THE E'ΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ OR PASSIONATE
Centurie of Loue,

Divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie.

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

LONDON

Emprinted by John Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.
To the Right Honorable my
very good Lord Edward de Vere, Earle
of Oxenford, Vicount Bulbecke, Lord
of Escales, and Badlesmire, and Lord High
Chamberlaine of England, all
happiness.

Lexander the Great, passing on a
time by the workeshop of Apelles,
curiouslie surueyed some of his do-
inges: whose long flay in viewing
them, brought all the people into so
great a good liking of the painters
workemanship, that immediatelie after, they bought vp
all his pictures, what price focuer he set them at.

And the like good happe, (Right Honorable,) befel
unto mee latelie, concerning these my Loue Pasions,
which then chaunced to Apelles, for his Portraites.
For since the world hath underfoold, (I know not how)
that your Honor had willinglie vouthsafed the acce-
ptance of this worke, and at conuenient leisures favon-
rablie perused it, being as yet but in written hand, many
have oftentimes and earnestly called vpon mee, to put it
to the preffe, that for their mony they might but see,
what your Lordship with some liking had alreadie perus-
 safed. And therewithall some of them said (either to yeeld

A 3 your
The Epistle Dedicatorie.

your Honour his due prayse, for foundnes of judgement; or to please me, of whome long since they had conceived well) that Alexander would like of no lines, but such as were drawn by the cunning hand, and with the curi- rious pensill of Apelles. Which I set not downe here to that end, that I would conferre my Poemes with Apelles Portraites, for worthinesse; albeit I fitle compare your Honors person with Alexanders, for excellencie. But how bold sooner I have bene, in turning out this my pettie poore flocke upon the open Common of the wide world, where cuerie man may behold their nakednesse, I humbly make request, that if any storme fall unlooked for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads, or the poy- son of euill edged tongues) these my little ones maye shrowde themselves under the broad leafed Platane of your Honours patronage. And thus at this present, I humbly take my leave; but first wishing the continuall encrease of your Lordships honour, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good sooner tendeth unto perfect happines.

Your Lordships humbly at commaund

Thomas V Watson.
Ourteous Reader, if anie thing herein either please or profitte thee, afforde me thy good worde in recompence of my paines: if ought offend or hurt thee, I desire that thou forget the one, and forgive the other. This toye being liked, the next may proue better; being discouraged, wil cut of the likelihood of my trauaile to come. But by that means all will be well, and both parties pleased. For neither shall I repent my labour in the like, nor thou be anie more troubled with my faultes or follies.

Yet for this once I hope thou wilt in respect of my trauaille in penning these loue-pa[sions, or for pitie of my paines in sufferung them (although but supposd) fo suruey the faultes herein escaped, as eyther to winke at them, as ouerfights of a blinde Louer; or to excuse them, as idle toyes proceeding from a youngling frenzie; or la[tie, to defend them, by saying, it is nothing Preter decorum for a maiemed man to halt in his pase, where his wound enforceth him, or for a Poete to falter in his Poeme, whe his matter requireth it. Homer in mentioning the swiftnes of the winde, maketh his verfe to runne in posthaste all upon Daecilus: and Virgill in expressing the striking downe of an oxe, letteth the end of his hexameter fall withall, Procumbit humi bos.

Therefore if I roughhewed my verfe, where my senfe was un-setled, whether through the nature of the pafion, which I felt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may seeme a happy fault; or if it were so framed by counfell, thou mayest thinke it well done; if by chaunce, happlie.

Yet write I not this to excuse my selfe of such erreurs, as are escaped eyther by dotage, or ignorance: but those I referre to thy gentle curtifie and fauvourable construction, or lay manie of them vpon the Printers necke, whom I would blame by his owne preffe, if he would suffere me.

As for any Aristarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they pinch me more then is reasonