian. The place of his execution was an hill in a wood called Holm-hurst, where at one stroke his head was smitten off. See the Golden Legend; Robert of Glocester; Harding, c. 57. &c.

\* Orpheus.

\* Corinna. Ovid, Amôr. Lib. 1. L. 5.

Or to a meade a wanton river dresses  
 With richest collers of her turning eases;  
 Or where the shepherds sit old stories telling,  
 Chronos, my syre, hath no set place of dwelling;  
 But if the shepherd meete the aged swaine,  
 He tells him of his sheepe, or shewes them slaine.  
 So great a gift the sacred powers of Heaven  
 (Above all others) to my syre have given,  
 That the abhorred stratagemes of night,  
 Lurking in cavernes from the glorious light,  
 By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,  
 And show'd as monsters to the wond'ring world.

"What mariner is he sailing upon  
 The watry desert clipping Albion,  
 Hearses not the billowes in their dances roare  
 Answer'd by echoes from the neighbour shoare?  
 To whose accord the maids trip from the downes,  
 And rivers dancing come, yecrown'd with townes,  
 All singing forth the victories of Time,  
 Upon the monsters of the western clime,  
 Whose horrid, damnd, bloody, plots would bring  
 Confusion on the laureate poet's king.  
 Whose bell-fed hearts devis'd bow never more  
 A swan might singing sit on Isis' shore:  
 But croaking ravens, and the scrich-owle's crye,  
 The fit musicians for a tragetie,  
 Should evermore be heard about her strand,  
 To fright all passengers from that sad land.

"Long summer's dayes I on his worth might spend  
 And yet beginne againe when I would end.  
 All ages since the first age first begun,  
 Ere they could know his worth their age was done:  
 Whose absence all the treasury of Earth  
 Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd Tagus' birth,  
 Not all the golden gravell he treads over,  
 One minute past, that minute can recover.  
 I am his onely childe (he hath no other)  
 Cleep'd Aletheia, borne without a mother.  
 Poore Aletheia long despis'd of all,  
 Scarce Charitie would lead an hospitall  
 To give my month's cold watching one night's  
 rest,

But in my roome tooke in the miser's chest.  
 "In winter's time when hardly fed the flockes,  
 And icicles hung dangling on the rockes;  
 When Hyems bound the floods in silver chaines,  
 And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plaines;  
 When every barne rung with the threshing sailles,  
 And shepherds' boyes for cold gan blow their  
 sailles:

(Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one  
 That had a sparke of true devotion;)  
 It was my chance, (chance onely helpeth neede)  
 To find an house ybuil for holy deede,  
 With goodly architect, and cloisters wide,  
 With groves and walkes along a river's side;  
 The place itself afforded admiration,  
 And every spray a theme of contemperation.  
 But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,  
 I gan intreat an entrance therat:  
 The porter askt my name: I told; he swell'd,  
 And bad me thence: wherewith in griefe repell'd,  
 I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,  
 Harb'ring the weasell, and the dust-bred mouse;  
 And others none, except the two-kinde bat,  
 Which all the day there melancholy saze:  
 Here ate I downe with winde and raine yeaste;  
 Grief fed my minde, and did my body eate.  
 Yet idleness I saw (lam'd with the gout)  
 Had entrance when poor Truth was kept without.

There saw I Drunkenesse with droppies swolme;  
 And pumper'd Lust that mauny a night had stolme  
 Over the abby-wall when gates were lock'd,  
 To be in Venus' wanton bosom rock'd:  
 And Gluttony that surfetting had bin,  
 Knocke at the gate and straight-way taken in:  
 Sadly I sate, and sighing griev'd to see  
 Their happiness, my infelicitie.  
 At last came Envy by, who having spide  
 Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,  
 And to the convent egerly she cryes,  
 'Why sit you here, when with these eares and eyes  
 I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,  
 She is the true faire Aletheia,  
 Which you have boasted long to live among you?  
 Yet suffer not a peevish girl to wrong you.'  
 With this provok'd, all rose, and in a rout  
 Run to the gate, strove who should first get out,  
 Bad me begone, and then (in terms uncivil)  
 Did call me counterfait, witch, hag, whore, divell;  
 Then like a strumpet drove me from their cels,  
 With tickling pans, and with the noise of bels.  
 And he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,  
 Had heapes of five-brands banded at his face.

"Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)  
 Infor'd in fields to sleepe, or wake all night;  
 A seely sleepe seeing me straying by,  
 Forsooke the shrub where once she meant to lie;  
 As if be in her kinde (unhurting elfe)  
 Did bid me take such lodging as herselfe:  
 Gladly I took the place the sheepe had given,  
 Uncanopy'd of any thing but Heaven. [quinted,  
 Where night benumb'd with cold, with griefe fre-  
 unto the silent night I thus lamented:

"Faire Cynthia, if from thy silver throne,  
 Thou ever lent'st an eare to virgin's mone!  
 Or in thy monthly course one gainute staid  
 Thy palfrayes' trot, to heare a wretched maid!  
 Pull in their reynes, and lend thine eare to me,  
 Forlorne, forsaken, cloath'd in miserie:  
 But if a woe hath never woo'd thine eare,  
 To stop those cursers in their full carriere;  
 But as stone-hearted men, uncharitable,  
 Passe carelesse by the poore, when men lesse able,  
 Hold not the needie's helpe in long suspence,  
 But in their hands poure their benevolence.  
 O! if thou be so hard to stop thine eares;  
 When stars in pity drop down from their spheres,  
 Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,  
 Enshroud the pale beames of thy borrowed light:  
 O! never once discourage goodness (lending  
 One glimpse of light) to see misfortune spending  
 Her utmost rage on Truth, despise, distressed,  
 Unhappy, unrelieved, yet undressed.  
 Where is the heart at virtue's suff'ring grieveth?  
 Where is the eye that pittying relieveth?  
 Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth?  
 Where is the eare that the decrepit steedeth?  
 That heart, that hand, that ear, or else that eye,  
 Giveth, relieveth, feedes, steedes, misery?  
 O Earth, produce me one (of all thy store)  
 Enjoyes; and be vain-glorious no more.

"By this had Chanticleer, the village-cocke,  
 Bidden the good-wife for her maides to knocke;  
 And the swart plow-man for his breakfast staid,  
 That he might till those lands were fallow laid;  
 The hills and vallies here and there resound  
 With the re-echoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound,  
 Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly peale,  
 Was come a field to milke the morning's meale,

And ere the Sunne had clym'd the easterne hills,  
To guild the mutt'ring bournes, and pritty rills,  
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,  
And nimble fishes between in rivers dive,  
Began to leape, and catch the drowned flie,  
I rose from rest, not infelicite.  
Seeking the place of Charitie's resort,  
Unware I hap'ned on a prince's court;  
Where meeting Greatnesse, I requir'd reliefe,  
(O happy undelay'd) she said in brieft,  
' To small effect thine oratoric tends,  
How can I keepe thee and so many friends?  
If of my household I should make thee one,  
Farewell my servant Adulation:  
I know she will not stay when thou art there:  
But seeke some great man's service other-where.  
Darkenesse and light, summer and winter's weather  
May be at once, ere you two live together.'  
Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.

" Thence to the citie once I thought to goe,  
But somewhat in my mind this thought had  
throwe,

' It was a place wherein I was not knowne.'  
And therefore went unto these homely townes,  
Sweetly environ'd with the daisied downes.

" Upon a streame washing a village end  
A mill is plac'd, that never difference keend  
'Twixt dayes for worke, and holy tides for rest,  
But always wrought and ground the neighbour's  
Before the dore I saw the miller walking, [great  
And other two (his neighbours) with him talking;  
One of them was a weaver, and the other  
The village tayler, and his trusty brother;  
To them I came, and thus my sute began:

' Content the riches of a country-man  
Attend your actions, be more happy still,  
Than I am haplesse! and as yonder mill,  
Though in his turning it obey the streame,  
Yet by the head-strong torrent from his beame  
Is unremov'd, and till the wheele be tore,  
It dayly toyles; then rests, and works no more!  
So in life's motion may you never be [marrie,  
(Though sway'd with griefes) o'er-borne with

" With that the miller laughing, brush'd his  
cloathes,

Then swore by cocke and other dunghill oathes,  
I greatly was to blame, that durst so wade  
Into the knowledge of a wheel-wright's trade.

' I, neighbour,' quoth the tayler (then he bent  
His pace to me, spruce like a Jacke of Lent)  
' Your judgement is not seate-rem when you spend  
Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it. [it,  
And maiden, let me tell you in dispicature,  
You must not presse the cloath you cannot measure:  
But let your steps be stitche to wisdomes chalk-  
ing, [ing.'

And cast presumptuous shreds out of your walk-  
The weaver said, ' Ple wench, yourselfe you wrong,  
Thus to let slip the shuttle of your tong:  
For marke me well, yea, marke me well, I say,  
I see you worke your speeche's web astray.'

" Sad to the soule, o'er laid with idle words,  
' O Heaven,' quoth I, ' where is the place affords  
A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth  
The most dejected hopes of wronged Truth!  
' Truth!' quoth the miller, ' plainley for our  
parts,

I and the weaver hate thee with our hearts:  
The strifes you raise I will not now discuss,  
Between our honest customers and us:

But get you gone, for sure you may despair  
Of comfort here, seeke it some other-where.'  
' Maide,' quoth the tayler, ' we no succour owe  
you,

For as I guesse here's none of us doth know you:  
Nor my remembrance any thought can seise  
That I have ever seene you in my dayes.  
Seene you? nay, therein confident I am;  
Nay till this time I never heard your name,  
Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,  
My neighbour at that instant call'd me thereof.  
By this you see you are unknowne among us,  
We cannot help you, though your stay may  
wring us.'

" Thus went I on, and further went in woe:  
For as shrill sounding Fame, that's never slow,  
Growes in her going, and encreaseth more,  
Where she is now, than where she was before:  
So Griefe, (that never healthy, ever sick,  
That froward scholler to arithmeticks,  
Who doth devision and subtraction flie,  
And chiefly leares to add and multiply)  
In longest journeys hath the strongest strength,  
And is at hand, supprest, unquail'd at length:

" Betweene two hills, the highest Phœbus sees  
Gallantly crow'd with large skie-kissing trees,  
Under whose shade the humble vallyes lay:  
And wilde-bores from their dens their gamboles  
play:

There lay a gravel'd walke oro-growne with greene,  
Where neither tract of man nor beast was seene.  
And as the plow-man when the land be tild,  
Throws up the fruitfull earth in riged hils,  
Betweene whose chevron forme he leaves a balke;  
So 'twixt those hills had Nature fram'd this walke,  
Not over darke, nor light, in angles bending,  
And like the gliding of a snake descending:  
All husht and silent as the mid of night:  
No chatt'ring pie, nor crow appear'd in sight;  
But further in I heard the turtle-dove,  
Singing sad dirges on her lifelesse love,  
Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring,  
Had onely license in that place to sing:  
Whose dolefull noates the melancholly cat  
Close in a hollow tree sate wond'ring at:  
And trees that on the hill-side comely grew,  
When any little blast of Æol blew,  
Did nod their curl'd heads, as they would be  
The judges to approve their melody.

" Just halfe the way this solitary grove,  
A christiall spring from either hill-side strove,  
Which of them first should wooe the meeker ground,  
And make the pibbles dance unto their sound.  
But as when children having leave to play,  
And neare the master's eye sport out the day,  
(Beyond condition) in their childish toys  
Oft vent their tutor with too great a noyce,  
And make him send some serviant out of doze;  
To cease their clamour, lest they play no more;  
So when the prettie rill a place espies,  
Where with the pibbles she would wantonize;  
And that her upper streame so much doth wrong  
her,

To drive her thence, and let her play no longer;  
If she with too loud mutt'ring ranne away,  
As being much incens'd to leave her play;  
A weatere, milde, and pretty whispering gale,  
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale,  
And seem'd as with the water it did chide,  
Because it ranne so long unpacifide:

Yea, and she thought it had her leaves that caye,  
Or he would chooſe her up with leaves and ſoyl:  
Whereat the rivelet in my minde did weepe,  
And hurl'd her head into a ſilent deepe.

" Now he that guides the chariot of the Sunne,  
Upon th' ſcriptur'd circle had ſo runne,  
That his braſe-hoof'd fire-breathing horſes waſme  
The ſtately height of the meridian:  
And the day lab'ring man (who all the morne  
Had from the quarry with his pick-axe torne  
A large well ſquared ſtone, which he would cut  
To ſerve his ſtile, or for ſome water ſhut)  
Seeing the Sunne preparing to decline,  
Tooke out his bagge, and ſate him downe to dine.  
When by a ſliding, yet not ſteepe decent,  
I gain'd a place, ne'er poſt did invent  
The like for ſorrow: not in all this round  
A fitter ſeate for paſſion can be found.

" As when a dainty fount, and chriſtall ſpring,  
Got newly from the earth's impruſoning,  
And ready preſt ſome channell cleere to win,  
Is round his riſe by rocks immured in,  
And from the thirſty earth would be with-held,  
Till to the coaſterne toppe the waves have ſwell'd:  
But that a careful hinde the well hath found,  
As he walkes ſadly through his parched ground;  
Whoſe patience ſuff'ring not his land to ſtay  
Until the water o'er the coaſterne play,  
He gets a picke-axe and with blowes ſo ſtout,  
Digs on the rocks, that all the groves about  
Reſound his ſtroke, and ſtill the rocks doth charge,  
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,  
Whereby the waters from their priſon run,  
To cloſe earth's gaping wounds made by the Sen;  
So through theſe high rais'd hills, embracing round  
This ſhady, ſad, and ſolitary ground,  
Some power (reſpecting ſome whoſe heavy mone  
Requir'd a place to ſit and weepe alone)  
Had cut a path, whereby the griev'd wight  
Might freely take the comfort of this ſcytle.  
About the edges of whoſe roundly forme,  
In order grew ſuch trees as doe adorne  
The ſable heare, and ſad forſaken mate;  
And trees whoſe teares their loſe commiſerate;  
Such are the ſpyreſſe, and the weeping myrrhe,  
The dropping amber, and the roſin'd fyrwe,  
The bleeding vine, the watry ſicamour,  
And willough for the forerune paramour,  
In comely diſtance: underneath whoſe ſhade  
Moſt neat in radeneſſe Nature arbour's made:  
Some had a light; ſome to obſcure a ſeate,  
Would entertaine a ſerfance ne'er ſo great:  
Where griev'd wights ſate (as I after found,  
Whoſe heavy harts the height of ſorrow crown'd)  
Wailing in ſaddeſt tunes the doomes of fate  
On men by virtue cleeped fortunate.

" The firſt note that I heard, I ſoon was worne  
To thinke the ſignes of faire Eudymion<sup>10</sup>;  
The ſubject of whoſe mournfull heavy lay  
Was his declining with faire Cynthia.

" Next him a great man<sup>11</sup> ſate, in wee no leſſe;  
Teares wore but barren ſhadowes to expreſſe  
The ſubſtance of his griefe, and therefore ſtood  
Diſtilling from his heart red ſteamies of bloud:  
He was a ſwaine whom all the Graces kiſt,  
A brave, heroicke, worthy martialiſt:

<sup>10</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh was for ſome time in diſgrace at court. See Mr. Oldys.

<sup>11</sup> Earl of Rugen.

Yet on the downes he oftentimes was ſcene  
To draw the merry maidens of the greene  
With his ſweet voyce: once, as he ſate alone,  
He ſung the outrage of the lazy drone<sup>12</sup>  
Upon the lab'ring bee, in ſtraines ſo rare,  
That all the fitting pionioniers of ayre  
Attentive ſate, and in their kinds did long  
To learne ſome noate from his well-timed ſong.  
" Exiled Naſe (from whoſe golden pen  
The Muſes did diſtill delights for men)  
Thus ſang of Cephalus<sup>13</sup> (whoſe name was worne  
Within the boſome of the bluſhing morne:)  
He had a dart was never ſet on wing,  
But death flew with it: he could never ſing,  
But life fled from the place where ſtucke the head:  
A hunter's frolicke life in woods he lead  
In ſeparation from his yoked mate,  
Whoſe beauty, once, he valued at a rate  
Beyond Aurora's cheekes, when ſhe (in pride)  
Promiſt their offspring ſhould be deſide:  
Procris ſhe high; who (ſeeking to reſtore  
Herſelfe that happineſſe ſhe had before)  
Unto the greene wood wends, omits no paine  
Might bring her to her lord's embrace againe:  
But Fate thus croſt her, comming where he lay  
Wearied with hunting all the ſummer's day,  
He ſomewhat heard within the thicket ruſh,  
And deeming it ſome beaſt hid in a buſh,  
Raiſed himſelfe, then ſet on wing a dart,  
Which took a ſad reſt in the reſtleſſe hart  
Of his chaſt wife; who with a bleeding breſt  
Left love and life, and ſlept in endleſſe reſt.  
With Procris' heavie fate this ſhepherd's wroꝝg  
Might be compar'd, and aſke as ſad a ſong.

" In th' autumne of his youth, and manhood's  
Deſert (growne now a moſt dejected thing) [ſpring,  
Wonne him the favour of a royall maide,  
Who with Diana's nymphes in forreſts ſtraide,  
And liv'd a huntreſſe life exempt from feare.  
She once encount'rd with a ſurly beare<sup>14</sup>,  
Neare to a chriſtall fountaine's flow'ry brinke,  
Heate brought them thither both and both would  
drinke,

When from her golden quiver ſhe tooke forth  
A dart above the reſt eſteem'd for worth,  
And ſent it to his ſide: the gaping wound  
Gave purple ſtreamies to coole the parched ground,  
Whereat he gnaſht his teeth, ſtorm'd his hurt lym,  
Yielded the earth what it denied him:  
Yet ſunke not there, but (wrapt in horreur) by'd  
Unto his beſhly cave, deſpair'd, and dy'd. [Sunne  
" After the beare's juſt death, the quick'ning  
Had twice ſix times about the zodiacke run,  
And (as reſpectleſſe) never caſt an eye,  
Upon the night-invail'd Cimmerii,

<sup>12</sup> The Buzzing Bee's Complaint; by the Earl of Eſſex.

<sup>13</sup> Act of Love, book 3.

<sup>14</sup> Earl of Leiceſter. Osborn calls him that terreſtrial Lucifer. Mem. of Q. Elizabeth, Sect. 5. p. 25. Among others whom he murdered, Leiceſter was the author of the death of the earl of Eſſex's father in Ireland. Osborn, ditto, p. 26. In an old collection of poems, by Lodge, Watſon, Breton, Peel, earl of Oxford and others, called the Phœnix Neſt, in 4to, 1568, there is a deſcription of Leiceſter, called the Good Men's Right, in proſe.

When this brave swaine (approved valour,  
In opposition of a tyrannous  
And bloody savage) being long time gone  
Quelling his rage with faithlesse Gerion<sup>15</sup>,  
Returned from the stratagems of warres,  
(Inriched with his quill'd foes beetlelesse scarres)  
To see the cleare eyes of his dearest love,  
And that her skill in beards might helpe remove  
The freshing of a wound which he had got  
In her defence, by Evie's poison'd shot,  
And coming through a grove wherein his faire  
Lay with her breasts displaid to take the aire,  
His rushing through the booghs made her arise,  
And droming some wild beast's rude enterprise,  
Directs towards the moyes a sharp'ned dart,  
That reach'd the life of his undaunted heart;  
Which when she<sup>16</sup> knew, twice twentie moones  
she spent

In teares for him, and dy'd in languishment.

" Within an arbour shadow'd with a vine,  
Mixed with rosemary and eglantine,  
A shepheardesse was set, as faire as young,  
Whose praise full many a shepheard whilome sung,  
Who on an altar faire had to her name,  
In consecration many an anagram:  
And when with sugred straines they strove to raise  
Worth, to a garland of immortal bayes;  
She as the learned'st maide was chose by them,  
(Her flax'd hair crown'd with an anadem)  
To judge who best deserv'd, for she could fit  
The height of praise unto the height of wit.  
But well-a-day those happy times were gone,  
(Millions admit a full abstraction).

" And as the yeere hath first his jocund spring,  
Wherrin the leaves, to birds' sweet carolling,  
Dance with the winde: then sees the summer's day  
Perfect the embriou blossome of each spray:  
Next cometh autumn, when the threshed sheaf  
Looseth his graine, and every tree his leaf:  
Lastly cold winter's rage, with many a storme,  
Threats the proud pines which Ida's toppe adorne,  
And makes the sappe leave succorlesse the shoote,  
Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.

Or as a quaint musician becom won,  
To run a point of sweet division,  
Gets by degrees unto the highest key;  
Then, with like order falleth in his play  
Into a deeper tone; and lastly, throwes  
His period in a diapason close:  
So every humane thing terrestriall,  
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.  
And as a comely youth, in fairest age,  
Enamour'd on a maide (whose parentage  
Had Fate adorn'd, as Nature deckt her eye,  
Might at a becke command a monarchie)  
But poore and faire could never yet bewitch  
A wiser's minde, preferring soule and rich;  
And therefore (as a King's heart left behind,  
When as his corps are borne to be enshin'd)  
(His parent's will, a law like that dead corse,  
Leaving his heart, is brought unto his horse,  
Carried unto a place that can impart  
No secret easiesse unto his heart,  
Climbes some proud hill, whose stately eminence  
Vantage the fruitfull vale's circumference:  
From whence, no sooner can his lights descry  
The place enriched by his mistress' eye:

But some thicke cloud his happy prospect blends,  
And he, in sorrow rais'd, in teares descends:  
So this sad nymp (whom all commiserate)  
Once pac'd the hill of greatnesse and of state,  
And got the toppe; but when she gan adresse  
Her sight, from thence to see true happinesse,  
Fate interpos'd an envious cloud of feares,  
And she withdrew into this vale of teares,  
Where Sorrow so cathral'd best Vertue's jewell,  
Stones check'd grief's hardinesse, call'd her too  
too cruell,

A streame of teares upon her faire cheekes flowes,  
As morning dewe upon the damaske-rose,  
Or christall-glasse vailing vermilion;  
Or drops of milke on the carnation;  
She sang and wept (O ye sea-binding cleeves,  
Yeeld tributary drops, for Vertue grieves!)  
And to the period of her sad sweet key  
Intwin'd her case with chaste Penelope.  
But see the drisling south, my mournfull straine,  
Answers, in weeping drops of quick'ning raine,  
And since this day we can no further goe,  
Restlesse I rest within this Vale of Woe,  
Until the modest mouse on Earth's vast zone,  
The ever gladsome day shall re-inthroue.

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## THE FIFTH SONG.

## THE ARGUMENT.

In notes that rockes to pittie move,  
Idya sings her buried love:  
And from her horse of plentie gives  
Comfort to Truth, whom none relieves.  
Repentance house next calls me on,  
With Riot's true conversion:  
Leaving Aminta's love to Truth,  
To be the theme the Muse ensu'th.

HERE full of April, vail'd with sorrowe's wing,  
For lovely layes, I dreary ditties sing.  
Whoso hath seen young lads (to sport themselves)  
Run in a lowe ebbe to the sandy shelves:  
Where seriously they worke in digging welles,  
Or building childish forts of cockle-shells:  
Or liquid water each to other bandy;  
Or with the pibbles play at handy-dandy,  
Till unawares the tyde hath clos'd them round,  
And they must wade it through or else be drown'd,  
May (if unto my pipe he listen well)  
My Muse' distresse with theirs some parcell.  
For where I whilome sung the loves of swaines  
And woo'd the christall currents of the plaines,  
Teaching the birds to love, whilst every tree  
Gave his attention to my melodie:  
Fate now (as envying my too happy theme)  
Hath round begirt my song with sorrowe's streame,  
Which, till my Muse wade through and get on  
shore,

My griefe-swolne soule can sing of love no more.  
But turne we now (yet not without remorse)  
To heavenly Alethea's sad discourse,  
That did from Fida's eyes salt teares exhale,  
When thus she show'd the solitary vale.  
" Just in the midst this joy-forsaken ground  
A little stood, with springs embraced round:

<sup>15</sup> Battle of Essex's expedition to Calais.

<sup>16</sup> Queen Elizabeth.



' O come, ye blessed hopes of mentorie,  
 Erect a newe Parnassus on his grave!  
 Th' re-tone your voyces to an eglic,  
 The saddest noate that ere Apollo gave.  
 Let every accent make the stander by  
 Keepe time unto your song with dropping teares,  
 Till drops that fell  
 Have made a well

To swallow him which still unmoved heares!  
 And though myselfe prove senselesse of your cry,  
 Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim,  
 To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.

' When last he sick'ned, then we first began  
 To tread the labyrinth of woe about;  
 And by degrees we further inward ran,  
 Having his thread of life to guide us out.  
 But Destinie no sooner saw us enter  
 Sad Sorrow's maze, immured up in night,  
 Where nothing dwells  
 But cries and yels,  
 Thrown from the hearts of men depriv'd of light;  
 When we were almost come into the center,  
 Fate (cruelly) to barre our joyes returning,  
 Cut off our thread, and left us all in mourning.'

" If you have scene, at foote of some brave hill,  
 Two springs arise, and delicately fall,  
 In gentle chidings, through an humble dale,  
 (Where fifty daisies nod at every gale)  
 And on the bankes a swaine (with lawrell crown'd)  
 Marrying his sweet noates with their silver sound;  
 When as the spongy clouds, swolne bigge with  
 water,

Throw their conception on the world's theater:  
 Downe from the hills the rained waters roare,  
 Whilst every leafe drops to augment their store:  
 Grumbling the stones fall o'er each other's backe,  
 Rending the greene turfes with their cataract,  
 And through the meadows runne in such a noyse,  
 That, taking from the swaine the fountaine's voyce,  
 Inforce him leave their margent, and alone  
 Couple his base pipe with their baser tone.  
 Know (shepherdlesse) that so I lent an eare  
 To those sad wights whose plaiets I told whileare:  
 But when this goodly lady can addressse  
 Her heavenly voyce to sweeten heavinessse,  
 It drown'd the rest, as torrents little springs;  
 And, stricken mute at her great sorrowings,  
 Lay still and wonder'd at her pitious moane,  
 Wept at her griefes, and did forget their owne,  
 Whilst I attentive sate, and did impart  
 Teares, when they wanted drops, and from a hart  
 As hie in sorrow as o'er creature wore,  
 Lent thrilling groanes to such as had no more.

" Had wise Ulysses" (who regardless hang  
 Along the ocean when the Syrens sung)  
 Pass'd by and scene her on the sea-torne cleeves  
 Waite her lost love, (while Neptune's watry thrones  
 Durst not approach for rocks) to see her face  
 He would have hazarded his Grecian race,  
 Thrust head-long to the shores, and to her eyes  
 Offer'd his vessel as a sacrifice.  
 Or had the Syrens, as a neighbour shore,  
 Heard in what raging hostes she did deplore  
 Her buried glory, they had left their selves,  
 And, to come news her, would have drown'd  
 themselves.

" Now silence lock'd the organs of that voyce,  
 Whereat each merry Silvan wont rejoyce;  
 When with a bended knee to her I came,  
 And did impart my griefe and hated name:  
 But first a pardon begg'd, if that my cause  
 So much constrain'd me as to breake the lawes  
 Of her wish'd sequestration, or ask'd bread  
 (To save a life) from her, whose life was dead:  
 But lawlesse famine, selfe-consuming hunger,  
 Alas! compell'd me: had I stay'd longer,  
 My weakened firmnes had beene my wants' forc'd  
 meede,

And I had fed, on that I could not feede.  
 When she (compassionate) to my sad moode  
 Did lend a sigh, and stole it from her owne;  
 And (wofull lady, wrackt on haplesse sheffe)  
 Yelded me comfort, yet had none herselfe:  
 Told how she knewe me well since I had beene,  
 As chiefe consort of the fairy queene;  
 O happy queene! for ever, ever praise  
 Dwell on thy tombe! the period of all dayes  
 Onely seale up thy fame; and as thy birth  
 Inrich'd thy temples on the fading earth,  
 So have thy vertues crown'd thy blessed soule,  
 Whose the first Mover with his word's controule;  
 As with a girdle the huge ocean bindes;  
 Gathers into his fist the nimble winde;  
 Stops the bright course in his hot careere;  
 Commands the Moone twelve courses in a yeere:  
 Live thou with him in endlessse bliss; while we  
 Admire all virtues in admiring thee.

" Thou, thou, the fairest of the learned well;  
 Thou nursing mother of God's Israel;  
 Thou, for whose loving truth, the Heaven rains  
 Sweet MEL and MANNA on our flow'ry plaines:  
 Thou, by whose hand the sacred Trine did bring  
 Us out of bonds, from bloody Bonnering.  
 Ye suckling babes, for ever bless that name  
 Releas'd your burning in your mother's flame!  
 Thrice blessed maiden, by whose hand was given  
 Free libertie to taste the foode of Heaven,  
 Never forget her, (Albion's lovely daughters)  
 Which led you to the springs of living waters!  
 And if my Muse her glory faile to sing,  
 May by my mouth thy tongue for ever cling!

" Here-with (at hand) taking her home of plentie,  
 Fill'd with the choyse of every orchard's daintie,  
 As peares, plums, apples, the sweet raspiberry,  
 The quince, the apricocke, the blushing cherry;  
 The mulberry, (his blacke from Thisbe taking)  
 The cluster'd fiberd, grapes oft merry-making.  
 (This fruitfull horne th' immortal ladies fill'd  
 With all the pleasures that rough Forrests yeeld,  
 And gave Elya, with a further blessing,  
 That thence, (as from a garden) without dressing,  
 She these should ever have; and never want  
 Store, from an orchard without tree or plant.)  
 With a right willing hand she gave me hence,  
 The stomacke's comforter, the pleasing quince;  
 And for the chiefest cherisher she lent  
 The royall thistle's milkie nourishment.

" Here staid I long: but when to see Aurora  
 Kisse the perfum'd cheekes of dainty Flora,  
 Without the vale I trode one lively meane,  
 With true intention of a quick returne,  
 An unexpected chance struve to deferre  
 My going backe, and all the love of her.

1 See Homer's *Odysey*, b. 12.

10 Elizabeth.

But, maiden, see the day is waxen olde,  
 And gins to shut in with the marigold ;  
 The neat-heard's kinde do bellow in the yard ;  
 And dairy maidens for the milke prepar'd,  
 Are drawing at the udder, long ere now  
 The plow-man hath manyoak'd his teame from plow :  
 My transformation to a fearefull hinde  
 Shall to unfold a fitter season finde ;  
 Weane while yond pallace, whose brave turrets' tops  
 Over the stately wood surway the cops,  
 Promis'th (if sought) a wished place of rest,  
 Till Sol our hemisphere have repossesst."

Now must my Muse afford a straine to Riot,  
 Who, almost kil'd with his luxurious diet,  
 Lay eating grasse (as dogges) in a wood,  
 So to disgorge the undigested food :  
 By whom faire Altheia's past along  
 With Fida, queene of every shepheard's song,  
 By them unscene, (for he securely lay  
 Under the thicke of many a leaved spray)  
 And through the level'd meadows gently threw  
 Their neatest feet, washt with refreshing dew,  
 Where he durst not approach, but on the edge  
 Of th' hilly wood, in covert of a hedge,  
 Went onward with them, trode with them in paces,  
 And farre off much admir'd their formes and graces.  
 Into the plames at last he headlong ventur'd :  
 But they the hill had got and pallace enter'd.

When, like a valiant well resolved man  
 Seeking new paths i' th' pathlesse ocean,  
 Unto the shores of monster-breeding Nyle ;  
 Or through the north to the unpeopled Thyle,  
 Where from the equinoctiall of the spring,  
 To that of autumn, Titan's golden ring  
 Is never off ; and till the spring againe  
 In gloomy darknesse all the shoares remaine.  
 Or if he furrow up the brynie sea,  
 To cast his anchors in the frozen bay  
 Of woody Norway ; (who hath ever fed  
 Her people more with scaly fish than bread)  
 Tho' raling mounts of ice thrust at his helme,  
 And by their fall still threaten to o'erwhelme  
 His little vessell : and though winter throw  
 (What age should) on their heads white caps of  
 snow,

Strives to congeale his blood ; he cares not for't,  
 But, arm'd in minde, gets his intended port :

So Riot, though full many doubts arise,  
 Whose unknowne ends might graspe his enterprise,  
 Climbes towards the palace, and with gate de-  
 more,

With hanging head, a voyce as faining pure,  
 With torne and ragged coate, his hairy legs  
 Bloody, as scratch'd with bryers, he ent'rance bega.  
 Remembrance sate as portresse of this gate :

A lady always musing as she sate,  
 Except when sometime suddainely she rose,  
 And with a backe bent eye, at length, she throws  
 Her hand to Heaven : and in a wond'ring guize,  
 Star'd on each object with her fixed eyes :  
 As some way-faring man passing a wood,  
 (Whose waving top hath long a sea-marke stood)  
 Goes jogging on, and in his minde nought hath,  
 But how the primrose finely strew the path,  
 Or sweetest violets lay downe their heads  
 At some trees' roots or mossie feather-beds,  
 Untill his hoole receive an adder's sting,  
 Whereat he starts, and backe his head doth fling.  
 She never mark'd the sute he did préferre,  
 But (carelesse) let him pass along by her.

So on hé went into a spacious court,  
 All trodden bare with multitudes' resort :  
 At th' end whereof a second gate appears,  
 The fabricke shew'd full many thousand years :  
 Whose posterne-key that time a lady kept,  
 Her eyes all swoine, as if she seldom slept ;  
 And would by fits her golden tresses teare,  
 And strive to stop her breath with her owne hairs :  
 Her lilly hand (not to be hid by art)  
 A paire of pincers held ; wherewith her heart  
 Was hardly grasped, while the pulled stones  
 Re-eccoed to her lamentable grones.

Here at this gate the custome long had bin,  
 When any sought to be admitted in,  
 Remorce thus us'd them ere they had the keye,  
 And all, these torments felt, pass'd on their way.

When Riot came, the ladie's paines nigh done,  
 She past the gate ; and then Remorce begonne  
 To fetter Riot in strong iron chaines ;  
 And doubting much his patience in the paines,  
 As when a smith and's man (Jame Vulcan's fellows)  
 Call'd from the anvil or the puffing bellows,  
 To clappe a well-wrought shoe (for more than pay)  
 Upon a stubborne negge of Galloway ;  
 Or unback'd jennet, or a Flanders mare,  
 That at the forge stand smuffing of the ayre ;  
 The swarthy smith spits in his backehorse fist,  
 And bids his men bring out the fire-fold twist,  
 His shackles, shacklocks, hampers, givcs, and  
 chaines,

His linked bolts ; and with no little paines  
 These make him fast : and lest all these should  
 faulter,

Unto a poste with some sixe doubled halter  
 He bindes his head ; yet all are of the least  
 To curb the fury of the head-strong beast :  
 When if a carrier's jade be brought unto him,  
 His man can hold his foote whilst he can shoe him :  
 Remorce was so inforc'd to binde him stronger,  
 Because his faults requir'd infiction longer,  
 Than any siene-pret wight, which many a day  
 Since Judas hung himselfe had past that way.

When all the cruell torments he had borne,  
 Galled with chaines, and on the racke nigh torne,  
 Pinching with glowing pincers his owne heart,  
 All lame and restlesse, full of wounds and smart,  
 He to the posterne creeps, so inward hies,  
 And from the gate a two-fold path descryes :  
 One leading up a hill, Repentance' way ;  
 And (as more worthy) on the right-hand lay ;  
 The other head-long, steepe, and lik'ned well  
 Unto the path which tendeth downe to Hell :  
 All steps that thither went shew'd no returning,  
 The port to paines, and to eternal mourning,  
 Where certaine Death liv'd ; in an ebon chaire  
 The soule's blacke homicide, mesger Despaire<sup>11</sup>,  
 Had his abode : there 'gainst the craggy rockes  
 Some dasht their braines out with relentless  
 knockes ;

Others on trees (O most accursed elves !)  
 Are fastening knots, so to undoe themselves.  
 Here one in sinne not daring to appeare  
 At Mercie's seate with one repentant teare,  
 Within his breaat was launcing of an eye,  
 That unto God it might for vengeance cry :  
 There from a rocke a wretch but newly fell,  
 All torne in pieces, to goe whole to Hell.

<sup>11</sup> See Spenser's Fairie Queene, b. 1. c. 9. s. 33,  
 &c. Fletcher's Purple Island, c. 12. s. 32, &c.

Here with a sleepe potion one thinks fit  
To grasse with death, but would not know of it:  
There in a poole two men their lives expire,  
And die in water to revive in fire.  
Here hangs the bloud upon the guiltlesse stones;  
There wormes consume the flesh of humane bones.  
Here lyes an arme; a legge there; here a head,  
With other limmes of men unburied,  
Scatt'ring the ground, and as regardlesse hurl'd,  
As they at vertue spur'd in the world.

Eye, haplesse wretch! O thou! whose graces  
sterving,

Measur'at God's mercy by thine owne deservings;  
Which cry'st, (distrustfull of the power of Heaven)  
" My sinnes are greater than can be forgiven:"  
Which still art ready to " curse God and die,"  
At every stripe of worldly miserie;  
O learne, (thou in whose breasts the dragon lurkes)  
God's mercy (ever) is o'er all his workes:  
Know he is pittifull, apt to forgive;  
Would not a sinner's death, but that he live.  
O ever, ever rest upon that word,  
Which doth assure thee, tho' his two-edg'd sword  
Be drawne in justice 'gainst thy sinfull soule,  
To separate the rotten from the whole;  
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,  
He will not strike; or, if he strucke, repent him,  
Let none despair; for cursed Judas' sinne  
Was not so much in yeelding up the King  
Of Life to death, as when he thereupon  
Wholy despair'd of God's remission.

Riot long doubting stood which way were best  
To leade his steps: at last, preferring rest  
(As foolishly he thought) before the paine  
Was to be past ere he could well attaine  
The high-built palace; gan adventure on  
That path, which led to all confusion,  
When sodainly a voyce, as sweet as cleare,  
With words divine began entice his eare:  
Whereat, as in a rapture, on the ground  
He prostrate lay, and all his senses found  
A time of rest; onely that facultie  
Which never can be seene, nor ever dye,  
That in the essence of an endlesse nature  
Doth sympathize with the all-good Creator,  
That onely wak'd which cannot be interr'd,  
And from a heavenly quire this ditty heard:

" Vain man, doe not mistrust  
Of Heaven winning;  
Nor (though the most unjust)  
Despaire for sinning:

God will he seene his sentence changing,  
If he behold thee wicked wayes estranging.

" Climbe up where pleasures dwell  
In flow'ry allies:

And taste the living well  
That decks the vallies.

Faire Metanoia<sup>11</sup> is attending [ending."  
To crowne thee with those joyes which know no

Herewith on leaden wings sleepe from him flew,  
When on his arme he rose, and sadly threw  
Shrill exclamations; while an hollow cave,  
Or hanging hill, or Heaven, an answer gave.

" O sacred Essence, light'ning me this houre!  
How may I lightly stile thy great power?"

SCENO. Power.

" Power? but of whence? under the green-woof  
Or liv'at in Heav'n? say." [spray,

SCENO. In Heaven's eye.

" In Heaven's eye! tell, may I it obtaine  
By almes, by fasting, prayer, by paine?"

SCENO. By paine.

" Shew me the paine, it shall be undergone:  
I to mine end will still go on."

SCENO. Go on.

" But whither? On! Shew me the place, the time:  
What if the mountains I do climbe?"

SCENO. Do climbe.

" Is that the way to joyes which still endure?  
O bid my soule of it be sure!"

SCENO. Be sure.

" Then, thus assured, doe I climbe the hill,  
Heaven be my guide in this thy will."

SCENO. I will.

As when a maide, taught from her mother's wing  
To tune her voyces unto a silver string,  
When she should run, she rests; when should  
And ends her lesson, having now begun: [run,  
Now miseth she her stop, then in her song,  
And, doing of her best, she still is wrong;  
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,  
Then in a chafe 'orsakes her virginals;  
And yet within an hour she tries a-new,  
That with her dayly paines (art's) chiefest due)  
She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse  
Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderness,  
Than that Cægrian harpiat<sup>11</sup>, for whose lay  
Tigers with hunger pinde and left their pray.  
So Riot, when he gan to climbe the hill,  
Here maketh haste, and there long standeth still,  
Now getteth up a step, then falls againe,  
Yet not despairing, all his nerves doth straine  
To clamber up a-new, then slide his feet,  
And downe he comes; but gives not over yet,  
For (with the maide) he hopes, a time will be  
When merit shall be lückt with industrie.

Now as an angler melancholy standing,  
Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,  
A wringing yealow worne thrust on his hooke,  
Now in the midst be throwe, then in a nooke;  
Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe,  
Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,  
He long stands viewing of the curled streame;  
At last a hungry pike, or well-growne breame,  
Snatch at the worne, and hasting fast away  
He, knowing it a fish of stubborn sway,  
Puls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill)  
Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishes gill.  
Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,  
Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme  
Th' insuared fish, here on the toppe doth scud;  
There underneath the banckes, then in the mud;  
And with his franticke fits so scarce the shole,  
That each one takes his hyde or starting hole:  
By this the pike, cleane wearied, underneath  
A willow lyes, and pants (if fishes breathe);  
Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him.  
And, leaste his haste might happen to undoe him,  
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,  
And by degrees getting the fish to land,

<sup>11</sup> Oryphens, the son of Cægus and Calliope, according to Plato, in Conv. Apollon, Argonant. l. 1. and himself, if the Argonautica be his: of Apollo and Calliope, by some; of others, by others.

<sup>12</sup> Metanoia, Repentance.

Walkes to another poole: at length is winner  
 Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner:  
 So when the climber halfe the way had got,  
 Missing he stood, and busily gan plot,  
 How (since the mount did always steeper tend)  
 He might with steps secure his journey end.  
 At last (as wand'ring boyes to gather nuts)  
 A hooked pole he from a basell cuts; [hold,  
 Now throws it here, then there, to take some  
 But bootlesse and in vaine, the rocky moulds  
 Admits no cranny, where his hasell hooke  
 Might promise him a step, till in a nooke  
 Somewhat above his reach he bath espide  
 A little oake, and having often tride  
 To catch a bough with standing on his toe,  
 Or leaping up, yet not prevailing so;  
 He rus a stone towards the little tree,  
 Then gets upon it, fastens warily  
 His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing  
 The early rising crow with clam'rous kaving,  
 Leaving the greene bough flies about the rocke,  
 Whilst twentie twentie couples to him flooke:  
 And now within his reach the thinne leaves wave,  
 With one hand onely then he holds his stave,  
 And with the other grasping first the leaves,  
 A pretty bough he in his fist receives;  
 Then to his girdle making fast the hooke,  
 His other hand another bough hath tooke;  
 His first, a third, and that, another gives,  
 To bring him to the place where his roote lives.

Then, as a nimble squirrell from the wood,  
 Ranging the hedges for his silberd-food,  
 Sits partly on a bough his browne nuts cracking,  
 And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,  
 Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of boyes  
 (To share with him) come with so great a noyse,  
 That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,  
 And for his life leape to a neighbour oake;  
 Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;  
 Whilst thro' the quagmires and red water slashes,  
 The boyes runne dabling thro' thicke and thin,  
 One teares his hose, another breaks his shin;  
 This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much a loe  
 Got by the bryers; and that hath lost his shooe:  
 This drops his band; that head-long falls for haste;  
 Another cryes behinde for being last: [hollow,  
 With stickes and stones, and many a sounding  
 The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,  
 Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,  
 Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray:  
 Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up,  
 And so from bough to bough he wonne the toppe,  
 Though hind'rances, from ever coming there,  
 Were often thrust upon him by Despaire.

Now at his feete the stately mountaine lay,  
 And with a gladsome eye he gan survey  
 What perils he had trode on since the time  
 His weary feete and armes assayde to climbe.  
 When with a humble voyce (withouten feare,  
 Tho' he look'd wilde and over-grown with haire)  
 A gentle nymp, in russet course array,  
 Comes and directs him onward in his way.  
 First, brings she him into a goodly hall,  
 Faire, yet not beautifed with mineral;  
 Bat in a carelesse art, and artlesse care,  
 Made loose Neglect, more lovely farre than rare.  
 Upon the floore (ypav'd with marble slate,  
 With sack-cloth cloth'd) many in ashes ate:  
 And round about the wals, for many yeares,  
 Hung christall vials of repentance' teares;

And bookes of vows, and many a heavenly deede,  
 Lay ready open for each one to reade.  
 Some were immured up in little sheads,  
 There to contemplate Heaven, and bid their heads,  
 Others with garments thimbe of cammel's haire,  
 With head, and armes, and legs, and feete all bare,  
 Were singing hymnes to the eternall Sage,  
 For safe returning from their pilgrimage:  
 Some with a whip their pamper'd bodies beate,  
 Others in fasting live, and seldom eate:  
 But, as those trees which doe in India grow,  
 And call'd of elder swaines, full long agoe,  
 The Sunne and Moore's faire trees, (full goodly  
 deight, [height)

And teane times tenne feete challenging their  
 Having no helpe (to over-looke brave towers)  
 From coole refreshing dew, or drizzling showers;  
 When as the Earth (as often times is scene)  
 Is interpos'd 'twixt Sol and night's pale queene;  
 Or when the Moore eclipseth Titan's light,  
 The trees, (all comfortlesse) rob'd of their sight,  
 Weepe liquid drops, which plentifully shoote  
 Along the onward barke downe to the route,  
 And by their owne shed teares they ever flourish;  
 So their owne sorrowes their owne joyes do nourish:  
 And so within this place full many a wight  
 Did make his teares his food, both day and night.  
 And had it granted, (from th' Almighty great)  
 Swamme thorough them unto his mercy-seate.

Faire Metanoia in a chayre of earth,  
 With count'nance sad, yet sadnesse promis'd mirth,  
 Sate vail'd in coarsest weedes of cammel's hayre,  
 Inriching poverty; yet never fayre  
 Was like to her, nor since the world begun  
 A lovelier lady kist the glorious Sun.  
 For her the god of thunder, mighty, great,  
 Whose frote-stoole is the Earth, and Heaven his  
 Unto a man, who from his crying birth [seate,  
 Went on still shunning what he carryed, earth:  
 When he could walke no further for his grave,  
 Nor could step over, but he there must have  
 A seate to rest, when he would faine go on;  
 But age in every nerve, in every bone,  
 Forbad his passage: for her sake hath Heaven  
 Fill'd up the grave, and made his path so even,  
 That fittene courses had the bright steedes run,  
 (And he was weary) ere his course was done,  
 For scorning her, the courts of kings, which throw  
 A proud rais'd pinnacle to rest the crow;  
 And on a plaine out-brave a neighbour rocke  
 In stout resistance of a tempter's shocke.  
 For her contempt Heaven (reyning his disasters)  
 Hath made those towers but piles to burne their  
 masters.

To her the lowly nymp (Humblesse hight)  
 Brought (as her office) this deformed wight;  
 To whom the lady courteous semblance shewes;  
 And pitying his estate, in sacred thewes,  
 And letters (worthily ycleep'd divine)  
 Resolv'd t' instruct him: but her discipline  
 She knew of true effect would surely misse,  
 Except she first his metamorphosis  
 Should cleane exile: and knowing that his birth  
 Was to enherit reason, though on Earth,  
 Some witch had thus transform'd him by her skill,  
 Expert in changing, even the very will,  
 In few dayes' labours with continual prayer,  
 (A sacrifice transcends the buxome ayre)  
 His grisly shape, his foule deformed feature,  
 His horrid looke, worse than a savage creature,

By Metanoia's hand from Heav'n, began  
Receive their sentence of divorce from man.

And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,  
With naked iv'rie necke, and gowne unbind'd,  
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,  
Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed :  
First, puts she off her lilly-silken gowne,  
That shrikes for sorrow as she layes it downe ;  
And with her armes graoeth a wast-coate fine,  
Imbracing her as it would ne'er untwine.  
Her flaxen haire, insuaring all beholders,  
She next permits to wave about her shoulders ;  
And though she cast it backe, the silken slips  
Still forward steale, and hang upon her lips :  
Whereat she, sweetly angry, with her lacas  
Binds up the wanton lookes in curious traces,  
Whist (twisting with her joynts) each haire long  
lingers,

As loath to be inchain'd, but with her fingers.  
Then on her head a dressing like a crowne ;  
Her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping downe,  
And all things off, (which rightly ever be  
Call'd the foule-faire markes of our miserie)  
Except her hat, (which enviously doth seize her,  
Least any eye partake with it in pleasure,  
Prepares for sweetest rest, while silvans greete her,  
And (longingly) the downe-bed swels to meet her :  
So by degrees his shape, all brutish wilde,  
Fell from him, (as loose skin from some young  
childe)

In lieu whereof a man-like shape appears,  
And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty yeares,  
So faire, so fresh, so young, so admirable  
In every part, that since I am not able  
In words to shew his picture, gentle swaines,  
Recall the prayes in my former straines ;  
And know if they have graced any limbe,  
I onely lent it those, but stole 't from him.

Had that chaste Romane dame<sup>14</sup> beheld his face,  
Ere the proud king possesst her husband's place,  
Her thoughts had become adulterate, and this stoine  
Had wonne her greater fame, had she bene sainte.  
The larke that many mornes herselfe makes merry  
With the shrill chaunting of her teary-larry,  
(Before he was transform'd) would leave the skyes,  
And hover o'er him to behold his eyes.  
Upon an osten pipe well could he play,  
For when he fed his flocke upon the leye,  
Maidens to heare him from the plaines came trip-  
ping,

And birds from bough to bough fall nimbly skip-  
His flocke (then happy flocke) would leave to seeke,  
And stand mus'd to listen to his roede :  
Lyons and tygers, with each beast of game,  
With hearing him were many times made tame :  
Brave trees and flow'rs would towards him be  
bending,

And none that heard him wisht his song an ending :  
Maids, lyons, birds, flockes, trees, each flowre, each  
spring,  
Were rapt with wonder, whom he us'd to sing.  
So faire a person to describe to men  
Requires a curious penicill, not a pen.

Him Metanoia clad in seemly wise,  
(Not after our corrupted age's guise,  
Where gaudy weedes lend splendour to the linn,  
While that his cloathes receiv'd their grace from  
him.)

Then to a garden set with rarest flowers,  
With pleasant fountaines stor'd, and shady bowres,  
She leads him by the hand ; and in the groves,  
Where thousand pretty birds sung to their loves,  
And thousand thousand blossomes (from their  
stalkes)

Milde Zephyrus threw downe to paint the walkes,  
Where yet the wilde boare never durst appeare :  
Here Fida (ever to kinde Raymond deare)  
Met them, and shew'd where Altheia lay,  
(The fairest maide that ever blest the day.)  
Sweetly she lay, and cool'd her lilly hands  
Within a spring that threw up golden sands :  
As if it would intice her to persevere  
In living there, and grace the bankes forever.

To her Amintas (Rist now no more)  
Came, and saluted : never man before  
More blest, nor like this kisse hath becom another,  
But when two dangling cherries kist each other :  
Nor ever beauties, like, met at such closes,  
But in the kisses of two damaske-roses.  
O, how the flowres (prest with their treadings on  
them)

Strove to cast up their heads to looke upon them !  
How jealousy the buds, that so had seen them,  
Sent forth the sweetest smells to step betwixt  
them,

As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers,  
Once knowne of them, they might neglect the  
flowres.

How often wisht Amintas, with his heart,  
His ruddy lips from hers might never part : [sing,  
And that the Heavens this gift were thou bequeath-  
To feed on nothing but each other's breathing !

A truer love the Muses never sung,  
Nor happier names ere grac'd a golden tongue :  
O ! they are better fitting his sweet stripe,  
Who<sup>15</sup> on the bankes of Ancor tum'd his pype :  
Or rather for that learned swaine<sup>16</sup>, whose layes  
Divinest Homer crown'd with deathlesse bayes :  
Or any one sent from the sacred well  
Inheriting the soule of Astrophel<sup>17</sup> :  
These, these in golden lines might write this story,  
And make these loves their owne eternall glory :  
Whist I, a swaine, as weak in yeares as skill,  
Should in the valley heare them on the hill.  
Yet (when my sheepe have at the cesterne bene,  
And I have brought them backe to sweate the  
greene)

To misse an idle houre, and not for meede,  
Whose choicest relish shall mine osten reede  
Record their worths : and though in accents rare  
I misse the glory of a charming ayre,  
My Muse may one day make the courtly swaine  
Enamour'd on the musicke of the plaines,  
And as upon a hill she bravely sings,  
Teach humble dales to weepe in christall springs.

<sup>15</sup> Mich. Drayton.<sup>16</sup> Geo. Chapman.<sup>17</sup> Sir Philip Sydney.<sup>14</sup> Lucretia. See Shakspeare's Rape of Lucrece.

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK II.

THE FIRST SONG.

DEDICATION

TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND LEARNED

WILLIAM, EARLE OF PEMBROKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAYNE TO HIS MAJESTIE, &amp;c.

Not that the gift (great lord) deserves your hand,  
 (Held ever worth the rarest workes of man)  
 Offer I this; but since in all our land  
 None can more rightly claime a poet's pen:  
 That noble blood and vertue truely knowne,  
 Which circular in you unted run,  
 Makes you each good, and every good your owne,  
 If it can hold in what my Muse hath done.  
 But weake and lowly are these tamed layes,  
 Yet though but weake to win faire memorie,  
 You may improve them, and your gracing raise;  
 For things are priz'd as their possessers be.

If for such favour they have worthlesse striven,  
 Since love the cause was, be that love forgiven!

Your honour's,

W. BROWNE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's freedome now I sing,  
 And of her endangering:  
 Of Famine's cave, and then th' abuse  
 Tow'rds buried Colyn and his Muse.

As when a mariner (accounted lost)  
 Upon the watry desert long time tost,  
 In summer's parching heate, in winter's cold,  
 In tempests great, in dangers manifold,  
 Is by a fav'ring winde drawne up the mast,  
 Whence he descries his native soyle at last;  
 For whose glad sight he gets the hatches under,  
 And to the ocean tels his joys in thunder,  
 (Shaking those barnacles into the sea,  
 At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)  
 When so'tainly the still inconstant winde  
 Masters before, that did attend behinde;  
 And grows so violent, that he is faine  
 Command the pilot stand to sea againe;  
 Least want of sea-roume in a channell streight,  
 Or casting anchor might cast o'er his freight:

Thus, gentle Muse, it happens in my song,  
 A journey, tedious, for a strength so yong,  
 I undertook: by silver-seeming floods,  
 Past gloomy bottomes, and high-waving woods,  
 Climb'd mountains, where the wanton kidling  
 dallies,  
 Then with soft steps ensal'd the meekned valleys,

In quest of memory: and had possess  
 A pleasant garden, for a welcome rest;  
 No sooner than a hundred thanes come on,  
 And hale my bask a-new for Helicon.

Thrice sacred powers! (if sacred powers these be  
 Whose milde aspect engyland poesie)  
 Ye happy sisters of the learned spring,  
 Whose heavenly notes the woods are ravishing!  
 Brave Thespian maidens, at whose charming layes  
 Each moss-thrumb'd mountaine bands, each cur-  
 rent playes!

Pierian singers! O ye blessed Muses!  
 Who as a jenn too deare the world refuses!  
 Whose truest lovers never clip with age,  
 O be propitious in my pilgrimage!  
 Dwell on my lines! and till the last sand fall,  
 Run hand in hand with my weak pastorall!  
 Cause every counting cadence flow in blisses,  
 And fill the world with envy of such kisses.  
 Make all the rarest beauties of our clyme,  
 That deigne a sweet locke on my younger rymes,  
 To linger on each line's enticing graces  
 As on their lovers' lips and chaste embraces!

Thro' roaring trenches of self-drowning waves,  
 Where stormy gusts throw up untimely graves,  
 By billows, whose white foam show'd angry  
 mindes,

For not out-roaring all the high-raisd wyndes,  
 Into the ever-drinking thirsty sea  
 By rocks that under water hidden lay,  
 To shipwracke passengers, (so in some den  
 Theeves bent to robb'ry watch way-faring men.)  
 Fairest Marina, whom I whilome sung,  
 In all this tempest (violent though long)  
 Without all sense of danger lay asleepe:  
 Till towed where the still inconstant deepe,  
 With wide spread armes, stood ready for the tender  
 Of daily tribute, that the swollne floods render  
 Into her chequer: (whence as worthy kings  
 She helps the wants of thousand lesser springs:)  
 Here waxt the winde dumbe, (shut up in their  
 caves)

As still as midnight were the sun's waves,  
 And Neptune's silver ever shaking breast  
 As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.  
 None other wrinkles on his face were scene  
 Than on a fertile meade, or sportive greene,  
 Where never plow-share ript his mother's wombe,  
 To give an aged seed a living tombe,  
 Nor blinded mole the bating earth e'er stir'd,  
 Nor boyes made pit-fals for the hungry bird.  
 The whistling reeds upon the water's side  
 Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,  
 And not a bynding oner bow'd his head,  
 But on his roots him bravely carry'd.  
 No dandling leafe plaid with the suddill ayre,  
 So smooth the sea was, and the skye so fayre.  
 Now with his hands, instead of broad-pair'd  
 oares,

The swaine attempts to get the shell-strowed stores,  
 And with continuall lading making away,  
 Thrusts the small boote into as fayre a bay  
 As ever merchant wight might be the rode  
 Wherein to ease his sea-torne vessel's lode.  
 It was an island, (hugg'd in Neptune's armes,  
 As tending it against all ferralgae harmes)  
 And Mona hight: so amiable fayre,  
 So rich in soyle, so healthfull in her ayre,  
 So quicke in her increase, (each dewy night  
 Yelding that ground as greene, as fresh of plight

As't was the day before, whereon then fed  
 Of gallant steeres full many a thousand head.)  
 So deckt with floods, so pleasant in her groves,  
 So full of well-see'd sockes and fitted doves;  
 That the brave issue of the Trojan line, [shbine)  
 (Whose worth, like diamonds, yet in darkness  
 Whose deeds were sung by learned bards as by,  
 In raptures of immortal poeasie,  
 As any nation's, since the Grecian lads  
 Were famous made by Homer's Iliads.  
 Those brave heroicke spirits; 'twixt one another  
 Proverbially call Moen Cathbria's mother<sup>1</sup>.  
 Yet Cambria's a land from whence have come  
 Worthies well worth the race of Ilium;  
 Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch,  
 I should be proud that I had done so much;  
 And though of mighty Brute I cannot boast,  
 Yet doth our warlike strong Deucalion coast  
 Resound his worth, since on her wave-worne strand  
 He and his Trojans first set foot on land,  
 Strooke saile, and anchor cast at Totnes' shore<sup>2</sup>,  
 Though now no ship can ride there any more:

In th' island's roade the swaine now moares his  
 Unto a willow, (least it outwards floate) [hoate  
 Add with a rude embracement taking up  
 The maid (more faire than she<sup>3</sup> that fill'd the cup  
 Of the great thunderer, wounding with her eyes  
 More hearts than all the troops of deities.)  
 He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,  
 That gently yeelded when her foot should land.  
 Where bubbling waters through the pibbles foet,  
 As if they strove to kisse her slender feet.

Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand hath  
 The sacred reliques from a holy phane, [tane  
 Petting the baud of Heaven (inforcing wonder)  
 In his returne, in dreadful cracks of thunder,  
 Within a bush his sacriledge hath left,  
 And thinks his punishment freed with the theft:  
 So fled the swaine, from one, had Neptune spide  
 At half an ebbe, he would have forc'd the tyde  
 To swell anew; whereon his carre should sweep,  
 Deckt with the riches of th' unsound-d deepe,  
 And be from thence world with all state on shore,  
 To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.

Divine Electra, (of the sisters seven  
 That beautifie the glorious orbe of Heaven)  
 When Ilium's stately towres serv'd as one light  
 To guide the ravisher in ugly night  
 Unto her virgin bed, with-drew her face,  
 And never would looke down on humane race  
 Till this maid's birth; since when some power hath  
 won her

By often sits to shine, as gazing on her.  
 Grim Saturne's sonne, the dread Olimpicke Jove,  
 That dar'd't these days to frolicke with his love,  
 Had he in Alomen's steed clupt this faire wight,  
 The world had slept in everlasting night.  
 For whose sake only (had she lived then)  
 Deucalion's flood had never rag'd on men:  
 Nor Phaeton perform'd his father's duty,  
 For fear to rob the world of such a beauty:  
 In whose due praise, a learned quill might spend  
 Hours, dayes, months, yeeres, and never make  
 an end.

<sup>1</sup> Moen Mam Kumbry.

<sup>2</sup> Petunt classem omnibus bonis onustam, prosperis ventis mare sulcatur, in Totnesio littore feliciter applicarunt. Galf. Monum.

<sup>3</sup> Hebe.

What wretch inhumane, or what wilder blood,  
 (Suckt in a desert from a tiger's brood)  
 Could leave her so disconsolate? but one  
 Bred in the wastes of frost-bit Calydon;  
 For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,  
 He had not wrong'd so foule, a maide so faire.

Sing on, sweet Muse, and whilst I feed mine eyes  
 Upon a jewell of unvalued prize,  
 As bright as starre, or a dame as faire, as chaste  
 As eye behold, or shall, till Nature's last.  
 Charme her quicke senses! and with raptures sweet  
 Make her affection with your cadence meet!  
 And if her gratefull tongue admire one, straine,  
 It is the best reward my pipe would gaine.  
 In lieu whereof, in laurell-worthy rymes  
 Her love shall live until the end of times,  
 And spite of age, the last of days shall see  
 Her name embalm'd in sacred poeasie.

Sadly alone upon the aged rocks,  
 Whom Thetis grac'd in washing off their locks  
 Of branching saaspire, sate the maid o'er-taken  
 With sighes and teares, unfortunate, forsaken;  
 And with a voyce that floods from rocks would  
 borrow,

She thus both wept and sung her notes of sorrow.  
 "If Heaven be deafe, and will not heare my cries,  
 But adds new dayes to add new miseries;  
 Heare, then, ye troubled waves and sitting gales;  
 That coole the bosomes of the fruitfull vales!  
 Lend, one, a flood of teares, the other winde,  
 To weepe and sigh that Heaven is so unkinde!  
 But if ye will not spare, of all your store,  
 One teare, or sigh, unto a wretch so poore;  
 Yet, as ye travell on this spacious roade,  
 Thru' forrests, mountaines, or the lawny ground,  
 If 't happ' you see a maide weepe forth her woe,  
 As I have done; oh! bid her, as ye goe,  
 Not lavish teares! for when her own are gone,  
 The world is fainty, and will lend her none.  
 If this be eke denyde, O hearken then,  
 Each hollow vaulted roche, and crooked den!  
 And if within your sides one echo be,  
 Let her begin to rite my destinie!  
 And in your clefts her plainings do not smother,  
 But let thia' echo teach it to another!  
 Till round the world in sounding oonbe and plaine,  
 The last of them tell it the first againe:  
 Of my sad fate so shall they never lin,  
 But where one ends another still begin:  
 Wretch that I am! my words I vainely waste,  
 Echo, of all woes, onely speaks the last;  
 And that's enough: for should she utter all,  
 As at Medusa's head<sup>4</sup>, each heart would fall  
 Into a fainty substance, and repine  
 At no one griefe, except as great as mine.  
 No carefull nurse would wet her watchfull eye,  
 When any pang should gripe her infancy;  
 Nor though to Nature it obedience gave,  
 And kneel'd, to do her homage, in the grave  
 Would she lament her suckling from her borne:  
 Scaping by death those torments I have borne."  
 This sigh'd, she wept, (low leaning on her hand)  
 Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,  
 Which seeme by (them, that sport it in the seas  
 On dolphins' backs) the fair Nereides,  
 They came on shore, and sily as they fell  
 Conra'd each teare into an oyster-shell;

<sup>4</sup> Which turned the beholders into stone.

And by some power that did affect the girls,  
Transform'd those liquid drops to orient pearls,  
And strew'd them on the shore: for whose rich prize  
In winged pines the Roman colonies  
Flang thro' the deep abyse to our white rocks,  
For jems to decke their ladies' goken lookes:  
Who valew'd them as highly in their kindes  
As those the sun-burnt Æthiopian flodes.

Long on the shore distrest Marina lay:  
For he that opes the pleasant sweets of May,  
Beyond the noonstead so farre drove his team,  
That harvest-folkes (with curds and clouted crrame,  
With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates ynow,  
That are the yeoman's from the yooke or cowe)  
On sheafes of corne were at their noo shun's close,  
Whilst by them merrily the bag-pipe goes:  
Fre from her hand she lifted up her head,  
Where all the Graces then inhabited.  
When casting round her over-drown'd eyes,  
(So have I seen a jemme of mickle price  
Roale in a scallop shell with water fill'd)  
She, on a marble rocke at hand, behild,  
In characters deepe cut with iron stroke,  
A shepheard's moane, which read by her, thus  
spoke:

"Glide soft, ye silver floods,  
And every spring:  
Within the shady woods,  
Let no bird sing!

Nor from the grove a turtle dove  
Be seen to couple with her love,  
But silence on each dale and mountaine dwell,  
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

"But (of great I hetis' trayse)  
Ye mermaides faire,  
That on the shores do plaine  
Your sea-greene haire,

As ye in trawels knit your locks,  
Weepe ye; and so enforce the rocks  
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,  
How Willy had his friend and joy farewell.

"Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds,  
To move a wave;  
But if with troubled minds  
You seeke his grave,  
Know, 'tis as various as yourselves,  
Now in the deepe, then on the shelves,  
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,  
Whilst Willy weepes, and bids all joy farewell.

"Had he, Arion like,  
Beene judg'd to drowne,  
He on his lute could strike  
So rare a soun',  
A thousand dolphins would have come,  
And joyantly strive to bring him home.  
But he on ship-board dyde, by sickness fell,  
Since when his Willy had all joy farewell.

"Great Neptune, heare a swaine!  
His coffin take,  
And with a golden chaine  
(For pittie) make  
It fast unto a rock neere land!  
Where ev'ry calmy morne I'll stand,  
And ere one sheepe out of my fold I tell,  
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell."

"Ah, heavy shepheard! who so ere thou be,"  
Quoth faire Marina, "I do pittie thee:

For who by death is in a true friend crost,  
Till he be earth he halfe himselfe hath lost.  
More happy deeme I thee, lamented swaine,  
Whose body lyes among the scaly tr-ine,  
Since I shall never thinke that thou canst dye,  
Whilst Willy lives, or any poetry.  
For well it seemes in versing he hath skill,  
And though he (ayded from the sacred hill)  
To thee with him no equal life can give,  
Yet by his pen thou maist for ever live."  
With this, a beame of suddent brightnes flies  
Upon her face, so dazeling her cleare eyes,  
That neyther flower nor grasse, which by her grew,  
She could discern cloath'd in their perfect hue.  
For as a wag (to sport with such a passe)  
Taking the sun-beames in a looking-glasse,  
Conveys the ray into the eyes of one  
Who (blinded) cyther stumbles at a stone,  
Or, as he dazeled walkes the peopled streets,  
Is ready jutting every man he meets:  
So then Apollo did in glory cast  
His bright beames on a rocke with gold enchas't,  
And thence the swift reflection of their light  
Blinded those eyes, the chiefest starres of night.  
When streight a thicke-swolne cloud (as if it sought  
In beautie's minde to have a thankfull thought)  
Invayl'd the lustre of great Titan's carre,  
And she beheld, from whence she sate not farre,  
Cut on a high-brow'd rocke, (inlaid with gold)  
This epitaph, and read it, thus enrol'd:

"In depth of waves long bath Alexis slept,  
So choicest jewels are the closest kept;  
Whose death the land had scene, but it appears  
To countervail his losse, men wanted teares.  
So here he lyes, whose dirge each mermaid sings,  
For whom the clouds weepe raine, the Earth her  
springs."

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her minde  
Had scarcely made; when, o'er the hill behinde,  
She heard a woman cry: "Ah, well a-day!  
What shall I do? Goe home, or flye, or stay?"  
Admir'd Marina rose, and with a pace  
As gracefull as the goddesses did trace  
O'er stately Ida, (when fond Paris' doome)  
Kindled the fire should mighty Troy entombe)  
She went to aide the woman in distresse,  
(True beauty never was found merclesse)  
Yet durst she not goe nye, least (being spyde)  
Some villaine's outrage, that might then betyde  
(For aught she knew) unto the crying maide,  
Might grasse with her: by thicketts, which array'd  
The high ses-bounding hill, so neare she went,  
She saw what wight made such lowd dreriment.  
Lowd? yes: sung right: for since the azure skye  
Imprison'd first the world, a mortal's cry  
With greater clangor never pierc'd the ayre.  
A wight she was so farre from being faire,  
None could be soule esteem'd, compar'd with her.  
Describing foulnes, pardon if I erre,  
Ye shepheard's daughters, and ye gentle swaines!  
My Muse would gladly chaunt more lovely straines:  
Yet since on mery grounds she trode, for doubt  
Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out.  
As when great Neptune, in his beight of pride,  
The inland creeks fill with a high spring-tyde,  
Great shoales of fish, among the oysters bye,  
Which, by a quicke ebbe, on the shores, left dry,



The fishes yawne, the oysters gape wide :  
So broad her mouth was : as she stood and cride,  
She tore her elvish knots of hayre, as blacke  
And full of dust as any collyer's sacke.  
Her eyes unlike, were like her body right,  
Squint and mishapen, one dun, t'other white.

As in a picture limbd'nto the life,  
Or carved by a curious workman's knife,  
If twenty men at once should come to see  
The great effects of untirde industry,  
Each severally would thinke the picture's eye  
Was fixt on him, and on no stander by :  
So as she (bawling) was upon the backe,  
If twice five hundred men stood on a rancke,  
Her ill-face tow'rds them, every one would say  
She looks on me; when she another way  
Had cast her eyes, as on some rocke or tree,  
And on no one of all that company.  
Her nose (o crooked nose) her mouth o'er hung,  
As it would be directed by her tongue :  
Her fore-head such, as one might neere avow  
Some plow-man, there, had lately bene at plow.  
Her face so achorcht was and so vyld it shoves,  
As on a pear-tree she had acar'd the crows.  
Within a tanner's fat I oft have eyde [hyde  
(That three moones there had laine) a large oxe  
In liquour mixt with strongest barke, (for gaine)  
Yet had not tane one halfe so deep a staine  
As had her skin : and that as hard well-mys  
As any brawce's, long hardened in the sty.  
Her shoulders such as I have often scene  
A silly cottage on a village greene  
Might change his corner posta, in good behoefe,  
For four such under-proppers to his roofo.  
Huswives, go, hire her; if you yearely gave  
A bankn more than use, you that might save  
In washing beetles; for her hands would passe  
To serve that purpose, though you daily wash.  
For other hidden parts, thus much I say :  
As ballad-mongers on a market-day  
Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a voyce  
As ever cart-wheele made) squeakes the sad choice  
Of Tom the miller with a golden thumbe,  
Who crost in love, ran mad, and deepe, and dumbe,  
Halfe part he chaunts, and will not sing it out,  
But thus bespakes to his attentive rout :  
" Thus much for love I warbled from my brest,  
And gentle friends for money take the rest :"  
So speake I to the over-longing eare,  
That would the rest of her description heare,  
Much have I sung for love, the rest (not common)  
Martiall will shew for coyne, in a crabbed woman.  
If e're you saw a pedant gin prepare  
To speake some gracefull speech to master maior,  
And being bashfull, with a quaking doubt  
That in his eloquence he may be out;  
He oft steps forth, as oft turns backe againe;  
And long 'tis e're he ope his learned yeine :  
Thinke so Marina stood : for now she thought  
To venture forth, then some conjecture wrought  
He to be jealous, least this ugly wight,  
(Since like a witch she lookt) through spells of night,  
Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)  
To all the foule intents of witchery :  
This drew her backe againe. At last she broke  
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespake  
In gentle manner thus : " Good day, good maide;"  
With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,  
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.  
But as a miller having ground his grist,

Lets down his flood-gates with a speedy fall,  
And quarring up the passage therewithall,  
The waters swell in spleene, and never stay  
Till by some cleft they find another way :  
So when her teares were stoppt from eyther eye  
Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make them drye

Out at her oyster-mouth and nose-thrills wide.  
" Can there," quoth faire Marina, " ere betide  
(In these sweet groves) a wench, so great a wrong,  
That should enforce a cry so loud, so long?  
On these delightfull plaines how can there be  
So much as heard the name of villany ?  
Except when shepherds in their gladsome fit  
Sing hymnes to Pan that they are free from it.

" But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grievous  
yell?"

" As late" (quoth she) " I went to yonder well,  
(You cannot see it here; that rove, doth cover  
With his thicke boughes his little channell over)  
To fetch some water (as I use) to dresse  
My master's supper, (you may think of flesh;  
But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)  
Of retchets, whittings, or such common fish,  
That with his net he drags into his boate.  
Among the flags below, there stands his coate  
(A simple one) thatch'd o're with reede and  
broome;

It hath a kitchen, and a severall roome  
For each of us." " But this is nought: you see"  
Replyde Marine, " I prithe answer me  
To what I question'd." " Doe but heare me first,"  
Answer'd the hag. " He is a man so curst,  
Althrough I toyle at home, and serve his swine,  
Yet scarce allows be me whereon to dine:  
In summer time on black-berries I live,  
On crabs and hawes, and what wild Forrests give;  
In winter's cold, bare-foot I run to seeke  
For oysters and small wrinckles in each creeke  
Whereon I feed, and on the meager stone,  
But if he home returne and find me gone,  
I still am sure to feele his heavy hand.  
Alas and weale away, since now I stand  
In such a plight: for if I seeke his dore  
Hee'l beate me ten times worse than e're before."

" What hast thou done?" (yet askt Marina)  
" I with my pitcher lately took my way [" say?"  
(As late I said) to thinke same shaded spring,  
Fill'd it, and homewards rais'd my voice to sing;  
But in my backe return, I (haples) spyde  
A tree of cherries wilde, and them I eyde  
With such a longing, that unwares my foot  
Got underneath a hollow-growing root,  
Carrying my pot as maides use on their leads,  
I fell with it, and broke it all to shreds.  
This is my griefe, this is my cause of mone;  
And if some kinde wight goe not to attone,  
My surly master, with me wretched maid,  
I shall be beaten dead." " Be not afraid,"  
Said sweet Marina, " hasten thee before;  
He come to make thy peace; for since I sore  
Doe hunger, and at home thou hast small  
cheere,

(Need and supply grow farre off, seldom neere.)  
To yonder grove he goe to taste the spring,  
And see what it affords for nourishing."  
Thus parted they. And sad Marina blest  
The hour she met the maid, who did invest  
Her in assured hope, she once should see  
Her focke againe (and drive them merrily

To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the shores  
Of pleasant Albion) through the well poy'd oares  
Of the poore fisher-man that dwelt thereby.

But as a man who is a lottery  
Fath ventur'd of his coyne, ere he have aught,  
Thinks this or that shall with his prize be bought,  
And so enrich, march with the better rancke,  
When sodainly he's call'd, and all is blancke:  
To chaste Marina so doth Fortune prove,  
" Statesmen and she are never firme in love,"  
No sooner had Marina got the wood,  
But as the trees she nearly search'd for food,  
A villaine<sup>6</sup>, leane, as any rake appears,  
That look't, as pinch'd with famine, Ægypt's yeares,  
Worne out and wasted to the pithlesse bone,  
As one that had a long consumption.

His rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips  
As they had serv'd with want two prentiships)  
Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankest skin  
Bewray what number were enranckt within:  
His greedy eyes deep sunk into his head,  
Which with a rough hayre was o'er covered.  
How many bones made up this starv'd wight  
Was soon perceiv'd; a man of dimmest sight  
Apparently might see them knit, and tell  
Hew all his veynes and every sinew fell.  
His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,  
His unfill'd skin hung dangling on his breast,  
His feeble knees with paine enough uphold  
That pined carkasse, casten in a mould.  
Cut out by death's grim forme. If small legs wan  
Ever the title of a gentleman;  
His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe  
As he had liv'd in a beleaguerr'd towne,  
Where plenty had so long estrang'd bene  
That men most worthy note, in griefe were seene  
(Though they rejoyc'd to have attain'd such meat)  
Of rats, and halfe-tann'd hydes, with stomackes  
great,

Gladly to feed; and where a nurse most vilde  
Druncke her own milke, and starv'd her crying  
child.

Yet he through want of food not thus became:  
But Nature first decreed, that as the flame  
Is never seene to flye his nourishment,  
But all consumes: and still the more is lent  
The more it covets. And as all the floods  
(Downe trenching from small groves, and greater  
woods)

The vast insatiate sea doth still devoure,  
And yet his thirst not quenohed by their power;  
So ever should befall this starv'd wight;  
The more his vyands, more his appetite;  
What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,  
He ravine should, and want in greatest fare;  
And what a citie twice seven yeares would serve,  
He should devoure, and yet he like to starve.  
A wretch so empty; that if e're there be  
In Nature found the least vacuities,  
'Twill be in him. The grave to Ceres' store;  
A caniball to lab'rers old and poore;  
A sponge-like dropsie, drinking till it burst;  
The sicknes teard'm the wolfe, vilde and accurat;  
In some respects like the art of alchomy  
That thrives least, when it long't doth multiply:  
Limos was cleeped was: whose long-nay'd paw  
Seizing Marina, and his sharpe-fang'd jaw

(The strongest part he had) fixt in her weeds,  
He forc'd her thence, through thickets and high  
reeds,

Towards his cave. Her fate the swift windes rue,  
And round the grove in heavy murmures flew.  
The limbes of trees, that (as in love with eyther)  
In close embracements long had liv'd together,  
Rubb'd each on other, and in shreeks did show  
The windes had mov'd more part'ners of their wo.  
Olde and decayed stockes, that long time spent,  
Upon their armes, their rootes chiefe nourishment;  
And that drawne dry, as freely did impart  
Their boughes a feeding on their father's hart,  
Yet by respectlesse impes when all was gone,  
Pithlesse and saplesse, naked left alone,  
Their hollow trunks, fill'd with their neighbour's  
moanes,

Sent from a thousand vents ten thousand groanes.  
All birds flew from the wood, as they had been  
Scar'd with a strong bolt rattling 'mong the trees.

Limos with his sweet theft full alily rushes  
Through sharp-hook'd brambles, thornes and tang-  
ling bushes,

Whose tenters sticking in her garments, sought  
(Poore shrubs) to help her, but availing nought,  
As angry (best intents mis'd best proceeding)  
They scratch'd his face and leg, cleere water  
bleeding.

Not greater haste a fearefull school-boy makes.  
Out of an orchard whence by stealth he takes  
A churlish farmer's plums, sweet pears or grapes,  
Than Limos did, as from the thicke he escapes  
Downe to the shore. Where resting him a space,  
Restlesse Marina gan entreat for grace:  
Of one whose knowing it as desprate stood,  
As where each day to get supply of food.

O! had she (thirsty) such entreaty made  
At some high rocke, proud of his evening shade,  
He would have burst in two, and from his veynes  
(For her avail) upon the under plaines  
A hundred springs a hundred wayes should swimme,  
To show her tears inforced floods from him.  
Had such an oratresse bene heard to plead  
For fair Polixena, the murth'rer's head  
Had been her pardon, and so scap'd that shocke,  
Which made her lover's toombe her dying blocke.  
Not an iraged lion, surly, wood,  
No tyger reft her yong, nor savage brood,  
No, not the foaming boare, that durst approve  
Lovelesse to leave the mighty queene of love,  
But her sad plaints, their uncouth walkes among;  
Spent, in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,  
So much their great hearts would in softnesse  
steep, [weep.

They at her foot would groveling lye, and  
Yet now, alas! nor words, nor floods of teares  
Did aught avail. "The belly bath no eares."

As I have knowne a man loath meet with gaine  
That carrieth in his front least show of paine,  
Who for his vitailles all his riment pledges,  
Whose stacks for firing are his heighthour's  
hedges,

From whence returning with a burden great,  
Wearied, on some greene bancke he takes his seat,  
But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)  
Gets quickly up, and hasteth fast away:  
So Limos sooner eased than greated  
Was up, and through the reeds (as much molested  
As in the brakes) who lovingly combine,  
And fur her ayde together twist and twine,

<sup>6</sup> See Mr. Sackville's Induction to the Mirroor  
of Magistrates.

Now manac'ing his hands, then on his legs  
Like fetters hang the under growing segs:  
And had his teeth not beene of strongest hold,  
He there had left his prey. Fates uncontrol'd,  
Denide so great a blisse to plants or men,  
And lent him strength to bring her to his den.

West, in Apollo's course to Tagus' streame,  
Crown'd with a silver circling dyademe  
Of wet exal'd mists, there stood a pile  
Of aged rockes, (torne from the neighbour ile  
And girt with waves) against whose naked brest  
The surges tilted, on his snowy crest  
The tow'ring falcon whilome built, and kings  
Strove for that sirie, on whose scaling wings  
Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay  
As might a month their army royall pay. [kin

Brave birds they were, whose quick-selfe-les's'ning  
Still woune the girlonds from the peregrin.  
Not Cerna ile<sup>7</sup> in Affric's silver mayne,  
Nor lustfull-bloody Tereus' Thracian strayne,  
Nor any other lording of the ayre  
Durst with his Erie for their wing compare.  
About his sides a thousand seaguls bred,  
The mery, and the halcyon famosed  
For colours rare, and for the peacefull seas  
Round the Sicilian coast, her brooding dayes.  
Puffins (as thicke as starlings in a fen) [hen,  
Were fetcht from thence: there sate the pewet  
And in the clefts the martin built his nest.

But those by this curst caitife disposses't  
Of roost and nest, the least; of life, the most:  
All left that place, and sought a safer coast.  
Instead of them the caterpillar hants,  
And cancre-worme among the tender plants,  
That here and there in nooks and corners grew;  
Of cormerants and locusts not a few;  
The cramming raven, and a hundred more  
Devouring creatures; yet when from the shore  
Limos came wading (as he easily might  
Except at high tydes,) all would take their flight,  
Or hide themselves in some deep hole or other  
Least one devourer should devour another.

None to the shore that bord' red on the rocks  
No merry swaine was seene to feed his focke,  
No lusty neat heard thither drove his kine,  
Nor boorish hog heard fed his rooting swine:  
A stony ground it was, sweet herbage fail'd:  
Nought there but weeds, which Limos, strongly  
say'd,

Tore from their mother's brest, to stuffe his maw.  
No crab-tree bore his load, nor thorn his haw.  
As in a forest well compleat with deere  
We see the hollyes, ashes, every where  
Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing game:  
So none the rocks, all trees were e're you came  
To cooht December's wrath stood void of bark.  
Here danc'd no nymph, no early-rising lark  
Rung up the plow-man and his drowsie mate:  
All round the rocks barren and desolate.

In midst of that huge pyle was Limos' cove  
Full large and round, wherein a miller's knave  
Might for his horse and queene have roome at  
will;

Where was out-drawse by some insforced skill,

What mighty conquests were achiev'd by him.  
First stood the siege of great Jerusalem<sup>8</sup>,  
Within whose triple wall and sacred citie  
(Weepe ye stone-hearted men! oh read and pittie!  
'Tis Sion's cause invokes your briny tears:  
Can any dry eye be when she appears  
As I must sing her? Oh! if such there be;  
Flye, flye th' abode of men! and hasten thee  
Into the desert, some high mountaine under,  
Or at these boyes will bisse, and old men wonder.)  
Here sits a mother weeping, pale and wan,  
With fixed eyes, whose hopes thought seem'd ran  
How (since for many dayes no food she tasted,  
Her meale, her oyle consum'd, all spent, all wasted)  
For one poore day she might attaine supply,  
And desp'rinate of aught else, sit, pine, and dye.  
At last her mind meets with her tender child  
That in the cradle lay (of ozyers wilde)  
Which taken in her arms, she gives the teate,  
From whence the little wretch with labour great  
Not one poor drop can sucke: whereat she wood,  
Cries out, "O Heaven! are all the founts of food  
Exhausted quite? and must my infant yong  
Be fed with shoes? yet wanting those ere long,  
Feed on itselfe? No; first the roome that gave  
Him soule and life, shall be his timelesse grave:  
My dug, thy best reliefe, through griping hunger  
Flow now no more my babe; then since no longer  
By me thou canst be fed nor any other,  
Be thou the nurse, and feed thy dying mother."  
Then in another place she straight appears  
Seething her suckling in her scalding teares.  
From whence not farre the painter made her stand  
Tearing his sod flesh with her cruell hand,  
In gobbets which she ate. O cursed wombe,  
That to thyselfe art both the grave and tombe.

A little sweet lad, there, seemes to eatreat  
(With held up hands) his famisht sire for meate,  
Who wanting aught to give his hoped joy  
But throbs and sighes; the over hungry boy,  
For some poore bit, in darke nookes making quest,  
His sachell findes, which grows a gladsome feast  
To him and both his parents. Then, next day  
He chews the points, wherewith he us'd to play:  
Devouring last his bookes of ev'ry kinde,  
They fed his body which should feede his minde:  
But when his sachell, points, bookes all were gone,  
Before his sire he droopes, and dyes anone.

In height of art then bad the work-man done  
A pious, zealous, most religious soune,  
Who on the enemy excursion made,  
And spite of danger strongly did invade  
Their vittailies' convoy, bringing from them home  
Dry'd figs, dates, almonds, and such fruits as come  
To the beleag'ring foe, and sates the want  
Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant  
Bred him a man for armes: thus oft he went,  
And stork-like sought his parent's nourishment,  
Till fates decreed, he on the Roman speares  
Should give his bloud for them, who gave him theirs.  
A million of such throes did famine bring  
Upon the citie of the mighty king,  
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare  
Consum'd themselves and dim'd the lightsome ayre.

Neere this the curious pepcell did expresse  
A large and solitary wilderness,  
Whose high well-limbed oakes in growing show'd  
As they would ease strong Atlas of his load:

<sup>7</sup> Not the Cerna of Pliny, but the island of Mauritius, discovered by the Hollanders, 1598; fowls are here innumerable and of great variety; some so tame that they will suffer a man almost to touch them. See Ogilby's Africa, p. 715.

<sup>8</sup> See Josephus's Wars of the Jews, b. 7. c. 8.

Here underneath a tree in heavy plight  
 (Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)  
 Egyptian Hagar's, (with hunger fell)  
 Sate rob'd of hope: her infant Ishmael  
 (Farr'd from her being laid) full sadly seem'd  
 To cry for meate, his cry she nought esteem'd,  
 But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,  
 Knowing all meanes were bootlesse to assay  
 In such a desert: and since now they must  
 Sleepe their eternal sleepe, and cleave to dust,  
 She chose (apart) to graspe one death, alone,  
 Rather than by her babe a million.

Then Erichthon's case in Ovid's song<sup>10</sup>  
 Was portrayed out; and many moe along  
 The insides of the cave; which were describe  
 By many loope-holes round on every side.

These faire Marina view'd, left all alone,  
 The cave fast shut. Limos for pillage gone:  
 Neere the wash'd shore 'mong roots, and briers,  
 and thorns,

A bullocke findes, who delving with his hooves  
 The hurtlesse earth, (the while his tough boofe  
 The yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore [toore  
 His head among the boughs that held it round,  
 While with his bellowes all the shores resound:  
 Him Limos kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine  
 Unto the rocks; fed well; then goes againe:  
 Which serv'd Marina fit, for had his food  
 Fail'd him, her veynes had fail'd their dearest blood.

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne  
 That on the dancing waves in glory shone,  
 For whose declining on the western shore  
 The orientall hills blacke mantles wore,  
 And thence apace the gentle twi-light fled,  
 That had from hideous caverns ushered  
 All-drowsie night; who in a carre of jet,  
 By steeds of iron-gray (which mainely swet [skye,  
 Most drops on all the world) drawe through the  
 The helpe of darkness waited orderly.  
 First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines:  
 Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose  
 veynes

Were conduit pipes to many a christall spring:  
 From standing pooles and fens were following  
 Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill  
 Sent up their vapours to attend her will. [Heaven,  
 These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt Earth and  
 And as Night's chariot through the arie was driven,  
 Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepheard's  
 song,

And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue  
 Talk'd so the eche; satyres broke their dance,  
 And all the upper world lay in a trance.  
 Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept;  
 And little gales that from the Greene leafe swept  
 Dry summer's dust, in fearefull whimp'rings stir'd,  
 As loath to waken any singing bird.

Darkness no lesse than blinde Cimmerian  
 Of famine's cave the full possession was,  
 Where lay the shepheardesse inward with night,  
 (The wish'd garment of a mournfull wight)  
 Here sithen slumbers and refreshing sleepe  
 Were seldom found; with quiet mindes those  
 keepe,

Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of kings  
 Are never prest by them, sweet rest inrings  
 The tyred body of the swarty clowne,  
 And oft'ner lies on socks than softest downe.

Twice hal'd the cocke crowne, and in cities strong  
 The bel-man's dolefull noyse and careful song,  
 Told men, whose watchfull eyes no slumber bent  
 What store of houres theft-gulky night had spent.  
 Yet had not Morpheus with his maiden been,  
 As fearing Limos; (whose impetuous teen  
 Kept gentle rest from all to whom his cave  
 Yeekled inclosure (deadly as the grave.)  
 But to all sad laments left her, forlorne,  
 In which three watches she had nye outworne.

Fair silver-footed Thetis that time threw  
 Along the ocean with a beaution crew  
 Of her attending sea-nymphes (Jove's bright lamps  
 Guiding from rookes her chariot's hyppocamps<sup>11</sup>.)  
 A journey, onely made, unawares to spye  
 If any mighties of her empery  
 Opprest the least, and forc'd the weaker sort  
 To their designs, by being great in court.

O! should all potentates whose higher birth  
 Enrols their titles, other gods on Earth,  
 Should they make private search, in vaile of night,  
 For cruell wrongs done by each favourite;  
 Hee should they finde a great one palling in  
 A mean man's land, which many yeeres had bin  
 His charge's life, and by the other's heast,  
 The poore must starve to feede a scurvy beast.  
 If any recompense drop from his fist,  
 His time's his owne, the money, what he list.  
 There should they see another that commands  
 His farmer's teame from furrowing his lands,  
 To bring him stones to raise his building vast,  
 The while his tenant's sowing-time is past.  
 Another (spending,) doth his rents inhance,  
 Or gets by trickes the poore's inheritance.  
 But as a man whose age hath dim'd his eyes  
 Useth his spectacles, and as he pryce  
 Through them all characters seeme wond'rous faire,  
 Yet when his glasses quite perposed are  
 (Though with all careful head he neerly looks)  
 Cannot perceive one tittle in the booke,  
 So if a king behold such favourites  
 (Whose being great, was being parasite,)  
 With th' eyes of favour; all their actions are  
 To him appearing plaine and regular:  
 But let him lay his sight of grace aside,  
 And see what men be hath so dignified,  
 They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,  
 Who atom-like, when their sun shined cleare,  
 Danc'd in his beam; but now his rayes are gone,  
 Of many hundred we perceive not one.  
 Or as a man who standing to decriy  
 How great floods farre off run, and valies lye,  
 Taketh a glasse prospective good and true,  
 By which things most remote are full in view:  
 If monarchs, so, would take an instrument  
 Of truth compos'd to spie their subjects drent  
 In foule oppression by those high in seate,  
 (Who care not to be good, but to be great)  
 In full aspect the wrongs of each degree  
 Would lye before them; and they then would see,  
 The divelish politician all convinces,  
 In murd'ring statesmen and in pois'ning princes;  
 The prelate in pluralities asleepe.  
 Whilst that the Wolfe lyes preying on his sheepe;  
 The drowsie lawyer, and the false attorney  
 Tire poore men's purses with their life-long journeyes;  
 The country gentleman, from his neighbour's hand  
 Forceth th' inheritance, joyces land to land,

<sup>9</sup> Genesis, ch. 21. <sup>10</sup> Metamorphoses, b. 8.

<sup>11</sup> Sea-horses.

And (most insatiate) seeks under his rent  
To bring the world's most spacious continent;  
The fawning citizen (whose love's bought dearest)  
Deceives his brother when the Sun shines clearest,  
Gets, borrowes, breaks, lets in, and stops out light,  
And lives a knave to leave his sonne a knight;  
The griping farmer hoards the seed of bread,  
While in the streets the poore lye famished;  
And free there's none from all this worldly strife,  
Except the shepheard's heaven-blest happy life.

But stay, sweet Muse! forbear this harsher  
straine, [voyne,  
Keeps with the shepherds; leave the satyrus  
Coupe not with beares; let Icarus alone  
To scorch himselfe within the torrid zone,  
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,  
And with a humble stiled pastoral [streames,  
Tread through the vallies, dance about the  
The lowly dales will yeeld us anadems.  
To shew our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,  
No better girlond seekes mine osten reede;  
Let others climb the hills, and to their praise  
(Whilst I sit girt with flowers) be crown'd with  
beyes.

Show now faire Muse what afterward became  
Of great Achilles' mother; she whose name  
The mermaids sing, and tell the weeping strand  
A braver lady never tript on land,  
Except the ever living Fayerie Queene,  
Whose vertues by her swaine so written beame,  
That time shall call her high enhanced story  
In his rare song, "The Muse's chiefest glory."

So mainely Thetis drove her silver throne,  
Iplaid with pearles of price and precious stone,  
(For whose gay purchase, she did often make  
The scorched negro drive the biny lake)  
That by the swiftnesse of her chariot wheels  
(Scouring the maine as well-built English keels)  
She of the new-found world all coasts had seene,  
The shores of Thessaly, where she was queene,  
Her brother Pontus' waves, inbra's'd, with those  
Mæotian fields and vales of Tenedos, [sound  
Streit Hellespont, whose high-brow'd cliffs yet  
The mournfull name of young Leander drown'd,  
Then with full speede her horses doth she guide  
Through the Ægean sea, that takes a pride  
In making difference 'twixt the fruitfull lands,  
Europe and Asia almost joining hands,  
But that she thrusts her billowes all affront  
To stop their meeting through the Hellespont.  
The midland sea so swiftly was she scouring,  
The Adriaticke gulfe brave ships devouring,  
To Padus' silver streame then glides she on  
(Enfamoused by rekeles' Phaëton<sup>12</sup>)  
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,  
When the hot dog-starre raines his maladies,  
And robs the high and ayre-invading Alpes  
Of all their winter suites and snowy scapes,  
To drowne the level'd lands along his shore,  
And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore  
The sacred Heliconian damselfe sate,  
(To whom was mighty Pindus consecrate)  
And did decree (neglecting other men)  
Their height of art should flow from Maro's pen;  
And prattling eccho's evermore should long  
For repetition of sweet Nasos song.  
It was inacted here, in after dayes [with bayes;  
What wights should have their temples crown'd

Learn'd Ariosto, holy Petrarch's quill,  
And Tasso<sup>13</sup> should ascend the Muse's bill;  
Divinest Bartas, whose enriched soule  
Proclaim'd his Maker's worth, should so enrolle  
His happy name in brasse, that time nor fate  
That swallow all, should ever ruinate;  
Delightfull Salust, whose all blessed layes  
The shepherds make their hymnes on holy-dayes,  
And truly say thou in one weeke hast pead  
What time may ever study, ne're amend;  
Marot and Ronsard, Garnier's<sup>14</sup> buskin'd Muse  
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse;  
And many another swan whose powerfull straine  
Should raise the golden world to life againe.

But let us leave (faire Muse) the bankes of Pe,  
Thetis forsooke his brave streame long agoe,  
And we must after. See in haste she sweepes  
Along the Celtic shores, th' Armoric deepes  
She now is ent'ring: beare up then a-head  
And by that time she hath discovered  
Our alabaster rockes, we may discry  
And stem with her the coasts of Britany.  
There will she anchor cast, to heare the songs  
Of English shepherds, whose all truefull tongues  
So pleas'd the Nayades, they did report  
Their songs perfection in great Nereus' court:  
Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day  
When she would meet them in the British sea,  
And thither for each swaine a dolphin bring  
To ride with her, while she would heare him sing.  
The time prefix was come; and now the starre  
Of blissfull light appear'd, when she her carre  
Stai'd in the narrow seas. At Thames' faire  
port

The nymphes and shepherds of the isle resort;  
And thence did put to sea with mirthfull rounds,  
Whereat the billowes dance above their bound,  
And bearded goates, that on the clouded head  
Of any sea-survaying mountaine fed,  
Leaving to crop the ivy, list'ning stood  
At those sweet avres which did intance the flood.  
In jocund sort the goddesse thus they met.  
And after rev'rence done, all being set  
Upon their fenny coursers, roūd her throne,  
And she prepar'd to cut the watry zone  
Ingirting Albion; all their pipes were still,  
And Colin Clout<sup>15</sup> began to tune his quill,  
With such deepe art that every one was given  
To think Apollo (newly slid from Heav'n)  
Had tane a human shape to win his love,  
Or with the western swaines for glory strewe.  
He sung th' heroicke knights of Faiery-land  
In lines so elegant, of such command,  
That had the Thracian<sup>16</sup> plaid but halfe so well  
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.  
But ere he ended his melodious song  
An host of angels flew the clouds among,  
And rap't this swan from his attentive mates,  
To make him one of their associates [praise  
In Heaven's faire quire: where now he sings the  
Of Him that is the first and last of dayes.  
Divinest Spencer, heav'n-bred, happy Muse!  
Would any power into my braine infuse  
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,  
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.  
A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke  
Thetis' attendants, many a heavy looke

<sup>12</sup> Plin. lib. 3. cap. 16.<sup>13</sup> Three Italian poets.<sup>14</sup> Spenser.<sup>15</sup> French poets.<sup>16</sup> Orpheus.

Follow'd sweet Spencer, till the thick'ning ayre  
 Sight's further passage stop'd. A passionate teare  
 Fell from each nymph, no shepherd's cheek was  
 A dolefull dirge, and mournfull elegie [dry,  
 Flew to the shore. When mightv Nereus' queene  
 (In memory of what was heard and scene)  
 Imploy'd a factor, (fitted well with store  
 Of richest jennes, refined Indian ore)  
 To raise, in honour of his worthy name  
 A pyramid, whose head (like winged Fame) [kisse,  
 Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to  
 And Mausolus' great toome might shrowd in his.  
 Her will had been performance, had not Fate  
 (That never knew how to commiserate)  
 Suborn'd curs'd Avarice to lye in waite  
 For that rich prey : (gold is a taking brate)  
 Who closely lurking like a subtle snake  
 Under the covert of a thorny brake,  
 Seiz'd on the factor by fayre Thetis sent,  
 And rob'd our Colin of his monument.

The English shepherds, sounes of memory,  
 For satyres change your pleasing melody,  
 Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand,  
 That more than fiend of Hell, that Stygian brand,  
 All-guilty Avarice: that wors' of evil,  
 That gulfe devouring offspring of a divell :  
 Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,  
 Their waight may presse his damned soul to Hell.  
 Is their a spirit so gentle can refrain  
 To torture such? O let a satyre's veyne  
 Mixe with that man! to lash his bellish lym,  
 Or all our curses will descend on him.

For mine owne part although I now commerce  
 With lowly shepherds in as low a verse;  
 If of my dayes I shall not see an end [spend  
 Till more yeeres presse me; some few houres ile  
 In rough-hewn satyres, and my busied pen  
 Shall jerke to death this infamy of men.  
 And like a fury, glowing coulters bare,  
 With which—but see how yonder foundlings teare  
 Their fleeces in the brakes; I must go free  
 Them of their bonds; rest you here merrily  
 Till my returne; when I will touch a string  
 Shall make the rivers dance, and valleys ring.

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## THE SECOND SONG.

## THE ARGUMENT.

What shepherds on the sea were seene  
 To entertaine the Ocean's queene,  
 Remond in search of Fida gone,  
 And for his love young Dridon,  
 Their meeting with a wofull swaine,  
 Mute, and not able to complaine  
 His metamorphos'd mistress' wrong;  
 Is all the subject of this song.

THE Muse's friend (gray-eyde Aurora) yet  
 Held all the meadows in a cooling sweat,  
 The milk-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,  
 Nor was the sharp and usefull steering goad  
 Laid on the strong-neckt ox; no gentle bud  
 The Sun had dryde; the cattle chew'd the cud

Low leveld on the grasse; no flye's quicke sting  
 Inforc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring  
 To teare the passive earth, nor lash his taile  
 About his buttockes broad; the slimy snayle  
 Might on the waincot (by his many mases  
 Winding meanders and seife-knitting traces).  
 Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime  
 Not yet wipt off. It was so carely time  
 The careful smith had in his sooty forge  
 Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers urge  
 His neighbour's patience: owles abroad did flye,  
 And day as then might plead his infancy.  
 Yet of faire Albion all the westerne swaines  
 Were long since up, attending on the plaines.  
 When Nereus' daughter with her mirthfull boast  
 Should summon them, on their declining coast.

But since her stay was long: for feare the  
 Sunne  
 Should find them idle, some of them begonne  
 To leape and wrestle, others threw the barre,  
 Some from the company removed are  
 To meditate the songs they meant to play,  
 Or make a new round for next holiday;  
 Some tales of love their love sickle fellows told:  
 Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.  
 This, all alone was mending of his pipe: [ripe.  
 That, for his last sought fruits most sweet, most  
 Here, (from the rest) a lovely shepheard's boy  
 Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy  
 Would still endure, or else that age's frost  
 Should never make him thinke what he had lost.  
 Yonder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,  
 Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:  
 Or seeming, by her soug, those fairest hands  
 Were comforted working. Neere the sands  
 Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,  
 That moanes the losse of what he sometimes had,  
 His love by death bereft: when fast by him  
 An aged swaine takes place, as neere the brim  
 Of's grave as of the river; showing how  
 That as those floods, which passe along right now,  
 Are follow'd still by others from their spring,  
 "And in the sea have all their burying:"  
 Right so our times are knowne, our ages found,  
 (Nothing is permanent within this round:)  
 One age is now, another that succedes,  
 Extirping all things which the former breeds:  
 Another follows that, doth new times raise,  
 New yeers, new months, new weeks, new hours,  
 new days,

Mankind thus goes like rivers from their spring  
 "And in the earth have all their burying."  
 Thus sate the olde man counselling the yong;  
 Whilst, underneath a tree which over-hung  
 The silver streame, (as, some delight it tooke  
 To trim his thick boughes in the chrystall brooke)  
 Were set a jocund crew of youthfull swaines  
 Wooing their sweetings with delicious straynes.  
 Sportive Oreades the hills descended,  
 The Hamadryades their hunting ended,  
 And in the high woods left the long-liv'd harts  
 To feed in peace, free from their winged darts;  
 Floods, mountains, vallies, woods, each vacant lyes  
 Of nymphs that by them danc'd their haydigyes:  
 For all those powers were ready to embrace  
 The present meanes, to give our shepherds grace.  
 And underneath this tree (till Thetis came)  
 Many resorted; where a swaine, of name  
 Lesse, than of worth: (and we doe never owne  
 Nor apprehend him best, that most is knowne.)

Fame is uncertaine, who so swiftly flies  
 By th' unregard'd shed where Vertue lyes,  
 She (ill inform'd of Vertue's worth) pursu' th'  
 (In haste) opinion for the simple truth.  
 True Fame is ever likened to our shade,  
 He soonest misseth her, that most hath made  
 To over-take her; who so takes his wing,  
 Regardless of her, she'll be following:  
 Her true proprietie she thus discovers, [lovers."  
 "Loves her contempters, and contemnes her  
 Th' applause of common people never yet  
 Pursu'd this swaine, he knew't the counterfeit  
 Of settled praise, and therefore at his songs  
 Though all the shepherds and the graceful throughs  
 Of semi-gods compar'd him with the best  
 That ever touch'd a reede, or was address'd  
 In shepheard's coats, he never would approve  
 Their attributes, given in sincerest love;  
 Except he truly knew them, as his merit  
 Fame gives a second life to such a spirit.

This swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,  
 That with intwined armes lay round about  
 The tree 'gainst which he leand. (So have I scene  
 Tom Piper stand upon our village greene,  
 Backt with the May-pole, whilst a jocand crew  
 In gentle motion circularly threw  
 Themselves about him.) To his fairest ring  
 Thus 'gan in numbers well according sing:

"Venus by Adonis' side  
 Crying kist and kissing cryde,  
 Wrung her hands and tore her hayre  
 For Adonis dying there.

"'Stay,' (quoth she) 'O stay and live!  
 Nature surely doth not give  
 To the earth her sweetest flowres  
 To be scene but some few houres.'

"On his face, still as he bled  
 For each drop a tear she shed,  
 Which she kist or wipt away,  
 Else had drown'd him where he lay.

"'Fair Proserpina' (quoth she)  
 'Shall not have thee yet from me;  
 Nor thy soul to flye begin  
 While my lips can keepe it in.'

"Here she clos'd again. And some  
 Say, Apollo would have come  
 To have cur'd his wounded lym,  
 But that she had smother'd him."

Looke as a traveller in summer's day  
 Nye-chockt with dust, and molt with Titan's ray,  
 Longs for a spring to coole his inward heate,  
 And to that end, with vowes, doth Heaven intreat,  
 When going further, finds an apple-tree  
 (Standing as did old Hospitalitie,  
 With ready armes to succour any needes :)  
 Hence pluckes an apple, tastes it, and it breedes  
 So great a liking in him for his thirst,  
 That up he climbs, and gathers to the first  
 A second, third; nay, will not cease to pull  
 Till he have got his cap and pockets full.  
 "Things long desir'd so well esteemed are,  
 That when they come we hold them better farre.  
 There is no meane 'twixt what we love and want,  
 Desire, in men, is so predominant."  
 No lesse did all his quaint assembly long  
 Than doth the traveller: this shepheard's song

Had so ensnar'd each acceptable eare,  
 That but a second, nought could bring them cleare  
 From an affected snare; had Orpheus beene  
 Playing, some distance from them, he had seeme  
 Not one to stirre a foote for his rare straine,  
 But left the Thracian for the English swaine.  
 Or had suspitious Juno (when her Jove  
 Into a cove transform'd his fairest love')  
 Great Inachus' sweet stem in durance given  
 To this young lad; the messenger<sup>2</sup> of Heaven  
 (Fair Maia's off-spring) with the depth of art  
 That ever Jove or Hermes might impart,  
 In fing'ring of a reede had never wonne  
 Poor Iſ's freedom. And though Arctor's sonne  
 (Hundred-ey'd Argus) might be lull'd by him,  
 And loose his pris'ner: yet in every lym  
 That god of wit had felt this shepheard's skill.  
 And by his charms brought from the Muse's hill  
 Inforc'd to sleepe; then, rob'd of pipe and rod,  
 And vanquish'd so, turne swaine, this swaine a god.  
 Yet to this lad not wanted Evrie's sting,  
 ("He's not worth ought, that's not worth envying.")  
 Since many at his praise were scene to grutch.  
 For 's a miller in his boultish hutch  
 Drives out the pure meale neerly, (as he can)  
 And in his sifter leaves the courser bran:  
 So doth the canker of a poet's name  
 Let slip such lines as might inherit fame,  
 And from a volume cull some small amisse,  
 To fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his.  
 Yet, as a man that (by his art) would bring  
 The ceaselesse current of a christall spring  
 To over-looke the lowly flowing head,  
 Sinckes, by degrees, his soder'd pipes of lead  
 Beneath the fount, whereby the water goes  
 High, as well as on a mountaine floues:  
 So when detraction and a Cynnic's tongue  
 Have sunk desert unto the depth of wrong,  
 By that, the eye of skill, true worth shall see  
 To brave the starres, though low his passage be.

But, here I much digresse, yet pardon, swaines:  
 For as a maiden gath'ring on the plaines  
 A sentfull nosegay (to set neere her pap,  
 Or as a favour, for her shepheard's cap)  
 Is scene farre off to stray, if she have spide  
 A flower that might increase her posie's pride:  
 So if to wander I am sometime prest,  
 'Tis for a straine that might adorne the rest.  
 Requests, that with denial could not meet,  
 Flew to our shepheard, and the voyces sweet  
 Of fairest nymphes intreating him to say  
 What might he lov'd; he thus began his lay:

"SHALL I tell you whom I love?  
 Hearken then a while to me;  
 And if such a woman move  
 As I now shall versifie;  
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none  
 That I love, and love alone.

"Nature did her so much right,  
 As she scores the help of art.  
 In as many vertues dight  
 As e're yet imbrac'd a hart.  
 So much good so truly-true  
 Some for lesse were deicide.

<sup>1</sup> Iſ.

<sup>2</sup> Mercury. See Nonnus, Dyonuz. l. 3. Ovid. Metam. l. 1.

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

" Reason masters every sense,  
And her vertues grace her birth;  
Lovely as all excellence,  
Modest in her most of mirth:  
Likelihoold enough to prove  
Onely worth could kindle love.

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

*Edus*<sup>3</sup> and his fellows in the teame;  
(Who, since their wat'ring in the westerne streame,  
Had run a furious journey to appease  
The night sick'e eyes of our antipodes,)  
Now (sweating) were in our horizon seene  
To drinke the cold dew from each flowry Greene:  
When Triton's trumpet (with a shrill command)  
Told silver-footed Thetis was at hand.

As I have seene when on the breast of Thames  
A heavenly beavy of sweet English dames,  
In some calme ev'ning of delightfull May,  
With musick give a farewell to the day,  
Or as they would (with an admired tone)  
Greet night's ascension to her ebon throne,  
Rapt with her melodie, a thousand more  
Ran to be wafted from the bounding shore:  
So ran the shepherds, and with hasty feet  
Strove which should first increase that happy fleet.

The true messengers<sup>4</sup> of a coming storme  
Teaching their fins, to steere them, to the forme  
Of Thetis' will; like boates at anchor stood,  
As ready to convey the Muse's brood  
Into the brackish lake, that seem'd to dwell,  
As proud so rich a burden on it fell<sup>5</sup>.

Ere their arrivall *Astrophel*<sup>6</sup> had done  
His shepherd's lay, yet equaliz'd of none.  
Th' admired mirror, glory of our isle, [stile,  
Thou farre-farre-more than mortall man, whose  
Stroke more men dumbe to harken to thy song  
Than *Orpheus*' harpe, or *Tully*'s golden tongue.  
To him (as right) for wit's deepe quiettence,  
For honour, value, virtue, excellence,  
Be all the garlands, crowne his tombe with bay,  
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.

Happy *Atcadia*! while such lovely straines  
Song of thy valleys, rivers, hills and plaines;  
Yet most unhappy other joyes among,  
That never heard't his musick nor his song.  
Deaf men are happy so, whose vertues praise  
(Unheard of them) are sung in tunefull layes.  
And pardon me, ye sisters of the mountaine,  
Who wayle his losse from the *Pegasian* fountaine,

<sup>3</sup> *Edus*, *Pyrocis*, *Aethon*, and *Phlegon*, were  
fabled to be the horses of the Sun.

<sup>4</sup> *Dolphina*.

<sup>5</sup> *Gesner de Aquatilibus. Hist. Natural. l. 4. p.*  
486.

<sup>6</sup> *Sir Philip Sidney*.

If (like a man for portraiture unable)  
I set my pencil to *Apelles*' table<sup>7</sup>;  
Or dare to draw his curtaine, with a will  
To show his true worth; when the artist's skill  
Within that curtaine fully doth expresse,  
His owne art's-mastery my unablesse.  
He sweetly touched, what I harshly hit,  
Yet thus I glory in what I have writ;  
*Sidney* began (and if a wit so meane  
May taste with him the dewes of *Hippocrene*)  
I sung the part' rill next; his *Muse*, my mover;  
And on the plaines full many a pensive lover  
Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be,  
My humble lines, the more, for praising thee.  
Thus we shall live with them, by rocks, by springs,  
As well as *Homer* by the death of kings.

Then in a straine beyond an oaten quill  
The learned shepheard<sup>8</sup> of faire *Hitching* hill  
Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*,  
in lines so worthy life, that I itptoy  
My reede in vaine to overtake his fathe.

All praisefull tongues doe waite upon that name:  
Our second *Ovid*, the most pleasing *Muse*  
That Heav'n did ere in mortal's braine infuse,  
All-loved *Draiton*, in soule-raaping straines,  
A genuine note, of all the nimphish traines  
Began to tune; on it all cares were hung  
As sometimes *Dido*'s on *Aeneas*' tongue:

*Johnson* whose full of merit to rehearse  
Too copious is to be confide in verse;  
Yet therein onely fittest to be knowne,  
Could any write a line which he might owne.  
One, so judicious; so well knowing; and  
A man whose least worth is to understand;  
One so exact in all he doth preferre,  
To able censure; for the theater  
Not *Sedeca* transcends his worth of praise;  
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bayes.  
Well-languag'd *Danyel Brooke*<sup>9</sup>, whose polish  
lines

Are fittest to accomplish high designs;  
Whose pen (it seemes) still young *Apollo* guides;  
Worthy the forked hill for ever glides [see  
Streaues from thy braine, so faire, that time shall  
Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee.  
And when thy temple's well deserving bayes,  
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,  
As in a christall glasse, fill'd to the ring  
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring,  
A steady hand may very safely drop  
Some quantitie of gold, yet o're the top  
Not forc the liquor run; although before  
The glasse (of water) could containe no more:  
Yet so all-worthy *Brooke* though all men sonnd  
With plummetts of just praise thy skill profound,  
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take,  
And not apparent ostentation make,  
That any second can thy vertues raise,  
Striving as much to hide as merit praise.

*Davies*<sup>10</sup> and *Wither*, by whose *Muse*'s power  
A naturall day to me seemes but an houre,  
And could I ever heare their learned layes,  
Ages would turne to artificiall dayes.

<sup>7</sup> See b. 1. s. 2.

<sup>8</sup> *Mr. Chapman*, who translated the works of  
*Homer*.

<sup>9</sup> *Christopher Brooke*.

<sup>10</sup> Not *sir John*; but *John Davies*, of *Here-*  
*ford*.



These sweetly chanted to the queene of waves,  
She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue de-  
praves.

Then, base Contempt, (unworthy our report)  
Fly from the Muses and their faire resort,  
And exercise thy spleene on men like these:  
Such are, more fit to be contemn'd than we.  
'Tis not the rancour of a cank' red heart  
That can debase the excellence of art,  
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,  
Since we have lines farre more esteem'd than they.  
For there is hidden in a poet's name  
A spell, that can command the wings of Fame,  
And, maugre all Oblivion's hated birth,  
Begin their immortalitie on Earth,  
When he that 'gainst a Muse with hate combines,  
May raise his toombe in vaine to reach our lynce.

Thus Thetis rides along the narrow seas,  
Encompass round with lovely Naides,  
With gaudy nymphes, and many a skilfull swaine,  
Whose equals Earth cannot produce againe,  
But leave the times and men that shall succede  
them, [them.

Enough to praise that age which so did breed  
Two of the quaintest swaines that yet have beene  
Fail'd their attendance on the Ocean's queene,  
Remond and Doridon, whose haplesse fates  
Late sever'd them from their more happy mates;  
For (gentle swaines) if you remember well  
When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,  
And, as I ghesse, it was that sunny morne,  
When in the grove thereby my sheepe were shorne,  
I weene I told you, while the shepherds yong  
Were at their past'rall, and their rurall song,  
The shrikes of some poore maide, fallen in mis-  
chance,

Invokt their aide, and drew them from their dance:  
Each ran a sev'rall way to helpe the maide;  
Some tow'rd's the vally, some the green wood straid:  
Here one the thicket beates, and there a swaine  
Enters the hidden caves, but all in vaine.  
Nor could they finde the wight, whose shrikes  
and cry

Flew through the gentle ayre so heavily,  
Nor sea or man or beast, whose cruell teene  
Would wrong a maiden or in grave or greene.  
Backe then return'd they all to end their sport,  
But Doridon and Remond; who resort  
Backe to those places which they erst had sought,  
Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought  
In such a webb, so intricate, and knit  
So strong with bryers, but they would enter it.  
Remond his Fida calls; Fida, the woods  
Remond againe, and Fida, speake the floods,  
As if the rivers and the hills did frame  
Themselves no small delight, to heare her name.  
Yet she appears not. Doridon would now  
Have call'd his love too, but he knew not how:  
Much like a man, who dreaming in his sleepe  
That he is falling from some mountaine steeps  
Into a squandlisse lake, about whose brim  
A thousand crocodiles doe waite for him,  
And hangs but by one bough, and should that  
breake,

His life goes with it; yet to cry or speake,  
Though faine he would, can move nor voyes nor  
tongue:

So when he Remond heard the woods among  
Call for his Fida, he would gladly too  
Have call'd his fairest love, but knew not wh,

Or what to call; poore lad, that canst not tell  
Nor speake the name of her thou lov'st so well.

Remond, by hap, seere to the arbour fohnd,  
Where late the hyad was slayne, the hurtlesse  
ground

Bearm'd with bloud; to Doridon he cride,  
And tearing then his hayre, "O haplesse tide!"  
(Quoth he) "behold! some cursed hand hath tane  
From Fida this! O what infernall bane,  
Or more than hellish fiend, inforced this!  
Pure as the streame of aged Simois,  
And as the spotlesse lilly, was her soule!  
Ye sacred powres, that round about the pole  
Turne in your spears! O could you see this  
deed,

And keepe your motion? If the eldest seed"<sup>11</sup>  
Of chained Saturne hath so often beene  
In hunters' and in shepherds' habit seene  
To trace our woods, and on our fertile plaines  
Woo shepherds' daughters with melodious straines,  
Where was he now, or any other powre?  
So many sev'rall lambs have I each bowre,  
And crooked horned rams, brought to your shrines,  
And with perfumes clouded the Sun that shines,  
Yet now forsaken! To an uncouth state  
Must all things run, if such will be ingrate."

"Cease, Remond," queth the boy, "no more  
complane,

Thy fairest Fida lives; nor do thou staine  
With vilde reproaches any power above,  
They all, as much as thee, have bene in love;  
Saturne his Rhea; Jupiter had store,  
As Iö, Leda, Europa, and more;  
Mars entred Vulcan's bed, pertooke his joy;  
Phœbus had Daphne and the sweet-fac'd boy"<sup>12</sup>;  
Venus Adonis; and the god of wit  
In chastest bonds was to the Muses knit;  
And yet remains so, nor can any sever  
His love, but brother-like affects them ever:  
Pale changefull Cinthia her Endimion had,  
And oft on Latmus sported with that lad:  
If these were subject (as all mortall men)  
Unto the golden shafts, they could not then,  
But by their owne affections, rightly ghesse  
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchednesse  
Charge them respectlesse; since no swaine than  
Hath off'red more unto each deitie. [thee  
But feare not, Remond, for those sacred powres  
Tread on oblivion; no desert of ours  
Can be intoomb'd in their celestiall breasts;  
They weigh our off'rings, and our solemne feasts,  
And they forget thee not! Fida (thy deere)  
Treads on the earth; the bloud that's sprinkled  
here

Nere fill'd her veynes; the hynd possess this gore:  
See, where the collier lyes sic whilome wore!  
Some dog hath slaine her, or the griping carle  
That spoiles our plaines in digging them for marle."

Looke, as two little brothers, who addrest  
To search the hedges for a thrush's nest,  
And have no sooner got the leavy spring,  
When, mad in lust with fearefull bellowing,  
A strong neckt bull pursues throughout the field,  
One climbs a tree, and takes that for his shield,  
Whence looking from one pasture to another,  
What might betide to his much-lov'd brother,  
Further than can his over-drown'd eyes  
Aright perceive, the furious beast he spies,

<sup>11</sup> Jupiter.<sup>12</sup> Hyacinth.

These something on his horns, he knows not what;

But one thing fears, and therefore thinks it that :  
When, crumming nigher, he doth well discern  
It of the wondrous one-night-seeding ferne  
Some bundle was : yet thence he home-ward goes,  
Pensive and sad, nor can abridge the throes  
His fears began, but still his minde doth move  
Unto the worst : " Mistrust goes still with love."  
So far'd it with our shepherd, though he saw  
Not aught of Fida's rayment, which might draw  
A more suspicion ; though the collar lay  
There on the grasse, yet goes he thence away  
Full of mistrust, and vows to leave that plaine  
Till he embrace his chastest love againe.  
Love-wounded Doridon treats him then  
That he might be his partner, since no men  
Had cases liker ; he with him would goe,  
Weepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so :  
" I," quoth the boy, " will sing thee songs of  
love,

And as we sit in some all-shady grove,  
Where Philomela, and such sweet'ned throates,  
Are for the mastry tuning various noates,  
I'll strive with them, and tune so sad a verse,  
That, whilst to thee my fortunes I rehearse,  
No bird but shall be mute, her noate decline,  
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine ;  
I'll tell thee tales of love, and show thee how  
The gods have wand'red as we shepherds now.  
And when thou plain'st thy Fida's lost, will I  
Echoe the same, and with mine owne supply.  
Know, Remond, I do love, but, well-a-day !  
I know not whom ; but as the gladsome May  
She's faire and lovely : as a goddesse she  
(If such as her's a goddesse beauty be)  
First stood before me, and inquiring was  
How to the marish she might soonest passe,  
When rusht a villaine in, Hell be his lot !  
And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,  
Nor know I where to search ; but, if thou please,  
'Tis not a Forrest, mountaine, rockes, or seas,  
Can in thy journey stop my going on.  
Fate so may smile on haplesse Doridon,  
That he rebless may be with her faire sight,  
Though thence his eyes possess eternall night."

Remond agreed : and many weary dayes  
They now had spent in unfrequented wayes :  
About the rivers, vallies, holts, and crags,  
Among the ozyers and the waving flags,  
They neerly pry, if any dens there be,  
Where from the Sun might harbour crueltie :  
Or if they could the bones of any spy,  
Or torne by beasts, or humane tyranny.  
They close inquirie make in caverns blinde,  
Yet what they looke for would be death to finde,  
Right as a curious man that would discerie  
(Lead by the trembling hand of Jealousie)  
If his faire wife have wrong'd his bed or no,  
Meeteth his torment if he finde her so.

One ev'n e're Phœbus (neere the golden shore  
Of Tagus' streame) his journey gan give o're,  
They had ascended up a woody hill,  
(Where oft the Fauni with their bugles shrill  
Wakened the Echo, and with many a shout  
Follow'd the fearefull deere the woods about,  
Or thro' the breakes that hide the craggy rockes,  
Dig'd to the hole where lyes the wily foxe.)  
Thence they beheld an underlying vale  
Where Flora set her rarest flowres at sale,

Whither the thriving bee came oft to stocke them,  
And fairest nymphes to decke their haire did plucke  
them.

Where oft the goddesses did run at base,  
And on white hearts began the wilde-goose-chase :  
Here various Nature seem'd adorning this,  
In imitation of the fields of blisse ;  
Or as she would intice the soules of men  
To leave Elizium, and live here agen.  
Not-Hybla mountaine, in the jocund prime,  
Upon her many bushes of sweet thyme,  
Shows greater number of industrious bees,  
Than were the birds that sung there on the trees.  
Like the trim windings of a wanton lake,  
That doth his passage through a meadow make,  
Ran the delightfull vally 'tween two hills,  
From whose rare trees the precious balme distils :  
And hence Apollo had his simples good,  
That cur'd the gods, hurt by the Earth's ill brood.  
A christall river on her bosome slid,  
And (passing) seem'd in sullen mutt'rings chid  
The artlesse songsters, that their musicke still  
Should charme the sweet dale, and the wistfull hill,  
Not suffering her shrill waters, as they run,  
Tun'd with a whistling gale in unison,  
To tell as high they priz'd the bord'rod vale,  
As the quick lennet or sweet nightingale.  
Downe from a steepe rocke came the water first,  
(Where lusty satyres often quench'd their thirst)  
And with no little speed seem'd all in haste,  
Till it the lovely bottome had embrac'd :  
Then, as intranc'd to heare the sweet birds sing,  
In curled whirlpools she her course doth bring,  
As loath to leave the songs that lull'd the dale,  
Or waiting time when she and some soft gale  
Should speake what true delight they did possess  
Among the rare flowres which the vally dresse.  
But since those quaint musitians would not stay,  
Nor suffer any to be heard but they :  
Much like a little lad, who gotten new  
To play his part amongst a skilfull crew  
Of choise musitians, on some softer string  
That is not heard ; the others' fingering  
Drowning his art ; the boy would gladly get  
Applause with others that are of his set,  
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best,  
And often descants when his fellows rest ;  
That, to be heard, (as usual singers do)  
Spoiles his owne musicke and his partners' too :  
So at the further end the waters fell  
From off an high bancke downe a lowly dell,  
As they had vow'd ere passing from that ground,  
The birds should be inforc'd to heare their sound.

No small delight the shepherds tooke, to see  
A coombe<sup>13</sup> so dight in Flora's livery,  
Where faire Feronia<sup>14</sup> honour'd in the woods,  
And all the deities that haunt the floods,  
With powerfull Nature strove to frame a plot,  
Whose like the sweet Arcadia yeelded not.

Downe through the arch'd wood the shepherds  
wend,

And seeke all places that might helpe their end,  
When coming neere the bottome of the hill,  
A deepe fetch'd sigh, which seem'd of power to kill

<sup>13</sup> Vally.

<sup>14</sup> According to that of Silius, lib. xiiii. Puniceo.  
—Itur in agros Divas ubi autē omnes colitur  
Feronia luco.

The breast that held it, pierc'd the list'ning wood,  
Whereat the carefull swaines no longer stood  
Where they were looking on a tree, whose rynde  
A love-knot held, which two joynd hearts in-  
But searching round, upon an aged root, [twynde ;  
Thicke lynde with mosse, which (though to little  
boot)

Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene  
Against cold winter's stormes and weackfull toene ;  
Or clad the stocks in summer with that hue,  
His withered branches not a long time knew :  
For in his hollow trunk and perish'd graine  
The cuckowe now had many a winter laine,  
And thriving pismires laid their egges in store ;  
The dormouse slept there, and a many more.  
Here ate the lad, of whom I thinke of olde  
Virgil's propheticke spirit had foretold,  
Who whilst dame Nature, for her cunning's sake,  
A male or female doubted which to make,  
And to adorne him, more than all, assaid,  
This pritty youth was almost made a maid.  
Sedly he ate, (and as would grieft) alone,  
As if the boy and tree had beene one,  
Whilst downe neere bought did drops of amber  
creepe,

As if his sorrow it made the trees to weepe:  
If ever this were true in Ovid's verse,  
That teares have powre an adamant to pierce,  
Or move things void of sence, 'twas here approv'd.  
Things vegetative, once, his teares have mov'd.  
Surely the stones might well be drawne, in pitty  
To burst that he should mone, as for a ditty  
To come and range themselves in order all,  
And of their owne accord raise Thebes a wall.  
Or else his teares (as did the other's song)  
Might have th' attractive power to move the throng  
Of all the Forrests, citizens, and woods,  
With ev'ry denizon of ayre and floods,  
To sit by him and grieve; to leave their jarres,  
Their strifes, dissertations, and all civill warres ;  
And though else disagreeing, in this one  
Mourning for him should make an union.  
For whom the Heavens would weare a sable sute,  
If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones, were  
His eyes were fixed, (rather fixed starres) [mute.  
With whom it seem'd his tears had beene in  
warres,

The diff'rence this, (a hard thing to discry)  
Whether the drops were clearest or his eye.  
Teares, fearing conquest to the eye might fall,  
An inundation brought and drowned all.  
Yet like true Vertue from the top of state  
(Whose hopes wilde Envy hath senee ruinate)  
Being lowly cast, her goodnesse doth appeare  
(Uncloath'd of greatnesse) more apparant cleere :  
So, though dejected, yet remain'd a feature  
Made sorrow sweet, plac'd in so sweet a creature.  
" The test of misery the truest is,  
In that none hath, but what is surely his."

His armes a-crosse, his sheep-hooke lay beside him :  
Mad Venus pass'd this way, and chanc'd t' have  
spide him,

With open breast, lockes on his shoulders spread,  
She would have sworne (had she not seene him  
It was Adonis; or, if e're there was [dead)  
Held transmigracion by Pithagoras,  
Of soules, that certaine then, her lost-love's spirit  
A fairer body never could inherit.  
His pipe, which often went upon the plaine  
To sound the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian straine,

Lay from his hooke and bagg'd cleane cast apart,  
And almost broken, like his master's heart.  
Yet, till the two kinde shepherds neere him slept,  
I finde he nothing spake, but that he wept.  
" Cease, gentle lad," quoth Remond, " let no  
teare

Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appeare ;  
Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,  
And will not leave thee till thyselfe art gone ?  
Thou maist have griefe when other things are rest  
thee,

All else may slide away, this still is left thee ;  
And when thou wantest other company,  
Sorrow will ever be embracing thee.

Bvt, fairest swaine, what cause hast thou of woe ?  
Thou hast a well-fee'd flocke feede to and fro,"

(His sheepe along the vally that time fed  
Not farre from him, although unfollowed)

" What doe thy yewes abortive bring ? or lambs,  
For want of milke, seeke to their fellowe' dams ?  
No gryping land-lord hath inclos'd thy walkes,  
Nor toyling plowman furrow'd them in balke.

Ver hath adorn'd thy pastures all in greene  
With clover-grasse as fresh as may be seene :  
Cleare gliding springs refresh thy meadowe's beate,  
Meades promise to thy charge their winter-meate,  
And yet thou griev'st. O ! had some swaines thy  
store,

Their pipes should tell the woods they ask'd no  
Or have the Paices, with unpartidll knife,  
Left some friend's body tenantlesse of life,  
And thou bemon'st that Fate, in his youth's morne,  
Ore-cast with clouds his light but newly borne ?

' Count not how many yeeres lie in betwee'd,  
But those which he possess and had receiv'd ;  
If I may tread no longer on this stage,

Though others thinke me yong ; it is mine age :  
For who so hath his fate's full period told,  
He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old.  
May be that avarice thy mind hath crost,  
And so thy sighes are for some triffe lost.

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

' Thinke nothing good which may be taken from  
Looke as some pond'rous weight or massie packe,  
Laid to be carryed on a porter's back,

Doth make his strong joynts cracke, and forceth  
Maugre the helpe of every nerve and lym,  
To straggle in his gate, and goeth double,  
Bending to earth, such is his burden's trouble :  
So any one by avarice ingirt,

And prest with wealth, lyes groveling in the dirt.  
His wretched minde bends to no poynt but this,  
That who hath most of wealth hath most of blisse.

Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique  
And passages thro' the congealed north, [forth  
Who, when their haire with icicles are hung,  
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their  
tongue, [say,

Show them a glitt'ring stone, will streight wayes  
' If paines thus prosper, oh ! what fooles would  
play ?'

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

' In getting wealth we lose our libertie.  
Besides, it robs us of our better powres,  
And we should be ourselves were these not ours.  
He is not poorest that hath least in store,  
But he which hath enough, yet asketh more :  
Nor is he rich by whom are all possess,  
But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.

If thou a life by Nature's leading pitch,  
Thou never shalt be poore, nor never rich  
Led by Opinion; for their states are such,  
Nature but little seeks, Opinion much.  
Amongst the many beds proclaiming May,  
(Decking the fields in holy-daye's array,  
Striving who shall surpass in bravery)  
Marke the faire blooming of the hawthorne-tree;  
Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,  
Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight;  
Yet, for the bravery that she is in,  
Doth neyther handle cards nor wheeles to spin<sup>15</sup>,  
Nor changeth robes but twice, is never scene  
In other colours than in white or greene.  
Learne then content, young shepheard, from this  
Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery; [tree,  
And richest ingots never toyle to finde,  
Nor care for povertie, but of the minde<sup>16</sup>."

This spoke yong Remond: yet the mournfull lad  
Not once replyde; but with a smile, though sad,  
He shook his head, then cross his armes againe,  
And from his eyes did showres of salt teares rain;  
Which wrought so on the swaine, they could not  
smother

Their sighes, but spent them freely as the other.  
"Tell us," quoth Doridon, "thou fairer farre  
Than he<sup>17</sup> whose chasticitie made him a starre,  
More fit to throw the wounding shafts of love,  
Than follow sheepe, and pine here in a grove.  
O do not hide thy sorrowes, show them briefe:  
'He oft findes ayde that doth disclose his griefe.'  
If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;  
'No man can sorrow very much and long.'  
For thus much loving Nature hath dispos'd,  
That 'mongst the woes that have us round enclos'd,  
That comfort's left, (and we should bless her for't)  
That we may make our griefes be borne, or short.  
Believe me, shepheard, we are men no lesse  
Free from the killing throes of heavynesse  
Than thou art here, and but this diff'rence sere,  
That use hath made us apter to endure."  
More he had spoke, but that a bugle shrill  
Run through the vally from the higher hill;  
And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hart'ping  
sound,

A gallant stag, as if he scorn'd the ground,  
Came running with the winde, and bore his head  
As he had been the king of Forrests bred.  
Not swifter comes the messenger of Heaven,  
Or winged vessell with a full gale driven,  
Nor the swift swallow flying neere the ground,  
By which the ayre's distemp'ature is found:  
Nor Mirrha's course, nor Daphna's speedy flight,  
Shunning the daliance of the god of light,  
Than seem'd the stag, that had no sooner cross  
them,

But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.  
The weeping swaine ne'er mov'd; but as his eyes  
Were onely given to show his miseries,  
Attended those; and could not once be won  
To leave that object whence his teares begun.

O had that man<sup>18</sup>, who (by a tyrant's hand)  
Seeing his children's bodies strew the sand,

<sup>15</sup> Luke c. xii. v. 27. Spenser's Fairie Queen, b. 2. c. 6. a. 16. ver. 8. and Prior's Solomon, b. 1.

<sup>16</sup> Mat. c. v. v. 3.

<sup>17</sup> Hippolitus.

<sup>18</sup> Phiton.

And he next morne for torment's priest to goe,  
Yet from his eyes not let one small teare flow,  
But being ask'd how well he bore their losse,  
Like to a man affliction could not crosse;  
He stoutly answer'd: "Happier sure are they  
Than I shall be by space of one short day."  
No more his griefe was. But, had he beene here,  
He had beene sinit had he not spent a teare.  
For still that man the perfecter is knowne,  
Who other's sorrowes feesles more than his owne.

Remond and Doridon were turning then  
Unto the most disconsolate of men,  
But that a gallant dame, faire as the morne,  
Or lovely bloomes the peach-tree that adorne,  
Clad in a changing silke, whose lustre shone  
Like yelow sowres and grasse farre off, in one;  
Or like the mixture Nature doth display  
Upon the quaint wings of the popinay.  
Her horne about her necke with silver tip,  
Too hard a mettall for so soft a lip:  
Which it no oft'ner kist, than Jove did frowne,  
And in a mortal's shape would faine come downe  
To feeds upon those dainties, had not he  
Beene still kept backe by Juno's jealousie:  
And ivory dart she held of good command,  
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;  
Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd,  
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.  
Upon her head a greene light silken cap,  
A piece of white lawne shadow'd cypher pap,  
Betweene which hillockes many Cupids lay,  
Where with her necke or with her teates they play,  
Whilst her quicke hart will not with them dispence,  
But heaves her brests as it would beate them thence,  
Who, fearing much to lose so sweet repaire,  
Take faster hold by her dishevell'd haire.  
Swiftly she ran; the sweet bryers to receive her  
Slipt their imbracements, and (as loath to leave  
her)

[goes.  
S'tretch'd themselves to their length: yet on she  
So great Diana frays a heard of roes,  
And speely followes: Arethusa fled  
So from the river<sup>19</sup> that her ravished. [drew,

When this brave huntresse neere the shepheards  
Her lilly arme in full extent she threw,  
To plucke a little bough (to fanne her face)  
From off a thicke leav'd ash: (no tree did grace  
The low grove as did this, the branches spread  
Like Neptune's trident upwards from the head.)  
No sooner did the grieved shepheard see  
The nympb's white hand extended tow'rds the  
But rose and to her ran; yet she had done [tree,  
Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;  
Yet, now approach'd the bough the huntresse tore,  
He suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're  
A hundred times, and softly gan it binde  
With dock-leaves, and a slip of willow rinde.  
Then round the trunk he wreathes his weak'ned  
armes,

[warmes,  
And with his scalding teares the smooth barke  
Sighing and groaning, that the shepheards by  
Forgot to helpe him, and lay downe to cry:  
"For 'tis impossible a man should be  
Griev'd to himselfe, or faile of company."  
Much the two swaines admir'd, but pitt'y'd more  
That he no powre of words had, to deplore  
Or show what sad misfortune 'twas befell  
To him, whom Nature (seem'd) regarded well.

<sup>19</sup> Alpheus.

As thus they lay, and while the speechless swaine  
His teares and sighes spent to the woods in vaine,  
One like a wilde man over-grown with hayre,  
His nayles long growne, and all his body bare,  
Save that a wreath of ivy twist did hide [crie,  
Those parts which Nature would not have dis-  
And the long hayre that curled from his head  
A grassie garland rudely covered. [late,

But, shepherds, I have wrong'd you; 'tis now  
For see, our maid stands hollowing on yond gate,  
'Tis supper-time with all, and we had need  
Make haste away, unless we meane to speed  
With those that kisse the hare's foot: rhumes are  
Some say, by going supperlesse to bed, [bred,  
And thus I love not; therefore cease my rime,  
And put my pipes up till another time.

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## THE THIRD SONG.

## THE ARGUMENT.

A red-brest doth from pining save  
Marina, shut in Famine's cave.  
The golden age described plaine,  
And Limos by the shepherd slaine,  
Doe give me leave a while to move  
My pipe of Tavy and his love.

ALAS! that I have done so great a wrong  
Unto the fairest maiden of my song,  
Ditine Marina, who in Limos' cave  
Lyes ever fearefull of a living grave,  
And night and day upon the hard'ned stones  
Rests, if a rest can be amongst the moones  
Of dying wretches; where each minute all  
Stand still afraid to hear the death's-man call.

Thrice had the golden Sun his hate stee'des washt  
In the west maine, and thrice them smartly lasht  
Out in the bauley east, since the sweet maide  
Had in that dismall cave beene sadly laid  
Where hunger pinch'd her so, she need not stand  
In feare of murd'ring by a second hand:  
For thro' her tender sides such darts might passe,  
'Gainst which strong walls of stone, thicke gates of  
brasse,

Deny no ent'rance, nor the campos of kings,  
Since soonest there they bend their flaggy wings.

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

A little robbin-red-brest, one cleare morne,  
Sate sweetly singing on a well leav'd thorne:  
Whereat Marina rose, and did admire  
He durst approach from whence all else retire:  
And pitying the sweet bird, what in her lay  
She fully strove to fright him thence away.  
"Poore harmles wretch!" quoth she, "goe seeke  
some spring,

And to her sweet fall with thy fellows sing;  
Fly to the well-replenish'd groves, and there  
Doe entertaine each swaine's harmonious eare;

Traverse the winding branches; chant no free,  
That every lover fall in love with thee;  
And if thou chance to see that lovely boy,  
(To looke on whom the Silvens count a joy)  
He whom I lov'd no sooner than I lost,  
Whose body all the Graces hath ingrost,  
To him unfold, (if that thou dar'st to be  
So neare a neighbour to my tragedie)  
As farre as can thy voyce, (in plaints so sad,  
And in so many mournfull accents clad,  
That, as thou singst upon a tree thereby,  
He may some small time weepe, yet know not why)  
How I in death was his, though powres divine  
Will not permit that he in life be mine.  
Doe this, thou loving bird; and haste away  
Into the woods: but if so be thou stay  
To doe a deede of charitie on me,

When my pure soule shall leave mortalitie,  
By cov'ring this poore body with a sheet  
Of greene leaves, gath'rd from a vally sweet;  
It is in vaine: these harmlesse limbs must have  
Than in the caitiffe's wombe no other grave.  
Hence then, sweet robin; least, in staying long,  
At once thou chance forgoe both life and song."

With this she husht him thence, he sung no more,  
But (fraid the second time) flew tow'rds the shore.  
Within a short time, as the swiftest swaine  
Can to our May-pole run and come againe,  
The little red-brest to the prickled thorne  
Return'd, and sung there as he had before.  
And faire Marina to the loope-hole went,  
Pittyng the pretty bird, whose punishment  
Limos would not deferre if he were spide.

No sooner had the bird the maiden eyde,  
But, leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough  
He takes a cherry up, (which he but now  
Had thither brought, and in that place had laid  
Till to the cleft his song had drawe the maid)  
And floying with the small stem in his bill,  
(A choysing fruit, than hangs on Bacchus' hill<sup>1</sup>)  
In faire Marina's bosome tooke his rest,  
A heavenly seat fit for so sweet a guest:  
Where Citherea's doves might billing sit,  
And gods and men with envy look on it;  
Where rose two mountaines, whose rare sweets to  
Was harder than to reach Olympus' top: [crop  
For those the gods can; but to climbe these hills  
Their powres no other were than mortall wils.

Here left the bird the cherry, and anone  
Forsooke her bosome, and for more is gone,  
Making such speedy flights into the thicke,  
That she admir'd he went and came so quick.  
Then, least his many cherries should distast,  
Some other fruit he brings than he brought last.  
Sometime of strawberries a little stem,  
Oft changing colours as he gath'rd them: [fus'd,  
Some greene, some white, some red, on them in-  
These lov'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so us'd.  
The peascod greene, oft with no little toyle  
He'd seeke for in the fattest, fertil'st soile,  
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,  
And in her bosom for acceptance woo her.  
No berry in the grove or Forrest grew,  
That fit for nourishment the kinde bird knew,  
Nor any powerfull hearb in open field,  
To serve her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,  
But with his utmost industry he sought it,  
And to the cave for chaste Marina brought it.

<sup>1</sup> Citharon in Beootia.

So from one well-stor'd garden to another,  
To gather simples, runs a carefull mother,  
Whose onely childe lyes on the shaking bed  
Grip'd with a fever, (sometime honoured  
In Rome as if a god<sup>1</sup>) nor is she bent  
To other herbes than those for which she went.

The feathred houres five times were over-told,  
And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold  
The small sands out and in, since faire Marine  
(For whose long losse a hundred shepherds pine)  
Was by the charitable robin fed:  
For whom (had she not so beene nourished)  
A hundred doves would search the sun-burnt hills,  
Or fruitfull vallies lac'd with silver rills,  
To bring her olives. Th' eagle, strong of sight,  
To countries farre remote would bend her flight,  
And with unwearied wing strip through the skie  
To the choise plots of Gaule and Italy,  
And never tin till home-ward she escape  
With the pomegranat, lemmon, orange, grape,  
Or the lov'd citron, and attain'd the cave.  
The well-plum'd goshawke, (by th' Egyptians grave  
Used in misticke characters for speede)  
Would not be wanting at so great a neede,  
But from the well-stor'd orchards of the land  
Brought the sweet pare, (once by a cursed hand  
At Swinsted<sup>2</sup> us'd with poyson, for the fall  
Of one who on these plaines rul'd lord of all.)  
The sentfull osprey by the rocke had fish'd,  
And many a prittie shrimp in scallops dish'd,  
Some way convey'd her; no one of the shoale  
That haunt the waves; but from his lurking hole  
Had pull'd the cray-fish, and with much adoe  
Brought that the maid, and perywinkles too.  
But these for others might their labours spare,  
And not with robin for their merit share.

Yet as a heardese in a summer's day,  
Heat with the glorious Sun's all-purging ray,  
In the calme evening (leaving her faire socke)  
Retakes herselfe unto a froth-girt rocke,  
On which the head-long Tavy throws his waves,  
(And foames to see the stones neglect his braves:)  
Where sitting to undoe her buskins white,  
And wash her neate legs, (as her use each night)  
Th' inamour'd flood before she can unlace them,  
Rowles up his waves as hast'ning to embrace them,  
And tho' to helpe them some small gale doe blow,  
And one of twenty can but reach her so;  
Yet will a many little surges be  
Flashing upon the rocke full busily,  
And doe the best they can to kisse her feet,  
But that their power and will not equal meet:  
So as she for her nurse look'd tow'rds the land,  
(And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,  
Then looks upon a hill, whose sliding sides  
A goodly socke, like winter's cov'ring, hides,  
And higher on some stone that jutteth out,  
Their carefull master guiding his trim rout

<sup>1</sup> Febrem ad minus nocendum templis colebant, ait Val. Maximus. Vide Tullium in tertio de Nat. Deorum, & secundo de Legibus.

<sup>2</sup> One writes, that king John was poisoned, at Swinsted, with a dish of peares: others, there, in a cup of wine: some, that he died at Newark of the fluxe. A fourth, by the distemperature of peaches eaten in his fit of an ague. Among so many doubts, I leave you to beleve the author most in credit with our best of antiquaries.

By sending forth his dog, (as shepherds doe)  
Or piping sate, or clouting of his shoe.)  
Whence, nearer hand drawing her wand'ring sight,  
(So from the earth steals the all-quick'ning light)  
Beneath the rocks, the waters, high, but late,  
(I know not by what sluice or emptying gate)  
Were at a low ebb; on the sand she spies.  
A busie bird, that to and fro still flies,  
Till pitching where a hateful oyster lay,  
Opening his close jawes, (closer none than they,  
Unless the griping fist, or cherry lips  
Of happy lovers in their melting sips)  
Since the deceasing waves had left him there;  
He gapes for thirst, yet meetes with nought but  
And that so late, ere the returning tyde, [ayre,  
He in his shell is likely to be fride;  
The wary bird a prittie pibble takes.  
And claps it 'twixt the two pearle hiding flakes  
Of the broad yawning oyster, and she then  
Securely pickes the fish out, (as some men  
A tricke of policie thrust 'twene two friends,  
Sever their powres, and his intention ends.)  
The bird, thus getting that for which she strove,  
Brought it to her, to whom the queene of love  
Serr'd as a foyle, and Cupid could no other,  
But fly to her, mistaken for his mother.  
Marina from the kind bird tooke the meate,  
And (looking downe) she saw a number great  
Of birds, each one a pibble in his bill,  
Would doe the like, but that they wanted skill:  
Some threw it in too farre, and some too short;  
This could not beare a stone fit for such sport,  
But, harmeless wretch, putting in one too small,  
The oyster shuts, and takes his head withall.  
Another, bringing one too smooth and round;  
(Unhappy bird, that thine owne death hast found)  
Layes it so little way in his hard lips,  
That, with their sodaine close, the pibble slips  
So strongly forth, (as when your little ones  
Doe 'twixt their fingers slip their cherry-stones)  
That it in passage meetes the breast or head  
Of the poore wretch, and layes him there for dead:  
A many striv'd, and gladly would have done  
As such, or more, than he which first begun;  
But all in vaine, scarce one of twenty could  
Performe the deede, which they full gladly would.  
For this not quicke is to that act he go'th,  
That wasteth skill, this cunning, and some both:  
Yet none a will, for (from the cave) she sees,  
Not in all-lovely May, th' industrious bees  
More busie with the flowres could be, than these  
Among the shell-fish of the working sea.

Limes had all this while beene wanting thence,  
And, but just Heav'n preserv'd pure innocence  
By the two birds, her life to ayre had fit,  
Ere the curst caystife should have forced it.

The first night that he left her in his den,  
He got to shore, and neare th' abodes of men,  
That live as we by tending of their sockes,  
To enterchange for Ceres' golden lockes,  
Or with the neatheard for his milke and creame:  
Things we respect more than the diademe  
His choise made-dishes; O! the golden age  
Met all contentment in no surplage  
Of dainty viands, but (as we doe still)  
Dranke the pure water of the christall rill,  
Fed on no other meates than those they fed,  
Labour, the salad that their stomackes bred,  
Nor sought they for the downe of silver swans,  
Nor those sow-thistle lockes each small gale fans,

But hydes of beasts, which when they liv'd they kept,

Serv'd them for bed and cov'ring when they slept,  
If any softer lay, 'twas (by the loose  
Of some roeb's warmth) on thicke and spongy  
masses,

Or on the ground: some simple wall of clay  
Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.  
And on such pallets one man clipped then  
More golden slumbers than this age agen.

That time physicians tri'd not: or if any,  
I dare say, all: yet then were thrice as many  
As now profess't, and more; for every man  
Was his own patient and physician.  
None had a body then so weak and thin,  
Bankrupt of Nature's store, to feede the sinne  
Of an insatiate female, in whose wombe,  
Could Nature all her past, and all to comp  
Infuse, with vertue of all drugs beside,  
She might be tyr'd, but never satisfied.

To please which orke her husband's weak'ned peeps  
Must have his pulvis mixt with amber-greece,  
Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,  
Grated with gold, seven times refin'd and burn'd,  
With dust of orient pears, richer the east  
Yet ne're beheld: (O Epicurean feast!)  
This is his breakfast; and his meale at night  
Possets, no lesse provoking appetite,  
Whose deare ingredients valew'd are at more  
Than all his ancestors were worth before.

When such as we by poore and simple fare  
More able liv'd and dyde not without beery,  
Sprung from our own loynes, and a spotlesse bed  
Of any other powre unsecced:

When th' other's issue (like a man false sicke,  
Or through the feyer, gout, or lunatique,  
Changing his doctors oft, each as his notion  
Prescribes a sev'ral dyet, sev'ral potion,  
Meeting his friend (who meet we now-a-dayes  
That hath not some receipt for each disease?)  
He tels him of a plaister, which he takes;  
And finding after that, his torments slakes,  
(Whether because the humour is out-wrought,  
Or by the skill which his physitian brought,  
It makes no matter:) for he surely thinks  
None of their porges, nor their dyet drinkes  
Have made him sound; but his believe is fast

That med'cine was his health which he tooke last:  
So (by a mother) being taught to call  
One for his father, though a sonne to all,  
His mother's often 'scapes, (though truly knowne)  
Cannot divert him; but will ever owne  
For his begetter, him, whose name and rents  
He must inherit. Such are the descents  
Of these men: to make up whose limber heyre  
As many as in him, must have a share;  
When he that keeps the last yet least adoe,  
Fathers the people's childe, and gladly too.

Happier those times were, when the flaxen clew  
By faire Arachne's hand the Lylians knew,  
And sought not to the worme for silken threds,  
To rowle their bodies in, or dresse their heads.  
When wise Minerva did th' Athenians learne  
To draw their milk-white fleeces into yarne;  
And knowing not the mixtures which began  
(Of colours) from the Babylonian,  
Nor wool in Sardis dyde, more various knowne  
By hues, than Iris to the world hath shoue:  
The bowels of our mother were not ript  
For madder-pits, nor the sweet meadows stript

Of their choice beauties, nor for Ceres' loads  
The fertile lands burd'ned with needlesse woode.  
Through the wide seas no winged pine did goe  
To lands unknowne for staining iudico;  
Nor men in scorching clymates moor'd their keele:  
To traffeke for the costly coucheneele.

Unknown was then the Phrygian brodery,  
The Tyrian purple, and the scarlet dye,  
Such as their sheepe clad, such they wove and wore,  
Russet or white, or those mixt, and no more:  
Except sometimes (to bravery inclinde)  
They dyde them yelow caps with alder rynde.  
The Græcian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,  
Tissue nor cloth of gold of highest rate,  
They never saw; onely in pleasant woods,  
Or by th' embordered margin of the floods,  
The dainty nymphs they often did behold  
Clad in their light silke robes, stitcht oft with gold.  
The arras hangings round their comely halls,  
Wanted the corite's web and minerals:  
Greene boughes of trees with fat'ning acornes lade,  
Hung full with flowres and garlands quaintly  
made,

Their homely cotes dech'd trim in low degree,  
As new the court with richest tapistry.  
Instead of cushions wrought in widowes laine,  
They pick'd the cockle from their fields of graine,  
Sleepe-bringing poppy (by the plow-men late  
Not without cause to Ceres consecrate)

For being round and full at his halfe birth  
It signifi'd the perfect orbe of Earth;  
And by his inequalities when blowne,  
The Earth's low vales and higher hills were shoune;  
By multitude of graines it held within,  
Of men and beasts the number noted bin;  
And she since taking care all earth to please,  
Had in her Thesmophoria<sup>4</sup> off' red these.  
Or cause that seede our elders us'd to eate,  
With honey mixt (and was their after meate)  
Or since her daughter that she lov'd so well,  
By him<sup>5</sup> that in th' infernall shades dpth dwell,  
And on the Stygian banks for ever raignes  
(Troubled with horrid cries and noyse of chaines)  
(Fairest Proserpina) was rapt away;  
And she in plaints, the night; in teares, the day  
Had long time spent; when no high power could  
give her

Any redresse; the poppy<sup>6</sup> did relieve her:  
For eating of the seedes they sleepe procur'd,  
And so beguild those griefes she long endur'd.  
Or rather since her love (then happy man)  
Micon (ycleep'd) the brave Athenian,  
Had beene transform'd into this gentle floure  
And his protection kept from Flora's powre.  
The daisy scattert off each meado and downe,  
A golden tuft within a silver crowne  
(Fayre fall that dainty floure! and may there be  
No shepheard grac'd that doth not honour, thee!)  
The primrose, when with sixe leaves gotten grace  
Maids as a true-love in their bosomes place;  
The spotlesse lilly, by whose pure leaves be  
Noted, the chaste thoughts of virginite;  
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,  
The ft impres'a for inflam'd desire;

<sup>4</sup> *Thesmophoria* and *Isis* were sacrifices peculiar to Ceres, the one for being a law-giver, the other as goddess of the grounds.

<sup>5</sup> See Claudian's Rape of Proserpine.

<sup>6</sup> Vide Servium in Virg. Georg. 1.

The hare-belle for her stainlesse azur'd hue,  
 Claims to be worne of none but those are true;  
 The rose, like ready youth, laticing stands,  
 And would be cropt if it might choose the hands;  
 The yealow king-cup, Flora them assign'd  
 To be the badges of a jealous minde;  
 The orange-tawny marjgold, the night  
 Hides not her colour from a searching sight.  
 To thee then dearest friend (my song's chief mate)  
 This colour chiefly I appropriate,  
 That, spite of all the mists oblivion can  
 Or envious frettings of a guilty man,  
 Retain'st thy worth; nay, mak'st it more in prise,  
 Like tennis-balls throwne downe hard, highest rise.  
 The columbine in tawny often taken,  
 Is then ascrib'd to such as are forsaken;  
 Flora's choise buttoons of a russet dye  
 Is hope even in the depth of misery.  
 The pansie, thistle, all with prickles set,  
 The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet,  
 And many hundreds more that grac'd the meades,  
 Gardens and groves (where beauteous Flora treads)  
 Were by the shepherds' daughters (as yet are  
 Us'd in our courtes) brought home with speciall care:  
 For bruising them they not alone would quell  
 But rot the rest, and spoile their pleasing smell.  
 Much like a lad, who in his tender prime  
 Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,  
 As are his mates, or good or bad, so he  
 Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.

As in the rainbow's many coloured hewe  
 Here see we watchet deep'ned with a blew,  
 There a darke tawny with a purple mixt,  
 Yealow and flame, with streakes of greene betwixt,  
 A bloody streame into a blushing run  
 And ends still with the colour which begun,  
 Drawing the deeper to a lighter staine,  
 Bringing the lightest to the deep'st againe,  
 With such rare art each minglenth with his fellow,  
 That the blew with watchet, greene and red with yea-  
 Like to the changes which we daily see [low;  
 About the dove's necke with varietie,  
 Where none can say (though he it strict attends)  
 Here one begins; and there the other ends:  
 So did the maidens with their various flowres  
 Decke up their windowes, and make neat their  
 Using such cunning as they did dispose [bowres:  
 The ruddy piny with the lighter rose,  
 The monck's-hood with the buglosse, and intwine  
 The white, the blew, the flesh-like columbine  
 With pinckes, sweet-williams; that farre offe the  
 Could not the manner of their mixtures spye. [eye

Then with those flowres they most of all did prise  
 (With all their skill and in most curious wise  
 On tufts of heards or rushes) would they frame  
 A daintie border round the shepherd's name.  
 Or posies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,  
 As if the Muses onely liv'd there:  
 And that the after world should strive in vaine  
 What they then did to counterfeite againe.  
 Nor will the needle nor the loone e're be  
 So perfect in their best embroidery,  
 Nor such composes make of silke and gold,  
 As theirs, when Nature all her cunning told.

The word of mine did no man then bewitch,  
 They thought none could be fortunate if rich.  
 And to the covetous did wish no wrong  
 But what himself desir'd: to live here long.

As of their songs so of their lives they deem'd,  
 Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd.

They thought that Heaven to him no life did give,  
 Who onely thought upon the meane to live.  
 Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to live here ever  
 But as life was ordain'd they might persever.

O happy men! you ever did possess  
 No wisdom, but was mixt with simplesse;  
 So, wanting malice: and from folly free,  
 Since reason went with your simplicitie.  
 You search'd yourselves if all within were faire,  
 And did not learne of others what you were.  
 Your lives the patterns of those vertues gave  
 Which adulation tells men now they have.

With povertie, in love we onely close,  
 Because our lovers it most truly shoves:  
 When they who in that blessed age did move,  
 Knew neyther povertie nor want of love.

The hatred which they bare was onely this,  
 That every one did hate to doe amisse.  
 Their fortune still was subject to their will:  
 Their want (O happy!) was the want of ill.

Ye truest, fairest, loveliest nymphs that can  
 Out of your eyes lend fire Promethian.  
 All-beauteous ladies, love-alluring dames,  
 That on the banks of Isca, Humber, Thames,  
 By your encouragement can make a swaine  
 Climb by his song where none but soules attaine:  
 And by the gracefull reading of our lines  
 Renew our heate to further brave designses:  
 (You, by whose meane my Muse thus boldly sayes;  
 Though she doe sing of shepherds' loves and layes,  
 And flaggng weakly lows gets not on wing  
 To second that of Hellen's ravishing:  
 Nor hath the love nor beauty of a queene  
 My subject grac'd, as other workes have beene;  
 Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong; [song)  
 Though queenes, nay goddesses, fam'd Homer's  
 Mine hath been tun'd and heard by beauties more  
 Than all the poets that have liv'd before.  
 Not 'cause it is more worth: but it doth fall  
 That Nature now is turn'd a prodigall,  
 And on this age so much perfection spends,  
 That to her last of treasure it extends;  
 For all the ages that are slid away  
 Had not so many beauties as this day.

O what a rapture have I gotten now!  
 That age of gold, this of the lovely browe  
 Have drawne me from my song! I onward run  
 Cleane from the end to which I first begun.  
 But ye the heavenly creatures of the west,  
 In whom the vertues and the graces rest,  
 Pardon! that I have run astray so long,  
 And grow so tedious in so rude a song,  
 If you yourselves should come to add one grace  
 Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,  
 Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,  
 There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge;  
 Here the fine setting of well shading trees,  
 The walks there mounting up by small degrees,  
 The gravell and the greene so equall lye,  
 It, with the rest, draws on your lingring eye:  
 Here the sweet smells that doe perfume the ayre,  
 Arising from the infinite repayre  
 Of odoriferous buds, and heards of price  
 (As if it were another paradise)

So please the smelling sense, that you are faire  
 Where last you walk'd to turne and walke againe.  
 There the small birds with their harmonious notes  
 Sing to a spring that smileth as she floates:  
 For in her face a many dimples show,  
 And often skips as it did dancing goe:



Here further downe an over-arched alley  
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,  
You spy at end thereof a standing lake  
Where some ingenious artist strives to make  
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead  
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)  
To counterfeit and mocke the Silvens all  
In singing well their owne set madrigall.  
This with no small delight retaynes your care,  
And makes you think none blest but who live there.  
Then in another place the fruits that be  
In gallant clusters decking each good tree  
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,  
And liking one, taste every sort of them:  
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowres,  
Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,  
Thence to the birds, and to the cleare spring thence,  
Now pleasing one, and then another sence:  
Here one walks off, and yet anew begin'th,  
As if it were some hidden laborinth;  
So loath to part, and so content to stay,  
That when the gardner knockes for you away,  
I: grieves you so to leave the pleasures in,  
That you could wish that you had never scene it:  
Blame me not then, if while to you I told  
The happiness our fathers clipt of old,  
The mere imagination of their blisse  
So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amisse.  
And still the more they ran on those dayes' worth,  
The more unwilling was I to come forth.  
O! if the apprehension joy us so,  
What would the action in a humane show!  
Such were the shepherds (to all goodness bent)  
About whose thorpe<sup>2</sup> that night curs'd Limos went.  
Where he had learn'd, that next day all the swaines  
That any sheepe fed on the fertill plaines,  
The feast of Pales, goddesse of their grounds  
Did meane to celebrate. Fitly this sounds  
He thought, to what he formerly intended,  
His stealth should by their absence be befriended:  
For whilst they in their off'rings busied were,  
He 'mo'g't the flockes might range with lesser  
feare.

How to contrive his stealth he spent the night.

The morning now in colours richly dight  
Stept o're the easterne thresholds, and no lad  
That joy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,  
But for the holy rites himselfe address  
With necessaries proper to that feast.

The altars every where now smoaking be  
With beane-stalkes, savine, laurell, rosemary,  
Their cakes of grummell-seed they did preferre,  
And pails of milke in sacrifice to her.  
Then hymne of praise they all devoutly sung  
In those Pallas for increase of young.  
But ere the ceremonies were half past  
One of their boyes came down the hill in haste,  
And told them Limos was among their sheepe;  
That he, his fellows, nor their dogs could keepe  
The ravner from their flockes; great store were  
kild, [sild.

Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his paunch not  
O hasten then away! for in an houre  
He will the chiefest of your fold devour.

With this most ras (leaving behind some few  
To finish what was to fair Pales due)  
And as they had ascended up the hill  
Limos they met, with no meane pace and skill,

<sup>2</sup> Villages.

Following a well-fed lambe: with many a shout  
They then pursu'd him all the plaine about.  
And eyther with fore-laying of his way,  
Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,  
Before he could recover downe the strand  
No swaine but on him had a fast'ned hand.

Rejoicing then (the worst wolfe to their flo'ke  
Lay in their powres) they bound him to a rocke,  
With chaines tane from the plow, and leaving  
him

Return'd back to their feast. His eyes late di'a  
Now sparkle forth in flames, he grinds his teeth,  
And strives to catch at every thing he seeth:  
But to no purpose: all the hope of food  
Was tane away; his little flesh, lease blood,  
He suck'd and tore at last, and that denyde,  
With fearefull shriekes most miserably dyde.

Unfortunate Marina thou art free  
From his jawes now, though not from misery.  
Within the cave thou likely art to pine,  
If (O may never) fails a helpe divine,  
And though such ayd thy wans doe still supply,  
Yet in a prison thou must ever lye:  
Hat Heav'n, that fed thee, will not long defer  
To send thee thither some deliverer:  
For, then to spend thy sighes there to the maine  
Thou fitter wert to honour Thetis' trayne.  
Who so far now with her harmonious crew  
Scour'd through the seas (O who yet ever knew  
So rare a consort?) she had left behinde  
The Kentish, Sussex shores, the isle<sup>3</sup> assignde  
To brave Vespasian's conquest, and was come  
Where the shrill trumpet and the rattling drum  
Made the waves tremble (ere befell this chance)  
And to no softer musicke us'd to dance.

Hail thou my native soil! thou blessed plot  
Whose equall all the world affordeth not!  
Shew me who can? so many christall rills,  
Such sweet-cloath'd vallies, or aspiring hills,  
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy  
mynes,

Such rockes in whom the diamond fairely shines:  
And if the earth can show the like againe;  
Yet will she fall in her sea-ruling men.  
Time never can produce men to ore-take  
The fames of Grenvil, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,  
Or worthy Hawkins or of thousands more  
That by their powre made the Devonian shore  
Mocke the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoyle  
The boasting Spaniard left the India soyle  
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost  
By winning this though all the rest were lost.  
As oft the sea-nymphes on her strand have set,  
Learning of fishermen to knit a net,  
Wherein to wind up their disbeliev'd hayres,  
They have beheld the frolicke marriners  
For exercise (got early from their beds)  
Pitch bars of silver, and cast golden sleds.

At Ex, a lovely nymph with Thetis met,  
She singing came, and was all round beset  
With other watry powres, which by her song  
She had allur'd to flowe with her along.  
The lay she chanted she had learn'd of yore,  
Taught by a skillfull swaine<sup>4</sup>, who on her shore

<sup>3</sup> Verta quam Vespasianus a Claudio missus subjugavit. Vide Bed. in Hist. Ecc. lib. 1. cap. 3.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph of Exeter writ a poem of the Trojan warre according to Dares the Phrigian's story, but falsly attributed to Cornelius Nepos, as it is

Fed his faire flocks: a worke renown'd as farre  
As his brave subject of the Trojan warre.

When she had done, a prittie shepheard's boy  
That from the neare downes came (though he  
small joy

Tooke in his tunefull reede, since dire neglect  
Crept to the breast of her he did affect,  
And that an ever-busie watchfull eye  
Stood as a barre to his felicitie)

Being with great intreaties of the swaines  
And by the faire queene of the liquid plaines  
Woo'd to his pipe, and bad to lay aside  
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde;  
And that he now some merry note should raise,  
To equall others which had sung their layes:  
He shooke his head, and knowing that his tongue  
Could not belye his hart, thus sadly sung:

"As new-borne babes salute their age's morne  
With cries unto their wofull mother hurld:  
My infant Muse that was but lately borne  
Began with watry eyes to woo the world.  
She knows not how to speake, and therefore  
weepes

Her woes excuse,  
And strives to move the heart that senselesse  
sleepes,

To heaviness;  
Her eyes invayl'd with sorrowe's clouds  
Scarce see the light,

Diadaine hath wrapt her in the shrowds  
Of loathed night.

How should she move then her griefe-laden wing,  
Or leave my sad complaints, and Pæans sing?  
Sixe Pleyads live in light, in darknesse one.  
Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone.

"It is enough that I in silence sit,  
And bend my skill to learne your layes aright;  
Nor strive with you in ready straines of wit,  
Nor move my hearers with so true delight.  
But if for heavy plaints and notes of woe  
Your cares are prest;

No shepherd lives that can my pipe out-goe  
In such unrest.

I have not knowne so many yeares  
As chances wrong,  
Nor have they knowne more floods of teares  
From one so yong.

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

"The nymphs that soate upon these watry  
plaines

Have oft been drawne to listen to my song,  
And sirens left to tune dissembling straines  
In true bewayling of my sorrows long.

Upon the waves of late a silver swan  
By me did ride,  
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began  
To sing and dyde.

Yet where they should they cannot move.  
O haplesse verse!

That siter, than to win a love,  
Art for a herse.

Hence-forward silent be; and ye my cares  
Be knowne but to my selfe; or who despayres.  
Since pittie now lies turned to a stone;  
Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone."

The fitting accent of his mournfull lay  
So pleas'd the powerfull lady of the sea  
That she intreated him to sing againe;  
And he obeying tun'd his second straine:

"Boone to no other comfort than my teares,  
Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deepe,  
I cannot rightly wayle my haplesse yeares,  
Nor move a passion that for me might weepe.  
Nature alas too short hath knit  
My tongue to reach my woe:  
Nor have I skill sad notes to fit  
That might my sorrow show.

And to increase my torment's ceaselesse sting  
There's no way left to show my paines  
But by my pen in mournfull straines,  
Which others may perhaps take joy to sing."

As (woo'd by Maye's delights) I have been borne  
To take the kind ayre of a wistfull morne  
Neere Tavie's voycefull streame (to whom I owe  
More straines than from my pipe can ever flowe)  
Here have I heard a sweet bird never lin  
To chide the river for his clam'rous din;  
There seem'd another in his song to tell,  
That what the fayre streamie did he liked well;  
And going further heard another too  
All varying still in what the others doe;  
A little thence, a fourth with little paine  
Con'd all their lessons and then sung againe;  
So numberlesse the songsters are that sing  
In the sweet groves of the too carelesse spring,  
That I no sooner could the hearing lose  
Of one of them, but straight another rose,  
And perching deftly on a quaking spray  
Nye tyr'd herself to make her hearer stay,  
Whilst in a bush two nightingales together  
Show'd the best skill they had to draw the thither:  
So (as bright Thetis past our cleeves along)  
This shepheard's lay pursu'd the other's song,  
And scarce one ended had his skillfull stripe,  
But straight another took him to his pipe.

By that the younger swaine had fully done,  
Thetis with her brave company had wonne  
The mouth of Dert, and whilst the Tritons charms  
The dancing waves, passing the christall Arme,  
Sweet Yalme and Plin, arriv'd where Thamar  
Her daily tribute to the westerne seas. [payes  
Here sent she up her dolphins, and they plyde  
So busily their fares on every side,  
They made a quick returne and brought her downe  
A many homagers to Thamar's crowne,  
Who in themselves were of as great command  
As any meaner rivers of the land.  
With every nymph the swaine of most account  
That fed his white sheepe by her clearer fount:  
And every one to Thetis sweetly sung.

Among the rest a shepheard (though but young,  
Yet harted to his pipe) with all the skill  
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.  
By Tavie's speedy streame he fed his focke,  
Where when he sate to sport him on a rocke,  
The water-nymphs would often come unto him,  
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him.  
Now posies of this floure, and then of that;  
Now with fine shels, then with a rusby hat,

printed. He lived in the time of Hen. II. and  
Rich. I. See the illustrations of my most worthy  
friend Mr. Selden upon Mr. Drayton's Poly-Olbion,  
p. 58. [or Vol. iv. p. 219. of the present collection.]

With corraill or red stones brought from the deepe  
To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe.  
Willie he hight. Who by the Ocean's queene  
More cheerd to sing than such young lads had  
beene;

Tooke his best framed pipe and thus gan move  
His voice of Walla, Tavy's fairest love.

" Faire was the day, but fayrer was the maide  
Who that day's morne into the green-woods straid.  
Sweet was the ayre, but sweeter was her breath-  
ing.

Soe'th rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing.  
Bright shone the Sonne, but brighter were her eyes,  
Such are the lampes that guide the deities;  
Nay such the fire is, whence the Pythian knight  
Borrowes his beama, and lends his sister light.  
Nog Pelops<sup>10</sup> shoulder whiter than her hands,  
Nor snowy swans that jet on Isea's sands.  
Sweet Flora as if ravish'd with her sight  
In emulation made all lillies white:

For as I oft have heard the wood-nymphs say,  
The dancing fairies when they left to play  
Then backe did pull them, and in holes of trees  
Stole the sweet honey from the painfull bees,  
Which in the flowre to put they oft were seene  
And for a banquet brought it to their queene.

But she that is the goddesse of the flowres  
(Invited to their groves and shady bowres)  
Mislik'd their choice. They said that all the field  
No other flowre did for that purpose yeeld;  
But quoth a nimble fay that by did stand:  
If you could give't the colour of yond band;

(Walla by chance was in a meadow by  
Learning to sample earth's embroidery)  
It were a gift would Flora well best,

And our great queen the more would honour it.  
She gave consent; and by some other powre  
Made Venus' doves be equall'd by the flowre,  
But not her hand; for Nature this prefers,  
All other whites but shadowings to hers.

Her hair was roll'd in many a curious fret,  
Much like a rich and artfull coronet,  
Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay  
And were or tyde, or loath to flye away.

Upon her bright eyes Phoebus his inclinde,  
And by their radiance was the god stroke blinde,  
That cleane awry th' ecliptic then he stript,  
And from the milky way his horses whipt;  
So that the eastern world to feare begun  
Some stranger drove the chariot of the Sun.

And never but that once did Heaven's bright eye  
Bestow one looke on the Cymmerii.

A greene silke frock her comely shoulders clad,  
And tooke delight that such a seate it had,  
Which at her middle gath'rd up in pleats,  
A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats.  
Nor Venus' ceston held a braver peece,  
Nor that which girt the fayrest flowre of Greece.  
Down to her waste, her mantle loose did fall,  
Which Zephyre (as afraid) still plaid withall,  
And then tuck'd up somewhat below the knee  
Shew'd searching eyes where Cupid's columus be.  
The inside lynde with rich carnation silke,  
And in the midst of both, lawne white as milke.

<sup>10</sup> Pelops was feigned by the poets to have a shoulder of ivory. Ovid Metam. lib. vi. Pindar. Od. 1. Olymp. Tibullus, lib. i. Eleg. 4. Virg. Georg. III.

Which white beneath the red did seeme to shroud,  
As Cynthia's beantie through a blushing cloud,  
About the edge; curious to behold

A deep fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,  
So on the greene marge of a christall brooke  
A thousand yealow flowres at fishes looke;  
And such the beames are of the glorious Sun,  
That through a tuft of grasse dispersed run.  
Upon her legs a payre of buskins white,  
Studded with oryent pearle and chrysolite,  
And like her mantle stitche with gold and greene,  
(Fairer yet never wore the forrest's queene)  
Knit close with ribands of a party hue,  
A knot of crimson and a tuft of blew,  
Nor can the peacocks in his spotted trayne  
So many pleasing colours show againe;

Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,  
Except the heav'nly roses in her face.  
A silver quiver at her back she wore,  
With darts and arrowes for the stag and boare,  
But in her eyes she had such darts agen,  
Could conquer gods, and wound the hearts of men,  
Her left hand held a knotty Brasil bow, [know.  
Whose strength, with teares, she made the red deer  
So clad, so arm'd, so drest to win her will  
Diana never trode on Latmus hill.

Walla, the fairest nymph that haunts the woods,  
Walla, belov'd of shepherds, faunes, and floods,  
Walla, for whom the frolike satyres pyne,  
Walla, with whose fine foot the flowrets twine,  
Walla, of whom sweet birds their ditties move,  
Walla, the Earth's delight, and Tavy's love.

" This fayrest nymph, when Tavy first prevail'd  
And won affection where the Silvans fail'd,  
Had promis'd (as a favour to his streame)  
Each weeke to crowne it with an anadem:  
And now Hyperion from his glitt'ring throne  
Se: v'n times his quickning rays had bravely showne  
Unto the other world, since Walla last,  
Had on her Tavy's head the garland plac'd;  
And this day (as of right) she wends abroad  
To ease the meadows of their willing load.  
Flora, as if to welcome her those houres  
Had been most lavish of her choisest flowres,  
S<sup>t</sup> reading more beauties to intice that morne  
Than she had done in many dayes before.

" Looke as a maiden sitting in the shade  
Of some close arbour by the wood-bynde made,  
With-drawne alone where undiscried she may  
By her most curious needle give assay  
Unto some pure (if so her fancy move)  
Or other taken for her truest love,  
Variety of silke about her pap,  
Or in a box she takes upon her lap,  
Whose pleasing colours wooing her quick eye,  
Now this she thinks the ground would beautifie,  
And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best:  
When spying others, she is straight possess  
Those fittest are; yet from that choice doth fall,  
And she resolves at last to use them all:  
So Walla, which to gather long time stood,  
Whether those of the field, or of the wood;  
Or those that 'mong the springs and marsh lay;  
But then the blossomes which lurich'd each  
spray

Allur'd her looke; whose many coloured graces  
Did in her garland challenge no meane places:  
And therefore she (not to be poore in plenty)  
From meadows, springs, woods, sprays, culls some  
one daintie,

Which in a scarf she put, and onwards set  
To find a place to dress her coronet.

"A little grove is seated on the marge  
Of Tavy's streame, not over thicke nor large,  
Where every morn a quire of Silvans sung,  
And leaves to chatt'ring windes serv'd as a tongue,  
By whom the water runs in many a ring,  
As if it fain would stay to heare them sing,  
And on the top a thousand young birds flye,  
To be instructed in their harmony.  
Neere to the end of this all-joyesome grove  
A dainty circled plot seem'd as it strove  
To keepe all bryers and bushes from invading  
Her pleasing compasse by their needles shading,  
Since it was not so large but that the store  
Of trees around could shade her brest and more.  
In midst thereof a little swelling hill,  
Gently disburd'ned of a christall rill  
Which from the greenside of the flowry bancke  
Eat downe a channell; here the wood-nymphs  
dranke,

And great Diana, having slaine the deere,  
Did often use to come and bathe her here.  
Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day  
They meant to hunt: here did the shepherds play,  
And many a saudy nymph was often scene  
Imbracing shepheard's boyes upon this greene.  
From hence the spring hasts downe to Tavy's brim,  
And pays a tribute of his drops to him.

"Here Walla rests the rising mount upon,  
That seem'd to swell more since she sate thereon,  
And from her scarf upon the grasse shooke downe  
The smelling flowres that should her-river crowne.  
The scarf (in shaking it) she brushed oft;  
Whereon were flowres so fresh and lively wrought,  
That her own cunning was her own deceit,  
Thinking those true which were but counterfeite.

"Under an alder on his sandy marge,  
Was Tavy set to view his nimble charge,  
And there his love he long time had expected:  
While many a rose-cheekt nymph no wyle  
neglected

To woo him to imbraces; which he scorn'd,  
As valuing more the beauties which adorn'd  
His fairest Walla, than all Nature's pride  
Spent on the cheekes of all her sexe beside.  
Now would they tempt him with their open breasts,  
And swear their lips were love's assured tests:  
That Walla sure would give him the denial!  
Till she had knowne him true by such a tryall.  
Then comes another and her hand bereaves  
The soone-slipt alder of two clammy leaves,  
And clapping them together, bids him see  
And learne of love the hidden mistery, [pence,  
'Brave flood' (quoth she) 'that hold'st us in sus-  
And show'st a god-like power in abstinence,  
At this thy coldness we do nothing wonder,  
These leaves did so, when once they grew asunder;  
But since the one did taste the other's blisse,  
And felt his partner's kinde partake with his,  
Behold how close they join; and had they power  
To speake their now content, as we can our,  
They would on Nature say a haynous crime  
For keeping close such sweets untill this time.  
Is there to such men ought of merit due,  
That doe abstaine from what they never knew?  
No: then aswell we may account him wise.  
For speaking nought, who wants those faculties.  
Taste thou our sweets; come here and freely sip  
Divinest nectar from my melting lip;

Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-infusing beames  
Have power to melt the icy northern streames,  
And so inflame the gods of those bound seas  
They would unchaine their virgin passages,  
And teach our mariners from day to day,  
To bring us jewels by a nearer way.  
Twine thy long fingers in my shining haire,  
And thinke it no disgrace to hide them there;  
For I could tell thee how the Paphian queene  
Met me one day upon yond pleasant greene,  
And did intreat a slip (though I was coy)  
Wherewith to fetter her lascivious boy.  
Play with my teates that swell to have impression;  
And if thou please from thence to make digres-  
sion,

Pass thou that milky way where great Apollo,  
And higher powers than he would gladly follow.  
When to the full of these thou shalt attaine,  
It were some mastry for thee to refraine;  
But since thou know'st not what such pleasures be,  
The world will not commend but laugh at thee.  
But thou wilt say, thy Walla yeelds such store  
Of joyes, that no one love can raise thee more;  
Admit it so, as who but thinke it strange?  
Yet shalt thou find a pleasure more in change.  
If that thou lik'st not, gentle flood, but heare,  
To prove that state the best I never feare.  
Tell me wherein the state and glory is  
Of thee, of Avon, or brave Thamesis?  
In your own springs? or by the flowing head  
Of some such river onely seconded?  
Or is it through the multitude that doe  
Send downe their waters to attend on you?  
Your mixture with lesse brookes adds to your  
fames,

So long as they in you doe loose their names;  
And coming to the ocean, thou dost see,  
It takes in other floods as well as thee;  
It were no sport to us that hunting love,  
If we were still confin'd to one large grove.  
The water which in one poole hath abiding  
Is not so sweet as rilletts ever gliding.  
Nor would the brackish waves in whom you meet  
Containe that state it doth, but be lesse sweet,  
And with contagious steames all mortals smoother,  
But that it moves from this shore to the other.  
There's no one season such delight can bring,  
As summer, autumn, winter, and the spring.  
Nor the best flowre that doth on earth appear  
Could by itselfe content us all the yeare.  
The salmons, and some more as well as they,  
Now love the freshet, and then love the sea.  
The sitting fowles not in one coast doe tarry,  
But with the yeare their habitation vary.  
What music is there in a shepheard's quill  
(Plaid on by him that hath the greatest skill)  
if but a stop or two thereon we spy?  
Musicke is beat in her varietie.  
So is discourse, so joyes; and why not then  
As well the lives and loves of-gods as men?"

"More she had spoke, but that the gallant flood  
Replyde: 'Ye wanton rangers of the wood  
Leave your allurements; bye ye to your chase;  
See where Diana with a nimble pace  
Followes a strucked deere! if you longer stay  
Her frowne will bend to me another day. [call  
Hark how she wynds her horne; she some doth  
Perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.'

"With this they left him. Now he wonders much  
Why at this time his Walla's stay was such,

And could have wish'd the nymphs backe, but for  
 feare [there.  
 His love might come and chance to finde them  
 To passe the time at last he thus began  
 (Unto a pipe join'd by the art of Pan)  
 To prayse his love: his hasty waves among  
 The frothed rockes, bearing the under-song.

“ As carefull merchants doe expecting stand  
 (After long tyme and therty gales of wynde)  
 Upon the place where their brave ship must  
 So waite I for the vessel of my minde. [land

“ Upon a great adventure is it bound,  
 Whose safe return will vallu'd be at more  
 Than all the wealthy prizes which have crown'd  
 The golden wishes of an age before.

“ Out of the east jewels of worth she brings,  
 Th' unvalu'd diamond of her sparkling eye  
 Wants in the treasures of all Europe's kings,  
 And were it mine they nor their crownes should  
 buy.

“ The sphires ringed on her panting breast,  
 Run as rich veynes of ore about the mold,  
 And are in sicknesse with a pale poessest,  
 So true; for them I should disvalue gold.

“ The melting rubyes on her cherry lip  
 Are of such powre to hold; that as one day  
 Cupid flew thirstie by, he stoop'd to sip  
 And fast'ned there could never get away.

“ The sweets of Candy are no sweets to me  
 When hera I taste; nor the perfumes of price  
 Rob'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,  
 As her sweet breath, so powerfull to intice.

“ O hasten then! and if thou be not gone  
 Unto that wicked trafficke through the mayne,  
 My powerfull sighes shall quickly drive thee on,  
 And then begin to draw thee back againe.

If in the meane rude waves heyt it opprest,  
 It shall suffice I venter'd at the best.

“ Scarce had he given a period to his lay  
 When from a wood (wherein the eye of day  
 Had long a stranger beene, and Phoeb's light  
 Vainly contented with the shades of night,)  
 One of these wanton nymphes that woo'd him late  
 Came crying tow'rds him; 'O thou most ingrate,  
 Respectless food! canst thou here idly sit?  
 And loose desires to looser numbers fit?  
 Teaching the ayre to court thy carelesse brooke,  
 Whilst thy poor Walla's cryes the hills have  
 shooke

With an amazed terror: heare! O heare!  
 A hundred echos shriking every where!  
 See how the frightfull heards run from the wood;  
 Walla, alas, as she to crown her flood  
 Attended the composure of sweet fowres,  
 Was by a lust-fir'd satyre 'mong our bowres  
 Well-neere surpriz'd, but that she him discryde  
 Before his rude embracement could betyde.  
 Now but her feete no helpe, unlesse her cryes  
 A needfull ayd draw from the deities.

“ It needlesse was to bid the flood pursue,  
 Anger gave wings; wayes that he never knew  
 Till now, he treades; through dells and hidden  
 brakes [takes  
 Flies through the meadows, each where over-

Streames swiftly gliding, and then brings along  
 To further just revenge for so great wrong,  
 His current till that day was never knowne;  
 But as a meade in July, which unmowne  
 Bears in an equall heigt each bent and stem,  
 Unlesse some gentle gale doe play with them.  
 Now runs it with such fury and such rage  
 That mighty rockes' opposing vassalage  
 Are from the firm earth rent and overborne  
 In fords were pibbles lay secure before.  
 Loud cataracts, and fearefull roarings now  
 Affright the passenger; upon his brow  
 Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,  
 And where (as now and then) he makes short stops  
 In little pooles, drowning his voice too hie,  
 'Tis where he thinks he heares his Walla cry.  
 Yet vain was all his haste, bending a way  
 Too much declining to the southern sea,  
 Since she had turned thence, and now begun  
 To crosse the brave path of the glorious Sun.

“ There lyes a vale extended to the north  
 Of Tavy's streame, which (prodigall) sends forth  
 In autumn more rare fruits than have beene spent  
 In any greater plot of fruitful Kent.  
 Two high brow'd rockes on eyther side begin,  
 As with an arch to close the valley in,  
 Upon their rugged fronts short writhen oakes  
 Untouch'd of any feller's banefull stroakes,  
 The ivy, twisting round their barks, hath fed  
 Past time wyld geates which no man followed,  
 Low in the valley some small herds of deere,  
 For head and footmanship withouten peere  
 Fed undisturb'd. The swaines that thereby thriv'd,  
 By the tradition from their sires deriv'd,  
 Call'd it sweet Ina's coombe: but whether she  
 Were of the earth or greater progeny  
 Judge by her deedes; once this is truely knowne,  
 She many a time hath on a bugle blowne,  
 And through the dale pursu'd the jolly chase,  
 As she had bid the winged windes a base.

“ Pale and distracted hither Walla runs,  
 As closely follow'd as she hardly stuns;  
 Her mantle off, her hayre now too unkinde  
 Almost betray'd her with the wanton winde.  
 Breathlesse and faint shee now some drops discloses,  
 As in a limbec the kinde sweate of roses,  
 Such hang upon her brest and on her cheekes;  
 Or like the pearles which the tand Æthiop' seekes.  
 The satyre (spur'd with lust) still getteth ground,  
 And longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd.

“ As when a greybound (of the rig'ist straine)  
 Let slip to some poore hare upon the plaine;  
 He for his prey strives; t'other for her life,  
 And one of these or none must end the strife:  
 Now seemes the dog by speed and good at bearing  
 To have her sure; the other ever fearing,  
 Maketh a sodaine turne, and doth deferre  
 The hound a while from so near reaching her:  
 Yet being fetcht againe and almost tane [bane  
 Doubting (since touch'd of him) she escapes her  
 So of these two the minded races were,  
 For hope the one made swift, the other feare.

“ O if there be a powre' (quoth Walla then  
 Keeping her earnest course) 'o'reswaying men  
 And their desires! O let it now be showne  
 Upon this satyre halfe-part earthly knowne.  
 What I have hitherto with so much care  
 Kept undefiled, spotlesse, white and faire,  
 What in all speech of love I still reserv'd,  
 And from its hazard ever gladly swerv'd;

O be it now untouch'd! and may no force  
That happy jewell from my selfe devorce!  
I that have ever held all women be  
Void of all worth if wanting chastitie;  
And who so any lets that best floure pull,  
She might be faire, but never beautifull:  
O let me not forgoe it! strike me dead!  
Let on these rockes my limbes be scattered!  
Burne me to ashes with some powerfull flame,  
And in mine owne dust bury mine owne name,  
Rather then let me live and be defil'de.

“ Chastest Diana! in the desarts wilde  
Have I so long thy truest handmaid beene?  
Upon the rough rocke ground thine arrowes keene,  
Have I (to make thee growne) beene gath'ring still  
Faire-cheekt Etessia's yealow cammomill?  
And sitting by thee on our flow'ry beds  
Knit thy torne buck-stails with well-twisted threds,  
To be forsaken? O now present be  
If not to save, yet helpe to ruin me!

“ If pure virginity have heretofore  
By the Olympicke powres beene honour'd more  
Than other states; and gods have beene dispos'd  
To make them knowne to us, and still disclos'd  
To the chaste hearing of such nymphes as we  
Many a secret and deepe misterie;  
If none can lead, without celestiall ayde,  
Th' immaculate and pure life of a maide,  
O let not then the powres all-good divine  
Permit vile lust to soile this breast of mine!”

“ Thus cryde she as she ran: and looking backe,  
Whether her hot pursuer did aught slacke  
His former speede; she spies him not at all,  
And somewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall  
Her nye fled hopes: yet fearing he might lye  
Neere some crosse path to worke his villanie,  
And being weary, knowing it was vaine,  
To hope for safety by her feet againe,  
She sought about where she herself might hide.

“ A hollow vaulted rocke at last she spide,  
About whose sides so many bushes were,  
She thought secretly she might rest her there.  
Farre under it a cave, whose entrance streight  
Clos'd with a stone-wrought dowe of no meane  
Yet from itselfe the gemels beaten so [weight;  
That little strength could thrust it to and fro.

“ Thither she came, and being gotten in  
Barr'd fast the darke cave with an iron pin.

“ The satyre follow'd, for his cause of stay  
Was not a minde to leave her, but the way  
Sharpe ston'd and thorny, where he pass'd of late,  
Had cut his cloven foot, and now his gate  
Was not so speedy, yet by chance he sees,  
Through some small glade that ran between the  
trees,

Where Walla went. And with a slower pace,  
Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.

“ When like a fearfull hare within her forme,  
Hearing the hounds come like a threating storme,  
In full cry on the walke where last she trode,  
Doubts to tread there, yet dreads to goe abroad:  
So Walla far'd. But since he was come nye  
And by an able strength and industry  
Sought to breake in; with teares now she fell  
To urge the powres that on Olympus dwell.  
And then to Ina call'd: ‘ O if the roomes,  
The walkes and arbours in these fruitfull coombes”

Have famous beene through all the westerne plaines,  
In being guiltlesse of the lasting staines  
Pour'd on by lust and murder: keepe them free!  
Turn me to stone, or to a barked tree,  
Unto a bird, or floure, or aught forlorne;  
So I may die as pure as I was borne.’  
‘ Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,  
That take their wings from hearts so pure and  
chaste.

And what we aske of Heaven it still appeares  
More plaine to it in mirrors of our teares.’  
Approv'd in Walla. When the satyre rude  
Had broke the dore in two, and gan intrude  
With steps prophane into that sacred cell,  
Where oft (as I have heard our shepherds tell)  
Fayre Ina usde to rest from Phoebus' ray:  
She, or some other, having heard her pray,  
Into a fountain turn'd her; and now rise  
Such streames out of the cave, that they surprize  
The satyre with such force and so great din,  
That quenching his life's flame as well as sinne,  
They rout'd him through the dale with mighty  
And made him flye that did pursue before. [rore,

“ Not farr beneath i'th' valley as she trends  
Her silver streame, some wood-nymphes and her  
That follow'd to her ayde, beholding how [friends  
A brooke came gliding where they saw but now  
Some heards were feeding, wondred whence it  
Until a nymph, that did attend the game [came,  
In that sweet valley, all the processe told,  
Which from a thick-leav'd tree she did behold:  
‘ See,’ quoth the nymph, ‘ where the rude satyre  
Cast on the grasse; as if she did despise [lyes  
To have her pure waves soyl'd (with such as he)  
Retayning still the love of puritie.’

“ To Tavy's christall streame her waters goe.  
As if some secret prayer ordain'd so;  
And as a maide she lov'd him, so a brooke  
To his imbracements onely her betooke.

Where growing on with him, attain'd the state  
Which none but Hymen's bonds can imitate.

“ On Walla's brooke her sisters now bewaile,  
For whom the rockes spend teares when others fayle,  
And all the woods ring with their piteous moanes:  
Which Tavy hearing, as he chid the stones,  
That stopt his speedy course, raising his head  
Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered;

‘ Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill  
Will she more plucke for thee the daffadill,  
Nor make sweet academs to gird thy brow:  
Yet in the grove she runs; a river now. [swaines

“ Looke as the feeling plant” which [learned  
Relate to grow on the East Indian plaines)  
Shrinks up his dainty leaves, if any sand  
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand:  
So with the chance the heavy wood-nymphs told,  
The river (inly touch'd) began to fold  
His armes across, and (while the torrent raves)  
Shrunke his grave head beneath his silver waves.

“ Since when he never on his banks appeares  
But as one frantick: when the clouds spend teares,  
He thinks they of his woes compassion take,  
(And not a spring but weepes for Walla's sake)  
And then he often (to become her lacke)  
Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,  
And every brooke attending in his way,  
For that time meets him in the like array.”

Here Willie that time ceas'd; and I a while:  
For yonder's Roget comming o're the stile,  
'Tis two dayes since I saw him (and you wonder,  
You'll say, that we have beens so long asunder)  
I think the lovely heardsesse of the dell  
That to an oaten quill can sing so well, [them,  
Is she that's with him: I must needes goe meet  
And if some other of you rise to greet them,  
'Twere not amisse; the day is now so long  
That I ere night may end another song.

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## THE FOURTH SONG.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Cornish swaines and British bard,  
Thetis hath with attention heard.  
And after meetes an aged man  
That tels the haplesse love of Pan:  
And why the flockes doe live so free  
From wolves within rich Britauny.

LOOKE as a lover with a lingring kisse  
About to part with the best halfe that's his,  
Faine would he stay but that he feares to doe it,  
And curseth time for so fast hastning to it;  
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew  
To make lesse vows than are esteemed true,  
Then sayes he must be gone, and then doth finde  
Something he should have spoke that's out of  
minde,

And whilst he stands to look for't in her eyes,  
Their sad-sweet glance so tyo his faculties,  
To thinke from what he parts, that he is now  
As farre from leaving her, or knowing how,  
As when he came; begins his former straine,  
To kisse, to vow, and take his leave againe,  
Then turnes, comes backe, sighes, parts, and yet  
doth goe,

Apt to retire and loath to leave her so;  
Brave streame, so part I from thy slowy bancke,  
Where first I breath'd, and (though unworthy)  
dranke

Those sacred waters which the Muses bring  
To woo Britannia to their ceaselesse spring.  
Now would I on, but that the christall wells,  
The fertill meadowes, and their pleasing smels,  
The woods delightfull and the scatt'rd groves,  
(Where many nymphes walke with their chaster  
loves) [sonne<sup>2</sup>

Soone make me stay: and thinke that Ordgar's  
(Admonish'd by a heavenly vision)  
Not without cause did that apt fabrick reare,  
(Wherein we nothing now but echoes heare,  
That wont with heavenly anthemes daily ring,  
And duet praises to the greatest king)  
In this choise plot. Since he could light upon  
No place so fit for contemplation.  
Though I awhile must leave this happy soyle,  
And follow Thetis in a pleasing toyle;

Yet when I shall returne, I'll strive to draw  
The nymphs by Thamar, Tavy, Ex and Tau,  
By Turrige, Otter, Ock, by Dert and Plym,  
With all the Nayades that fish and swim  
In their cleare streames, to these our rising  
downes, [crownes,  
Where while they make us chaplets, wreaths, and  
He tune my reede unto a higher key,  
(And have already cond some of the lay.)  
Wherein (as Mantua by her Virgil's birth,  
And Thames by him<sup>3</sup> that sung her nuptiall<sup>4</sup>  
mirth)

You may be knowne (though not in equall pride)  
As farre as Tiber throws his swelling tide.  
And by a shepheard (feeling on your plaines)  
In humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder straines,  
Hearc your worths challenge other floods among,  
To have a period equall with their song.

Where Plym and Thamar with imbraces meet,  
Thetis weighes ancor now, and all her fleet;  
Leaving that spacious sound<sup>5</sup>, within whose armes  
I have those vessels scene, whose hote alarmes  
Have made Iberia tremble, and her towres  
Prostrate themselves before our iron showres.  
While their proud builders' hearts have beens  
inolynde

To shake (as our brave ensignes) with the wynde.  
For as an eyerie from their sieges wood,  
Led o're the playnes and taught to get their food,  
By seeing how their breeder takes his prey,  
Now from an orchard doe they scare the jay,  
Then ore the corne-fields as they swiftly flye,  
Where many thousand hurtfull sparrows lye,  
Beking the ripe graine from the bearded eare,  
At their approach, all (overgone with feare)  
Seeke for their safety; some into the dyke,  
Some in the hedges drop, and others like  
The thicke-growne corne; as for their hiding best,  
And under turfes or grasse most of the rest;  
That of a sight which cover'd all the graine,  
Not one appeares, but all or hid or flaine:  
So by heres were we led of yore,  
And by our drummes that thundred on each shore,  
Stroke with amazement, countries farre and neere;  
Whilst their inhabitants, like heards of deere  
By kingly Lyons chas'd, fled from our armes.  
If any did oppose, instructed swarmes  
Of men immayl'd: Fate drew them on to be  
A greater fame to our got victory.

But now our leaders want, those vessels lye  
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,  
And on their masts, where oft the ship-boy stood,  
Or silver trumpets charm'd the brackish food,  
Some wearyed crow it set; and daily scene  
Their sides, instead of pitch, calk'd ore with  
greene:

Ill hap (alas) have you that once were knowne  
By reaping what was by Iberia sowne,  
By bringing yealow sheaves from out their plaines,  
Making our barnes the store-house for their  
When now as if we wanted land to till, [graine:  
Wherewith we might our uselesse souldiers fill:  
Upon the hatches where halfe-pikes were borne  
In every chincke rise stems of bearded corne:  
Mocking our idle times that so have wrought us,  
Or putting us in minde what once they brought us.

<sup>1</sup> Vide de amenitate loci Malmeab. 2 lib. de  
gest. Pontif. fol. 146.

<sup>2</sup> Ordulphus. He founded, at Tavystocke in  
Devon, St. Mary, and St. Burion, A. D. 961.

<sup>3</sup> Spenser.

<sup>4</sup> Fairie queene, b. iv. ch. 11.

<sup>5</sup> Plymouth.

Beere with me, shepheards, if I doe digresse,  
 And speake of what ourselves doe not profess:  
 Can I behold a man that in the field,  
 Or at a breach bath taken on his shield  
 More daris than ever Romane<sup>6</sup>; that hath spent  
 Many a cold December, in no tent [beene  
 But such as earth and heaven make; that hath  
 Except in iron plates not long time scene;  
 Upsh whose body may be plainly told  
 More wounds than his lauke purse doth almesdeeds  
 hold;

O! can I see this man (adventring all)  
 Be onely grac'd with some poore hospitall,  
 Or may be worse, intreating at his doore  
 For some reliefe whom he secur'd before,  
 And yet not show my grieffe? First may I learne  
 To see and yet forget how to discern;  
 My hands neglectfull be at any need  
 Or to defend my body or to feed,  
 Ere I respect those times that rather give him  
 Hundreds to punish, than one to relieve him.

As in an evening when the gentle ayre  
 Breathes to the sullen night a soft repaire,  
 I oft have set on 'Thames' sweet bancke to heare  
 My friend with his sweet touch to charme mine  
 care,

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

Yet as when I with other swaines have beene  
 Invited by the maidens of our Greene  
 To wend to yonder wood, in time of yeare  
 When cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,  
 He that with wreathed legs doth upwards goe,  
 Pluckes not alone for those which stand below;  
 But now and then is seene to picke a few  
 To please himselfe as well as all his crew:  
 Or if from where he is he doe espie  
 Some apricock upon a bough thereby,  
 Which overhangs the tree on which he stands,  
 Climbes up and strives to take it with his hands:  
 So if to please myself I somewhat sing,  
 Let it not be to you less pleasing;  
 No thirst of glory tempts me: for my straines  
 Befit poore shepheards on the lowly plaines;  
 The hope of riches cannot draw from me  
 One line that tends to servile Batterie,  
 Nor shall the most in titles on the earth  
 Blessish my Muse with an adulterate birth  
 Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground  
 Where nought substantiall can be ever found.  
 No; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit,  
 With attributes fit for the most of merit  
 Clodd their free Musse; as when the Sun doth shine  
 On straw and dirt mixt by the sweating hye,  
 It nothing gets from heaps so much impure,  
 But noysome steames that doe his light obscure.  
 My free-borne Muse will not, like Danae, be  
 Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;

Nor lend her choiser bakne to worlthlesse men,  
 Whose names would die but for some hired pen;  
 No: if I praise, vertue shall draw me to it,  
 And not a base; recurement make me doe it.  
 What now I sing is but to passe away  
 A tedious houre, as some musitions play;  
 Or make another my owne griefes beome;  
 Or to be least alone when most alone.  
 In this can I, as oft as I will choose,  
 Hug sweet content by my retyred Muse,  
 And in a study finde as much to please  
 As others in the greatest pallaces.  
 Each man that lives (according to his powre)  
 On what he loves bestowes an idle houre;  
 Instead of bounds that make the wooded hills  
 Talke in a hundred voyces to the hills,  
 I like the pleasing cadence of a line  
 Strucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.  
 In lieu of hawkes, the raptures of my soule  
 Transcend their pitch and bases earth's controule.  
 For running hoes, cōtemplation flyes  
 With quickest speed to winne the greatest prayse.  
 For courtly dancing I can take more pleasure,  
 To heare a verse keeps time and equal measure.  
 For winning riches, seeke the best directions.  
 How I may well subdue mine owne affection.  
 For raising stately pyles for heyes to come,  
 Here in this poem I erect my tombe.  
 And time may be so kinde, in these weake lines  
 To keepe my name enroll'd, past his, that shines  
 In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves: (ceives.  
 Since verse preserves when stone and brass decay  
 Or if (as worlthlesse) time not lets it live  
 To those full dayes which others' Muses give,  
 Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung  
 Of most severest eld, and kinder young  
 Beyond my dayes, and maagre Envy's strife.  
 Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.

Such of the Muses are the able powres,  
 And, since with them I spent my vacant houre,  
 I find nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,  
 Turnes nor revels, pleasures for a king,  
 Yield more delight; for I have oft possess  
 As much in this as all in all the rest,  
 And that without expence, when others oft  
 With their undoings have their pleasures bought.

On now, my loved Muse, and let us bring  
 Thetis to heare the Cornish<sup>7</sup> Michael sing;  
 And after him to see a swaine<sup>8</sup> unfold  
 The tragedie of Drake in leaves of gold.  
 Then heare another Greenvill's name relate,  
 Which times succeeding shall perpetuate.  
 And make those two the pillars great of fame,  
 Beyond whose worths shall never sound a name.  
 Nor honour in her everlasting story  
 More deeper grave for all ensuing glory.

Now Thetis staves to heare the shepheards tell  
 Where Arthur met his death, and Mordred fell.  
 Of holy Ursula (that fam'd her age) X  
 With other virgins in her pilgrimage.  
 And as she forwards steeres is shovne the rocke  
 Maine-Amber; to be shooke with weakest shooke,  
 Se equall is it poyr'd; but to remove  
 All strength would faile, and but an infant's  
 prove.

Thus while to please her some new songs devise,  
 And others diamonds (shaped angle-wise,

<sup>6</sup> See Camden's Remains, p. 7, and 335.

<sup>8</sup> Charles Fitz-Geoffry.



And smooth'd by Nature, as she did impart  
Some willing time to trim herself by Art)  
Sought to present her and her happy crew:  
She of the Gulfe and Syllies tooke a view:  
And doubling then the point, made on away  
Tow'rds goodly Severne and the Irish Sea,  
There meets a shepheard that began sing o're  
The lay which aged Robert ' sung of yore,  
In praise of England, and the deeds of swaines  
That whilome fed and rul'd upon our plaines.  
The British bards were not then long time mute,  
But to their sweet harps sung their famous Brute:  
Striving in spite of all the mists of eld  
To have his story more autenticque held.

Why should we envy them those wreaths of  
Being as proper to the Trojan name [fame?  
As are the dainty flowres which Flora spreads  
Unto the Spring in the discoloured meads,  
Rather afford them all the worth we may,  
For what we give to them adds to our ray.  
And, Britton, thinke not that your glories fall,  
Deriv'd from a meane originall; [darke  
Since lights that may have powre to checke the  
Can have their lustre from the smallest sparke,  
"Not from nobilitie doth vertue spring,  
But vertue makes fit nobles for a king.  
From highest nests are croaking ravens borne,  
When sweetest nightingales sit in the thorne."  
From what low fount so'e're your beings are,  
(In softer peace and mightie brunts of warre)  
Your owne worths challenge as triumphant bayes  
As ever Trojan hand had powre to raise.  
And when I leave my musicke's plaines ground  
The world shall know it from Bellona's sound.  
Nor shall I erre from truth; for what I write  
She doth peruse, and helpe me to indite.  
The small converse which I have had with some  
Branches, which from those gallant trees have  
come,

Doth, what I sing, in all their acts approve,  
And with more days increase a further love.

As I have seen the lady of the May  
Set in an arbour (on a holy-day)  
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swaines  
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's straines,  
When envious night commands them to be gone,  
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,  
And for their well performance soone disposes,  
To this a garland interwove with roses;  
To that a carved booke, or well-wrought scrip,  
Gracing another with her cherry lip;  
To one her garter, to another then  
A handkerchiefe cast o're and o're agen;  
And none returneth empty that hath spent  
His paynes to fill their rurall merriment;  
So Nereus' daughter, when the swaines had done,  
With an unsparing liberal hand begun  
To give to every one that sung before,  
Rich orient pearles brought from her hidden store,  
Red branching corall, and as precious jems  
As ever beautifide the diadems: [betide,  
That they might live, what chance their sheepe  
On her reward, yet leave their heyres beside,  
Since when I thinke the world doth nothing give  
them,

As weening Thetis ever should relieve them.  
And poets freely spend a golden showre,  
As they expected her againe each houre,

! Robert of Gloucester.

Then with her thankes and praises for their skill  
In tuning numbers of the sacred hill,  
She them dismiss in their contented coastes:  
And every swaine a severall passage soates  
Upon his dolphin. Since whose safe repayre,  
Those fishes like a well composed ayre,  
And (as in love to men) are ever soone,  
Before a tempest's rough regardlesse toene,  
To swim high on the waves: as none should dare,  
Excepting fishes, to adventure there,

When these had left her, she drave on, in pride,  
Her prouder courses through the swelling tyde,  
To view the Cambrian cliffes, and had not gone  
An houre's full speede, but neere a rocke (wherom  
Congealed frost and snow in summer lay,  
Seldome dissolved by Hyperion's ray)  
She saw a troupe of people take their seate,  
Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did  
beate

Their troubled breasts, in signe of mickle woe,  
For those are actions griefe inforce to.  
Willing to know the cause, somewhat neere hand  
She spies an aged man sit by the strand,  
Upon a green hill side, (not meaneley crown'd  
With golden flowres, as chiefs of all the ground)  
By him a little lad, his cunning's heyre,  
Tracing greene rushes for a winter chayre.  
The old man, while his soone full neatly knits  
them,

Unto his worke begun, as trimly fits them,  
Both so intending what they first propounded,  
As all their thoughts by what they wrought were  
bounded,

To them she came, and kindly thus bespake:  
"Ye happy creatures, that your pleasures take  
In what your needes inforce, and never ayme  
A limitless desire to what may maime  
The settled quiet of a peaceful state,  
Patience attend your labours. And when fate  
Brings on the restfull night to your long dayes,  
Wend to the fields of blisse! Thus Thetis prayes."

"Fayre queene, to whom all dutious prayse  
we owe,

Since from thy spacious cesterne daily flow,"  
(Reply'd the swaine) "refreshing streames that fill  
Earth's dug (the hillockes) so preserving still  
The infant grasse, when else our lambes might  
bleate [eate,

In vaine for sucke, whose dams have nought to  
For these thy prayers we are doubly bound,  
And that these cleves should know; but, O, to  
My often mended pipe presumption were, [sound  
Since Pan would play if thou would please to heare.  
The louder bla-ts which I was wont to blaw  
Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know  
To touch halfe parte those merry tunes I had.  
Yet if thou please to grace my little lad  
With thy attention, he may somewhat strike  
Which thou from one so young maist chance to  
like."

With that the little shepheard left his taske,  
And with a blush (the roses only maske)  
Denyde to sing. "Ah father," (quoth the boy)  
"How can I tune a seeping note of joy?  
The worke which you command me, I intend  
Scarce with a halfe-bent minde, and therefore  
In doing little, now, an houre or two, [spend  
Which I in lesser time could neater doe.  
As oft as I with my more nimble joynts  
Trace the sharpe rushes' emps, I minde the points

Which Philocel did give; and when I brush  
The pritty tuft that grows beside the rush,  
I never can forget (in yonder layre)  
How Philocel was wont to stroake my hayre.  
No more shall I be tane unto the wake,  
Nor weed a fishing to the winding lake;  
No more shall I be taught, on silver strings,  
To learne the measures of our banquetings.  
The twisted collers, and the ringing bells,  
The morrice scarfes and cleane drinking shels  
Will never be renew'd by any one;  
Nor shall I care for more when he is gone.  
See, yonder hill where he was wont to sit,  
A cloud doth keepe the golden Sun from it,  
And for his seate (as teaching us) hath made  
A mourning covering with a scowling shade.  
The dew on every floure, this morne, hath laine  
Longer than it was wont, this side the plaine,  
Belike they meane, since my best friend must dye,  
To shed their silver drops as he goes by.  
Not all this day here, nor in coming hithey,  
Heard I the sweet birds tune their songs together,  
Except one nightingale in yonder dell,  
Sigh'd a sad elegie for Philocel.

Neere whom a wood-dove kept no small adoe,  
To bid me in her language, 'Doe so too;  
The weather's bell, that leads our flocke around,  
Yeelds, as me thinks, this day a deader sound.  
The little sparrows, which in hedges creepe,  
Ere I was up, did seeme to bid me weepe.  
If these doe so, can I have feeling lesse,  
That am more apt to take and to expresse?  
No: let my own tunes be the mandrake's grone,  
If now they tend to mirth when all have none."

"My pretty lad," (quoth Thetis) "thou dost  
To feare the losse of thy deere Philocel, [well  
But tell me, sire, what may that shepheard be,  
Or if it lye in us to set him free,  
Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe,  
Under the selfe-same load of sorrow goe."

"Faire queene," (replyde the swaine) "one is the  
cause [drawes  
That moves our griefe, and those kind shepheards  
To yonder rocke. Thy more than mortall spirit  
May give a good beyond our powre to merit.  
And therefore please to heare, while I shall tell,  
The haplesse fate of hopelesse Philocel.

"Whilome great Pan, the father of our flockes,  
Lov'd a faire lasse so famous for her lockes,  
That in her time all women first begun  
To lay their looser tresses to the Sun.  
And theirs whose bew to hers was not agreeing,  
Were still roll'd up as hardly worth the seeing,  
Fondly have some bene led to thinke, that man  
Musicke's invention first of all began [know,  
From the dull hammer's stroke; since well we  
From sure tradition that hath taught us so,  
Pan sitting once to sport him with his fayre,  
Mark'd the intention of the gentle ayre, [along,  
In the sweet sound her chaste words brought  
Fram'd by the repercussion of her tongue:  
And from that harmony begun the art,  
Which others (though unjustly) doe impart  
To bright Apollo, from a meaneer ground,  
A sledge or parched nerves; meane things to  
found

So rare an art on; when there might be given  
All Earth for matter with the gyre of Heaven:  
To keepe her slender fingers from the Sunne,  
Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath runne

To plucke the speckled fox-gloves from their stem,  
And on those fingers neatly placed them.  
The honey-suckles would he often strip,  
And lay their sweetnesse on her sweeter lip:  
And then, as in reward of such his paine,  
Sip from those cherries some of it againe,  
Some say that Nature, while this lovely maide  
Liv'd on our plaine, the teeming earth araid  
With damaske roses in each pleasant place,  
That men might liken somewhat to her face.  
Others report: Venus, afraid her sonne  
Might love a mortall, as he once had done,  
Prefer'd an earnest sute to highest Jove,  
That he which bore the winged shafts of love  
Might be debar'd his sight, which sure was sign'd,  
And ever since the god of love is blynde.  
Hence isn't he shootes his shafts so cleane awry,  
Men learne to love when they should learne to  
And women, which before to love began [dye,  
Man without wealth, love wealth without a man.

"Great Pan of his kinde nymph had the im-  
bracing

Long, yet too short a time. For as in tracing  
These pithfull rushes, such as are aloft,  
By those that rais'd them presently are brought  
Beneath unseene: so in the love of Pan  
(For gods in love doe undergoe as man)  
She, whose affection made him rayse his song,  
And (for her sport) the satyres rude among  
Tread wilder measures, then the frolike guests,  
That lift their light beeles at Lyæus' feasts;  
She, by the light of whose quicke-turning eye  
He never read but of felicitie.  
She whose assurance made him more than Pan,  
Now makes him farre more wretched than a man.  
For mortals in their losse have death a friend,  
When gods have losses, but their losse no end.

"It chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray,  
And blushing oft as rising to betray)  
Intic'd this lovely maiden from her bed.  
(So when the roses have discovered  
Their taintlesse beauties, flies the early bee  
About the winding allyes merrily)  
Into the wood: and 'twas her usuall sport,  
Sitting where most harmonious birds resort,  
To imitate their warbling in a quill  
Wrought by the hand of Pan, which she did all  
Halfe full with water: and with it hath made  
The nightingale (beneath a sullen shade)  
To chant her utmost lay, nay, to invent  
New notes to passe the other's instrument,  
And (harmlesse soule) ere she would leave that  
Sung her last song and ended with her life. [strife,  
So gladly choosing (as doe other some)  
Rather to dye than live and be o'ercome.

"But as in autumnne (when birds cease their  
noates,  
And stately forrests d'on their yealow coates,  
When Ceres golden lockes are nearely shorne,  
And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne)  
A little lad set on a bancke to shale  
The ripened nuts pluck'd in a woody vale,  
Is frighted thence (of his deare life asfeard)  
By some wilde bull lowde bellowing for the heard  
So while the nymph did earnestly contest  
Whether the birds or she recorded best,  
A ravenous wolfe, bent eager to his prey,  
Rush'd from a theevish brake, and making way,  
The twyned thornes did crackle one by one,  
As if they gave her warning to be gone.

A rougher gale bent downe the lashing boughes,  
To beate the beast from what his hunger vowes.  
When she (amaz'd) rose from her haplesse seats  
(Small is resistance where the feare is great)  
And striving to be gone, with gaping jaws,  
The wolfe pursues, and as his rending pawes  
Were like to seise, a holly bent betweene,  
For which good deede his leaves are ever greene.

"Saw you a lusty mastive, at the stake,  
Throwne from a cunning bull, more fiercely make  
A quicke returne; yet to prevent the goare,  
Or deadly bruize, which he escap'd before,  
Wynde here and there, nay creepe if rightly bred,  
And proffring elsewhere, fight still at head:  
So though the stubborn boughes did thrust him  
backe

(For Nature, loath, so rare a jewel's wracke,  
Seem'd as she here and there had plash'd a tree,  
If possible to hinder destiny.)

'The savage beast, foaming with anger, flies  
More fiercely than before, and now he tries  
By sleights to take the maide; as I have seene  
A nimble tumbler on a burrow'd greene,  
Bend cleane awry his course, yet give a checke,  
And throw himselfe upon a rabbet's necke.  
For as he hotly chas'd the love of Pan,  
A heard of deere out of a thicket ran,  
To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant  
To leave the maide, but when she swiftly bent  
Her race downe to the plaine, the swifter deere  
He's soone forsooke. And now was got so neere  
That (all in vaine) she turned to a d fro,  
(As well she could) but not prevailing so,  
Breathlesse and weary calling on her love,  
With fearefull shrieks that all the Eechoes move,  
(To call him to) she fell down deadly wan,  
And ends her sweet life with the name of Pan.

"A youthfull shepherd, of the neighbour wold,  
Missing that morn a sheepe out of his fold,  
Carefully seeking round to finde his stray,  
Came on the instant where this damself lay.  
Anger and pittie, in his manly breast, [possess'  
Urge, yet restraine his teares. 'Sweet maide  
(Quoth he) 'with lasteing sleepe, accept from me  
His end, who ended thy hard destiny!  
With that his strong dog, of no dastard kinde  
(Swift as the soales conceived by the winde)  
He sets upon the wolfe, that now with speede  
Flies to the neighbour-wood, and least a deed  
So full of ruthe should unrevenged be,  
The shepherd follows too, so earnestly  
Chearing his dog that he neere turn'd againe  
Till the curst wolfe lay strangled on the plaine.

"The ruin'd temple of her purer soule  
The shepherd buries. All the nymphs condole  
So great a losse, while on a cypresse graffe,  
Neere to her grave, they hung this epitaph:

"LEAST loathed age might spoyle the worke in  
whom

All Earth delighted, Nature tooke it home.  
Or angry all hers else were carelessse deem'd,  
Here hid her best to have the rest esteem'd.  
For feare men might not thinke the fates so  
crosse

But by their rigour in as great a losse.  
If to the grave there ever was assign'd  
One like this nymph in body and in minde,  
We wish her here in balme not vainely spent,  
To fit this maiden with a monument.

For brass and marble, were they seated here,  
Would fret or melt in teares to lye so neere.'

"Now Pan may sit and tune his pipe alone  
Among the wished shades, since she is gone  
Whose willing care allur'd him more to play,  
Than if to beare him should Apollo stay.  
Yet happy Pan! and in thy love more blest,  
Whom none but onely death hath dispossesst;  
While others love as well, yet live to be  
Lesse wrong'd by fate than by inconstancy.

"The sable mantle of the silent night  
Shut from the world the ever-joyesome light.  
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please  
To leave the court for lowly cottages.  
Wild beasts forsooke their dens on woody bills,  
And sleightful otters left the purling rills;  
Rookes to their nests in high woods now were  
flung, [young-  
And with their spread wings shield their naked  
When thieves from thickets to the crosse-ways  
And terrour-frights the loanely passenger. [stir,  
When taught was heard but now and then the  
howle

Of some vile curra, or whooping of the owle;  
Pan, that the day before was farre away  
At shepherds sports, return'd; and as he lay  
Within the bowre wherein he most delighted,  
Was by a gastly vision thus affrighted:  
Heart-thrilling groues first heard he round his  
bowre, [powre

And then the schrich-owle with her utmost  
Labour'd her loathed note, the forrests hending  
With winde, as Hecate had beene ascending.  
Hereat his curled bayrts on end doe rise,  
And ohilly drops trill o're his staring eyes:  
Faine would he call but knew not who nor why,  
Yet getting heart at last would up and try,  
If any devilish hag were come abroad  
With some kinde mother's late deliver'd load,  
A rutelesse bloody sacrifice to make  
To those infernal powres, that by the lake  
Of mighty Styx and blacke Cocytus dwell,  
Aying each witches charme and misticke spell.  
But as he rais'd himself within his bed,  
A sodaine light about his lodging spread,  
And therewithall his love, all ashy pale  
As evening mist from up a watry vale,  
Appear'd, and weakly neere his bed 'she prest,  
A ravell'd wound distain'd her purer breast,  
(Breasts softer farre than tufts of unwrought silke)  
Whence had she liv'd to give an infant milke,  
The vertue of that liquor (without odds)  
Had made her babe immortall as the gods.  
Pan would have spoke, but him she thus prevents:  
'Wonder not that the troubled elements  
Speake my approach; I draw no longer breath,  
But am inforced to the shades of death.  
My exequies are done, and yet before  
I take my turne to be transported o're  
The neather floods among the shades of Dis,  
To end my journey in the fields of bliss:  
I come to tell thee, that no humane hand  
Made me seeke waftage on the Stygian strand;  
It was an hungry wolfe that did imbrue  
Himselfe in my last blood. And now I see,  
In hate to all that kinde, and shepherds good,  
To be revenged on that cursed brood.'  
Pan vow'd, and would have clipt her, but she fled,  
And, as she came, so quickly vanished.

" Looks as a well-growne stately headed bucke,  
But lately by the woodman's arrow strucke,  
Runs gadding o're the lawnes, or nimble strays  
Among the combrous brakes a thousand wayes,  
Now through the high-wood scowrs, then by the  
brooks,

On every hill side, and each vale he lookes,  
If 'moug't their store of simples may be found  
An hearse to draw and heale his smarting wound,  
But when he long hath sought, and all in vaine,  
Steales to the covert closely backe againe,  
Where round ingirt with ferne more highly sprung,  
Strives to appease the raging with his tongue,  
And from the speckl'd heard absents him till  
He be recover'd somewhat of his ill :  
So wounded Pan tames in his restless bed ;  
But finding thence all ease abandoned,  
He rose, and through the wood distracted runs :  
Yet carries with him what in vaine he shuns.  
Now he exclaim'd on fate : and wish'd he ne'er  
Had mortall lov'd, or that he mortall were.  
And sitting lastly on an oake's bare trunke,  
(Where raine in winter stood long time unsuncke)  
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light,  
That through the boughes flew from the queen of  
(As giving him occasion to repine) [night,  
Bewrayde an elme embraced by a vine.  
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to be  
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one tree.  
Her boughes his arunes, his leaves so mixt with  
hers,

That with no winde he mov'd but straight she stirs,  
As showing all should be, whom love combynde,  
In motion one, and onely two in kynde.  
This now afflicts him, while he thinketh most,  
Not on his losse, but on the substance lost.  
O haplesse Pan ! had there but been one by,  
To tell thee, (though as poore a swaine as I)  
Tho' (whether casuall meanes or death doe move)  
We part not without griefe thing sheld with love :  
Yet in their losse some comfort may be got,  
If we doe minde the time we had them not.  
This might have lessen'd somewhat of thy paine,  
Or made thee love as thou mightest loose againe.  
If thou the best of women didst forego,  
Weigh if thou foundst her, or didst make her so ;  
If she were found so, know there's more than one ;  
If made, the workeman lives, though she be gone.  
Should from mine eyes the light be tane away,  
Yet night her pleasures hath as well as day.  
And my desires to Heaven yeeld lesse offence,  
Since bludnesse is a part of innocence.  
So though thy love sleepe in eternall night,  
Yet there's in loannesse somewhat may delight.  
Instead of dalliance, partnership in woes,  
It wants the care to keepe, and feare to loose.  
For jealousie's and fortune's baser pelfe,  
Hee rest enjoys that well enjoys himselfe.

" Had some one told thee thus, or thou bethought  
thee  
Of inward help, thy sorrow had not brought thee  
To weigh misfortune by another's good :  
Nor leave thy seats to rage about the wood.  
Stay where thou art, turne where thou wert before,  
Light yeelds small comfort, nor hath darknesse  
more.

" A woody hill there stood, at whose low feet  
Two goodly streames in one broad channell meet,  
Whose fretfull waves, beating against the hill,  
Did all the bottom with soft matt'rings fill.

Here in a nooke made by another mount,  
(Whose stately oakes are in no lesse account  
For height or spreading, than the proudest be  
That from Oëta looke on Thessaly)  
Rudely o're hung there is a vaulted cave,  
That in the day as sullen shadows give,  
As evening to the woods. An uncouth place,  
(Where hags and goblins might retire a space)  
And hated now of shepherds, since there lyes  
The corps of one, (lesse loving deities  
Than we affected him) that never lent  
His hand to aught but to our detriment.  
A man that onely liv'd to lye no more,  
And dy'de still to be dying. Whose chiefe stars  
Of vertue was, his hate did not pursue her,  
Because he onely heard of her, not knew her.  
That knew no good, but onely that his sight  
Saw every thing had still his opposite.  
And ever this his apprehension caught,  
That what he did was best, the other naught.  
That always lov'd the man that never lov'd,  
And hated him whose hate no death had mov'd.  
That (politique) at fitting time and season,  
Could hate the traitor, and yet love the treason.  
That many a wofull heart (ere his decease)  
In pieces tore to purchase his owne peace.  
Who never gave his almes but in this fashion,  
To save his credit, more than for salvation.  
Who on the names of good men ever fed,  
And (most accus'd) sold the poore for bread.  
Right like the pitch-tree, from whose any limbe  
Comes never twig, shall be the seede of him.  
The Mus's, scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,  
And never will vouchsafe to speake his name.  
Let no man for his losse one teare let fall,  
But perish with him his memorial !

" Into this cave the god of shepherds went,  
The trees in groves, the rocks in teares, lament  
His fatal chauce ; the brookes, that whilome lept  
To heare him play while his faire mistresse slept,  
Now left their eddies and such wanton moods,  
And with loud clamours sld the neighboring woods.  
There spent he most of night ; but when the day  
Drew from the Earth her pitchy vaile away,  
When all the flowry plaines with carols rung,  
That by the mounting lark were shrilly sung,  
When dusky mists rose from the christall floods,  
And darknesse no where rain'd but in the woods ;  
Pan left the cave, and now intends to finde  
The sacred place where lay his love enshrind ;  
A plot of earth, in whose chill armes was laide  
As much perfection as had ever maide :  
If curious Nature had but taken care  
To make more lasting, what she made so faire.

" Now wanders Pan the arched groves and hills,  
Where fayries often pass'd, and shepherds' quills  
In sweet contentions pass'd the tedious day :  
Yet (being carely) in his unknowne way  
Met not a shepherd, nor on all the plaine  
A flocke then feeding saw, nor of his traine  
One jolly satyre stirring yet abroad,  
Of whom he might inquire ; this to the loade  
Of his affliction addes ; now he invokes [oakes  
Those nymphes<sup>10</sup> in mighty forrests, that with  
Have equal fates, each with her severall tree  
Receiving birth, and ending, destinie.  
Calls on all powres, intreats that he might have  
But for his love, the knowledge of her grave ;

<sup>10</sup> Hamadriades.

That since the Fates had tane the jem away,  
He might but see the carknet where it lay ;  
To doe fit right to such a part of molde,  
Covering so rare a peece, that all the gold  
Or dyamond earth can yeeld, for value, ne're  
Shall match the treasure which was hidden there !

" A hunting nymph, awakened with his mone,  
(That in a bowre noere-hand lay all alone,  
Twyning her small armes round her slender waste,  
Taat by no others us'd to be imbrac'd)  
Got up, and knowing what the day before  
Was guiltie of, she addes not to his store,  
As many simply doe, whose friends, so crost,  
They more afflict by showing what is lost :  
But bid him follow her. He, as she leades,  
Urgeth her hast. So a kinde mother treads,  
Earnest, distracted, where, with blood defil'de,  
She heares lyes dead her deere and onely childa.  
Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,  
' For speede comes ever lamely to desire.'

" Delayes, the stones that waiting suiters grinde,  
By whom at court the poor man's cause is sign'd,  
Who, to dispatch a suite, will not deferre  
To take Death for a joynt commissioner.  
Delay, the wooer's bane, revenge's hate,  
The plague to creditor's decaid estate ;  
The test of patience, of our hopes the racke,  
That drawes them forth so long until they cracke ;  
Vertue's best benefactor in our times,  
Oe that is set to punish great men's crimes,  
Sh : that hath hindred mighty Pan awhile,  
No steps aside : and as o're-flowing Nyle,  
Hid from Clymene's sonne <sup>11</sup> his recking lead,  
So from his rage all opposition fled ;  
Giving him way, to reach the timeless toombe  
Of Nature's glory, for whose ruthless doome  
(When all the Graces did for mercy pleade,  
And Youth and Goodnesse both did intercede)  
The sonnes of Farth (if living) had beene driven  
To heape on hills, and warne anew with Heaven.  
The shepherds, which he mist upon the downes,  
Here meetes he with : for from the neighb'ring  
Maidens and men resorted to the grave [townes  
To see a wonder more than time e're gave.

" The holy priests had told them, long agoone,  
Amongst the learned shepherds there was one  
So given to pietie, and did adore  
So much the name of Pan, that, when no more  
He breath'd, those that to ope his heart began,  
Found written there with gold the name of Pan.  
Which unbelieving man, that is not mov'd  
To credit aught, if not by reason prov'd,  
And tyes the over-working powre to doe  
Nought otherwise than Nature reacheth to,  
Held as most fabulous : not inly seeing  
The hand by whom we live, and all have being,  
No worke for admirable doth intend,  
Which reason hath the powre to comprehend ;  
And faith no merit hath from Heaven lent,  
Where humane reason yeelds experiment.  
Till now they durst not trust the legend old,  
Esteeming all not true their elders tolde ;  
And had not this last accident made good  
The former, most in unbelieve had stood. [wonder,

" But Fame, that spread the bruite of such a  
Bringing the swaines of places far asunder  
To this selected plot, (now famous more  
Than any grove, mount, plaine, had beene before,

By relicke, vision, buriall, or birth,  
Of anchoresse, or hermit, yet on Earth)  
Out of the maiden's bed of endless rest,  
Shows them a tree new growne, so fairely drest  
With spreading armes and curled top, that Jove  
Ne're braver saw in his Dodonian grove.  
The hart-like leaves oft each with other pyle,  
As doe the hard scales of the crocodile ;  
And none on all the tree was seene but bore,  
Written thereon in rich and purst ore,  
The name of Pan ; whose lustre farre beyond  
Spark'd, as by a torch the dyamond.  
Or those bright spangles which, fayre goddesse, doe  
Shine in the hayre of these which follow you.  
The shepherds, by direction of great Pan,  
Search'd for the roots, and finding it began  
In her true heart, bids them againe inclose  
What now his eyes for ever, ever lose, [move  
Now in the self-same speare his thoughts must  
With him <sup>12</sup> that did the shady plane tree love.  
Yet though no issue from her loynes shall be  
To draw from Pan a noble peddgree,  
And Pan shall not, as other gods have done,  
Glory in deedes of an heroicke soone,  
Nor have his name in countreyes noere and farre  
Proclaim'd, as by his childe the Thunderer ;  
If Phœbus on this tree spread warming rayes,  
And northerne blasts kill not her tender sprays,  
His love shall make him famous in repute,  
And still increase his name, yet beare no fruits.

" To make this sure, (the god of shepherds last,  
When other ceremonies were o're-past)  
And to performe what he before had vow'd  
To dire revenge, thus spake unto the crowd :  
" What I have lost, kinde shepherds, all you  
And to recount it were to dwell in woe ; [know,  
To show my passion in a funerall song,  
And with my sorrow draw your sighes along,  
Words, then, well plac'd, might challenge some-  
what due,

And not the cause alone, winne teares from you.  
This to prevent, I set orations by,  
' For passion seldom loves formalitie.'  
What profits it a prisoner at the barre,  
To have his judgement spoken regular ?  
Or in the prison heare it often read,  
When he at first knew what was forfeited ?  
Our griefes in others' teares, like plate in water,  
Seeme more in quantitie. To be relator  
Of my mishaps, speaks witness, and that I  
Have in myselfe no powre of remedy.

" Once (yet that once too often) heretofore  
The silver Ladon on his sandy shore  
Heard my complaints, and those coole groves that  
Shading the brest of lovely Arcady, [be  
Witness, the teares which I for Syriax spent.  
Syriax the faire ! from whom the instrument  
That fills your feasts with joy, (which, when I blow,  
Drawes to the saggig dug milke white as snow)  
Had his beginning. This enough had beene  
To show the Fates' (my deemed sisters <sup>13</sup>) teene.  
Here had they staid, this adage had beene none,  
' That our disasters never come alone.'  
What boot is it, though I am said to be  
The worthy sonne of Mercury ?  
That I, with gentle nymphes in Forrests high,  
Kist out the sweet time of my infancie ?

<sup>12</sup> Xerxes.<sup>13</sup> Pronapis, in suo Protocosmo,<sup>11</sup> Phaeton.

And when more yeares had made me able growne,  
Was thro' the mountaines for their leader knowne ?  
That high-brow'd Menalus, where I was bred,  
And stony hills, not few, have honoured  
Me as protector, by the hands of swaines,  
Whose sheepe retyre there from the open plaines ?  
That I in shepherds' cups (rejecting gold<sup>14</sup>)  
Of milke and hony, measures eight times told,  
Have offered to me; and the ruddy wine,  
Fresh and new pressed from the bleeding vine ?  
That gleeesome hunters, pleased with their sport,  
With sacrifices due have thank'd me for't ?  
That patient anglers, standing all the day  
Neere to some shallow sticke or deepe bay ;  
And fishermen, whose nets have drawne to land  
A shoale so great, it well-nye hides the shaid,  
For such successe, some promontorie's head,  
Thrust at by waves, hath knowne me worshipp'd ?  
But to increase my grieffe, what profits this ?  
' Since still the losse is as the looser is.'

" The many-kernell-bearing pyne of late,  
From all trees else, to me was consecrate ;  
But now behold a roote more worth my love,  
Equall to that which, in an obscure grove,  
Infernal Jone proper takes to her :  
Whose<sup>15</sup> golden slip the Trojan wanderer  
(By sage Cumman Sybil taught) did bring  
(By Fates decreed) to be the warranting  
Of his free passage, and a safe payre  
Through darke Avernus to the upper ayre.  
This must I succour, this must I defend,  
And from the wild boare's rooting ever shend ;  
Here shall the wood-pecker no entrance finde,  
Nor Tivy's bevers gnaw the clothing rinde ;  
Lambeder's beards, nor Radnor's goodly deere,  
Shall never once be seene a browsing here.  
And now, ye British swaines, (whose harmlesse  
sheepe

Than all the world's beside I joy to keepe)  
Which spread on every plaine, and hilly wold,  
Fleeces no lesse esteem'd than that of gold,  
For whose exchange one Indy gems of price,  
The other gives you of her choicest spice.

" And well she may; but we, unwise, the while,  
Lesse the glory of our fruitfull isle:  
Making those nations thinke we foolish are,  
For baser drugs to vent our richer ware,  
Which (save the bringer) never profit man,  
Except the sexten and physitian.

And whether change of clymes, or what it be,  
That proves our mariners' mortalitie,  
Such expert men are spent for such bad fares  
As might have made us lords of what is their's.  
Stay, stay at home, ye nobler spirits, and prize  
Your lives more high than such base trumperies !  
Forbeare to fetch; and they'll goe neere to sue,  
And at your owne dores offer them to you;  
Or have their woods and plaines so overgrowne  
With poysonous weeds, roots, gums, and seeds un-  
knowne;

That they would hire such weeders as you be  
To free their land from such fertilitie.  
Their spices bot their nature best iadures,  
But 'twill impayre and much distemper yours.  
What our owne soyle affords befits us best ;  
And long, and long, for ever may we rest

<sup>14</sup> Apollonius Smyrnezus.

<sup>15</sup> Virg.'s *Æneis*, b. vi.

Needlesse of help ! and may this isle alone  
Furnish all other lands, and this land none !'

" Excuse me, Thetis," quoth the aged man,  
" If passion drew me from the words of Pan !  
Which thus I follow : ' You whose flockes,' quoth  
' By my protection, quit your industry, [he,  
For all the good I have and yet may give  
To such as on the plaines hereafter live,  
I doe intreat what is not hard to grant,  
That not a hand reed from this holy plant  
The smallest branch ; and who so cutteth this,  
Dye for th' offence ; to me so haynous 'tis.  
And by the floods infernall here I swear,  
(An oath whose breach the greatest gods forbear)  
Ere Phoebe thrice twelve times shall fill her hornes,  
No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes,  
Shall harbour wolfe, nor in this isle shall breed,  
Nor live one of that kinde : if what's decreed  
You keepe inviolate.' ' To this they swore ;  
And since those beasts have frighted us no more."  
" But, swaine," (quoth Thetis) " what is this you  
To what you feare shall fall on Philocel ?" (tell,  
" Faire queene, attend ; but oh ! I feare," quoth  
" Fre I have ended my sad history, [he,  
Unstaying Time may bring on his last houre,  
And so defraud us of thy wished powre.  
Yond geed a shepherd, give me leave to run,  
And know the time of execution ;  
Mine aged limbes I can a little straine,  
And quickly come (to end the rest) againe."

## BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

### THE FIFTH SONG.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Within this song my Muse doth tell  
The worthy fact of Philocel,  
And how his love and he, in thrall,  
To death depriv'd of funerall,  
The queene of waves doth gladly save ;  
And frees Marina from the clave,

So soone as can a martin from our towne  
Fly to the river underneath the downe,  
And backe retorne with mortar in her bill,  
Some little cranny in her nest to fill,  
The shepherd came ; and thus began anew :  
" Two houres, alas ! onely two houres are due  
From time to him, 'tis sentenc'd so of those  
' That here on Earth as destinies dispose  
The lives and deaths of men ; and, that time past,  
He yields his judgement leave, and breathes his  
last.

" But to the cause. Great goddess, understand,  
In Mona isle, thrust from the British land,  
As (since it needed nought of others' store)  
It would intyre be, and a part no more,  
There liv'd a maid so faire, that for her sake,  
Since she was borne, the isle had never anake,  
Nor were it fit a deadly sting should be  
To hazard such admired symmetric,  
So many beauties so commixt in one,  
That all delight were dead if she were gone.

Shepherds that in her cleare eyes did delight,  
 Whilst they were open never held it night:  
 And where they shat, although the morning gray  
 Call'd up the Sun, they hardly thought it day.  
 Or if they call'd it so, they did not passe  
 Withall to say it eclipsed was.  
 The roses on her cheekes, such, as each turne  
 Phœbus might kisse, but had no powre to burne.  
 From her sweet lips distil sweets sweeter doe,  
 Than from a cherry halfe way cut in two:  
 Whose yeelding touch would, as Promethean fire,  
 Lumps truly senselesse with a Muse inspire,  
 Who, pray-ing her, would youth's desire so stirre,  
 Each man in minde should be a ravisher.  
 Some say the nimble-witted Mercury  
 Went late disguis'd professing palmistrie,  
 And milke-maides' fortunes told about the land,  
 Oaely to get a touch of her soft hand.  
 And that a shepherd, walking on the brim  
 Of a cleare streame where she did use to swim,  
 Saw her by chance, and thinking she had benee  
 Of chastitie the pure and fairest queene,  
 Stole thence dismaid, least he by her decree  
 Might undergoe Acteon's<sup>1</sup> destinie.  
 Did youth's kinde heate inflame me, (but the snow  
 Upon my head, shoves it cool'd long agoe)  
 I then could give (fitting so faire a feature)  
 Right to her fame, and fame to such a creature.  
 When now much like a man the palse shakes,  
 And spectacles befriend, yet undertakes  
 To lymbe a lady, to whose red and white  
 Apelles' curious hand would owe some right;  
 His too unsteady penceill, shadowes here  
 Somewhat too much, and gives not over cleere;  
 His eye, deceiv'd, mingles his colours wrong,  
 There strikes too little, and here staves too long,  
 Does and undoes, takes off, puts on, (in vaine)  
 Now too much white, then too much red againe;  
 And thinking then to give some speciall grace,  
 He workes it ill, or so mistakes the place,  
 That she which sits were better pay for nought,  
 Than have it ended, and so lamely wrought:  
 So doe I in this weake description erre;  
 And, striving more to grace, more injure her.  
 For ever where true worth for praise doth call,  
 He rightly nothing gives that gives not all.  
 But as a lad who learning to divide,  
 By one small misse the whole hath falsifiedo.  
 "Cœlia men call'd, and rightly call'd her so:  
 Whom Philocel (of all the swaines I know,  
 Most worthy) lov'd: alas! that love should be  
 Subject to fortune's mutabilitie!  
 Whatever learned bards tofore have sung,  
 Or of the plaines shepherds and maydens young,  
 Of sad mishaps in love are set to tell,  
 Comes short to match the fate of Philocel.  
 "For as a labourer toying at a hay  
 To force some cleere streame from his wonted way,  
 Working on this side sees the water run  
 Where he wrought last, and thought it finely done;  
 And that leake stopt, heares it come breaking out  
 Another where, in a farre greater spout,  
 Which mended too, and with a turfe made trim,  
 The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brin,  
 Or in the bancke the water having got  
 Some mole-hole, runs, where he expected not:

And when all's done, still feares, least some great  
 raine  
 Might bring a flood and throw all downe againe:  
 So, in our shepherd's love, one hazard gone,  
 Another still as bad was coming on.  
 This danger past, another doth begin,  
 And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.  
 For he that loves, and in-it hath no stay,  
 Limits his blisse seld' past the marriage day.  
 "But Philocel's, alas! and Cœlia's too,  
 Must ne'er attaine so farre as others doe.  
 Else Fortune in them from her course should  
 swerve,  
 Who most afflicts those that most goods deserve.  
 "Twice had the glorious Sun run thro' the signes,  
 And with his kindly heate improv'd the mines,  
 (As such affirme with certaine hopes that try  
 The vaine and fruitlesse art of alchymie)  
 Since our swaine lov'd: and twice had Phœbus bin  
 In horned Aries taking up his inte,  
 Ere he of Cœlia's heart possession wonne,  
 And since that time all his intentions done  
 Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes upon her,  
 Watchfull, as vertues are on trust honour.  
 Kept on the isle as carefully of some,  
 As by the Trojans their Palladium<sup>2</sup>.  
 "But where's the fortress that can Love debarre?  
 The forces to oppose when he makes warre?  
 The watch which he shall never finde asleepe?  
 The spye that shall disclose his counsels deepe?  
 That fort, that force, that watch, that spye, would  
 A lasting stop to a fifth empery. [be  
 But we as well may keepe the heate from fire  
 As sever hearts whom love hath made intyre.  
 "In lovely May, when Titan's golden rayes  
 Make ods in houres betweene the nights and dayes;  
 And weigheth almost downe th' once-eaven scale  
 Where night and day, by th' equinoctiall,  
 Were laid in ballance, as his powre he bent  
 To banish Cynthia from her regiment,  
 To Latmus' stately hill; and with this light  
 To rule the upper world both day and night,  
 Making the poore Antipodes to feare  
 A like conjunction 'twixt great Jupiter  
 And some Alcmena new, or that the Sun  
 From their horizon did obliquely run:  
 This time the swaines and maidens of the isle  
 The day with sportive dances doe beguile,  
 And every valley rings with shepherds' songs,  
 And every eccho each sweet noate prolongs;  
 And every river, with unusuall pride,  
 And dimpled cheeke, rowles sleeping to the tyde,  
 And lesser springs, which ayrie-breeding woods  
 Preferrè as hand-maides to the mighty floods,  
 Scarce fill up halfe their channels, making baste  
 (In feare, as boyes) least all the sport be past.  
 "Now was the lord and lady of the May  
 Meeting the May pole at the breake of day,  
 And Cœlia, as the fairest on the greene,  
 Not without some maids' envy, chosen queene.  
 Now was the firme com'n when our gentle-swaine  
 Must inne his harvest, or lose all againe;  
 Now must he plucke the rose, least other hands,  
 Or tempests, blemish what so fairly stands:  
 And, therefore, as they had before decreed,  
 Our shepherd gets a boote, and with all speede  
 In night (that doth on lovers' actions smile)  
 Arrived safe on Mona's fruitful isle.

<sup>1</sup> See Ovid's *Metam.* b. iii. *Palæphatus de incredibilibus historiis.* p. 9. Edit. du Gard.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil's *Æneis*, b. ii.

“ Betweene two rocks, (immortal), without mo-  
 That stand as if out-facing one another, [ther,  
 There ran a creeke up, intricate and blinde,  
 As if the waters hid them from the winde,  
 Which never wash'd, but at a higher tyde,  
 The frizled coates which doe the mountaines hide,  
 Where never gale was longer knowne to stay  
 Than from the smooth wave it had swept away  
 The new divorced leaves, that from each side  
 Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tyde.  
 At further end the creeke, a stately wood  
 Gave a kinde shadow (to the brackish flood)  
 Made up of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe  
 Than that sky-scaling pike of Tenerife,  
 Upon whose tops the harneshew bred her young,  
 And hoary moose upon their branches hug;  
 Whose rugged ryndes sufficient were to show,  
 Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow.  
 And if dry eld by wrinckled skinne appeares,  
 None could allot them lesse than Nestor's yeares.  
 As under their command the thronged creeke  
 Ran lessened up. Here did the shepheard seeke  
 Where he his little boate might safely hide,  
 Till it was fraught with what the world beside  
 Could not outvaley; nor give equall weight,  
 Tho' in the time when Grecco was at her height.

“ The ruddy horses of the rosie Morne  
 Out of the easterne gates had newly borne  
 Their blushing mistresse in her golden chaire,  
 Spreading new light throughout our hemispeare,  
 When fairest Cœlia, with a lovelyer crew  
 Of damself than brave Latmus ever knew,  
 Came forth to meet the youngsters; who had here  
 Cut downe ane sake, that long withouten peers  
 Bore his round head imperiously above  
 His other mates there, consecrate to Jove.  
 The wished time drew on: and Cœlia now,  
 (That had the fame for her white arched brow)  
 While all her lovely fellows busied were  
 In picking off the jets from Tellus' haire,  
 Made tow'rd's the creeke, where Philocel, unspide,  
 (Of maid or shepheard that their May-gaines plide)  
 Receiv'd his wish'd-for Cœlia, and begun  
 To steere his boate contrary to the Sun,  
 Who could have wish'd another in his place  
 To guide the carre of light, or that his race  
 Were to have end (so he might blesse his hap)  
 In Cœlia's bosome, not in Thetis' lap.  
 The boate oft danc'd for joy of what it held,  
 The hoyst-up saile, not quicke but gently swel'd,  
 And often shooke, as fearing what might fall,  
 Ere she deliver'd what she went withal.  
 Winged Argestes<sup>3</sup>, faire Aurora's sonne,  
 Licenc'd that day to leave his dungeon,  
 Meekely attended; and did never erre,  
 Till Cœlia grac'd our land, and our land her.  
 As thro' the waves their love-fraught wherry ran,  
 A many Cupids, each set on his swan,  
 Guided with reynes of gold and silver twist  
 The spotlesse birds, about them, as they list,  
 Which would have sung a song, (ere they were  
 gone)

Had unkinde Nature given them more than one;  
 Or, in bestowing that, had not done wrong,  
 And made their sweet lives forfait, one sad song.

“ Yet that their happy voyage might not be  
 Without tyme's shortner, heav'n-taught melodie,  
 (Musicke, that lent feet to the stable woods,  
 And in their currents turn'd the mightie floods,  
 Sorrow's sweet nurse, yet keeping joy alive,  
 Sad discontent's most welcome corrasive,  
 The soule of art, best lov'd when low is by,  
 The kinde inspirer of sweet poesie,  
 Least thou should'st wanting be, when swans  
 would faile  
 Have sung one song, and never sung againe)  
 The gentle shepheard, hastening to the shore,  
 Began this lay, and tym'd it with his care.

“ NEVERMORE let holy Dee  
 O're other rivers brave,  
 Or boast how (in his jollity)  
 Kings row'd upon his wave.  
 But silent be, and ever know  
 That Neptune for my fare would row.

“ Those were captives. If he say  
 That now I am, no other,  
 Yet she that beares my prison's key  
 Is fairer than love's mother;  
 A god took me, those one lesse high,  
 They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

“ Swell, then, gently swell, ye floods,  
 As proud of what you beare,  
 And nymphes that in low corall woods  
 String pearles upon your hayre,  
 Ascend: and tell if ere this day  
 A fayrer prize was scene at sea.

“ See the salmons leape and bound,  
 To please us as we passe,  
 Each mermaid on the rocks around,  
 Lets fall her brittle glasse,  
 As they their beauties did despise,  
 And lov'd no myrrour but your eyes.

“ Blow, but gently blow, fayre winde,  
 From the forsaken shore,  
 And be as to the halcyon kinde,  
 Till we have ferry'd o're:  
 So maist thou still have leave to blow,  
 And fanne the way where she shall goe.

“ Floods, and nymphes, and windes, and all  
 That see us both together,  
 Into a disputation fall;  
 And then resolve me, whether  
 The greatest kindness each can show  
 Will quit our trust of you or no?

“ Thus as a merry milke-maid, neate and fine,  
 Returning late from milking of her kine,  
 Shortens the dew'd way which she treads along  
 With some self-pleasing-since-new-gotten song,  
 The shepheard did their passage well beguile.

“ And now the horned flood bore to our isle  
 His head more high than he had us'd to doe,  
 Exceed by Cynthia's newnesse forced to.  
 Not Januarie's snow, dissolv'd in floods,  
 Makes Thamar more intrude on Blanchden woods,  
 Nor the course of waters when they fleece  
 After a long raine, and in Severne meete,  
 Rais'th her intraged head to roote faire plants,  
 Or more sffright her nigh inabitants,  
 (When they behold the waters rufully,  
 And, save the waters, nothing else can see)

<sup>3</sup> The western wind. And supposed (with the stars) the birth of Aurora by Astræus, as Apollodorus: *Ἄρου δὲ καὶ Ἀστραίου ἀρμον καὶ ἄστρου.*



Than Neptune's subject now, more than of yore:  
As loath to set his burden soone on shore.

" O Neptune! hadst thou kept them still with  
thee,

Though both were lost to us, and such as we,  
And with those beauteous birds, which on thy breast  
Get and bring up, afforded them a rest;  
Delos, that long time wand'ring piece of earth,  
Had not benee fam'd more for Diana's birth,  
Than those few planks that bore them on the seas,  
By the blest issue of two such as these.

" But they were landed: so are not our woes,  
Nor ever shall, whilst from an eye there flows  
One drop of moisture: to these present times  
We will relate, and some sad shepheard's rhymes  
To after ages may their fates make knowne,  
And in their depth of sorrow drowne his owne.  
So our relation, and his mournfull verse,  
Of teares shall force such tribute to their berse,  
That not a private griefe shall ever thrive,  
But in that deluge fall, yet this survive.

" Two furlongs from the shore they had not gone,  
When from a low-cast valley (having on  
Each hand a woody hill, whose boughes, unloopt,  
Havs not alone at all times sadly droopt,  
And turn'd their stormes on her dejected breast,  
But when the fire of Heaven is ready prest  
To warpe and further what it should bring forth,  
For lowly dales mate mountains in their worth)  
The trees (as screnlike greatnesse) shade his rays,  
As it should shine on none but such as they,  
Came (and full sadly came) a haplesse wretch,  
Whose walkes and pastures once were knowne to  
stretch

From east to west, so farre that no dyke ran  
For noted bounds, but where the Ocean  
His wrathfull billowes thrust, and grew as great  
In sholes of fish as were the other's neate,  
Who, now rejected and depriv'd of all,  
Longs (and hath done so long) for funerall.  
For as with hanging head I have beheld  
A widow vine, stand, in a naked field,  
Unshusbanded, neglected, all forlorne,  
Brouzd on by deere, by cattle cropt and tortie,  
Unpropt, unaccourred, by stake or tree,  
From wreakefull stormes' impetuous tyranny,  
When, bad a willing hand lent kind redresse,  
Her pregnant bunches might from out the prease  
Have sent a liquor, both for taste and show,  
No lesse divine than those of Malligo:  
Such was this wight, and such she might have benee,  
She both th' extreames hath felt of Fortune's toene,  
For never have we heard, from times of yore,  
One sometime envy'd, and now pittie'd more.  
Her object, as her state, is low as earth;  
Privation her companion; thoughts of mirth  
Irkesome; and in one selfe-same circle turning,  
With sodaine sports brought to a house of mourn-  
Of others' good her best beliefe is still [ing.  
And constant to her owne in nought but ill.  
The onely enemy and friend she knowes  
Is Death, who, though defersse, must end her woes.  
Her contemplation frightfull as the night.  
She neuer lookes on any living wight  
Without comparison; and as the day  
Gives us, but takes the gloworme's light away,  
So the least ray of bliasse on others throwne,  
Deprives and blinds all knowledge of her owne.  
Her comfort is, (if for her any be).  
That none can slow more cause of griefe than she,

Yet somewhat she of adverse fate hath wone;  
Who had undone her, were she not undone.  
For those that on the sea of greatnesse ryde  
Farre from the quiet shore, and where the tyde  
In ebbs and floods is ghes'd, not truely knowne,  
Expert of all estates except their owne,  
Keeping their station at the helme of state,  
Not by their vertues, but auspicious fate,  
Subject to calmes of favour, stormes of rage,  
Their actions noted as the common stage,  
Who, like a man borne blinde, that cannot be  
By demonstration showne what 'tis to see,  
Live still in ignorance of what they want,  
Till misery become the adamant,  
And touch them for that poynt, to which, with  
speede,

None comes so sure as by the hand of neede.  
A mirrour strange she in her right hand bore,  
By which her friends from flatterers heretofore  
She could distinguish well; and by her side,  
(As in her full of happinesse) untyde,  
Unforc'd, and uncompe'd, did sadly goe  
(As if partaker of his mistresse' woe)  
A loving spanyell, from whose rugged backe  
(The only thing (but death) she moanes to lacke)  
She pluckes the hayre, and working them in pleats,  
Furtheres the suite which modestie intreates.  
Men call her Athliot: who cannot be  
More wretched made by infelicitie,  
Unless she here had an immortall breath,  
Or living thus, liv'd timerous of death.

" Out of her lowly and forsaken dell  
She running came, and cryde to Philocel,  
' Helpe! helpe! kinde shepheard, helpe! See  
yonder, where

A lovely lady, hung up by the hayre,  
Struggles, but mildly struggles, with the Fates,  
Whose thread of life spun to a thread that mates  
Dame Nature's in her haire, staves them to wonder,  
While too fine twisting makes it break in sunder.  
So shrinks the rose that with the flames doth meet,  
So gently bowes the virgin parchment sheet,  
So rowle the waves up, and fall out againe,  
As all her beauteous parts, and all in vaine.  
Farre, farre above my helpe or hope in trying,  
Unknowne, and so more miserably dying,  
Smothering her torments in her panting breast,  
She meekely waites the time of her long rest.  
Hasten! O hasten then! kinde shepheard, haste!

" He went with her: and Coelia (that had grac'd  
Him past the world besides) seeing the way  
He had to goe not farre, rests on the lay. [love

" 'Twas near the place where Pan's transformed  
Her guilded leaves displaid, and boldly strove  
For lustre with the Sun: a sacred tree,  
Pa'd round and kept from violation free;  
Whose smallest spray rent off, we uever prize  
At lesse than life. Here, tho' her heavenly eyes  
From him she lov'd could scarce afford a sight,  
(As if for him they onely had their light)  
Those kinde and brighter starres were knowne to,  
And to all misery betrayed her, [erre,  
For turning them aside, she (haplesse) spies  
The holy tree, and (as all novelties  
In tempting women have small labour lost,  
Whether for value nought, or of more cost)  
Led by the hand of uncontroul'd desire,  
She rose, and thither went. A wrested byre  
Onely kept close the gate which led into it,  
(Easie for any all times to undoe it,

That with a pious hand hung on the tree  
 Garlands or raptures of sweet poesie)  
 Which by her opened, with unweeting hand,  
 A little spray she pluckt, whose rich leaves fan'd  
 And chatter'd with the ayre, as who should say,  
 'Doe not for once, O doe not this bewray!  
 Nor give sound to a tongue for that intent!  
 Who ignorantly sinnes, dyes innocent.'

"By this was Philocel returning backe,  
 And in his hand the lady; for whose wrack  
 Nature had cleane forsworne to frame a wight  
 So wholly pure, so truly exquisite:  
 But more deform'd, and from a rough-hewn mold,  
 Since what is best lives seldome to be old.  
 Within their sight was fayrest Cœlia now;  
 Who drawing neere, the life-priz'd golden bough  
 Her love beheld. And, as a mother kinde,  
 What time the new-cloath'd trees, by gusts of winde  
 Unmov'd, stand wistly list'ning to those layes  
 The feather'd quiristers upon their sprays  
 Chaunt to the merry Spring, and in the even  
 She with her little sonne for pleasure given,  
 To tread the fring'd bankes of an amorous flood,  
 That with her musicke courts a sullen wood,  
 Where ever talking with her onely blisse,  
 That now before and then behinde her is,  
 She stoopes for flowres, the choicest may be had,  
 And bringing them to please her prittie lad,  
 Spyes in his hand some banefull flowre or weed,  
 Whereon he 'gins to snell, perhaps to feede,  
 With a more earnest haste she runs unto him,  
 And puls that from him which might else undoe  
 So to his Cœlia basted Philocel, [him:  
 And raught the bough away. Hid it: and fell  
 To question if she broke it, or if then  
 An eye beheld her? 'Of the race of men,'  
 (Replide she) 'when I took it from the tree,  
 Assure yourself, was none to testifie.

But what hath past since in your hand, behold  
 A fellow running yonder over the wold  
 Is well inform'd of. Can there (love) ensue,  
 Tell me! oh, tell me! any wrong to you  
 By what my hand hath ignorantly done?'  
 (Quoth fearefull Cœlia) 'Philocel! be wonne  
 By these unfained teares, as I by thine,  
 To make thy greatest sorrowes partly mine!'  
 'Cleere up these showres (my sun') quoth Philocel,  
 'The ground it needs not. Nought is so from well,  
 But that reward and kind intreaties may  
 Make smooth the front of wrath, and this ally.'  
 Thus wicely he suppress his height of woe,  
 And did resolve, since none but they did know  
 Truly who rent it: and the hatefull swaine,  
 That lately past by them upon the plaine,  
 (Whom well he knew did beare to him a bate,  
 Though undeserv'd, so inveterate,  
 That to his utmost powre he would assay  
 To make his life have ending with that day)  
 Except in his, had seen'd it in no hand,  
 That he against all throes of Fate would stand,  
 Acknowledge it his deede, and so afford  
 A passage to his heart for justice' sword,  
 Rather than by her losse the world should be  
 Despiz'd and scorn'd for losing such as she.

"Now (with a vow of secrecy from both)  
 Inforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th;  
 And by the time the shades of mighty woods  
 Began to turne them to the easterne floods,  
 They thither got: where, with undaunted hart,  
 He welcomes both; and freely doth impart

Such dainties as a shepheard's cottage yeelds,  
 Tane from the fruitfull woods and fertile fields;  
 No way distract'd nor disturb'd at all:  
 And; to prevent what likely might befall  
 His truest Cœlia, in his apprehending,  
 Thus to all future care gave final ending:  
 Into their cup (wherein, for such sweet girles,  
 Nature would myriades of richest pearles  
 Dissolve, and by her powerfull simples strive  
 To keepe them still on Earth, and still alive)  
 Our swaine infus'd a powder, which they dranke:  
 And to a pleasant room (set on a banke  
 Neere to his cote, where he did often use  
 At vacant houres to entertaine his Muse)  
 Brought them, and seated on a curious bed  
 Till what he gave in operation sped,  
 And rob'd them of his sight, and him of theirs,  
 Whose new enlightning will be quench'd with  
 teares.

"The glasse of Time had well-nye spent the sand  
 It had to run, ere with impartial hand  
 Justice must to her upright ballance take him:  
 Which he (afraid it might too soone forsake him).  
 Began to use as quickly as perceive,  
 And of his love thus tooke his latest leave.

"Cœlia! thou fairest creature ever eye  
 Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie!  
 Cœlia, that hast but just so much of earth,  
 As makes thee capable of death! Thou birth  
 Of every virtue, life of every good!  
 Whose chastest sports, and daily taking food,  
 Is imitation of the highest powres,  
 Who to the earth lend seasonable showres,  
 That it may beare, we to their altars bring  
 Things worthy their accept, our offering.  
 I the most wretched creature ever eye  
 Behold, or yet put on mortalitie,  
 Unhappy Philocel! that have of earth  
 Too much to give my sorrowes endlesse birth,  
 The spring of sad misfortunes; in whom lyes  
 No blisse that with thy worth can sympathize,  
 Clouded with woe that hence will never sit,  
 Till Death's eternall night grow one with it,  
 I, as a dying swan that sadly sings  
 Her moanefull dirge unto the silver springs,  
 Which, carelesse of her song, glide sleeping by  
 Without one murmur of kind elegie,  
 Now stand by thee; and as a turtle's mate  
 With lamentations inarticulate,  
 The neere departure from her love bemoanes,  
 Spend these my bootless sighs and killing groanes.  
 Here as a man (by Justice' doome) exile  
 To coasts unknowne, to desarts rough and wilde,  
 Stand I to take my latest leave of thee:  
 Whose happy and heaven-making company  
 Might I enjoy to Libia's continent,  
 Were blest fruition, and not banishment.  
 First of those eyes that have already tane  
 Their leave of me: lamps sitting for the phane  
 Of Heaven's most powre, and which might ne're  
 expire,

But be as sacred as the vestal fire.  
 Then of those plots, where halfe-ros'd lillies be  
 Not one by art, but Nature's industry,  
 From which I goe as one excluded from  
 The taintlesse flowres of blest Elysium.  
 Next from those lips I part, and may there be  
 No one that shall hereafter second me!  
 Guiltlesse of any kisses but their owne,  
 Their sweets but to themselves to all unknowne:

For should our swaines divulge what sweets there be  
 Within the sea-clipt bounds of Britanie,  
 We should not from invasions be exempted ;  
 But with that prize would all the world be tempted.  
 Then from her heart: O no ! let that be never !  
 For if I part from thence I dye for ever.  
 Be that the record of my love and name !  
 Be that to me as is the phoenix' flame !  
 Creating still anew what Justice' doome  
 Must yeeld to dust and a forgotten toombe.  
 Let thy chaste love to me (as shadowes run  
 In full extent unto the setting Sun)  
 Meet with my fall ; and when that I am gone,  
 Backe to thyselfe retyre, and there grow one ;  
 If to a second light thy shadow be,  
 Let him still have his ray of love from me ;  
 And if as I, that likewise doe decline,  
 Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.  
 But know no other, nor againe be sped,  
 ' She dyes a virgin that but knows one bed.'

" And now from all at once my leave I take,  
 With this petition, That when thou shalt wake,  
 My teares already spent may serve for thine !  
 And all thy sorrowes be excus'd by mine !  
 Yea, rather than my losse should draw on hers,  
 (Heare, Heaven, the suite which my sad soule  
 prefers !)

Let this her slumber, like Oblivion's streame,  
 Make her beleve our love was but a dreame !  
 Let me be dead in her as to the Earth,  
 Ere Nature loose the grace of such a birth.  
 Sleepe, thou sweet soule, from all disquiet free,  
 And since I now beguile thy destiny,  
 Let after patience in thy breast arise,  
 To give his name a life who for thee dyes.  
 He dyes for thee that worthy is to dye,  
 Since now in leaving that sweet harmonie, [him  
 Which Nature wrought in thee, he draws not to  
 Enough of sorrow that might streight undoe him.  
 And have for meanes of death his parting hence,  
 So keeping justice still in innocence.'

" Here staid his tongue, and teares anew began.  
 Parting knowes more of griefe than absence can.  
 And with a backward pace, and ling'ring eye,  
 Left, and for ever left, their company.

" By this the cur'd informer of the deede  
 With wings of mischief (and those have most  
 speed)

Unto the priests of Pan had made it knowne.  
 And (though with griefe enough) were thither  
 flowne,

With strickt command the officers that be  
 As hands of Justice in her each decree  
 Those unto judgement brought him : where accus'd  
 That with unhappy hand he had abus'd  
 The holy tree ; and by the oath of him,  
 Whose eye beheld the separated limb, fed,  
 All doubts dissolv'd ; quicke judgement was award-  
 (And but last night) that hither strongly guard'd  
 This morne he should be brought ; and from yond  
 rocke

(Where every houre new store of mourners socke)  
 He should be head-long throwne (too hard a doome)  
 To be depriv'd of life ; and dead, of toombe.

" This is the cause, faire goddesse, that appears  
 Before you now clad in an old man's teares,  
 Which willixly flow out, and shall doe more  
 Than many winters have scene hertofore."

" But, father," (quoth she) " let me understand  
 Now you are sure that it was Coelia's hand

Which rent the branch ; and then (if you can) tell  
 What nymph it was which nere the lovely dell  
 Your shepheard succour'd." Quoth the good old  
 man,

" The last time in her orbe pale Cynthia ran,  
 I to the prison went, and from him knew  
 (Upon my vow) what now is knowne to you.  
 And that the lady, which he found distress'd,  
 Is Fida call'd ; a maide not meanelly blest  
 By Heaven's endowments, and—Alas ! but see,  
 Kind Philocel ingirt with miserie,  
 More strong than by his bonds, is drawing nigh.  
 The place appointed for his tragedie :  
 You may walke thither and behold his fall ;  
 While I come nere enough, yet not at all.  
 Nor shall it neede I to my sorrow knit  
 The griefe of knowing with beholding it."

The goddesse went : but, ere she came, did  
 Herselfe from every eye within a cloud, [shrowde  
 Where she beheld the shepheard on his way,  
 Much like a bridegroome on his marriage-day ;  
 Increasing not his miserie with feare.  
 Others for him, but he shed not a teare.  
 His knitting sinews did not tremble aught,  
 Nor to unusuall palpitation brought  
 Was or his heart or liver, nor his eye,  
 Nor tongue, nor colour, show'd a dread to dye.  
 His resolution keeping with his spirit,  
 (Both worthy him that did them both inherit)  
 Held in subjection every thought of feare,  
 Scorning so base an executioner.

Some time he spent in speech ; and then began  
 Submissely prayer to the name of Pan,  
 When sodainly this cry came from the plaines :  
 " From guiltlesse blood be free, ye British swaines !  
 Mine be those bonds, and mine the death appointed !  
 Let me be head-long throwne, these limbes dis-  
 joynted !

Or if you needes must burle him from that brim,  
 Except I dye there dyes but part of him.  
 Doe then right justice, and performe your oath !  
 Which cannot be without the death of both."

Wonder drew thitherward their drowned eyes,  
 And sorrow Philocel's. Where he espies  
 What he did onely feare, the beauteous maide,  
 His wofull Coelia, whom (ere night arraid  
 Last time the world in sute of mournfull blacke,  
 More darke than use, as to beuome their wracke)  
 He at his cottage left in sleepe's soft armes,  
 By powre of simples, and the force of charmes,  
 Which time had now dissolv'd, and made her know  
 For what intent her love had left her so.  
 She staid not to awake her mate in sleepe,  
 Nor to beuome her fate. She scorn'd to weepe,  
 Or have the passion that within her lyes  
 So distant from her heart as in her eyes.

But rinding of her hayre, her throbbing breast  
 Beating with ruthlesse strokes, she onwards prest  
 As an enraged furious lionesse,  
 Through uncouth treadings of the wilderness,  
 In hote pursue of her late missed broode.  
 The name of Philocel speaks every wood,  
 And she begins it still, and still her pace ;  
 Her face deckt anger, anger dockt her face.  
 So ran distractt Hecuba along

The streets of Troy. So did the people throng  
 With helplese hands and heavy hearts to see  
 Their wofull ruine in her progenie.

As hazzlesse sockes of sheepe that overly fed,  
 Upon the open plaines wide scattered,

Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earnest eye  
(Not without teares) while thus she pass'd by.  
Springs that long time before had held no drop,  
Now swelled forth, and over-went the top,  
Birds left to pay the Spring their wonted vowes,  
And all forlorne sate drooping on the boughes.  
Sheepe, springs, and birds, nay, trees' unwonted  
groves

Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the stones.

Thus came she to the place (where aged men,  
Maidens, and wives, and youth and children  
That had but newly learnt their mother's name,  
Had almost spent their teares before she came)  
And those her earnest and related words  
Threw from her brest; and unto them affords  
These as the meanes to further her pretence:  
"Resolve not on your soules, by innocence  
Wrong'd, lasting stains; which from a sloop  
the sea

May still wash o're, but never wash away.  
Turne all your wraths on me; for here behold  
The hand that tore your sacred tree of gold;  
These are the feet that led to that intent,  
Mine was th' offence, be mine the punishment.  
Long hath he liv'd among you, and he knew  
The danger imminent that would ensue;  
His vertuous life speaks for him, heare it then!  
And cast not hence the miracle of men!  
What now he doth is through some discontent,  
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!"

What certaine death could never make him doe,  
(With Coelia's losse) her presence forc'd him to.  
She that could cleere his greatest clouds of woes,  
Some part of woman made him now disclose,  
And show'd him all in teares: and for a while  
Out of his heart unable to exile

His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiv'd;  
But weighing what the world should be bereav'd,  
He of his sighs and throbs some license wanne,  
And to the sad spectators thus beganne:  
"Hasten! O haste! the houre's already gone,  
Doe not deferre the execution!

Nor make my patience suffer aught of wrong!  
'Tis nought to dye, but to be dying long!  
Some fit of frenzy hath possess'd the maid,  
She could not doe it, though she had assaid.  
No bough grows in her reach; nor hath the tree  
A spray so weak to yeeld to such as she.  
To winne her love I broke it, but unknowne  
And undesir'd of her; then let her owne  
No touch of prejudice without consent,  
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!"

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

Amazement strucke the multitude. And now  
They knew not which way to performe their vow.  
If onely one should be depriv'd of breath,  
They were not certaine of th' offender's death;  
If both of them should die for that offence,  
They certainly should murder innocence;  
If none did suffer for it, then there ran  
Upon their heads the wrath and curse of Pan.  
This much perplex'd and made them to deferre  
The deadly hand of th' executioner,  
Till they had sent an officer to know  
The judger's will: (and those with fates doe goe)

Who backe return'd, and thus with teares began:

"The substitutes on Earth of mighty Pan,  
Have thus decreed; (although the one be free)  
To cleare themselves from all impuritie,  
If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,  
Th' offence is certaine, be their death as sure.  
This is their doome, (which may all plagues pre-  
To have the guilty kill the innocent." [vent]

Looke as two little lads, (their parents' treasure)  
Under a tutor strictly kept from pleasure,  
While they their new-given lesson closely scan,  
Heare of a message by their father's man,  
That one of them, but which he hath forgot,  
Must come along and walke to some faire plot;  
Both have a hope: their carefull tutor, loth  
To hinder eyther, or to license both;  
Sends backe the messenger, that he may know  
His master's pleasure which of them must goe:  
While both his schollers stand alike in feare  
Both of their freedome and abiding there,  
The servant comes and says, that for that day  
Their father wils to have them both away:  
Such was the feare these loving soules were in,  
That time the messenger had absent bin.  
But farre more was their joy 'twixt one another  
In hearing neyther should out-live the other.

Now both intwinde, because no conquest wonne,  
Yet eyther ruinde: Philocel begun  
To arme his love for death: a roabe unft,  
Till Hymen's saffron'd weede had usher'd it:  
"My fayrest Coelia! come; let thou and I,  
That long have learn'd to love, now learne to dye;  
It is a lesson hard, if we discern it,  
Yet none is borne so soone as bound to learne it.  
Unpartiall Fate layes ope the booke to us,  
And let us con it, still embracing thus;  
We may it perfect have, and goe before  
Those that have longer time to read it o're;  
And we had need begin, and not delay,  
For 'tis our turne to read it first to-day.  
Helpe when I misse, and when thou art in doubt  
Ile be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.  
But see how much I erre: vaine metaphor  
And elocution destinies abhorre. [teares,

Could death be staid with words, or wonne with  
Or mov'd with beauty, or with unripe yeeres;  
Sure thou couldst doe't: this rose, this sun-like eye,  
Should not so soone be quell'd, so quickly dye.  
But we must dye, my love; not thou alone,  
Nor onely I, but both; and yet but one.  
Nor let us grieve; for we are marry'd thus,  
And have by death what life denyed us.  
It is a comfort from him more than due;  
'Death sever many, but he couples few.'  
Life is a flood that keeps us from our blisse,  
The ferriman to waft us thither, is  
Death, and none else; the sooner we get o're,  
Should we not thanke the ferriman the more?  
Others treat him for a passage hence,  
And groane beneath their griefes and impotence,  
Yet (mercilesse) he lets those longer stay,  
And sooner takes the happy man away.  
Some little happinesse have thou and I,  
Since we shall dye before we wish to dye.  
Should we here longer live, and have our dayes  
As full in number as the most of these,  
And in them meet all pleasures may betide,  
We gladly might have liv'd, and patient dyde:  
When now our fewer yeeres, made long by cares,  
(That without age can snow downe silver haire)

Make all affirme (which doe our griefes discry)  
 We patiently did live, and gladly dye.  
 The difference (my love) that doth appeare  
 Betwixt our fates and theirs that see us here,  
 Is onely this: the high all-knowing Powre  
 Conceals from them, but tels us our last howre.  
 For which to Heaven we farre farre more are bound,  
 Since in the howre of death we may be found  
 (By its prescience) ready for the hand  
 That shall conduct us to the Holy-land. [may  
 When those, from whom that boure conceal'd is,  
 Even in their height of sinne be tane away.  
 Besides, to us Justice a friend is knowne,  
 Which neyther lets us dye nor live alone.  
 That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;  
 'Who feares not Death, denyes to be compell'd.'

"O that thou wert no actor in this play,  
 My sweetest Coelia! or divorc'd away  
 From me in this! O Nature! I confesse  
 I cannot looke upon her heavinesse  
 Without betraying that infirmitee  
 Which at my birth thy hand bestow'd on me.  
 Would I had dyde when I receiv'd my birth!  
 Or knowne the grave before I knew the Earth!  
 Heavens! I but one life did receive from you,  
 And must so short a loane be paid with two?  
 Cannot I dye but like that brutish stem  
 Which have their best-belov'd to dye with them?  
 O let her live! some blest powre heare my cry!  
 Let Coelia live, and I contented dye." [throes!

"My Philocel," (quoth she) "neglect these  
 Ask not for me, nor adde not to my woes!  
 Can there be any life when thou art gone?  
 Nay, can there be but desolation?  
 Art thou so cruell as to wish my stay,  
 To waite a passage at an unknowne day?  
 Or have me dwell within this vale of wee,  
 Excluded from those joyes which thou shalt know?  
 Envy not me that blisse! I will assay it,  
 My love deserves it, and thou canst not stay it.  
 Justice! then take thy doome; for we entend,  
 Except both live, no life; one life, one end."

Thus with imbraces, and exhorting other,  
 With teare-dew'd kisses that had powre to smother,  
 Their soft and ruddy lips close joynd with eyther,  
 That in their deaths their soules might meet to-  
 gether,

With prayers as hopefull as sincerely good,  
 Expecting death, they on the cliffes edge stood;  
 And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)  
 Thrown from the rocke into the armes of Death.

Faire Thetis, whose command the waves obey,  
 Loathing the losse of so much worth as they,  
 Was gone before their fall; and by her powre  
 The billows (mercilesse, us'd to devoure,  
 And not to save) she made to swell up high,  
 Even at the instant when the tragedy  
 Of those kinde soules should end: so to receive  
 them,

And keepe what cruelte would faine bereave them.  
 Her hee was soone perform'd: and now they lay  
 Imbracing on the surface of the sea,  
 Voyd of all sepe; a spectacle so sad,  
 That Thetis, nor no nymph which there she had,  
 Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refraine,  
 But from their heavenly eyes did sadly raine  
 Such showres of teares, (so powrefull, since divine)  
 That ever since the sea doth taste of bryne.

With teares, thus, to make good her first intent,  
 She both the lovers to her chariot hent:

Recalling life that had not cleerely tane  
 Full leave of his or her more curious phane,  
 And with her praise, sung by these thankfull payre,  
 Steer'd on her coursers (swift as fleeting ayre)  
 Towards her pallace, built beneath the seas:  
 Proud of her journey, but more proud of these.

By that time Night had newly spred her robe  
 Over our halfe-part of this massie globe,  
 She wonne that famous isle which Jove did please  
 To honour with the holy Druydes.  
 And as the western side she stript along,  
 Heard (and so staid to beare) this heavy song:

"O HEAVEN! what may I hope for in this cave?  
 A grave.  
 But who to me this last of helpes shall retch?  
 A wretch.

Shall none be by pittying so sad a wight?  
 Yes: Night.  
 Small comfort can befall in heavy plight  
 To me, poore maide, in whose distresses be  
 Nor hope, nor helpe, nor one to pittie me,  
 But a cold grave, a wretch, and darksome night.

"To digge that grave what fatall thing appeares?  
 Thy teares.

What bell shall ring me to that bed of ease?  
 Rough seas.  
 And who for mourners hath my fate assign'd?  
 Each winde.

Can any be debarr'd from such I finde?  
 When to my last rites gods no other send  
 To make my grave, for knell, or mourning friend,  
 Than mine owne teares, rough seas, and gusts of  
 winde.

"Teares must my grave dig: but who bringeth  
 those? Thy woes.

What monument will Heaven my body spare?  
 The ayre.

And what the epitaph when I am gone?  
 Oblivion.

Most miserable I, and like me none  
 Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent  
 Nor spade, nor epitaph, nor monument,  
 Excepting woes, ayre, and oblivion."

The end of this gave life unto a grone,  
 As if her life and it had beepe but one;  
 Yet she, as carelesse of reserving eyther,  
 If possible would leave them both together.  
 It was the faire Marina, almost spent  
 With griefe and feare of future famishment  
 For (haplesse chance) but the last rosie morn  
 The willing redbrest, flying through a thorne,  
 Against a prickle gor'd his tender side,  
 And in an instant, so, poore creature dyde.

Thetis, much mov'd with those sad notes she  
 heard,

Her freeing thence to Triton soone referr'd;  
 Who found the cave as soone as set on shore,  
 And by his strength removing from the dore  
 A weighty stone, brought forth the fearefull mayde,  
 Which kindly led where his faire mistresse staid;  
 Was entertain'd as well became her sort,  
 And with the rest steer'd on to Thetis' court.  
 For whose release from imminent decay,  
 My Muse a while will here keepe holy-day.

## THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

## DEDICATION

TO THE TRUELIE VERTUOUS, AND WORTHY OF ALL  
HONOR, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD, LORD ZOUCH,

SAINT MAURE AND CANTELUPE,

AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE  
PRIVIE COUNCELL.

Be pleased, (great lord) when underneath the  
shades

Of your delightful Bramshill, (where the Spring  
Her flowers for gentle blasts with Zephire trades)  
Once more to heare a silly shepheard sing.  
Yours be the pleasure, mine the sonneting;  
Ev'n that bath his delight: nor shall I need  
To seeke applause amongst the common store,  
It is enough if this mine oaten reed  
Please but the eare it should; I aske no more.  
Nor shall those rurall notes which heretofore  
Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame  
Imperfectlye: oblivion shall not gaine  
Aught on your worth, but sung shall be your name  
So long as England yeelds or song, or swaine.

Free are my lines, though drest in lowly state,  
And scorne to flatter, but the men I hate.

Your honour's,

WILLIAM BROWNE.

OF HIS FRIEND,

## MASTER WILLIAM BROWNE.

A POET'S borne, not made: no wonder, then,  
Though Spencer, Sidney, (miracles of men,  
Sole English makers: whose ev'n names so hie  
Expresse by implication poesy)  
Were long unparalell'd: for Nature, bold  
In their creation, spent that precious mold,  
That nobly better earth, that purer spirit,  
Which poets, as their birth-rights, claime t'inherit;  
And in their great production, prodigall,  
Carelesse of futures well-nie spent her all;  
Viewing her worke, & conscious sh' had suffered  
wracke,

Hath caus'd our countrymen ere since to lacke  
That better earth and forme: long thrifty growne  
Who truly might beare poets, brought forth none:  
Till now of late, seeing her flockes new full  
(By time and thrift) of matter beautifull,  
And quintessence of formes; what severall  
Our elder poets graces had, those all  
She now determin'd to unite in one,  
So to surpass herselfe, and call'd him Browne;  
That beggar'd by his birth, she's now so poore,  
That of true makers she can make no more.  
Hereof accus'd, answer'd, she meant that he  
A species should, no individuum be:  
That (phœnix like) he in himselfe should find  
Of poesy contain'd each severall kind.

And from this phœnix's urne thought she could  
Whereof all following poets well to make. {take,  
For of some former she had now made knowne  
They were her errors whilst sh' intended  
Browne.

IN LIBELLUM INSCRIPTIONEMQUE.

Not eglogues your, but eclogues. To compare:  
Virgil's selected, yours elected are.  
He imitates, you make: and this your creature  
Expresseth well your name, and theirs, their nature.  
Int. Temp. E. JOHNSON.

TO HIS BETTER BELOVED, THAN KNOWN FRIEND,

## MASTER BROWNE.

Such is the fate of some (write) now a daies:  
Thinking to win and weare, they break the bajes:  
As a slow footeman striving neere to come,  
A swifter that before him farre doth runne,  
Pust with the hope of honour's gale to winne,  
Runnes out of breath, yet furthest off from him.  
So doe our most of poets, whose Muse flies  
About for honour, catch poor butterflies.  
But thou, faire friend, not ranckt shall be 'mongt  
those

That make a mountaine where a mole hill grows:  
Thou, whose sweet singing pen such layes hath writ,  
That in an old way teacheth us new wit.  
Thou that were born and bred to be the man,  
To turne Apollo's glory into Pan:  
And when thou lists of shepherds leave to write,  
To great Apollo adde againe his light:  
For never yet like shepherds forth have come,  
Whose pipes so sweetly play as thine hath done.  
Faire Muse of Browne, whose beauty is as pure  
As women browne, that faire and long'st endure;  
Still mayst thou, as thou dost, a lover move,  
And as thou dost each mover may thee love,  
Whilst I myselfe in love with thee must fall,  
Browne's Muse the faire browne woman still will  
call.

Int. Temp.

JOHN ONLEY.

## THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE FIRST EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Roget and Willie both ymet,  
Upon a greeny ley;  
With rondelays and tales are set,  
To spend the length of day.

WILLIE. ROGET.

WILLIE.

ROGET, droope not, see the spring  
Is the earth enamelling,  
And the birds on every tree  
Greets this morne with melodie:  
Heark, how yonder thrustle chants it,  
And her mate as proudly vants it;  
See how every streame is drest  
By her margine, with the best  
Of Flora's gifts, she seesches glad  
For such brookes such flowers she had;

All the trees are quaintly tyred  
 With greene buds, of all desired;  
 And the hauthorne, every day,  
 Spreads some little show of May:  
 See the primrose sweetly set  
 By the much-lov'd violet,  
 All the bankes doe sweetly cover,  
 As they would invite a lover,  
 With his lasse, to see their dressing,  
 And to grace them by their pressing.  
 Yet in all this merry tide,  
 When all cares are laid aside,  
 Roget sits as if his blood  
 Had not felt the quickning good  
 Of the Sun, nor cares to play,  
 Or with songs to passe the day,  
 As he wont. Fye, Roget, fye!  
 Raise thy head, and merrily  
 Tune us somewhat to thy reede;  
 See, our flockes do freely feede:  
 Here we may together sit,  
 And for musicke very fit  
 Is this place; from yonder wood  
 Comes an eccho shrill and good;  
 Twice full perfectly it will  
 Answer to thine oaten quill.  
 Roget, droope not then, but sing  
 Some kind welcome to the spring.

ROGET.

Ah, Willie, Willie! why should I  
 Sound my notes of jollitie?  
 Since no sooner can I play  
 Any pleasing roundelay,  
 But some one or other still  
 \*Gins to descant on my quill;  
 And will say, "By this, he me  
 Meaneth in his ministratie."  
 If I chance to name an esse  
 In my song, it comes to passe,  
 One or other sure will take it  
 As his proper name, and make it  
 Fit to tell his nature too.  
 Thus whate're I chance to do  
 Happens to my losse, and brings  
 To my name the venom'd stings  
 Of ill report: how should I  
 Sound then notes of jollitie?

WILLIE.

'Tis true, indeed, we say all,  
 Rub a gall'd horse on the gall,  
 Kicke he will, storme, and bite:  
 But the horse of sounder plight  
 Gently feelles his master's hand.  
 In the water thrust a brand  
 Kindled in the fier, 'twille hisse;  
 When a stickes that taken is  
 From the hedge, in water thrust,  
 Never rokes as would the first,  
 But endures the water's touch.  
 Roget, so it fares with such  
 Whose owne guilt hath them inflam'd,  
 Rage whene're there vice is blam'd.  
 But who in himselfe is free  
 From all spots, as lillies be,  
 Never stirres, do what thou can.  
 If thou slander such a man,  
 Yet he's quiet, for he knowes  
 With him no such vices close,

Onely he that is indeede  
 Spotted with the leproos seede  
 Of corrupted thoughts, and hath  
 An ulcerous soule in the path  
 Of reprooffe, he straight will brail,  
 If you rub him on the gall.

ROGET.

But in vaine then shall I keepe  
 These my harmlesse flocke of sheepe:  
 And though all the day I tend them,  
 And from wolves and foxes shead them,  
 Wicked swaines, that beare me spight,  
 In the gloony vaile of night,  
 Of my fold will draw the pegges,  
 Or else breake my lambkins' legges:  
 Or unhang my weather's bell,  
 Or bring bryers from the dell,  
 And them in my fold by pieces  
 Cast, to tangle all their fleeces.  
 Well-a-day! such churlish swaines  
 Now and then lurke on our plaines;  
 That I feare, a time, ere long,  
 Shall not heare a shepheard's song.  
 Nor a swayne shall take in taske  
 Any wrong, nor once unmake  
 Such as do with vices rife  
 Soyle the shepheard's happy life:  
 Except he meanes his sheepe shall be  
 A prey to all their injuria.  
 This causeth me I do no more  
 Chant so as I wont of yore:  
 Since in vaine then should I keep  
 These my harmlesse flocke of sheepe.

WILLIE.

Yet if such thou wilt not sing,  
 Make the woods and vallies ring  
 With some other kind of lore,  
 Roget hath enough in store:  
 Sing of love, or tell some tale,  
 Praise the flowers, the hills, the vale:  
 Let us not here idle be,  
 Next day I will sing to thee.  
 Hearke, on knap of yonder hill  
 Some sweet shepheard tunes his quill,  
 And the maidens in a round  
 Sit (to heare him) on the ground.  
 And if thou begin, shall we  
 Grac'd be with like company.  
 And to gird thy temples bring  
 Garlands for such fingering.  
 Then raise thee, Roget.

ROGET.

Gentle swaine,  
 Whom I honour for thy straine,  
 Though it would beecome the more  
 To attend thee and thy lore:  
 Yet, lest thou might'st find in me  
 A neglect of courtesie,  
 I will sing what I did feere  
 Long ago in Janiveere  
 Of a skilfull aged sire,  
 As we tosted by the fire.

WILLIE.

Sing it out, if need must be  
 Very good what comes from thee.

## ROGET.

Whilomè, an emperour, prudent and wise,  
 Raigned in Rome, and had sonnes three,  
 Which he had in great chiertee and great prise,  
 And when it shop so, that th' infirmitee  
 Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee,  
 Him threw downe in his bed, he let to call  
 His sonnes, and before him they came all.

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

"Unmoveable good, right none withouten oath  
 Thee give I may; but I to thee devise  
 Jewels three, a ring, brooch, and a cloth:  
 With which, and thou be guided as the wise,  
 Thou maist get all that ought thee suffice;  
 Who so that the ring useth still to weare,  
 Of all folkes the love he shall conquere.

"And who so the brooch beareth on his breast,  
 It is eke of such vertue and such kind,  
 That thinke upon what thing him liketh best,  
 And he as blive shall it have and finde.  
 My worris, sonne, imprint well in mind:  
 The cloth eke hath a marvellous nature,  
 Which that shall be committed to thy care.

"Who so sit on it, if he wish where  
 In all the world to beene, he suddenly  
 Without more labour shall be there.  
 Sonne, those three jewels bequath I  
 To thee, unto this effect certainly,  
 That to study of the universitee  
 Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee."

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

Of the yongest sonne I tell shall,  
 And speake no more of his brethren two,  
 For with them have I not to do at all.  
 Thus spake the mother Jonathas unto:  
 "Sh' God hath his will of thy father doe;  
 To thy father's will, would I me conforme,  
 And truly all his testament performe.

"He three jewels, as thou knowest well,  
 A ring, a brooch, and a cloth, thee bequath,  
 Whose vertues he thee told every deal,  
 Or that be past hence and yalde up the breath:  
 O good God! his departing, his death,  
 Full grievously sticketh unto mine heart,  
 But suffered not been all how sore it smart."

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

"Thy father's will, my sonne, as I said ere,  
 Will I performe; have here the ring, and goe  
 To studie anon, and when that thou art there,  
 As thy father thee bade, doe even so,  
 And as thou wilt, my blessing have also."  
 She unto him, as swythe, took the ring,  
 And bad him keepe it well for any thing.

He went unto the studie generall,  
 Where he gat love enough, and acquaintance  
 Right good and friendly; the ring causing all.  
 And on a day to him befell this chance,  
 With a woman, a morsell of pleasaunce,  
 By the streets of the universitie,  
 As he was in his walking, met he.

And right as blive he had with her a tale,  
 And there withall sore in her love he brent;  
 Gay, fresh, and piked, was she to the sale,  
 For to that end, and to that intent,  
 She thither came, and both forth they went:  
 And he a pistle rownd in her care,  
 Nat wot I want, for I ne came not there.

She was his paramour shortly to see,  
 This man to folkes all was so leefe,  
 That they him gave abundance of money,  
 He feasted folke, and stood at high boucheefe:  
 Of the lack of good, he felt no grieffe,  
 All whil't the ring he with him had,  
 But sayling it, his friendship gan sad.

His paramour which that ycalled was  
 Fellicula, marvelled right greatly  
 Of the dispences of this Jonathas,  
 Sin she no peny at all with him sy,  
 And on a night, as there she lay him by  
 In the bed, thus she to him spake, and said,  
 And this petition assoile him praid:

"O reverent sir, unto whom," quoth she,  
 "Obey I would ay with heart's humblesse,  
 Since that yee han had my virginitee,  
 You, I beseech of your high gentlesse,  
 Tellith me whence comth the good and riches.  
 That yee with feasten folke, and han no store,  
 By ought I see can, ne gold, ne treasure."

"If I tell it," quoth he, "par aventure,  
 Thou wilt discover it, and out it publish,  
 Such is woman's inconstant nature,  
 They cannot keepe counceill worth a rish:  
 Better is my tongue keepe, than to wish  
 That I had k'pt close that is gone at large,  
 And repentance is a thing that I mote charge."

"Nay, good sir," quoth she, "holdeth me not  
 Doubteth nothing, I can be right secree, [suspect,  
 Well worthy were it me to been abject  
 From all good company, if I," quoth she,  
 "Unto you should so mistake me.  
 Be not adread your counceill me to shew."  
 "Well," said he, "thus it is at words few."

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



"Through the ring's vertuous excellence

Thus am I rich, and have ever ynow."

"Now, sir, yet a word by your licence

Suffreth me to say, and to speake now :

Is it wisdom, as that it seemeth you,

Wears it on your finger continually?" [by ?

"What woldst thou meane," quoth he, "there-

"What perill thereof might there befall?"

"Right great," quoth she, "as ye in company

Walke ofte, fro' your finger might it fall,

Or plucked off been in a ragery,

And so be lost, and that were folly :

Take it me, let me beeu of it wardeine,

For as my life keepe it would I certaine."

This Jonathas, this innocent young man,

Giving unto her words full credence,

As youth not avised best be can :

The ring her tooke of his insipience.

When this was done, the heat and the fervence

Of love, which he before had purchased,

Was quenched, and love's knot was unlaced.

Men of their gifts to stint began.

"Ah!" thought he, "for the ring I not ne beare,

Faileth my love. Fetch me, woman,"

(Said he) "my ring, anon I will it weare."

She rose, and into chamber dresteth her ;

And when she therein had been a-while,

"Alasse!" (quoth she) "out on falshood and  
gile !

"The chest is broken, and the ring took out!"

And when he heard her complaint and cry,

He was astonied sore, and made a shout,

And said, "Cursed be the day that I

Thee met first, or with mine eyne sy!"

She wept, and showed outward cheere of wo,

But in her heart was it nothing so.

The ring was safe enough, and in her chest

It was, all that she said was leasing,

As some woman other while at best

Can lye and weepe when is her liking.

This man saw her woe, and said, "Dearling,

Weepe no more, God's helpe is nye."

To him unwiste how false she was and sly.

He twyned thence, and home to his countree

Unto his mother the straight way he went,

And when she saw thither comen was he :

"My sonne," quoth she, "what was thine intent,

Thee fro' the schoole now to absent ?

What caused thee fro' schoole hither to bye?"

"Mother, right this," said he, "nat would I lye.

"Forsooth, mother, my ring is a goe,

My paramour to keepe I betooke it,

And it is lost, for which I am full woe,

Sorrow fully unto mine heart it sit."

"Somme, often have I warned thee, and yet

For thy profit I warne thee, my sonne,

Unhonest women thou hereafter shunne.

"Thy brooch anon right woll I to thee fet."

She brought it him, and charged him full deepe,

When he it tooke, and on his breast it set,

Bet than his ring he should it keepe,

Least he the losse bewalle should and weepe.

To the universitie shortly to seyne

In what he could, he hasted him againe.

And when he comen was, his paramour

Him met anon, and unto her him tooke

As that he did erst, this young revelour,

Her companie he nat a deale forsooke,

Though he cause had, but as with the hooke

Of her sleight, he before was caught and heat,

Right so he was deceived oft and blent.

And as through vertue of the ring before

Of good he had abundance and plentee

While it was with him, or he had it lore :

Right so through vertue of the brooch had he [be,

What good him list : she thought, "How may this

Some privy thing now causeth this richesse,

As did the ring herebefore I gesse?"

Wondering hereon, she praid him, and besought

Besily night and day, that tell he would

The cause of this ; but he another thought,

He meant it close for him it kept be should,

And a long time it was or he it told.

She wept aye too and too, and said, "Alas !

The time and houre that ever I borne was !

"Trust ye not on me, sir?" she said ;

"Lever me were be slaine in this place,

By that good Lord that for us all deid,

Than purpose againe you any fallace ;

Unto you would I be my live's space

As true, as any woman on Earth is

Unto a man, doubteth nothing of this."

Small may she doe, that cannot well by heet,

Though not performed be such a promesse.

This Jonathas thought her words so sweet,

That he was drunke of the pleasant sweetnesse

Of them, and of his foolish tendernesse.

Thus unto her he spake, and said tho',

"Be of good comfort, why weepest thou so?"

And she thereto answered thus, sobbing :

"Sir," quoth she, "my heavinesse and dreed

Is this : I am a dreed of the leeing

Of your brooch, as Almighty God forbeed

It happen so." "Now what, so God thee speed,"

Said he, "wouldst thou in this case counsaile?"

Quoth she, "That I keepe it might sans faile."

He said, "I have a feare and dread algate,

If I so did thou wouldst it leese,

As thou lostest my ring, now gone but late."

"First God I pray," quoth she, "that I not cheese,

But that my heart as the cold frost may freeze,

Or else be it brent with wild fire :

Nay, surely it to keepe is my desire."

To her wordes credence he gave pleneere,

And the brooch tooke her, and after anone,

Whereas he was before full leefee and cheere

To folke, and had good, all was gone ;

Good and friendship him lacked, there was none.

"Woman, me fetch the brooch," quoth he,

"swythee

Into thy chamber for it goe ; hye thee."

She into her chamber went, as then he bad,

But she not brought that he sent her fore.

She meant it nat, but, as she had been mad,

Her clothes hath she all to rent and tore,

And cry'd, "Alas ! the brooch away is bore,

For which I wole anon right with my knife

My selfe slay ! I am weary of my life."

This noise he heard, and blive he to her ran,  
Weening she would han done as she spake,  
And the knife in all haste that he can  
From her tooke, and threw it behind his backe,  
And said, " Ne for the losse, ne for the lacke  
Of the brooch, sorrow not, I forgive all ;  
I trust in God, that yet us helpe he shall."

To th' emperesse his mother this yong man  
Againe him dresseth, he went her unto ;  
And when she saw him, she to wonder gan,  
She thought now somewhat there is misdo,  
And said, " I dread thy jewels two  
Been lost now, percase the brooch with the ring."  
" Mother," he said, " yea, by Heaven King."

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

The cloth she felt, and it hath him take,  
And of his lady, his mother, his leave  
He took, but first this forward gan he make :  
" Mother," said he, " trusteth this weel and leeve  
That I shall seyn, forsooth ye shall it preeve,  
If I leese this cloth, never I your face  
Henceforth see wole, ne you pray of grace.

" With God's helpe I shall do well ynow."  
Her blessing he tooke, and to study is go,  
And as beforne told have I unto you,  
His paramour, his privy mortall foe,  
Was wont to meet him, right even so  
She did then, and made him pleasant cheere :  
They clip and kisse, and walk homeward in feere,

When they were entred in the house, he sprad  
His cloth upon the ground, and thereon sit,  
And bad his paramour, this woman bad,  
To sit also by him adowne on it.  
She doth as he commandeth and bit,  
Had she this thought and vertue of the cloth  
Wist, to han set on it, had she been loth.

She for a while was full sore affesed.  
This Jonathas wish in his heart gan :  
" Would God that I might thus been eased,  
That as on this cloth I and this woman  
Sit here, as farre were, as that never man  
Or this came ;" and unneeth had he so thought,  
But they with the cloth thither weren brought.

Right to the world's end, as that it were,  
When apparceved had she this, she cry'd  
A thogh she through girt had be with a spere.  
" Harro ! alas ! that ever shope this tide !  
How came we hither ?" " Nay," he said, " abide,  
Worse is comming ; here sole wole I thee leave,  
Wild beasts shallen thee devoure or eave.

" For thou my ring and brooch hast fro' me  
" O reverent sir ! have upon me pittee," [holden."  
Quoth she, " if ye this grace do me wolden,  
As bring me home againe to the cittee  
Where as I this day was, but if that ye  
Them have againe, of foul death do me dye ;  
Your bountie on me kythe, I mercy cry."

This Jonathas could nothing beware,  
Ne take ensample of the deceites twine  
That she did him beforne, but feith him bare,  
And her he commanded on death's peine  
Fro' such offences thenceforth her restraine :  
She swore, and made thereto forward,  
But herketh how she bore her afterward.

When she saw and knew that the wrath and ire  
That he to her had borne, was gone and past,  
And all was well ; she thought him eft to fire,  
In her malice aye stood she stedfast,  
And to enquire of him was not agast,  
In so short time how that it might be  
That they came thither out of her contrie.

" Such vertue hath this cloth on which we sit,"  
Said he, " that where in this world us be list,  
Suddenly with the thought shallen thither flit,  
And how thither come unto us unwist :  
As thing fro' farre, unknowne in the mist."  
And therewith, to this woman fraudulent,  
" To sleepe," he said, " have I good talent.

" Let see," quoth he, " stretch out anon thy lap,  
In which wole I my head lay down and rest."  
So was it done, and he anon gan nap ;  
Nap ? nay, he slept right well, at best :  
What doth this woman, one the ficklest  
Of women all, but that cloth that lay  
Under him, she drew lyte and lyte away.

When she it bad all : " Would God," quoth she,  
" I were as I was this day morning !"  
And therewith this root of iniquite  
Had her wish, and sole left him there sleeping.  
O Jonathas ! like to thy perishing  
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd,  
When thou wakest, cause hast thou to be ferd.

But thou shalt doe full well, thou shalt obtene  
Victory on her, thou has done some deed  
Pleasant to thy mother, well can I weene,  
For which our Lord quite shall thy meed,  
And thee deliver out of thy wofull dread.  
The childe whom that the mother useth blesse,  
Full often sythe is eased in distresse.

When he awoke, and neither he ne fond  
Woman, ne cloth, he wept bitterly,  
And said, " Alas ! now is there in no lond  
Man worse I know begon than am I !"  
On every side his looke he cast, and sy  
Nothing but birds in the aire flying,  
And wild beasts about him renning.

Of whose sight he full sore was agrysed,  
He thought, " All this well deserved I have,  
What ayled me to be so evil avised,  
That my counsell could I nat keep and save ?  
Who can foole play ? who can mad and rave ?  
But he that to a woman his secree  
Discovereth, the smart cleaveth now on me."

He thus departeth as God would harmlesse,  
And forth of a ventura his way he is went,  
But witherward he draw, he concitlesse.  
Was, he nat knew to what place he was bent.  
He past a water which was so fervent,  
That flesh upon his feet left it him none,  
All cleane was departed from the bonof

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

For which unto the ground for sorrow and wo  
He fell, and said, " Cursed be that day  
That I was borne, and time and houre also  
That my mother conceived me, for ay  
Now am I lost ! Alas, and well away !"  
And when some deel staked his heavinesse,  
He rose, and on his way he gan him dresse.

Another water before him he sye,  
Which (sore) to comen in he was adrad :  
But nathelesse, since thereby, other way  
Ne about it there could none be had,  
He thought, " So streitly am I bestad,  
That though it sore me affese or gast,  
Assaile it wole I," and through it he past.

And right as the first water his flesh  
Departed from his feet, so the second  
Restored it, and made all whole and fresh :  
And glad was he, and joyfull that stownd,  
When he felt his feet whole were and sound :  
A violl of the water of that brooke  
He fill'd, and fruit of the tree with him tooke.

Forth his journey this Jonathas held,  
And as he his looke about him cast,  
Another tree from affarre he beheld,  
To which he hasted, and him hied fast ;  
Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thrust  
Into his mouth, and eate of it sadly,  
And of the leproy he purged was thereby.

Of that fruit more he raught, and thence is gone,  
And a faire castle from a farre saw he,  
In compass of whig, heads many one  
Of men there hang, as he might well see,  
But not for that he shun would, or flee,  
He thither him dresseth the straight way  
In that ever that he can or may.

Walking so, two men came him againe,  
And saiden thus : " Dere friend, we you pray,  
What man be ye ?" " Sirs," quoth he, " certeine  
A leech I am ; and though myselfe I say,  
Can for the health of sicke folkes well purvey."  
They said to him, " Of yonder castle the king  
A leeper is, and can whole be for nothing.

" With him there hath been many a sundry leech,  
That undertooke him well to cure and heale  
On paine of their heads, but all to seech  
Their art was, ware that thou not with him deale,  
But if thou canst the charter of health ensaile :  
Lest that thou leese thy head, as didden they,  
But thou be wise thou find it shall no play."

" Sirs," said he, " you thanke I of your reed,  
For gently ye han you to me quit :  
But I nat dread to loose mine head,  
Fy God's helpe full safe weepe I will it.  
God of his grace sutch cunning and wit  
Hath lent me, that I hope I shall him cure.  
Full well shere I me put in aventure."

They to the king's presence han him led,  
And him of the fruit of the second tree  
He gave to eate, and bad him to be glad,  
And said, " Anon your health han shall yee :"  
Eke of the second water him gave he  
To drinke, and when he those two had received,  
His leproy from him voided was and weived.

The king (as unto his high dignity  
Convenient was) gave him largely,  
And to him said, " If that it like thee  
Abiden here, I more abundantly  
Thee give wole." " My lord, sickery,"  
Quoth he, " faine would I your pleasure fulfill,  
And in your high presence abide still.

" But I no while may with you abide,  
So mochill have I to done elsewhere."  
Jonathas every day to the sea side,  
Which was nye, went to looke and enquire  
If any ship drawing thither were,  
Which him home to his country lead might,  
And on a day, of ships had he sight.

Well a thirty toward the castle draw,  
And at a time of evensong, they all  
Arriveden, of which he was full faw,  
And to the shipmen cry he gan and call ;  
And said, " If it so hap might and fall,  
That some of you me home to my countrie  
Me bring would, well quit should he be."

And told them whither that they shoulden goe.  
One of the shipmen forth start at last,  
And to him said, " My ship, and no moe  
Of them that here been, doth shope and cast  
Thither to wend ; let see, tell on fast,"  
Quoth the shipman, " that thou for my travaile  
Me give wilt, if that I thither saile."

They were accorded, Jonathas forth goeth  
Unto the king to aske him licence  
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,  
And nathelesse with his benevolence,  
This Jonathas from his magnificence  
Departed is, and forth to the shipman  
His way he taketh, as swyth as he can.

Into the ship he entreth, and as blive  
As wind and wether good hope to be,  
Thither as he purposed him arrive  
They sailed forth, and came to the cittle  
In which this serpentine woman was, she  
That had him terred with false deceitis,  
But where no remedy followeth, streit is.

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

Misliking and thought changed eke in his face,  
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling  
In the cittle, he hired him a place,  
And therein exercised his cunning  
Of physicke, to whom weson repairing  
Many a sicke wight, and all were healed ;  
Well was the sicke man that with him dealed.

Now shap it this that this Fellicula,  
 (The well of deceivable doublenesse,  
 Follower of the steps of Daldida)  
 Was then exalted unto high riches,  
 But she was fallen into great sickness  
 And heard seyne, for not might it been hid  
 How masterfull a leech he had him kid.

Messages solemne to him she sent,  
 Praying him to do so mochilt labour  
 As come and see her; and he thither went:  
 When he her saw, that she his paramour  
 Had been, he well knew, and for that dettoure  
 To her he was, her he thought to quite  
 Or he went, and no longer it respite.

But what that he was, she ne wist nat:  
 He saw her urine, and exe felt her pous,  
 And said, "The sooth is this plaine and flat,  
 A sickness han ye strange and mervailous,  
 Which to avoid is wonder dangerous:  
 To heale you there is no way but one,  
 Leech in this world other can find none.

"Aviseth you whether you list it take  
 Or not, for I told have you my wit."  
 "Ah, sir!" said she, "for God's sake,  
 That way me show, and I shall follow it  
 Whatever it be; for this sickness sit  
 So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how  
 Me to demene: tell on, I pray you."

"Lady, yee must openly you confesse,  
 And if against good conscience and right,  
 Any good han ye take more or lesse,  
 Reforme this houre, of any manner wight,  
 Yeld it anon; else not in the might  
 Of man is it, to give a medicine  
 That you may heale of your sickness and pine.

"If any such thing be, tell it out reed,  
 And ye shall been all whole I you beheet;  
 Else nine art is nought withouten dreed."  
 "O Lord!" she thought, "health is a thing full  
 sweet,  
 Therewith desire I soverainly to meet:  
 Since I it by confession may recover,  
 A foole am I but I my guilt discover."

How falsely to the sonne of th' emperour,  
 Jonathas, had she done, before them all  
 As ye han heard above, all that error  
 By knew she, O Fellicula thee call!  
 Well may I so, for of the bitter gall  
 'Thou takest the beginning of thy name,  
 Thou root of malice and mirroure of shame.

Then said Jonathas, "Where are those three  
 Jewels, that thee fro' the clerke withdrew?"  
 "Sir, in a coffer, at my bed's feet, ye  
 Shall find them; open it, and so pray I you.  
 He thought not to make it quaint and tow  
 And say nay, and streine courtesie,  
 But with right good will thither he gan hie.

The coffer he opened, and them there found,  
 Who was a glad man but Jonathas? who  
 The ring upon a finger of his hood  
 He put, and the brooch on his breast also,  
 The cloth eke under his arme held he tho;  
 And to her him dresseth to done his cure.  
 Cure mortall, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and fore-thinke  
 That she her had unto him misbore:  
 And of that water her he gave to drinke,  
 Which that his flesh from his bones before  
 Had twined, where through he was almost lore  
 Nad he relieved been, as ye above  
 Han heard, and this he did eke for her love.

Of the fruit of the tree he gave her ete,  
 Which that him made into the leper stert,  
 And as blive in her wombe gan they fret  
 And gnaw so, that change gan her bert,  
 Now harketh how it her made smart:  
 Her wombe opened, and out fell each entraine  
 That in her was, thus it is said sans faillie.

Thus wretchedly (lo!) this guile-man dyde,  
 And Jonathas with jewels three  
 No longer there thought to abide,  
 But home to the emperesse his mother hasteth he,  
 Whereas in joy, and in prosperitee,  
 His life led he to his dying day,  
 And so God us grant that we doe may.

WILLIE.

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

ROGET.

Roget will not say thee nay,  
 If thou deem'st it worth thy paines.  
 'Tis a song not many swaines  
 Singen can, and though it be  
 Not so deckt with nycetie  
 Of sweet words full neatly choosed,  
 As are now by shepherds used:  
 Yet if well you sound the sence,  
 And the moral's excellence,  
 You shall find it quit the while,  
 And excuse the homely stile.  
 Well I wot, the man that first  
 Sung this lay, did quench his thirst  
 Deeply as did ever one  
 In the Muses' Helicon.  
 Many times he hath been scene  
 With the fairies on the greene,  
 And to them his pipe did sound,  
 Whilst they danced in a round.  
 Mickle solace would they make him,  
 And at midnight often wake him,  
 And convey him from his roome  
 To a field of yellow broome;  
 Or into the meadows, where  
 Mints perfume the gentle aire,  
 And where Flora spends her treasure,  
 There they would begin their measure.  
 If it chanc'd night's sable shrowds  
 Muffled Cynthia up in clouds;  
 Safely home they then would see him,  
 And from brakes and quagmires free him.

There are few such swaines as he  
Now adayes for harmonie.

WILLIE.

What was he thou praisest thus ?

ROGET.

Scholler unto Tityrus,  
Tityrus, the bravest swaine  
Ever lived on the plaine,  
Taught him how to feed his lames,  
How to cure them, and their dams:  
How to pitch the fold, and then,  
How he should remove agen :  
Taught him, when the corne was ripe,  
How to make an oaten pipe,  
How to joyne them, how to cut them,  
When to open, when to shut them,  
And with all the skill he had  
Did instruct this willing lad.

WILLIE.

Happy surely was that swaine,  
And he was not taught in vaine :  
Many a one that prouder is,  
Hav not such a song as this :  
And have garlands for their meed,  
That but jarre as Skelton's reed.

ROGET.

'Tis too true : but see the Sunne  
Hath his journey fully runne ;  
And his horses all in sweate,  
In the ocean cool their heate :  
Sever we our sheepe and fold them,  
'Twill be night ere we have told them.

Thomas Occleeve, one of the privie seale, composed this first tale, and was never till now imprinted. As this shall please, I may be drawne to publish the rest of his workes, being all perfect in my hands. He wrote in Chaucer's time.

## THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE SECOND ELOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two shepheards here complain the wrong  
Done by a swinish lout,  
That brings his hogges their sheepe among,  
And spoyle the plaine throughout.

WILLIE. JOCKIE.

WILLIE.

JOCKIE, say : What might he be  
That sits on yonder hill :  
And tooteth out his notes of glee  
So uncouth and so shrill ?

JOCKIE.

Notes of glee? bad ones I trow,  
I have not heard before  
One so mistooke as Willy now,  
'Tis some sow-gelder's horse.

And well thou asken might'st if I  
Doe know him, or from whence  
He comes, that to his ministralsie  
Requires such patience.  
He is a swinward, but I thinke  
No swinward of the best :  
For much he reketh of his swinke,  
And carketh for his rest.

WILLIE.

Harme take the swaine ! What makes he here ?  
What lucklesse planet frownes  
Have drawne him and his hogges in feere  
To root our daisied downes ?  
Ill mote he thrive ! and may his hogges,  
And all that ere they breed,  
Be ever worried by our dogges,  
For so presumptuous deed.  
Why kept he not amongst the fennes ?  
Or in the coppes by,  
Or in the woods, and braky glennes,  
Where hawes and acorns lie ?  
About the ditches of the towne,  
Or hedge-rows, he might brig' them.

JOCKIE.

But then some pence 'twould cost the clowne  
To yoke and eke to ring them ;  
And well I weene he loves no cost  
But what is for his backe :  
To goe full gay him pleaseth most,  
And lets his belly lacke.  
Two sutes he hath, the one of blew,  
The other home-spun gray :  
And yet he means to make a new  
Against next revell day ;  
And though our May lord at the feast  
Seem'd very trimly clad,  
In cloth by his own mother drest,  
Yet comes not neere this lad.  
His bonnet neatly on his head,  
With button on the top,  
His shoes with strings of leather red,  
And stocking to his slop.  
And yet for all it comes to passe,  
He not our gybing scapes :  
Some like him to a trimmed asse,  
And some to Jack-an-apes.

WILLIE.

It seemeth then, by what is said,  
That Jockie knowes the boore ;  
I would my scrip and hooke have laid  
Thou knew'st him not before.

JOCKIE.

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

WILLIE.

Would Jockie ever stoope so low,  
As conissance to take  
Of sike a churle ? Full well I know  
No nymp of spring or lake,  
No heartlesse, nor no shepheard's gerle,  
But faine would sit by thee,  
And sea-nympes offer shells of perle  
For thy sweet melodie.  
The satyrs bring thee from the woods  
The strawberrie for hire,

And all the first fruits of the buds,  
 To wooe thee to their quire.  
 Silvanus' songsters learne thy straine,  
 For by a neighbour spring  
 The nightingale records againe  
 What thou dost primely sing.  
 Nor canst thou tune a madrigall,  
 Or any drery mone,  
 But nymphs, or swaines, or birds, or all,  
 Permit thee not alone.  
 And yet (as though devoid of these)  
 Canst thou so low decline,  
 As leave the lovely Naides  
 For one that keepeth swine?  
 But how befell it?

JOCKIE.

T'other day  
 As to the field I set me,  
 Neere to the May-pole on the way  
 This sluggish swinward met me:  
 And seeing Weptol with him there,  
 Our fellow-swaine and friend  
 I had good day, so on did fare  
 To my proposed end.  
 But as backe from my wintring ground  
 I came the way before,  
 This rude groome all alone I found  
 Stand by the alehouse dore.  
 There was no nay, but I must in  
 And taste a cup of ale;  
 Where on his pot he did begin  
 To stammer out a tale.  
 Me told me how he much desir'd  
 Th' acquaintance of us swaines,  
 And from the forest was retir'd  
 To graze upon our plaines:  
 But for what cause I cannot tell,  
 He cannot pipe nor sing,  
 Nor knowes he how to digge a well,  
 Nor neatly dresse a spring:  
 Nor knowes a trap nor snare to till,  
 He sits as in a dreame;  
 Nor scarce hath so much whistling skill  
 Will hearten on a teame.  
 Well, we so long together were,  
 I gan to haste away,  
 He licenc'd me to leave him there,  
 And gave me leave to pay.

WILLIE.

Done like a swinward; may you all  
 That close with such as he,  
 Be used so! that gladly fall  
 Into like company.  
 But, if I faile not in mine art,  
 He send him to his yerd,  
 And make him from our plaines depart  
 With all his durty herd.  
 I wonder he hath suff'r'd been  
 Upon our common heere,  
 His hogges doe root our yonger treen,  
 And spoyle the smelling breere.  
 Our purest welles they wallow in,  
 All over-sprede with durty,  
 Nor will they from our arbours lin,  
 But all our pleasures hurt.  
 Our curious benches, that we build  
 Beneath a shady tree,  
 Shall be oretrowne, or so defilder  
 As we would loath to see.

Then joyne we, Jockie; for the rest  
 Of all our fellow swaines;  
 I am assur'd, will doe their best  
 To rid him fro' our plaines.

JOCKIE.

What is in me shall never faile  
 To forward such a deed;  
 And sure I thinke we might prevaile  
 By some satyricke reed.

WILLIE.

If that will doe, I know a lad  
 Can hit the master-vaide;  
 But let us home, the skies are sad,  
 And clouds distil in raine.

## THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

### THE THIRD ELOGUE.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Old Neddy's povertie they mone,  
 Who whilome was a swaine  
 That had more sheepe himselfe alone,  
 Than ten upon the plaine.

PIERS. THOMALIN.

THOMALIN.

WHERE is every piping lad,  
 That the fields are not yclad  
 With their milk-white sheepe?  
 Tell me: Is it holy day,  
 Or if in the month of May  
 Use they long to sleepe?

PIERS.

Thomalin, 'tis not too late,  
 For the turtle and her mate  
 Sitten yet in nest:  
 And the thrustle hath not been  
 Gather'ing wormes yet on the green,  
 But attends her rest.  
 Not a bird hath taught her young,  
 Nor her morning's lesson sung  
 In the shady grove:  
 But the nightingale, in darke  
 Singing, woke the mounting lark,  
 She records her love.  
 Not the Sun hath with his beames  
 Guilded yet our christall streames,  
 Rising from the sea.  
 Mists do crowne the mountaines' tops,  
 And each pretty mirtle drops,  
 'Tis but newly day.  
 Yet see yonder (though unwist)  
 Some man commeth in the mist;  
 Hast thou him beheld?  
 See, he crosseth o're the land  
 With a dogge and staffe in hand,  
 Limping for his eld.

THOMALIN.

Yes, I see him, and doe know him,  
 And we all do rev'rence owe him.

'Tis the aged sire  
Neddy, that was wont to make  
Such great feasting at the wake.  
And the blessing-fire<sup>1</sup>.  
Good old man ! see how he walkes  
Painfull and among the balkes,  
Picking locks of wull ;  
I have knowne the day when he  
Had as much as any three,  
When their lofts were full.  
Underneath yond hanging rocks  
All the valley with his sockes  
Was whilome over-spread :  
He had milch-goates without peeres,  
Well-hung kine, and fatned steeres  
Many hundred head.  
Wilkin's cote his dairy was,  
For a dwelling it may passe  
With the best in towne.  
Curds and creame, with other cheare,  
Have I had there in the yeare  
For a greeny gowne.  
Lasses kept it, as againe  
Were not fitted on the plaine  
For a lusty dance :  
And at parting, home would take us,  
Flawnes or sillibubs to make us  
For our jousiance.  
And though some in spight would tell,  
Yet old Neddy tooke it well ;  
Bidding us againe  
Never at his cote be strange :  
Unto him that wrought this change,  
Mickle be the paine !

## PIERE.

What disaster, Thomalin,  
This mischance hath cloth'd him in,  
Quickly tellen me :  
Rue I doe his state the more,  
That he clipped heretofore  
Some felicitie.  
Hau by night accus'd theeves  
Slaine his lambs, or stolae his beeves ?  
Or consuming fire  
Brent his shearing-house, or stall,  
Or a deluge drowned all ?  
Tell me it intire.  
Have the winters been so set  
To raine and snow, they have wet  
All his driest laire ?  
By which meanes his sheepe have got  
Such a deadly curelesse rot,  
That none living are ?

## THOMALIN.

Neither waves, nor theeves, nor fire,  
Nor have rots impoord this sire,  
Suretiship, nor yet  
Was the usurer helping on  
With his damn'd extortion,  
Nor the chaines of debt.  
But deceit, that ever lies  
Strongest arm'd for treacheries  
In a bosom'd friend :  
That (and onely that) hath brought it,  
Cursed be the head that wrought it !  
And the basest end.

<sup>1</sup> The Midsummer fires are termed so in the west parts of England.

Groomes he had, and he did send them  
With his heards a field to tend them,  
Had they further been :  
Sluggish, lazy, thriftlesse elves,  
Sheepe had better kept themselves  
From the foxes' teen.  
Some would kill their sheepe, and then  
Bring their master home agen  
Nothing but the skin ;  
Telling him, how in the morne  
In the fold they found them torne,  
And nere lying lin.  
If they went unto the faire  
With a score of fatned ware,  
And did chance to sell,  
If old Neddy had againe  
Halfe his owne ; I dare well saine,  
That but seldome fell.

They at their return would say,  
Such a man, or such, would pay,  
Well knowne of your hynae.  
Alas, poore man ! that subtill knave  
Undid him, and vaunts it brave,  
Though his master pine.  
Of his master he would beg  
Such a lambe that broke his leg :  
And if these were none,  
To the fold by night he'd hys,  
And them hurt full rufully,  
Or with the staffe or stone.  
He would have petitions new,  
And for desprate debts would sue  
Neddy had forgot :  
He would grant : the other then  
Tares from poore and aged men :  
Or in jayles they rot.  
Neddy, lately rich in store,  
Giving much, deceived more,  
On a sudden fell.  
Then the steward lent him gold,  
Yet no more than might be told  
Worth his master's cell.  
That is gone, and all beside,  
(Well-a-day, alacke the tide !)  
In a hollow den,  
Underneath yond gloomy wood  
Wons he now, and wails the brood  
Of ingratesfull men.

## PIERE.

But, alas ! now he is old,  
Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,  
Wat is left him ?  
Or to succour, or relieve him,  
Or from wants oft to repreeve him.

## THOMALIN.

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

## PIERE.

See ! he's neere, let's gise and meet him,  
And with dues to old-age great him,  
It is fitting so.

THOMALIN.

'Tis a notion good and sage,  
Honour still is due to age:  
Up, and let us goe.

## THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

THE FOURTH EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this the author bewailes the death of one whom he shadoweth under the name of Philarete, compounded of the Greek words *φίλος* and *ἀετός*, a lover of vertue, a name well befitting him to whose memory these lines are consecrated, being sometime his truly loved (and now as much lamented) friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, sonne to the worthy sir Peter Manwood, knight.

UNDER an aged oke was Willy laid,  
Willy, the lad who wilome made the rockes  
To ring with joy, whilst on his pipe he plaid,  
And from their masters wood the neighboring flocks:  
But now o're-come with dolours deepe  
That nie his heart-strings rent:  
Ne car'd he for his silly shoepe,  
Ne car'd for merriment.

But chang'd his wouted walkes  
For uncouth pathis unknowne,  
Where none but trees might here his plaints,  
And eccho rue his moene.

Autumne it was, when droopt the sweetest floures,  
And rivers (swung with pride) ore-look'd the banks,  
Poore grew the day of Summer's golden houres,  
And void of sap stood Ida's cedar-rankes,  
The pleasant meadows sadly lay  
In chill and cooling sweats  
By rising fountains, or as they  
Fear'd Winter's wastfull threata.

Against the broad-spread oake,  
Each wind in furie beares:  
Yet fell their leaves not halfe so fast  
As did the shepheard's teares.

As was his seate so was his gentle heart,  
Meeke and dejected, but his thoughts as his  
As those eye-wandering lights, who doth impart  
Their beames on us, and heaven still beautife.

Sad was his looke (O heavy fate!)  
That swaine should be so sad,  
Whose merry notes the forlorne mate  
With greatest pleasure clad.)

Broke was his truefull pipe  
That charu'd the christall floods,  
And thus his griefe took airie wings  
And flew about the woods.

" Day, thou art too officious in thy place,  
And Night too sparing of a wished stay,  
Yee wand'ring lumps: O be ye fix a space!  
Some other hemisphere grace with your ray.  
Great Phœbus! Daphne is not heere,  
Nor Hyacinthus faire;  
Phœbe! Endimion and thy deere  
Hath long since clef the sir,

But ye have surely seene  
(Whom we in sorrow misse)  
A swaine whom Phœbe thought her love,  
And Titan deemed his.

" But he is gone; then inwards turne your  
light,  
Behold him there; here never shall you more,  
O're hang this sad plaine with eternall night!  
Or change the gaudy greene she whilome wore  
To fenny blacke. Hyperion great  
To ashy paleness turne her!  
Greene well befits a lover's heate,  
But blacke becomes a mourner.

Yet neither this thou canst,  
Nor see his second birth,  
His brightnesse blinds thine eye more now,  
Then thine did his on Earth.

" Let not a shepheard on our haplesse plaines,  
Tune notes of glee, as used were of yore:  
For Philarete is dead, let mirthfull straines  
With Philarete cease for evermore!

And if a fellow swaine doe live  
A niggard of his teares;  
The shepheardesses all will give  
To store him, part of theirs.

Or I would lend him some,  
But that the store I have  
Will all be spent before I pay  
The debt I owe his grave.

" O what is left can make me leave to mose!  
Or what remains but doth increase it more?  
Looke on his sheepe! alas! their master's gone.  
Looke on the place where we two heretofore  
With locked armes have vow'd our love,  
(Our love which time shall see  
In shepheard's songs for ever move,  
And grace their harmony)

It solitary seemes.  
Behold our flowrie beds;  
Their beauties fade, and violets  
For sorrow hang their heads.

" 'Tis not a cypresse bough, a count'nance sad,  
A mourning garment, wailing elegie,  
A standing herse in sable vesture clad,  
A tombe built to his name's eternitie.

Although the shepherds all should strive  
By yearly obsequies,  
And vow to keepe thy fame alive  
In spite of destinies  
That can suppress my griefe:  
All these and more may be,  
Yet all in vaine to recompence  
My greatest losse of thee.

" Cypresse may fade, the countenance be  
changed,

A garment rot, an elegie forgotten,  
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,  
A tombe pluckt down, or else through age be  
rotten:

All things th' impartial hand of fate  
Can raise out with a thought:  
These have a sev'ral fixed date,  
Which, ended, turne to nought.

Yet shall my truest cause  
Of sorrow firmly stay,  
When these effects the wings of time  
Shall faine and escape away.



" Looke as a sweet rose fairely budding forth  
 Bewrayes her beauties to th' enamour'd morne,  
 Untill some keene blast from the envious North,  
 Killles the sweet bud that was but newly borne,  
 Or else her rarest smels delighting  
 Make her, herselfe betray,  
 Some white and curious hand inviting  
 To plucke her thence away.

So stands my mournfull case,  
 For had he been lesse good,  
 He yet (uncorrupt) had kept the stocke  
 Whereon he fairely stood.

" Yet though so long he liv'd not as he might,  
 He had the time appointed to him given.  
 Who liveth but the space of one poor night,  
 His birth, his youth, his age is in that even.

Whoever doth the period see  
 Of dayes by Heav'n forth plotted,  
 Dyes full of age, as well as he  
 That had more yeares allotted.

In sad tones then my verse  
 Shall with incessant teares  
 Bemoane my haplesse losse of him  
 And not his want of yeares.

" In deepest passions of my griefe-swolne breast  
 (Sweete soule!) this onely comfort seizeth me,  
 That so few yeeres should make thee so much  
 blest,

And gave such wings to reach eternitie.  
 Is this to die? No: as a ship  
 Well built, with easie wind  
 A lazy hulke doth farre out-strip,  
 And soonest harbour find:

So Philarete fled,  
 Quicke was his passage given,  
 When others must have longer time  
 To make them fit for Heaven.

" Then not for thee these briny teares are spent,  
 But as the nightingale against the breere,  
 'Tis for my selfe I moane, and doe lament,  
 Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me  
 here:

Here, where without thee all delights  
 Faile of their pleasing powre;  
 All glorious daies seeme ugly nights,  
 Methinkes no Aprill showre

Embroider should the earth,  
 But briny teares distil,  
 Since Flora's beauties shall no more  
 Be honour'd by thy quill.

" And ye his sheepe (in token of his lacke)  
 Whilome the fairest focke on all the plaine:  
 Yeane never lambe, but be it cloath'd in blacke.  
 Ye shady siccamours! when any swaine,

To carve his name upon your rind  
 Doth come, where his doth stand,  
 Shed drops, if he be so unkind  
 To raze it with his hand.

And thou my loved Muse  
 No more should'st numbers move,  
 But that his name should ever live,  
 And after death my love."

This said, he sigh'd, and with o're-drowned eyes  
 Gaz'd on the Heavens for what he mist on Earth;  
 Then from the earth, full sadly gan arise  
 As farre from future hope, as present mirth,

Unto his cote with heavy pace  
 As ever sorrow trode,  
 He went, with mind no more to trace  
 Where mirthful swaines abode,  
 And as he spent the day,  
 The night he past alone;  
 Was never shepheard lov'd more deere,  
 Nor made a truer mone.

TO THE VERTUOUS AND MUCH LAMENTING SISTERS

OF MY EVER-ADMIR'D FRIEND,

MASTER THOMAS MANWOOD.

To me more knowne than you, is your sad chance,  
 Oh! had I still enjoy'de such ignorance;  
 Then, I by these spent teares had not been knowne,  
 Nor left another's griefe to sing mine owne.

Yet since his fate hath wrought these throes  
 Permit a partner in your woes:  
 The cause doth yeeld, and still may doe  
 Ynough for you, and others too:  
 But if such plaints for you are kept,  
 Yet may I grieve since you have wept.  
 For he more perfect growes to be  
 That feelles another's miserie:  
 And though these drops which mourning run  
 From several fountaines first begun,  
 And some farre off, some neerer flecte;  
 They will (at last) in one streame meete.  
 Mine shal with yours, yours mix with mine,  
 And make one offering at his shrine:  
 For whose eternitie on Earth, my Muse  
 To build this altar, did her best skill use;  
 And that you, I, and all that held him deere,  
 Our teares and sighes might freely offer heere.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND,

MASTER CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Willy incites his friend to write  
 Things of a higher fame  
 Than silly shepheards use endite  
 Vail'd in a shepheard's name.

WILLY. CUTTY.

MORNE had got the start of night,  
 Lab'ring men were ready dight  
 With their shovels and their spades  
 For the field, and (as their trades)  
 Or at hedging wrought, or ditching  
 For their food more then enriching.  
 When the shepheards from their fold  
 All their bleating charges told,

Add (full carefull) search'd if one  
Of all their flock were hurt or gone,  
Or (if in the night-time cul'd)  
And had their fleeces pul'd:  
'Mougst the rest (not least in care)  
Cutty to his fold gan fare;  
And young Willy (that had given  
To his flock the latest even  
Neighbourhood with Cutty's sheepe)  
Shaking off refreshing sleepe,  
Hy'd him to his charge that blet,  
Where he (busied) Cutty met:  
Both their sheepe told, and none mist  
Of their number; then they blit  
Pan, and all the gods of plaines  
For respecting of their traines  
Of silly sheepe; and in a song  
Praise gave to that holy through.  
Thus they drave their flocks to graze,  
Whose white fleeces did amaze  
All the lillies as they passe  
Where their usual feeding was.  
Lillies angry that a creature  
Of no more eye-pleasing feature  
Than a sheepe, by nature's duty  
Should be crown'd with far more beauty  
Than a lilly; and the powre  
Of white in sheepe, outgoe a flowre:  
From the middle of their sprout  
(Like a furie's sting) thrust out  
Dart-like forks in death to steepe them:  
But great Pan did safely keepe them;  
And afforded kind repaire  
To their dry and wonted laire,  
Where their masters (that did eye them)  
Underneath a hawthorne by them,  
On their pipes thus gan to play,  
And with rimes weare out the day.

WILLIE.

Cease, Cutty, cease to feed these simple flocks,  
And for a trumpet change thine oaten-reeds;  
O're-looke the vallies as aspiring rockes,  
And rather march in steele, then shepheard's weeds.  
Releive me Cutty! for heroicke deeds  
Thy verse is fit; not for the lives of swaines,  
(Though both thou canst do well) and none proceeds  
To leave high pitches for the lowly plaines:  
Take thou a harpe in hand, strive with Apollo;  
Thy Muse was made to lead, then scorne to follow.

CUTTY.

Willie, to follow sheepe I nere shall scorne;  
Mach leasse to follow any deity:  
Who 'gainst the Sun (though weakned by the  
morne)  
Would vie with lookes, needeth an eagle's eye,  
I dare not search the hidden mysterle  
Of tragicke scenes; nor in a buskin'd stile  
Through death and horreur march, nor their height  
sie,  
Whose pens were fed with blood of this faire lie.  
It shall content me, on these happy downes  
To sing the strife for garlands, not for crownes.

WILLIE.

O who would not aspire, and by his wing  
Keep stroke with fame, and of an earthly jar  
Another lemon teach the spheres to sing?  
Who would a shepheard, that might be a star?

See learned Cutty, on yond mountaines are  
Cleere springs arising, and the climbing goat  
That can get up, bath water cleerer farre  
Than when the streames doe in the vallies float.  
What mad-man would a race by torch-light run,  
That might his steps have usher'd by the Summe?

We shepheards tune our layes of shepheards' loves,  
Or in the praise of shady groves, or springs;  
We seldome heare of Cythera's doves,  
Except when some more learned shepheard sings;  
An equal meed have to our sonetings:  
A belt, a sheep-booke, or a wreath of flowres,  
Is all we seeke, and all our versing brings;  
And more deserts than these are seldome ours.  
But thou, whose Muse a falcon's pitch can sore,  
Maist share the bayes even with a conqueror.

CUTTY.

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

WILLIE.

'Cause Cuttie's spirit not in Willie shines,  
Pan cannot weild the club of Hercules,  
Nor dare a merlin on a heron seise.  
Scarce know I how to fit a shepheard's care;  
Farre more unable shall I be to please  
In aught, which none but semi-gods must heare;  
When by thy verse (more able) time shall see  
Thou canst give more to kings, than kings to  
thee.

CUTTY.

But (wel-a-day) who loves the Muses now?  
Or helps the climber of the sacred hill?  
None leasse to them; but strive to disalow  
All heavenly dewes the goddesses distil.

WILLIE.

Let earthly minds base mucke for ever fill,  
Whose musicke onely is the chime of gold,  
Deafe be their eares to each harmonious quill!  
As they of learning thinke, so of them hold.  
And if there's none deserves what thou canst doo,  
Be then the poet and the patron too.

I tell thee Cutty, had I all the sheepe  
With thrice as many moe, as on these plaines,  
Or shepheard, or faire maiden sits to keepe,  
I would them all forgoe, so I thy straines  
Could equalize. O how our neatest swaines  
Doe trin themselves, when on a holy-day  
They haste to heare thee sing, knowing the traines  
Of fairest nymphs will come to learne thy lay.  
Well may they run and wish a parting never,  
So thy sweet tong might charme their eares  
for ever.

CUTTY.

These attributes (my lad) are not for me,  
Bestow them where true merit hath assign'd;

WILLIE.

And do I not? bestowing them on thee:  
Beleeve me Cutty, I doe beare this mind,  
That wheresoe're we true deserving find,  
To give a silent praise is to detract;  
Obscure thy verses (more than most refin'd)  
From any one, of dulnesse so compact.  
And rather sing to trees, than so such men,  
Who know not how to crowne a poet's pen.

CUTTY.

Willie, by thy incitement I'll essay  
To raise my subject higher than tofore,  
And sing it to our swaines next holy-day,  
Which (as approv'd) shall fill them with the store  
Of such rare accents: if dislik'd, no more  
Will I a higher straine than shepherds use,  
But sing of woods and rivers as before.

WILLIE.

Thou wilt be ever happy in thy Muse.  
But see, the radiant Sunne is gotten hye,  
Let's seeke for shadow in the grove hereby.

## THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE SIXTH ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philos of his dogge doth bragge  
For having many feates:  
The while the curre undoes his bagge,  
And all his dinner eates.

WILLIE. JOCKIE. PHILOS.

WILLIE.

Stay Jockie, let us rest here by this spring,  
And Philos too, since we so well are met;  
This spreading oke wil yeeld us shadowing  
Till Phoebus' steeds be in the ocean wet.

JOCKIE.

Gladly (kind swaine) I yeeld, so thou wilt play  
And make us merry with a roundelay.

PHILOS.

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

WILLIE.

But who shall keepe our flocks when we are gone?  
I dare not goe and let them feede alone.

JOCKIE.

Nor I; since but the other day it fell,  
Leaving my sheepe to graze on yonder plaine,  
I went to fill my bottle at the well,  
And ere I could returne, two lambs were slaine.

PHILOS.

Then was thy dog ill taught, or else asleepe;  
Such curres as those shall never watch my sheepe.

WILLIE.

Yet Philos hath a dog not of the best;  
He seemes too lazy, and will take no plaines;  
More fit to lie at home and take his rest,  
Than catch a wandring sheepe upon the plaines.

JOCKIE.

'Tis true indeed; and, Philos, wot ye what?  
I thinke he pliates the fox, he growes so fat.

PHILOS.

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

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

How often have the maidens strove to take him,  
When he hath crost the plaine to barke at crows?  
How many lasses have I knowne to make him  
Garlands to gird his necke, with which he goes  
Vaunting along the lands so wondrous trim,  
That not a dog of yours durst barke at him.  
And when I list (as often-times I use)  
To tune a horne-pipe, or a morris-dance,  
The dogge (as he by nature could not choose)  
Seeming asleepe before, will leap and dancc.

WILLIE.

Belike your dog came of a pedler's brood,  
Or Philos' musicke is exceeding good.

PHILOS.

I boast not of his kin, nor of my reed,  
(Though of my reed, and him I well may boast)  
Yet if you will adventure that some need  
Shall be to him that is in action meet,  
As for a collar of shrill sounding bells.  
My dog shall strive with yours, or any's els.

JOCKIE.

Philos in truth I must confesse your wagge  
(For so you call him) hath of trickes good store,  
To steale the vittelles from his master's bagge  
More cunningly, I nere saw dog before,  
See Willy, see! I prithee Philos note [throate.  
How fast thy bread and cheese goes downe his

WILLIE.

Now Philos see how mannerly your curre,  
Your well-taught dog, that hath so many trickes,  
Devoures your dinner.

PHILOS.

I wish 'twere a burre  
To choke the mungrell!

JOCKIE.

See how he licks  
Your butter-boxe; by Pan, I doe not meanely  
Love Philos' dog, that loves to be so cleanly.

PHILOS.

Well flouted Jockie.

WILLIE.

Philos, run amaine,  
For in your scrip he now hath thrust his head  
So farre, he cannot get it forth againe;  
See how he blindfold strags along the mead;  
And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I thinke:  
He loves your meat, but cares not for your  
drinke.

JOCKIE.

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

PHILOS.

'Twere better he had never serv'd me so,  
Sweet meat, sowre sauce, he shall abyee it deere.  
What must he be aforehand with his master?

WILLIE.

Onely in kindnesse he would be your taster:

PHILOS.

Well, Willie, you may laugh, and urge my spleene;  
But by my hooke I sweare he shall it rue,  
And had far'd better had he fasting been.  
But I must home for my allowance now.

To farewell, lads. Look to my fleeced traine  
Till my returne.

JOCKIE.

We will.

WILLIE.

Make haste againe.

### THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE SEVENTH EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Palinode intreats his friend  
To leave a wanton lasse;  
Yet he pursues her to his end  
And lets all councill passe.

PALINODE. HOBBINOL.

PALINODE.

Whether wends Hobbinol so early day?  
What be thy lambkins broken fro' the fold  
And on the plaines all night have run astray?  
Or are thy sheepe and sheepe-walkes both ysoyd?  
What mister-chance hath brought thee to the  
field

Without thy sheepe? thou wert not wont to yeeld  
To idle sport,  
But did resort

As early to thy charge from drowzy bed,  
As any shepheard that his flock hath fed  
Upon these downes.

HOBBINOL.

Such heavy frownes

Fortune for others keeps; but bends on me  
Smiles would befit the seat of majestic.

Hath Palinode  
Made his abode

Upon our plaines, or in some uncouth cell?  
That heares not what to Hobbinol befell;  
Phyllis the faire, and fairer is there none,  
To-morrow must be linkt in marriage bands,  
'Tis I that must undoe her virgin zone.  
Behold the man, behold the happy banda.

PALINODE.

Behold the man? Nay, then the woman too,  
Though both of them are very small beholding  
To any powre that set them on to wooe;  
Ah Hobbinol! it is not worth unfolding  
What shepheards say of her; thou canst not choose  
But heare what language all of Phyllis use;  
Yet, than such tongues,  
To her belongs

More than to sate her lust; unhappy elfe!  
That wilt be bound to her to loose thy selfe.  
Forsake her first.

HOBBINOL.

Thou most accurst!

Durst thou to slander thus the innocēt,  
The grace's patterne, vertue's president?  
She, in whose eye  
Shines modestie:

Upon whose brow lust never lookes with hope,  
Venus rul'd not in Phyllis' horoscope:

'Tis not the vapour of a hemlocke stem  
Can spoyle the perfume of sweet cynamon;  
Nor vile aspersions, or by thee or them  
Cast on her name, can stay my going on.

PALINODE.

On maist thou goe, but not with such a one,  
Whom (I dare sweare) thou know'st is not a maid:  
Remember when I met her last alone  
As we to yonder grove for filberds straid,  
Like to a new-strook doe from out the bushes,  
Lacing herselfe, and red with gamesome blushes,

Made towards the greene,

Loth to be seene:

And after in the grove the goatherd met:  
What saidst thou then? If this prevails not, yet  
I'll tell thee moe.

Not long agoe

Too long I lov'd her, and as thou dost now  
Would sweare Diana was lesse chaste than she,  
That Jupiter would court her, knew he how  
To find a shape might tempt such chastitie:  
And that her thoughts were pure as new false snow,  
Or silver swans that trace the bankes of Po,

And free within

From spot of sin:

Yet like the flint her lust-swolne breast conceal'd  
A hidden fire; and thus it was reveal'd:

Cladon, the lad

Who whilome had

The garland given for throwing best the barre,  
I know not by what chance or luckie starre,  
Was chosen late  
To be the mate

Unto our lady of our gleeesome May,  
And was the first that danc'd each holy-day;  
None would be take but Phyllis forth to dance;  
Nor any could with Phyllis dance but hee,  
On Palinode she thenceforth not a glance  
Bestowes, but hates him and his poverty,  
Cladon had sheape and liams for stronger lode  
Then ere she saw in simple Palinode:

He was the man

Must clip her than;

For him she wreathes of flowers and chaplets made;  
To strawberries invites him in the shade,

In shearing time,

And in the prime,

Would helpe to clip his sheepe, and gard his lambs:  
And at a need lend him her choicest rams,

And on each stocke

Work such a clocke

With twisted colored thred; as not a swaine  
On all these downes could show the like againe.  
But, as it seemes, the well grew dry at last,  
Her fire unquench'd, and she hath Cladon lost:  
Nor was I sorry; nor doe wish to taste

The fish whereto so many flies have cleft.

Oh, Hobbinol! canst thou imagine she

That hath so oft been tride, so oft misdōne,

Can from all other men be true to thee?

Thou know'st with me, with Cladon, she hath gone

Beyond the limites that a maiden may,

And can the name of wife those roving's stay?

She hath not aught

That's hid, unsought;

These eyes, these hands, so much know of that  
woman, [common?]

As more thou canst not: can that please that's

No: should I wed,

My marriage bed,

And all that it contains, should as my heart  
Be knowne but to myselfe; if we impart

What golden rings  
The Fairy brings,

We loose the jem, nor will they give us more:  
Wives loose their value, if once knowne before:  
Behold this violet that cropped lyes,  
I know not by what hand first from the stem,  
With what I plucke myselfe shall I it prize?  
I scorne the offals of a diadem.

A virgin's bed hath millions of delights,  
If than goods parents please she know no more:  
Nor hath her servants, nor her favourites,  
That waite her husband's issuing at dore:  
She that is free both from the act and cie,  
Onely deserves the due of chastitie.

But Phillis is

As farre from this,

As are the poles in distance from each other,  
She well becomes the daughter of her mother.

Is there a brake

By hill or lake,

In all our plaines, that hath not guilty been,  
In keeping close her stealths; the Paphian queene  
Ne're us'd her skill

To win her will

Of yong Adonis, with more heart than she  
Hath her allurements spent to work on me.  
Leave, leave her, Hobbinol; she is so ill,  
That any one is good that's naught of her,  
Tho' she be faire, the ground which oft we till  
Growes with his burden old and barren.

HOBBINOL.

With much ado, and with no little paine,  
Have I out-heard thy railing 'gainst my love:  
But it is common, what we cannot gaine  
We oft disvaile: sooner shalt thou move  
Yond lofty mountaine from the place it stands,  
Or count the meadow's flowers, or Isis' sands,  
Than stirre one thought

In me, that aught

Can be in Phillis which Diana faire,  
And all the goddesses, would not wish their.

Fond man, then cease

To crosse that peace

Which Phillis' vertue and this heart of mine  
Have well begun; and for those words of thine

I doe forgive,

If thou wilt live

Hereafter free from such reproches mee,  
Since goodnesse never was without her foe.

PALINODE.

Beleeve me, Hobbinol, what I have said  
Was more in love to thee than hate to her:  
Thinke on thy liberty; let that be weigh'd;  
Great good may oft betide, if we deferre  
And use some short delayes ere marriage rites;  
Wedlocke hath daies of toile as joysome nights.

Canst thou be free

From jealousie?

Oh, no! that plague will so infect thy braine,  
That only death must worke thy peace againe.

Thou canst not dwell

One minute well

From whence thou leav'st her; locke on her thy  
Yet will her mind be still adulterate. [gate,

Not Argos' eyes,

Nor ten such spies,

Can make her onely thine; for she will doe  
With those, that shall make thee mistrust them too.

HOBBINOL.

Wilt thou not leave to taint a virgine's name?

PALINODE.

A virgine! Yes: as sure as is her mother!  
Dost thou not heare her good report by fame?

HOBBINOL.

Fame is a lyer, and was never other.

PALINODE.

Nay, if she ever spoke true, now she did;  
And thou wilt once confesse what I foretold:  
The fire will be disclos'd that now lies hid,  
Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.  
Yet may she (if that possible can fall)  
Be true to thee, that hath been false to all.

HOBBINOL.

So pierce the rocks

A red-breast's knocks,

As the beleefe of aught thou tell'st me now.  
Yet be my guest to-morrow.

PALINODE.

Speed your plow.

I fear ere long

You'll sing a song

Like that was sung hereby not long ago;  
Where there is carrion, never wants a crow.

HOBBINOL.

Ill-tutour'd swaine,

If on the plaine

[feed,

Thy sheep hence-forward come where mine do  
They shall be sure to smart for thy misdeed.

PALINODE.

Such are the thanks a friend's fore-warning brings.  
Now, by the love I ever bore thee, stay!  
Meete not mishaps! themselves have speedy  
wings.

HOBBINOL.

It is in vaine. Farewel. I must away.

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### EGLOGUES.

BY

MASTER BROOKE AND MASTER DAVIES,

ADDRESSED

TO W. BROWNE, ON THE PUBLICATION OF THE  
SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

TO HIS MUCH-LOVED FRIEND,

MASTER W. BROWNE,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, D.D.

CUTTY

WILLIE, well met, now whiles thy socks do feed  
So dangerlesse, and free from any feare;  
Lay by thy hooke, and take thy pleasant reed,  
And with thy melodie relesse mine care,  
Which (upon Lammes last) and on this plaine,  
Thou plaiddst so sweetly to thy skipping traine.

WILLIE.

I, Cutty, then I plaid unto my sheepe  
Notes apt for them, but farre unfit for thee ;  
How should my layes (alas !) true measure keepe  
With thy choise cares, or make thee melodie ?  
For in thy straine thou do'st so farre exceed,  
Thou canst not relish such my homely reede.

CUTTY.

Thy nicenesse shows thy cunning, nothing more,  
Yet since thou seem'st so lowly in thy thought,  
(Who in thy pastorall veine, and learned lore,  
Art so much prais'd, so farre and neere art rought)  
Lead me thine cares, and thou shalt heare me  
sing  
In praise of shepherds, and of thee, their king.

Mr loved Willie, if there be a man  
That never heard of a browne-colour'd swan,  
Whose tender pinions, scarcely fleg'd in show,  
Could make his way with whitest swans in Po :  
Or if there be among the spawne of earth,  
That thinks so vilely of a shepheard's birth,  
That though he tune his reed in meanest key,  
Yet in his braine holds not Heaven, earth, and sea :  
Then let him know, thou art that young brown swan,  
That through the winding streames of Albion  
Taking thy course, dost seeme to make thy pace  
With flocks full plum'd, equall in love and grace ;  
And thou art he (that tho' thy humble straines  
Do move delight to those that love the plaines :)  
Yet to thyselfe (as to thy sort) is given  
A Jacob's staffe, to take the height of Heaven ;  
And with a naturall cosmography  
To comprehend the Earth's rotunditie :  
Besides, the working plummet of thy braine  
Can sound the deepes and secrets of the maine :  
For if the shepheard a true figure be  
Of contemplation, (as the learn'd agree)  
Which, in his seeming rest, doth (restlesse) move  
About the center, and to Heav'n above ?  
And in his thought is onely bounded there,  
Sees Nature's chaine fast'ned to Jove's high chaire,  
Then thou (that art of Pan the sweetest swaine,  
And far transcending all his lowly traine)  
In thy discursive thought, dost range as farre,  
Nor canst thou erre, led by thine owne faire starre.  
Thought hath no prison, and the mind is free  
Under the greatest king and tyranny.  
Tho' low thou seem'st, thy genius mounts the hill,  
Where heavenly nectar doth from Jove distil ;  
Where bayes still grow, (by thunder not struck  
down)  
The victor's garland, and the poet's crown ;  
And underneath the horse-foote-fount doth flow,  
Which gives wit verdure, and makes learning  
grow.  
To this faire hill (from stormes and tempests free)  
Thou oft repair'st for truthe's discovery ;  
A prospect, upon all time's wand'ring mazes,  
Displaying vanity, disclosing graces :  
Nay, in some cliffe it leads the eye beyond  
The time's horizon, stripping sea and land.  
And farther (not obscurely) doth divine  
All future times : here doe the Muses shine,  
Here dignitie with safetie doe combine,  
Pleasure with merit makes a lovely twine.  
Vitam vitalem they shall ever leade,  
That mount this hill and learning's path do treade :

Here admiration without envie's wonne,  
All in the light, but in the heate sit none.  
And to this mount thou dost translate thine essence,  
Altho' the plaines contain thy corporall presence ;  
Where tho' poore people's miserie thou show,  
That under griping lords they undergoe,  
And what content they (that do lowest lie)  
Receive from good men, that do sit on hie.  
And in each witty ditty (that surpasses) [lasses :  
Dost, for thy love, make strife 'mongst country  
Yet in thy humble straine, fame makes thee rise,  
And strikes thy mounting forehead 'gainst the skies.  
Renowned friend, what trophie may I raise  
To memorize thy name ? Would I could praise  
(In any meane) thy worth ; strike Envy dumbe,  
But I die here ; thou liv'st in time to come :  
States have their period, statues lost with rust ;  
Soules to Elizium, Nature yeelds to dust ;  
All monuments of armes and power decay,  
But that which lives to an eternall day,  
Letters preserve ; nay, gods with mortall men  
Do sympathize by vertue of the penne,  
And so shalt thou. Sweet Willie, then proceede,  
And in eternall merit fame thy reede.  
Pan to thy sheeced numbers give increase,  
And Pales to thy love-thoughts give true peace ;  
Let faire Feronia (goddesse of the woods)  
Preserve thy yong plants, multiply thy buds ;  
And whiles thy rams doe tup, thy ewes do twyn,  
Doe thou in peacefull shade (from men's rude dyn)  
Adde pinyons to thy fame : whose active wit  
With Hermes' winged cap doth suite most fit.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

## THIRSI AND ALEXIS.

THIRSI.

ALEXIS, if thy worth doe not disdaine  
The humble friendship of a meener swaine ;  
Or some more needfull businesse of the day  
Urge thee to be too hasty on thy way ;  
Come (gentle shepheard) rest thee here by me,  
Under the shadow of this broad-leav'd tree :  
For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye  
Observes in thee the markes of curtsie :  
And if my judgement erre not, not'd too  
More than in those that more would seeme to doe :  
Such vertues thy rude modesty doth hide,  
Which by thy proper luster I espie'd ;  
And tho' long mask't in silence they have bene, }  
I have a wisdomd thro' that silence seee :  
Yea, I have learned knowledge from thy tongue,  
And heard when thou hast in concealment sung :  
Which me the bolder and more willing made  
Thus to invite thee to this homely shade.  
And tho' (it may be) thou couldst never spye  
Such worth in me to make me known thereby,  
In thee I doe ; for here my neighbouring sheepe  
Upon the border of these downes I keepe :  
Where often thou at pastorals and plays  
Hast grac'd our wakes on sommer holy-dayes :  
And many a time with thee at this cold spring  
Met I, to heare your learned shepherds sing,  
Saw them disporting in the shady groves,  
And in chaste sonnets woe their chaster loves :  
When I, endued with the meanest skill,  
'Mongst others have been urg'd to tune my quill,

Where (cause but little cunning I had got)  
Perhaps thou saw'st me, tho' thou knew'st me not.

ALEXIS.

Yes, Thisis, I doe know thre and thy name,  
Nor is my knowledge groundd all on fame;  
Art not thou he, that but this other yeare,  
Scarm't all the wolves and loxes in the sheere?  
And in a match at foot-ball lately try'd,  
(Having scarce twenty satyres on thy side)  
Held'st play: and tho' assailed, kept'st thy stand  
'Gainst all the best try'd ruffians in the land:  
Didst thou not, then in doleful sonnets mone,  
When the beloved of great Pan was gone;  
And, at the wedding of faire Thame and Rhyne,  
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?  
I know it, and I must confesse that long  
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:  
For till I markt the aime thy satyrs had,  
I thought them overbold, and Thisis mad;  
But, since I did more neerely cu thee looke,  
I soon perceiv'd that I had all mistooke:  
I saw that of a cynicke thou mad'st show,  
Where since I find that thou wert nothing so,  
And that of many thou much blame hadst got,  
When as thy innocence deserv'd it not.  
But this too good opinion thou hast seem'd  
To have of me (not so to be esteem'd)  
Prevails not aught to stay him who doth feare,  
He rather should reproofes than praises heare;  
'Tis true I found thee plaine and honest too,  
Which made me like, then love, as now I do;  
And, Thisis, though a stranger, this I say,  
Where I do love, I am not coy to stay.

THISIS.

Thanks, gentle swayne, that dost so soone unfold  
What I to thee as gladly would have told,  
And thus thy wouted curtesie exprest  
In kindly entertaining this request:  
Sure I should injury my owne content,  
Or wrong thy love, to stand on complement,  
Who hast acquaintance in one word begunne  
As well as I could in an age have done:  
Or by an over-wenning slownesse marre  
What thy more wisdom hath brought on so farre,  
Then sit thou downe, and l'le my minde declare  
As freely as if we familiars were:  
And if thou wilt but daigne to give me care,  
Something thou maist for thy more profit heare.

ALEXIS.

Willingly, Thisis, I thy wish obey,

THISIS.

Then know, Alexis, from that very day,  
When as I saw thee at that shepheard's coate,  
Where each, I thinke, of other tooke first noate,  
I meane that pastor who by Tavis's springs,  
Chaste shepherds' loves in sweetest numbers sings,  
And with his musicke (to his greater fame)  
Hath late made proud the fairest nimpes of Thame.  
E'ne then, me thought, I did espy in thee  
Some unperceiv'd and hidden worth to be,  
Which in thy more apparent virtues shin'd,  
And among many I in thought devin'd,  
By something my conceit had understood,  
That thou wert markt one of the Muses' brood,  
That made me love thee: and that love I beare  
Begot a pittie, and that pittie care:

Pittie I had to see good parts conceal'd,  
Care I had how to have that good reveal'd,  
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse  
To possesse much, and yet put nought in use:  
Hereon I vow'd, (if we yet ever met)  
The first request that I would strive to get [skill].  
Should be but this, that thou wouldst show thy  
How thou couldst tune thy verses to thy quill:  
And teach thy Muse, in some well-framed song,  
To show the art thou hast suppress so long:  
Which, if my new acquaintance may obtaine,  
Thisis will ever honour this daies' gaine.

ALEXIS.

Alas! my small experience scarce can tell  
So much as where those nymphes the Muses dwell,  
Nor (tho' my slow conceit still travels on)  
Shall I ere reach to drinke of Helicon;  
Or if I might so favour'd be to taste  
What those sweet streames but over-flow in waste,  
And touch Parnassus where it low'st doth lye,  
I feare my skill would hardly flagge so bye.

THISIS.

Despaire not, man, the gods have priz'd nought  
So deere that may not be with labour bought,  
Nor needs thy paine be great, since fate and Heaven  
They (as a blessing) at thy birth have given.

ALEXIS.

Why, say they had.

THISIS.

Then use their gifts thou must,  
Or be ungratefull, and so be unjust:  
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,  
Ingratitude men's benefits do hide,  
Then more ungratefull must he be by oddes,  
Who doth conceale the bounty of the gods.

ALEXIS.

That's true indeed; but Envy hateth those  
Who, seeking fame, their hidden skill disclose:  
Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying  
Escape the blasts and danger of envying:  
Critiques will censure our best straines of wit,  
And purblind ignorance misconstrer it.  
All which is bad, yet worse than this doth follow,  
Most hate the Muses, and contemne Apollo.

THISIS.

So let them; why should we their hate esteeme?  
Is't not enough we of ourselves can deeme?  
'Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them,  
Than unto us that they our art contemne;  
Can we have better pastime than to see  
Our grosse heads may so much deceived be,  
As to allow those doings best, where wholly  
We scoffe them to their face, and flout their folly?  
Or to behold blacke Envy in her prime  
Die selfe-consum'd, whilst we vie lives with time?  
And, in despite of her, more fame attaine  
Than all her malice can wipe out againe.

ALEXIS.

Yea, but if I apply me to those straines,  
Who should drive forth my flockes unto the plaines,  
Which whilst the Muses rest, and leisure crave,  
Must watering, folding, and attendance have?  
For if I leave with wonted care to cherish  
Those tender heards, both I and they should perish.

## THRISIS.

Alexis, now I see thou dost mistake,  
 There is no meaning thou thy charge forsake;  
 Nor would I wish thee so thyself abuse,  
 As to neglect thy calling for thy Muse:  
 But let these two so of each other borrow,  
 That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.  
 Thy flocks will helps thy charges to defray,  
 Thy Muse to passe the long and tedious day.  
 Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy reed,  
 Thy sheepe to listen will more neere thee feed;  
 The wolves will shun them, birds above thee sing,  
 And lambkins dance about thee in a ring;  
 Nay, which is more, in this thy low estate  
 Thou in contentment shalt with monarks mate:  
 For mighty Pan, and Ceres to us grants,  
 Our fields and flocks, shall help our outward wants.  
 The Muses teach us songs to put off cares,  
 Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:  
 And we can thinke our lasses on the greenses  
 As faire, or fairer than the fairest queenes;  
 Or, what is more than most of them shall do,  
 Wee'll make their juster fames last longer too,  
 Having our lines by greatest princes grac'd,  
 When both their name and memory's defac'd.  
 Therefore, Alexis, though that some disdaine  
 The heavenly musicke of the rural plaine,  
 What is't to us, if they (or'esene) contemne  
 The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?  
 And though that there be other some envy  
 The praises due to sacred poesie,  
 Let them disdaine and fret till they are wearie,  
 We in ourselves have that shall make us merrie:  
 Which he that wants, and had the power to know it,  
 Would give his life that he might dye a poet.

## ALEXIS.

Thou hast so well (yong Thiris) plaid thy part,  
 I am almost in love with that sweet art:  
 And if some power will but inspire my song,  
 Alexis will not be obscured long.

## THRISIS.

Enough, kinde pastor: but, oh! yonder see  
 Two shepherds, walking on the lay-banke be,  
 Cuttie and Willie, that so dearly love,  
 Who are repairing unto yonder grove:  
 Let's follow them: for never braver swaines  
 Made musicke to their flocks upon these plaines.  
 They are more worthy, and can better tell  
 What rare contents do with a poet dwell. [shere,  
 Then whiles our sheepe the short sweet grasse do  
 And till the long shade of the hilles appeare,  
 Wee'll heare them sing; for though the one be  
 Never was any that more sweetly sung. [young,

GEO. WITHER.

## AN EGLOGUE

BETWEEN YONGE WILLIE, THE SINGER OF HIS NATIVE  
 PASTORALS, AND OLD WERNOCK, HIS FRIEND.

## WERNOCK.

WILLIE, why lig't thou (man) so wo-be-gon?  
 What! been thy rather lamkins ill-apaid?  
 Or, hath some drierie chance thy pipe misdone?  
 Or, hast thou any sheep-cure mis-assaid?  
 Or, is some conteck 'twixt thy love and thee?  
 Or, else some love-warke arrie-vargie ta'ne?  
 Or, Fates lesse frolicke than they wont to be?

What gars my Willie that he so doth wane?  
 If it be for thou hast mis-said, or done,  
 Take keepe of thine owne counsell; and thou art  
 As sheene and cleare fro' both-twaine as the Sunne  
 For, all swaines laud thine haviour, and thine art.  
 May hap thine heart (that unneath brooke neglect,  
 And jealous of thy fresh fame) liggs upon  
 Thy rural songs, which rarest clarkes affect,  
 Dreading the descant that mote fall thereon.  
 Droope not for that (man) but unpleate thy browes,  
 And blithly, so, fold envies up in pleats:  
 For, fro' thy makings, milke and melly flowes,  
 To feed the songster-swaines with art's soot-meats.

## WILLIE.

Now, sileer (Wernock) thou hast spilt the marke,  
 Albe that I ne wot I ban mis-song:  
 But, for I am so yong, I dread my warke  
 Will be misvalued both of old and yong.

## WERNOCK.

Is thilke the cause that thou been ligge so laid,  
 Who whilom no encheson could fore-baile;  
 And caitive-courage nere made mispaid, [saile?  
 But with chiefe yongsters, songsters, bar'st thy  
 As swoot as swans thy strains make Thams to ring  
 Fro' Cotswould, where her sourse her course doth  
 take,

To her wide mouth, which vents thy carolling  
 Beyond the hether and the further lake.  
 Than up (said swaine) pull fro' thy vailed cheeke  
 Hur prop, thy palme: and let thy virilaies  
 Kill envious cunning swaines (whom all do seeke)  
 With envy, at thy earned gaudy praise.  
 Up lither, lad, thou reck'st much of thy swinke,  
 When swinke ne swat thou shouldst ne reck for  
 fame.

At Aganip, than, lay thee downe to drinke  
 Untill thy stomacke swell, to raise thy name.  
 What tho' time yet hannot bedowld thy chin?  
 Thy dam's deere wombe was Helicon to thee;  
 Where (like a loach) thou drew'st thilke liquor in,  
 Which on thy heart-strings ran with musicke's  
 glee.

Than up betimes, and make the sullen swaines  
 With thy shrill reed such jolly-jovisance,  
 That they (entranc'd) may wonder at thy straines;  
 So, leave of thee ne're ending sovenance.

## WILLIE.

Ah, Wernock, Wernock! so my sp'rits beene steep't  
 In dulnesse, thro' these duller times missaves  
 Of sik-like musicke, (rising rudely cleept)  
 That yer I pipe well, must be better cause.  
 Ah! who (with lavish draughts of Aganip)  
 Can swill their soule to frolicke so, their Muse,  
 When courts and camps, that erst the Muse did  
 clip,

Do now forelore her; nay, her most abuse?  
 Now, with their witlesse, causelesse surquedry,  
 They been transpos'd fro' what of yore they were,  
 That swaines, who but to looser luxurie  
 Can show the way, are now most cherisht there.  
 These times been crimefull, (ah!) and being so,  
 Bold swaines, (deft songsters) sing them criminal;  
 So, make themselves oft gleefull in their wo:  
 For thy tho' songsters are miswee'd of all.  
 Mecenas woont in bloeket liveries  
 Yclad sike chanters; but these miser times  
 Uncase hem quite, that all may hem despise,  
 As they don all their best embelliaht rimes.



And harvest-queenes of yore would chaplets make  
To crowne their scalps that couth most sweetly  
sing,

And give hem many a gaude at ale or wake,  
But now ne recke they of soot carolling.  
Enaunter they should be as seeme they would,  
Or songen lowdly for so deere desart ;  
Or else be peregall to nymphes of old,  
From which their beastlihd now freely start.  
Than must they latch the blowes of fates too fell  
With their too feeble clowches as they con :  
For, none regards or guards hem for their spell,  
Tho' they, on point-device, empt Helicon !  
There nis thilke chivisance they whilome had  
For piping swoote ; sith, with an heydeguics,  
Pipt by Tom-piper, or a Lorrel-lad,  
(So be he clawes hem) they idolatrise.  
And those that should presse proper songs for sale,  
Bene, in their doomes, so dull ; in skill, so crude ;  
That they had leaver printen Jacke a vale,  
Or Clim ó Clough, (alacke !) they been so rude !  
And sith so few feate songsters in an age  
Bene fownden ; few do weigh hem as they been,  
For, swaines, that con no skill of holy rage,  
Bene foe-men to faire skil's enlawreid queene.  
Enough is mee, for thy, that I ma vent  
My wit's spels to myselfe, or unto thee,  
(Deer Wernock) which dost feel like miscontent  
Sith thou, and all unheeded, singt with me.

## WERNOCK.

Virtue it's sed (and is an old said-saw)  
Is for hurselſe, to be forsought alone :  
Then estaones fro' their case thy shrill pipes draw,  
And make the welkin ringen with their tone.  
Of world, ne worly men take thou no keepe,  
What the one doth, or what the other say ;  
For should I so, I so should eype out-weepe ;  
Then, with me ; Willie, ay sing care away,  
It's wood to be fore-pind with wastefull carke  
In many a noyfull stoure of willing bale  
For rading toys : but trim wit's poorest wark  
The upper Heav'n han hent fro' nether dale.  
Thilks all our share of all the quelling heape  
Of this world's good : enough is us to tell  
How rude the best bease, caduks, and how cheape,  
But, laude for well-done warks, done all excel !  
For thy we shoulden take keepe of our race  
That here we rennen, and what here we doon  
That whan we wenden til another plase,  
Our sovenance may here, ay-gayly woon.  
For, time will undersong us ; and our voice  
Woll woxen weake ; and our devising lame :  
For, life is brieſe ; and skils been long, and  
choice : [fame.  
Then spend we time, that time may spare our  
Looke how breeme winter chamfers earth's blecke  
face !

So, corbed elde accoyes youth's surquedry ;  
And, in the front, deepe furrowes doon enchase,  
Involved with falling snow a hy.  
Then nought can be achiev'd with witty shewes,  
Sith griefe of elde accloyen wimble wit ;  
Then, us behoven, yer elde sick accrewes,  
Time to forelay, with spais retarding it.  
I not what blisse is whelm'd with Heav'n's scape,  
So be the pleassance of the Muse be none :  
For, when thilke gloosome joyes han hallowed  
scope,

They been as those that Heav'n's-folke warble on.  
I con my good ; for, now my scalpe is frost  
Yielding to snow ; the crow-feete neer mine eyne  
Been markes of mickle preefe I have, that most  
Of all gleees else alow, han suddaine fine.  
O how it garres old Wernock swynck with glee  
In that emprise that chiven featest fame,  
It heats my heart above abillite  
To leave parduring sovenance of my name.  
And when mine engine han hear'd by my thought,  
Au that on poynt-device estaones yfell,  
O ! how my hart's joy rapt, as I had cougnt,  
A princedome to my share, of thilke newell.  
They beene of pleassances the alderbest :  
Than, God to forme ; I wol no mo but tho ;  
Tho' been the summe of all I loves best :  
And for hem love I life ; else nold I so.  
Drive on thy flocke, then, to the motley plaines,  
Where by some prill, that 'mong the pibbles plods,  
Thou, with thine osten reede and queintest  
straines,

Maist rapt the senior swaines, and minor gods :  
That as on Ida, that mych-famed mount,  
A shepherd swaine ; that sung lesse soote than  
thou,

By light love's goddesse, had the grace to mount  
To owe the sheenest queene that Earth did owe :  
So, thou maist, with thy past'rall minstralsy  
Beating the aire, atwene resounding hits,  
Draw to thee bonibels as smirke, as hy,  
And wrap hem in thy love begrey their wils :  
For (ah !) had Phoebus' clarkes the meanes of some  
Wosse clarkes (parav'nter) so to sing at ease ;  
They soome would make high long-wing'd hag-  
gards come ;

And vaile unto their lures ; so, on bem seise.  
For, bright nymphes buxune breasts do easly ope  
To let in thirling notes of noted laies :  
For, deftly song they han a charming scope ;  
So, aynphs themselves adore brows girt with bayes.  
Then, Willie, (ah ! for pitty of thine heart,  
That dropping yearoes, at misses of these times)  
Take thou thy pipe, and of glee take thy part ;  
Or cheere thyselfe with cordials of thy rimes.  
Before the world's sterne face, the world back-bite  
So slyly, that her parts ne'it perceive :  
Morall thy matter so, that, tho' thou smite,  
Thou maist with tickling her dull sence, deceive.  
Then hy thee, Willie, to the neighbour wasts,  
Where thou (as in another world alone)  
Maist (while thy flocke doe fodee) blow bitter blasts  
On thy loud'at pipe, to make il's perty knowne.  
For, sith the rude world doon us misplease  
That well deserved, tell we hur hus owne ;  
And let her ken our cunning can, with ease,  
Aye shend, or lend her sempiterne renowne.

## WILLIE.

Ah, Wernock ! so thy sawe mine heart downe thril  
With love of Muses' skill in speciall,  
That I ne wot, on mould what feater skill  
Can be yhugg'd in lordings pectorall.  
Ne would I it let bee for all the store  
In th' uncoth scope of both-twain hemispheres ;  
Ynough is me, perdy, nor strive for more  
But to be rich in hery for my leeres.  
Ne would I sharen that soule-gladding glee  
In th' ever gaudy gardens of the blest  
Not there to han, the Muses' compance,  
Which, God to-fore, is, of the best, the best.

Now, Wernock, shalt thou see (so mote I thee)  
That I will use any skill so mytch,  
(Faire fall my swinck) as this so nice, and free,  
In case I may my name to Heaven stich.  
For why? I am by kind so inly pul'd  
To these delices, that when I betake  
Myself to other lore I more am dul'd;  
And therefore, keeneely set, I fall to make.  
But, well-away, thyn is the way to thrive;  
And, my neer kith, for that wol sore me shead:  
Who little reck how I by kind am given;  
But her wold force to swinck for thrifflor end.  
Hence forward then I must assay, and con  
My leere in leeffull lore, to pleasea them.  
That, sib to me, would my promotion,  
And carke for that to prancke our common stem:  
For, now (as wends the world) no skill to that  
(Or rather but that) thrives; with swaines are now  
So full of contecke, that they wot ne what  
They would; so, if they could, they all would  
owe.

So fares it in calme seasons with curst men;  
If frenes forbeare at home, hem to invade,  
They wry their peace to noy each other then  
By plea, till they decease, or fall, or fade.  
So times been keener now with common swaynes,  
Than when as forraigne foe-men with hem fought:  
For, now they swyncke, but for sly law-men's  
gaines

Or sold they should possessen what they ought.  
But, what for this? To me it little longs  
To gab of sikliche notes of misery;  
Ynough is me to chaunten swoote my songs,  
And blend hem with my rural mynstrelsy,  
But, O (my Wernock) how am I to thee  
Obliged, for thy keene reencouragements  
To skill so mickle lov'd and sought of me  
As this of making with arts elements?  
I not how I shall thrive therein; ne how  
I shall be dempt of in these nicer times:  
But howsoere so thou my workes allow,  
I will be ill-apaiden with my rimes.

WERNOCK.

Thou needest not, Willie; wretch were I to laude  
Thee in thy misses; for, I so should be  
To th' adultrics of thy wits-scaapes, but a bande,  
Ne, as a friend, in sentence, should be free.  
Than, wend thou fairly on, with thyn emprise;  
Sing cleerely, Will, on mine encouragement,  
And other swaines, more able to devise;  
And, fixe thee for it, in the firmament.  
Ynough is me so I may beare a part  
Aye in the Muses quire with those and thee;  
Il'e sing (at ease) aloud, with cheerefull hart,  
No base, ne meane, but tenour of best glee.

WILLIE.

And I, with thee, wold chaunt each counter-verse  
So shrilly, that we'll make thilke quire to ring  
As ever do the angels; who rehearse [sing.  
The loudest lauds of Heav'n's Lord when they  
So, farewell, Wernock, mickle thanks to thee  
For thy freedom, that canst so well devise:  
Phœbus now goes to glade; then now goe we,  
Unto our sheddles to rest us till he rise.

WERNOCK.

Agree'd, deere Willie, gent and debonaire,  
We'll hence: for, rhumatike now fares the aire.

JO. DAVIES.

## THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.

WRITTEN BY W. BROWNE.

Non semper Gnosius arcus  
Destinat, exemplo sed laxat cornua nervo.  
Ovid. ad Pisonem.

TO THE HONOURABLE

## SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

GENTLEMEN,

I GIVE you but your owne: if you refuse to foster  
it, I knowe not who will: by your meanes it may  
live. If it degenerate in kinde from those other  
the society hath produced, blame yourselves for  
not seeking a happier Muse. I knowe it is not  
without faultes, yet such as your loves, or at least  
poetica licentia (the common salve) will make  
tolerable: what is good in it, that is yours; what  
bad, myne; what iadifferent, both; and that will  
suffice, since it was done to please ourselves in  
private, by him that is

all yours,

W. BROWNE.

## THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST SCENE,

On one side the hall, towards the lower end, was  
discovered a cliffe of the sea, done over in part  
white, according to that of Virgil, lib. 5.

Jaque adeo scopulus Syrenum advecta subibat  
Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos.

Upon it were seated two Syrens, as they are de-  
scribed by Hyginus and Servius, with their upper  
parts like women to the navell, and the rest like  
a hen. One of these, at the first discovery of  
the scene, (a sea being done in perspective on  
one side the cliffe) began to sing this songe,  
beinge as lascivious and proper to them, and  
beginninge as that of theirs in Hom. lib. 8.  
Οὐδ' ἄγ' ἴσιν πάλιν Οὐδ' ἴσιν μίγα αὐδὸς Ἀχαιοῖν.

STEEER hither, steere, your winged pines,  
All beaten mariners,  
Here lye Love's undiscovered mynes,  
A prey to passengers;  
Perfumes farre sweeter than the best  
Which make the phenix' urne and nest.

Fears not your ships,  
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips,  
But come on shore,  
Where no joy dyes till love hath gotten more.

The last two lines were repeated as from a grove  
nere, by a full chorus, and the Syren about to  
sing againe, Triton (in all parts as Apollonius,  
lib. 4. Argonaut. shows him) was seen inter-  
rupting her thus:

TRITON.

Leave, leave, allowing Syren, with thy songe,  
To hasten what the Fates would fain prolong:

Your sweetest tunes but grones of mandrakes be ;  
 He his owne traytor is that heareth thee.  
 Tethys commands, nor is it fit that you  
 Should ever glory you did him subdue  
 By wyles, whose pollicyes were never spread  
 'Till flaming Troy gave light to have them read.  
 Ulysses now furrowes the liquid plaine,  
 Doubtfull of seeing Ithaca againe,  
 For in his way more stops are thrust by time,  
 Than in the path where vertue comes to climbe :  
 She that with silver springs for ever fills  
 The shady groves, sweet meddowes, and the hills,  
 From whose continuall store such pooles are fed,  
 As in the land for seas are famos'd.  
 'Tis she whose favour to this Grecian tends,  
 And to remove his ruine Triton sends.

## SYREN.

But 'tis not Tethys, nor a greater powre, [hour]  
 Cynthia, that rules the waves; scarce he (each  
 That wields the thunderboltes, can things begun  
 By mighty Circe (daughter to the Sun)  
 Checke or controule; she that by charmes can  
 The scaled fish to leave the briny lake; [make  
 And on the seas walke as on land she were ;  
 She that can pull the pale Moone from her speare,  
 And at mid-day the world's all glorious eye  
 Muffle with cloudes in longe obscuritie ;  
 She that can cold December set on fire,  
 And from the grave bodies with life inspire ;  
 She that can cleave the center, and with ease  
 A prospect make to our Antipodes ; [made,  
 Whose mystique spelles have fearful thunders  
 And forc'd brave rivers to run retrograde ;  
 She, without stormes, that sturdy oakes can tare,  
 And turne their rootes where late their curl'd  
 toppes were,  
 She that can with the winter solstice bringe  
 All Flora's dainties, Circe bids me singe ;  
 And till some greater hand her pow're can staye,  
 Who'ere command, I none but her obeye.

## TRITON.

Then, Nereus' daughter<sup>1</sup>, thus you'le have me  
 telle.

## SYREN.

You may.

## TRITON.

Thinke on her wrath.

## SYREN.

I shall. Triton! farewell.

## SYREN.

Vaine was thy message, vaine her haste, for I  
 Must tune againe my wanton melodye.

Here she went on with her song thus :

For swelling waves, our panting brestes,

Where never stormes arise,

Exchange, and be awhile our guesates ;

For starres gaze on our eyes.

The compasse, love shall hourelly singe,

And as he goes about the ringe,

We will not misse

To telle each pointe he nameth with a kisse.

## CHORUS.

Then come on shore,  
 Where no joy dyes till love hath gotten more.

At the end of this song Circe was scene upon the  
 rocke, quaintly attyred, her haire loose about  
 her shoulders, an anadem of flowers on her  
 head, with a wand in her hand, and then mak-  
 ing towards the Syrens, called them thence  
 with this speech :

Syrens, ynough! cease ; Circe hath prevail'd,  
 The Greeks, which on the dauncing billowes say'd,  
 About whose shippes a hundred dolphins clange,  
 Wrapt with the musicke of Ulysses' tongue,  
 Have with their guide, by powerful Circe's hand,  
 Cast their hook'd anchors on Eœa's strand.  
 Yonde stands a hille crown'd with high waving  
 trees. [sees,

Whose gallant toppes each neighb'ringe countrye  
 Under whose shade an hundred Sylvans plays,  
 With gaudy nymphes farre fairer than the daye ;  
 Where everlastinge springe with silver showres  
 Sweet roses do:h increase to grace our bowres ;  
 Where lavish Flora, prodigall in pride,  
 Spends what might well enrich all earth beside,  
 And to adorne this place she loves so deare,  
 Stays in some climates scarcely halfe the yeare.  
 When, would she to the world indifferent bee,  
 They should continuall Aprill have as we.

Midway the wood, and from the level'd lands,  
 A spatious, yet a curious labour standes,  
 Wherein should Phœbus once to pry beginne,  
 I would benight him 'ere he gette bis inne,  
 Or turne his steedes awry, so drawe him on  
 To burne all landes but this, like Phœton.

Ulysses neare his mates, by my strange charmes,  
 Lyes there till my returne in sleepe's soft armes :  
 Then, Syrens, quickly wend me to the bowre,  
 To fittre their welcome, and show Circe's powre.

## SYREN.

What all the elements doe owe to thee,  
 In their obedience is perform'd in me.

## CIRCE.

Circe drinke not of Lethe, then awaye  
 To helpe the nymphes who now begiu their laye.

## THE SECONDE SCENE.

While Circe was speakinge her first speech, and  
 at these words, " Yond stands a hill," &c. a  
 traver was drawne at the lower end of the hall,  
 and gave way for the discovery of an artificiall  
 wood, so neere imitating nature, that, I thinke,  
 had there been a grove like that in the open  
 plaine, birds would have been faster drawne to  
 that than to Zeuxis' grapes. The tree stood at the  
 climbing of an hill, and left at their foete a  
 little plaine, which they circled like a cresente.  
 In this space, upon hillockes, were seen eight  
 musitians in crimson taffity robes, with chaplets  
 of lawrell on their heades, their lutes by them,  
 which being by them toucht as a warninge to  
 the nymphes of the wood, from among the trees  
 was heard this songe.

## THE SONGE IN THE WOOD.

WHAT singe the sweets birds in each grove ?  
 Nought but love,  
 What sound eur eccho, day and night ?  
 All delighte.

<sup>1</sup> Hom. Ἰθάκη ἡ Νηῆος ὁ γυρνῆς, &c.

What doth each wynd breathe us that flectes?  
Endlesse sweets.

## CHORUS.

Is there a place on earth this isle excels,  
Or any nymphes more happy live than we,  
When all our songes, our soundes, and breath-  
inges be,  
That here all love, deligthe, and sweetness dwells.

By this time Circe and the Syrens being come into  
the wood, Ulysses was seene lying as asleep, under  
the couverte of a faire tree, towards whom  
Circe coming, bespake thus.

## CIRCE.

Yet holdes soft sleepe his course. Now Ithacus,  
Ajax would offer hecatombes to us,  
And Ilium's ravish'd wives, and childlesse sires,  
With incense dym the bright æthereal fires,  
To have thee bounde in chaynes of sleepe as here;  
But that thou may'st behold, and knowe how deare  
Thou art to Circe, with my magicke deepe,  
And powerfull verses, thus I banish sleepe.

## THE CHARME.

Sonne of Erebus and Nighte,  
Hye away; and ayme thy flighte  
Where consorte none other fowle,  
Than the batte, and sullen owle,  
Where upon the lymber grasse,  
Poppy and mandragoras,  
With like simples not a few,  
Hange for ever droppes of dewe.  
Where flowes Lethe, without coyle,  
Softly like a streame of oyle.  
Hye thee thither, gentle Sleepe,  
With this Greeke no longer keepe:  
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,  
Thrice with mocy from my hand,  
Doe I to touch Ulysses' eyes,  
And with the jaspis: Then arise  
Sagest Greeke.

Ulysses (as by the powre of Circe) awakiuge, thus  
began:

## ULYSSES.

Thou more than mortalle mayde,  
Who, when thou listes, canst make (as if afraide)  
The mountaines tremble, and with terrour shake  
The seate of Dis; and from Avernus' lake  
Grim Hecate with all the Furies bringe,  
To worke revenge; or to thy questioninge  
Disclorre the secretes of th' infernall shades,  
Or raise the ghostes that walke the under-glades.  
To thee, whom all obey, Ulysses bendes,  
But may I aske (greate Circe) whereto tendes  
Thy never-failing handes? Shall we be free?  
Or must thynge anger crush my mates and me?

## CIRCE.

Neither, Laertes' sonne, with winges of love,  
To thee, and none but thee, my actions move.  
My arte went with thee, and thou me may'st  
thanke,

In winninge Rhesus' horses, e're they dranke  
Of Xanthus' streame; and when with human gore,  
Cleare Hebrus' channell was all stained 'ore;  
When some brave Greeks, companions then with  
thee,  
Forgot their country through the lotos tree;

I tyn'd the firebrande that (beside thy flight)  
Left Polyphemus in eternall nighte;  
And lastly to Æcca brought thee on,  
Safe from the man-devouring Læstrygon.  
This for Ulysses' love hath Circe done,  
And if to live with me thou shalt be wonne,  
Aurora's hand shall never drawe awaye  
The sable vale that hides the gladsome daye.  
But we new pleasures will beginne to taste,  
And better stille, those we enjoyed laste.  
To instance what I canne: Musicke, thy voyce,  
And of all those have felt our wrath, the choyce  
Appeare; and in a dance 'gin that delighe  
Which with the minutes shall growe infinite.

Here one attir'd like a woodman, in all poyntes,  
came forth of the wood, and, going towards  
the stage, sunge this songe to call away the  
Antimasque.

SONGE<sup>2</sup>.

Come yee whose hornes the cuckold weares,  
The whittoll too, with asses' eares;  
Let the wolfe leave howlinge,  
The baboone his scowlinge,  
And grillus hyc  
Out of his styce.

Though gruntinge, though barkinge, though bray-  
ingee yee come. [home.]

We'le make yee daunce quiet, and so send yee  
Nor ginne shall snare you,  
Nor mastive scare you  
Nor learne the baboone's trickes,  
Nor grillus' scoffe,  
From the hogge troughe,  
But turne againe unto the thickest.

Here's none ('tis hop'd) so foolish, scornes  
That any els should weare the hornes.

Here's no curre with howlinge,  
Nor an ape with scowlinge,  
Shall mocke or moe  
At what you shoue.

In jumpinge, in skipinge, in turninge, or oughte  
You shall doe to please us how well or how noughte.

If there be any  
Amonge this many,  
Whom such an humour steares,  
May he still lye,  
In Grillus' styce,  
Or weare for ever the asses' eares.

While the first staffe of this songe was singinge,  
out of the thickest on eyther side of the passage  
came rushing the Antimasque, being such as by  
Circe, were supposed to have bene transformed  
(havinge the mindes of men still) into these  
shapes followinge:

Two with heartes, heades, and bodyes, as Actæon  
is pictur'd.

Two like Midas, with asses' eares.

Two like wolves, as Lycaon is drawne.

Two like baboons.

Grillus (of whom Plutarcke writes in his morrales)  
in the shape of a hogge.

These together dancinge an antique measure, to-  
wardes the latter end of it missed Grillus, who

<sup>2</sup> The musicke was composed of treble violins,  
with all the inward parts, a base violle, base lute,  
sagbut, cornamute, and a labour and pipe.

was newly slipte away, and whilst they were  
at a stand, wood'ringe what was become of him,  
the woodman stepte forth and sunge this

## SONGE.

GRILLUS is gone, belyke he hath hearde  
The dayrie-maid knocke at the trough in the  
yearde:

Through thicke and thinne he wallowes,  
And weiges nor depths nor shallowes.

Harke! how he whynes,  
Run all e're he dines,

Then serve him a trickes

For beinge so quicke,

And lette him for all his paines

Behold you turne cleane of

His troughe,

And spill all his wash<sup>3</sup> and his graines.

With this the triplex of their tune was plaid twice  
or thrice over, and by turnes brought them  
from the stage; when the woodman sung this  
other staffe of the last songe, and then ran after  
them.

And now 'tis wish'd that all such as bee,  
Were rooting with him at the troughe or the tree.

Fly, fly, from our pure fountains,  
To the darke vales or the mountaines,

Liste, some one whines

With voyce like a swine's,

As angry that none

With Grillus is gone,

Or that he is lefts behinde.

O let there be no staye

In his waye,

To hinder the boare from his kinde.

## CIRCE.

How likes Ulysses this!

## ULYSSES.

Much like to one

Who in a shipwracke being cast upon  
The froathy shores, and safe beholdes his mates

Equally cross'd by Neptune and the Fates.

You might as well have ask'd how I would like

A straine whose equall Orpheus could not strike,

Upon a harpe whose stringes none other be,

Than of the heart of chaste Penelope.

O let it be enough that thou in these,

Hast made most wretched Laertiads:

Let yet the sad chance of distressed Greekes,

With other teares than sorrow's dewe your cheekes!

Most abject baseness hath enthral'd that breste

Which laughs at men by misery oppreste.

## CIRCE.

In this, as lyllies, or the new-falne snowe,  
Is Circe spotlesse yet: what though the bowe

Which Iris bendes, appeareth to each sight

In various hewes and colours infinite:

The learned knowe that in itselfe is free,

And light and shade make that varietye.

'Things farre off seen seem not the same they are,

Fame is not ever truth's discoverer;

For still where envy meeteth a reporte,

Ill she makes worse, and what is good come shorte.

In whatso'ere this land hath passine beene,

Or she that here 'ore other raigneth queene,

<sup>3</sup> Ovid. *Metam.* lib. 14.

Let wise Ulysses judge. Some I confesse,  
That tow'rds this isle not long since did address  
Their stretcht oares, no sooner landed were,  
But (carelesse of themselves) they here and there  
Fed on strange fruits, invenominge their bloods,  
And now like monsters range about the woods.  
If those thy mates were, yet is Circe free,  
For their misfortunes have not birth from me.  
Who in the apothecarie's shop hath ta'ne  
(Whilst he is wantinge) that which breeds his bane,  
Should never blame the man who there had plac'd it,  
But his owne folly urging him to taste it.

## ULYSSES.

Æcch's queene, and great Hyperion's pride,  
Pardon misdoubtes, and we are satisfide.

## CIRCE.

Swifter the lightninge comes not from above,  
Than do our grants born on the wings of love;  
And since what's past doth not Ulysses please,  
Call to a dance the fair Nereides,  
With other nymphes, which doe in every creeke,  
In woods, on plaines, on mountaines symples seeke  
For powerfull Circe, and let in a songe  
Æcchos b'aydinge, that they may prolonge  
My now command to each place where they be,  
To bringe them hither all more speedilye.

Presently in the wood was heard a full musicke of  
lutes, which descending to the stage, had to  
them sung this followinge songe, the Æcchos be-  
ing plac'd in several parts of the passage.

## SONGE.

CIRCE bids you come awaye.

ÆCCHO. Come awaye, come awaye.

From the rivers, from the sea.

ÆCCHO. From the sea, from the sea.

From the greene woods every one.

ÆCCHO. Every one, every one.

Of her maides be missinge none.

ÆCCHO. Missinge none, missinge none.

No longer stay, except it be to bringe

A med'cine for love's stinge.

That would excuse you, and be held more deare,

Than wit or magick, for both they are here.

ÆCCHO. They are here, they are here.

The Echo had no sooner answered to the last line  
of the songe, They are here, but the second  
Antimasque came in, being seven nymphs, and  
were thus attir'd:

Four in white taffita robes, long tresses, and  
chaplets of flowers, herbs, and weeds on their  
heads, with little wicker baskets in their handes,  
neatly painted. These were supposed to be maides  
attending upon Circe, and used in gathering  
simples for their mistress's iuchantments.—  
(Pausanias in prioribus Eliacis.)

Three in sea greene robes, greenish haire hang-  
ing loose, with leaves of corall and shells inter-  
mixt upon it. These are by Ovid affirmed to  
helpe the nymphs of Circe in their collections<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Horac. lib. 3. carmin.

<sup>5</sup> Nereides nymphæque simul quis vellera motis  
Nulla trahunt digitos, nec fila sequentia ducunt,  
Gramina disponunt; sparsosque sine ordine fores  
Secernunt Calathis, variisque coloribus herbas.  
Ipsa quod hæ faciunt opus exigit; &c.

Ovid. lib. 14. *Metam.*

These having danced a most curious measure to a softer tune than the first Antimasque, as most sitting, returned as they came; the Nereides towards the cliffs, and the other maides of Circe to the woods and plaines. After which Ulysses, thus:

## ULYSSES.

Fame addes not to thy joyes, I see in this,  
But like a high and stately pyramis  
Growes least at farthest: now faire Circe grante,  
Although the faire-hair'd Greeks do never vaunte,  
That they in measur'd paces aught have done,  
But where the god of batteles led them on;  
Give leave that (freed from sleepe) the small  
remaine

Of my companions, on the under plaine,  
May in a dance strive how to pleasure thee,  
Eyther with skill or with varietye.

## CIRCE.

Circe is pleas'd: Ulysses take my wand,  
And from their eyes each child of sleepe command,  
Whil'st my choice maides with their harmonious  
voyses

(Whereat each byrd and dancing springe rejoyces)  
Harminge the windes when they contrary meete,  
Shall make their spirits as nimble as their feete.

## THE THIRD SCENE'S DESCRIPTION.

Circe, with this speech, deliveringe her wand to Ulysses, rests on the lower parte of the hill, while he going up the hill, and striking the trees with his wand, suddenly two greate gates flew open, makinge, as it were, a large glade through the wood, and along the glade a faire walke; two seeming bricke walles on either side, over which the trees wantonly hunge; a great light (as the Sun's sudden unmaskinge) beinge seene upon this discovery. At the further end was described an arboure, very curiously done, havinge one entrance under an arch-treave, borne up by two pillers, with their chapters and bases guilte; the top of the entrance beautifide with postures of Satyres, Wood-nymphs, and other anticke worke; as also the sides and corners: the coveringe archwise interwove with boughes, the backe of it girt round with a vine, and artificially done up in knottes towards the toppe: beyond it was a wood-scene in perspective, the fore part of it opening at Ulysses's approach, the maskers were discovered in severall seates, leaninge as asleepe.

## THEIR ATTIRE.

Doublets of greene taffita, cut like oaken leaves, as upon cloth of silver; their skirtes and wisges cut into leaves, deepe round hose of the same, both lin'd with sprigge lace spangled; long white sylke stockings; greene pumps, and roses done over with sylver leaves; hattes of the same stuffe, and cut narrowe-brimmed, and risinge smaller compasse at the crowne; white reathe bathandes; white plumes; egrettes with a greene fall; ruffe bands and cuffes.

Ulysses severally came and toucht every one of them with the wand, while this was sung.

## SONGE.

SHAKE off sleepe, ye worthy knights,  
Though ye dreame of all delights;  
Show that Venus doth resorte  
To the campe as well as courte.

By some well timed measure,  
And on your gestures and your paces,  
Let the well-composed graces,  
Lookinge like, and parte with pleasure.

By this the knights being all risen from their seates, were, by Ulysses (the loud musicke soundinge) brought to the stage; and then to the violins danced their first measure; after which this songe brought them to the second.

## SONGE.

ON and imitate the Sun,  
Stay not to breathe till you have done:  
Earth doth thinke as other where  
Do some woemen she doth beare:  
Those wives whos husbands only threaten,  
Are not lov'd like those are beaten:  
Then with your feete to suffringe move her,  
For whilst you beate earth thus, you love her.

Here they danc'd their second measure, and then this songe was sung, during which time they take out the ladyes.

## SONGE.

CHOOSE now amonge this fairest number,  
Upon whose brestes love would for ever slumber:  
Choose not amisse, since you may where you wille,  
Or blame yourselves for choosinge ille.  
Then do not leave, though oft the musicke closes,  
Till lillyes in their cheekes be turned to roses.

## CHORUS.

And if it lay in Circe's power,  
Your blisse might so periever,  
That those you choose but for an hower,  
You should enjoy for ever.

The knights, with their ladyes, dance here the old measures, galliards, corantes, the branles, &c. and then (having led them againe to their places) danced their last measure; after which this songe called them awaye.

## SONGE.

Who but Time so hasty were,  
To fly away and leave you here.  
Here where delight  
Might well allure  
A very stoicke, from this night  
To turne an epicure.

But since he calles away; and Time will soone repent,  
He staid not longer here, but ran to be more idly  
[spente.]

## AN ELEGIE,

ON THE BEWAILED DEATH OF  
THE TRULY-BELOVED AND MOST VERTUOUS  
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES<sup>1</sup>.

WHEN that the world, clad in a mourning robe,  
A stage made, for a woefull tragedie,  
When shoures of teares from the celestial globe,  
Bewail'd the fate of sea-lov'd Brittainie;

<sup>1</sup> This copy is transcribed from a manuscript in

When sighes as frequent were as various sights,  
 When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,  
 When Envie wept,  
 And Comfort slept,  
 When Cruelty itselfe sat almost crying;  
 Nought being heard but what the minde affrightis:  
 When Autumn had disrob'd the Summer's pride,  
 Then England's honour, Europe's wonder dide.

O saddest straine that ere the Muses sung!  
 A text of woe for griefe to comment on;  
 Teares, sighs and sobs, give passage to my tongue,  
 Or I shal spend you till the last is gone.  
 And then my hart, in flames of burning love,  
 Wanting his moisture, shall to cinders turne,  
 But first by me,  
 Bequeathed be,  
 To strew the place, wherein his sacred urne  
 Shall be enclosed. This might in many move  
 The like effect: (who would not doe it?) when  
 No grave befits him, but the harts of men.

The man whose masse of sorrowes have been such,  
 That, by their weight laid on each severall part,  
 His fountaines are so drie, he but as much  
 As one poore drop hath left, to ease his hart:  
 Why should he keepe it? since the time doth call  
 That he n'ere better can bestow it in?  
 If so he feares,  
 That other teares

In greater number greatest prizes winne,  
 Know, none gives more than he who giveth all:  
 Then he which hath but one poore teare in store,  
 Oh let him spend that drop and weepe no more!

Why flowres not Helicon beyond her strands?  
 And doe the Muses sleepe?  
 Alas! I see each one amazed stands,  
 Shallow foords mutter, silent are the deepe:  
 Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not  
 where,

All are so full, nought can augment their store.  
 Then how should they  
 Their griefes display  
 To men so cloide they faine would heare no more,  
 Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot  
 heare?

And with this wish their passions I allow,  
 May that Muse never speake that's silent now!

Is Henrie dead? alas! and doe I live  
 To sing a scrich-owle's note that he is dead?  
 If any one a fitter theame can give,  
 Come, give it now, or never to be read:  
 But let him see it doe of horroure taste,  
 Anguish, destruction; could it rend in sunder,  
 With fearefull grones,  
 The sencelesse stoncs,  
 Yet should we hardly be inforc'd to wonder,  
 Our former griefcs would so exceed their last:  
 Time cannot make our sorrowes aught com-  
 pleater,  
 Nor add one griefe to make our mourning greater.

England stood ne're engirt with waves till now,  
 Till now it held part with the continent,  
 Aye me! some one, in pittie show me how  
 I might in dolefull numbers so lament,

the Bodleian library, and is inserted here on account of the variations from that printed in the first book of Britannia's Pastorals.

That any one, which lov'd him, hated me,  
 Might dearly love me, for lamenting him;  
 Alas, my plaint,  
 In such constraint,  
 Breakes forth in rage, that thoughte my passions  
 swimme,  
 Yet are they drowned ere they landed be.  
 Imperfect lines: oh happy were I hurl'd  
 And cut from life, as England from the world.

O! happier had we beene, if we had beene  
 Never made happie by enjoying thee,  
 Where hath the glorious eye of Heaven seen  
 A spectacle of greater miserie?  
 Time, turn thy course! and bring againe the  
 spring!

Breake Nature's lawes! search the records of old!  
 If aught e're fell  
 Might paralel

Sad Albion's case: then note when I unfold  
 What seas of sorrow she is plunged in:  
 Where stormes of woe so mainly have beset her,  
 She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

Brittaine was whilome knowne (by more than fame)  
 To be one of the Islands Fortunate:  
 What franticke man would give her now that name,  
 Lying so usefull and disconsolate?  
 Hath not her watrie zone in murmuring,  
 Fil'd every shoare with echoes of her crie?

Yes, Thetis raves,  
 And bids her waves  
 Bring all the nimpbes within her emperie,  
 To be assistant in her sorrowing.  
 See where they sadly sit on Isis' shore,  
 And rend their haire as they would joy no more.

---

THIRIS'S PRAISE TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY W. BROWNE.

FROM A COLLECTION OF POEMS, CALLED ENGLAND'S

HELICON; OR, THE MUSES HARMONY.

ON a hill that grac'd the plaine  
 Thiris ate, a comely swaine,  
 Comelier swaine nere grac'd a hill:  
 Whilst his flock, that wandred nie,  
 Cropt the greene grasse busilie;  
 Thus he tun'd his oaten quill:

Ver hath made the pleasant field  
 Many several odours yeeld,  
 Odours aromaticall:  
 From faire Astra's cherrie lip,  
 Sweeter smells for ever skip,  
 They in pleasing passen all.

Leavie groves now mainly ring,  
 With each sweet bird's sonnetting,  
 Notes that make the echoes long:  
 But when Astra tunes her voice,  
 All the mirthfull birds rejoice,  
 And are list'nig to her song.

Fairely spreads the damaske rose,  
 Whose rare mixture doth disclose  
 Beauties, penrills cannot faine.  
 Yet, if Astra passe the bush,  
 Roses have been seen to blush.  
 She doth all their beauties staine.

Phœbus shining bright in skie,  
Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie  
With his beames' all quick'ning fire:  
Astra's eyes (most sparkling ones)  
Strikes a heat in hearts of stones,  
And enflames them with desire.

Fields are blest with flowrie wreath,  
Ayre is blest when she doth breath;  
Birds make happy ev'ry grove,  
She each bird when she doth sing;  
Phœbus' heate to Earth doth bring,  
She makes marble fall in love.

Those blessings of the Earth we swaines do call,  
Astra can bless those blessings, Earth and all.

---

A POEM,

ATTRIBUTED BY PRINCE, IN HIS WORTHIES OF DEVON,  
TO WILLIAM BROWNE.

I oft have heard of Lydford law,  
How, in the morn, they hang and draw,  
And sit in judgment after.  
At first I wonder'd at it much,  
But since I find the reason's such,  
As it deserves no laughter.

They have a castle on a hill,  
I took it for an old wind-mill,  
The vanae blown down by weather:  
To lye therein one night, 'tis guess'd,  
'Twere better to be ston'd and press'd,  
Or hang'd, now choose you whether.

Ten men less room within this cave,  
Than five mice in a lantern here,  
The keepers they are sly ones;  
If any could devise by art,  
To get it up into a cart,  
'Twere fit to carry Lyons.

When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,  
What justice and what clemency  
Hath Lydford! When I saw all,  
I know none gladly there would stay,  
But rather hang out of the way,  
Than tarry for a tryal.

The prince an hundred pounds hath sent  
To mend the leads, and planchens rent,  
Within this living tomb,  
Some forty-five pounds more had paid  
The debts of all that shall be laid  
There till the day of doom.

One lyes there for a seam of malt,  
Another for a peck of salt,  
Two sureties for a noble.  
If this be true, or else false news,  
You may go ask of master Crews<sup>1</sup>,  
John Vaughan, or John Doble<sup>2</sup>.

More, to these men that lye in lurch,  
Here is a bridge, there is a church;  
Seven ashes, and one oak;  
Three houses standing, and ten down.  
They say the parson hath a gowne,  
But I saw ne'er a cloak.

<sup>1</sup> The steward.

<sup>2</sup> Attornies of the court.

Whereby you may consider well,  
That plain simplicity doth dwell  
At Lydford, without bravery.  
And in the town both young and grave,  
Do love the naked truth to have,  
No cloak to hide their knavery.

The people all within this clime,  
Are frozen in the winter time,  
For sure I do not faim;  
And when the summer is begun,  
They lye like silk-worms in the sun,  
And come to life again.

One told me in king Caesar's time,  
The town was built with stone and lime,  
But sure the walls were clay,  
And they are fal'n, for aught I see,  
And since the houses are got free,  
The town is run away.

Oh! Caesar, if thou there didst reign,  
While one house stands come there again;  
Come quickly while there is one.  
If thou stay but a little fit,  
But five years more, they will commit  
The whole town to a prison.

To see it thus much griev'd was I,  
The proverb saith, "Sorrrows be dry,"  
So was I at the matter.

Now by good luck, I know not how,  
There thither came a strange stray cow,  
And we had milk and water.

To nine good stomachs, with our wigg,  
At last we got a roasting pig,  
This dyet was our bounds,  
And this was just as if 'twere known,  
A pound of butter had been thrown,  
Among a pack of hounds.

One glass of drink I got by chance,  
'Twas claret when it was in France,  
But now from it much wider;  
I think a man might make as good  
With green crabs boyl'd, and Brazil wood,  
And half a pint of cyder.

I kiss'd the mayor's hand of the town,  
Who, though he weare no scarlet gown,  
Honours the rose and thistle.

A piece of coral to the mace,  
Which there I saw to serve in place,  
Would make a good child's whistle.

At sick o'clock I came away,  
And pray'd for those that were to stay  
Within a place so arrant.

Wide and ope the winds so roare,  
By God's grace I'll come there no more,  
Unless by some Tynn warrant.

---

PREFIXED TO

RICHARD THE THIRD,

HIS CHARACTER, LEGEND, AND TRAGEDY, A POEM, 4to.  
1614. [AMONGST OTHER VERSES BY CHASMAN, BEN  
JOHNSON, &c.]

TO HIS WORTHY AND INGENIOUS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

So farre as can a swayne (who than a rounde  
On oaten-pipe no further boasts his skill)  
I dare to censure the shrill trumpets' sound,  
Or other music of the sacred hill:



The popular applause hath not so fell  
 (Like Nile's low'd cataract) possess mine ears  
 But others' songs I can distinguish well  
 And chant their praise, despised vertue rears :  
 Nor shall thy buskin'd Muse be heard alone  
 In stately pallaces ; the shady woods  
 By me shall learn't, and echoes one by one  
 Teach it the hills, and they the silver floods.  
 Our learned shepherds that have us'd to fore  
 Their hasty gifts in notes that wooe the plaines,  
 By rural ditties will be known no more ;  
 But reach at fame by such as are thy straines.  
 And I would gladly (if the sisters spring  
 Had me inabled) beare a part with thee,  
 And for sweet groves, of brave<sup>1</sup> heroes sing,  
 But since it fits not my weake melodie,  
 It shall suffice that thou such means do'st give,  
 That my harsh lines among the best may live.

W. BROWNE, Int. Temp.

MR. WILLIAM DRAYTON, TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND

MR. WILLIAM BROWNE ;

OF THE EVIL TIME.

DEAR friend, be silent and with patience see,  
 What this mad time's catastrophe will be ;  
 The world's first wisemen certainly mistook  
 Themselves, and spoke things quite beside the  
 book,

And that which they have said of God, untrue,  
 Or else expect strange judgment to ensue.

This isle is a mere Bedlam, and therein,  
 We all lie raving mad in every sin,  
 And him the wisest most men use to call,  
 Who doth (alone) the maddest thing of all ;  
 He whom the master of all wisdom found,  
 For a mark'd fool, and so did him propound,  
 The time we live in, to that pass is brought,  
 That only he a censor now is thought ;  
 And that base villain, (not an age yet gone)  
 Which a good man would not have look'd upon,  
 Now like a god with divine worship follow'd,  
 And all his actions are accounted hallow'd.

This world of ours, thus runneth upon wheels,  
 Set on the head, bolt upright with her heels ;  
 Which makes me think of what the Ethnics told  
 Th' opinion, the Pythagorists uphold,  
 That the immortal soul doth transmigrate ;  
 Then I suppose by the strong power of fate,  
 That those which at confuzed Babel were,  
 And since that time now many a lingering year,  
 Through fools, and beasts, and lunatics have  
 past,

Are here imbodied in this age at last,  
 And though so long we from that time be gone,  
 Yet taste we still of that confusion.

For certainly there's scarce one found that now  
 Knows what t'approve, or what to disallow,  
 All arsey-versey, nothing is it's own,  
 But to our proverb, all turn'd upside down ;  
 To do in time, is to do out of season,  
 And that speeds best, that's done the farthest  
 from reason,  
 He's high'st that's low'st, he's surest in that's out,  
 He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,

! Quere? braver!

He getteth up unlike to rise at all,  
 He slips to ground as much unlike to fall ;  
 Which doth inforce me partly to prefer  
 The opinion of that mad philosopher,  
 Who taught, that those all-framing powers abote,  
 (As 'tis suppos'd) made man not out of love  
 To him at all, but only as a thing,  
 To make them sport with, which the use to bring,  
 As men do monkies, puppets, and such tools  
 Of laughter : so men are but the gods' fools.  
 Such are by titles lifted to the sky,  
 As wherefore no man knows, God scarcely why ;  
 The virtuous man depressed like a stone  
 For that dull sot to raise himself upon ;  
 He who we'er thing yet worthy man durst do,  
 Never durst look upon his country's foe,  
 Nor durst attempt that action which might get  
 Him fame with men : or higher might him set  
 Than the base beggar (rightly if compar'd) ;  
 This drone yet never brave attempt that dar'd,  
 Yet dares be knighted, and from thence dares  
 grow

To any title empire can bestow ;  
 For this believe, that impudence is now  
 A cardinal vertue, and men it allow  
 Reverence, nay more, men study and invent  
 New ways, nay glory to be impudent.

Into the clouds the Devil lately got,  
 And by the moisture doubting much the rot,  
 A medicine took to make him purge and cast ;  
 Which in a short time began to work so fast,  
 That he fell to't, and from his backside flew  
 A rout of rascal a rude ribald crew  
 Of base plebeians, which no sooner light  
 Upon the Earth, but with a sudden flight  
 They spread this isle ; and as Deucalion once  
 Over his shoulder back, by throwing stones  
 They became men, even so these beasts became  
 Owners of titles from an obscure name.

He that by riot, of a mighty rent,  
 Hath his late goodly patrimony spent,  
 And into base and wilful begg'ry run,  
 This man as he some glorious act had done,  
 With some great pension, or rich gift reliev'd,  
 When he that hath by industry achiev'd  
 Some noble thing, contemned and disgrac'd,  
 In the forlorn hope of times is plac'd.  
 As though that God had carelessly left all  
 That being hath on this terrestrial ball,  
 To Fortune's guiding, nor would have to do  
 With man, nor aught that doth belong him to,  
 Or at the least God having given more  
 Power to the Devil, than he did of yore,  
 Over this world : the fiend as he doth hate  
 The virtuous man ; maligning his estate,  
 All noble things, and would have by his will,  
 To be damn'd with him, using all his skill,  
 By his black bellish ministers to vex  
 All worthy men, and strangely to perplex  
 Their constancy, thereby them so to fright,  
 That they should yeeld them wholly to his might.  
 But of these things I vainly do but tell,  
 Where Hell is Heaven, and Heav'n is now turn'd  
 Hell ;

Where that which lately blasphemy hath been,  
 Now godliness, much less accounted sin ;  
 And a long while I greatly marvel'd why  
 Buffoons and bawds should hoarily multiply,  
 Till that of late I constru'd it, that they  
 To present thrift had got the perfect way,

When I concluded by their odious crimes,  
It was for us no thriving in these times.

As men oft laugh at little babes, when they  
Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,  
To see them on the sudden stricken sad,  
As in their fancy some strange forms they had,  
Which they by pointing with their fingers show,  
Angry at our capacities so slow,  
That by their count'nance we no sooner learn  
To see the wonder which they so discern;  
So the celestial powers do sit and smile  
At innocent and virtuous men, the while  
They stand amazed at the world o'er-gone,  
So far beyond imagination,  
With slavish baseness, that they silent sit  
Pointing like children in describing it.

Then, noble friend, the next way to controul  
These worldly crosses, is to arm thy soul  
With constant patience: and with thoughts as high  
As these below, and poor, winged to fly  
To that exalted stand, whither yet they  
Are got with pain, that sit out of the way  
Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none  
But such as think their black damnation  
To be a trifle; such, so ill, that when  
They are advanc'd, those few poor honest men  
That yet are living, into search do run  
To find what mischief they have lately done,  
Which so prefers them; say thou he doth rise,  
That maketh virtue his chief exercise.  
And in this base world come whatever shall,  
He's worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

## A GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE WORDS.

## A.

*Adrad*, } afraid.  
*Adread*, }  
*Affere*, to affright.  
*Agraze*, horror, fear.  
*Algate*, every way, wholly.  
*Apparceivd*, perceivd; beheld.  
*Assold*, free.  
*Astonied*, astonished.  
*Ay*, always.

## B.

*Balke*, a ridge of land between two furrows.  
*Behcet*, to promise.  
*Bet*, better.  
*Bewraye*, to discover, to betray.  
*Blent*, blind, blinded.  
*Blat*, bleated, like a lamb.  
*Blist*, blessed.  
*Blive*, ready, readily.  
*Breere*, a brier.  
*Brent*, burnt.  
*Brooch*, a jewel.

## C.

*Carke*, care.  
*Cheese*, to chuse.  
*Chiertee*, joy.  
*Clipped*, possessed, enjoyed, embraced.  
*Cosset*, a lamb brought up by hand.  
*Crowd*, a fiddle.  
*Cure*, care.

## D.

*Deal*, as every deal, entirely, every bit.  
*Dell*, a valley.  
*Dight*, dressed, decked, adorned, prepared.

## E.

*Eft*, again.  
*Eftsoons*, soon afterwards.  
*Eke*, also, likewise.  
*Eld*, old, old age.  
*Eritage*, inheritance.

## F.

*Fullace*, deceit, disappointment.  
*Feere*, company, a companion.  
*Ferd*, afraid.  
*Fet*, fetched, to fetch.  
*Fier*, fire.  
*Flawne*, a custard.

## G.

*Gybe*, to sneer.  
*Gybing*, sneering.

## I.

*Janivere*, January.  
*Jouissance*, playfulness, merriment, festivity.

## K.

*Kid*, to acquire, to engross.  
*Knap*, a hillock.  
*Kythe*, to cast, to bestow.

## L.

*Laire*, a barn, a stall for cattle.  
*Leech*, a physician, a surgeon.

*Leefe*, dear, beloved.  
*Leere*, to learn.  
*Leese*, to lose.  
*Lepry*, a leprosy.  
*Lever*, rather.  
*Lin*, to stop, to give over, to leave off.

## M.

*Mesel*, a leper.  
*Mickle*, } much.  
*Mockhill*, }  
*Muckle*, }  
*Minstralsic*, instrumental harmony.  
*Mot*, must.  
*Mozar*, a maple cup.  
*Muche*, dirt.

## N.

*Nathless*, nevertheless.

## P.

*Percase*, perhaps, because.  
*Piked*, pricked up, dressed out.  
*Pine*, pain; so spelt for the sake of the rhyme.  
*Pistle*, an epistle.  
*Pleneere*, full, fulness.  
*Purway*, to provide.

## R.

*Raught*, reached.  
*Reed*, warning, advice.  
*Ri h*, a rush.  
*Rokes*, reeks, or smokes.  
*Rowned*, whispered.

## S.

*Serch*, to seek.  
*Shope*, shaped, happened; befell.  
*Sickerly*, surely, certainly.  
*Sike*, such.  
*Sin*, since.  
*Stownd*, a while, a season, a time.  
*Swinke*, sweat.  
*Swythe*, soon.  
*Sythes*, times; oft sythes, oftentimes.

## T.

*Teen*, sorrow, grief.  
*Thrustle*, a thrush.  
*Tyred*, attired.

## U.

*Unneth*, scarcely.  
*Unwiste*, unknown.

## W.

*Ware*, beware.  
*Ween*, to think, to imagine, to suppose.  
*Weeing*, imagining.  
*Whilome*, formerly.  
*Wight*, a person.  
*Won*, to dwell.  
*Wull*, wool.

## Y.

*Yalde*, yielded.  
*Yeve*, give.  
*Ynow*, enough.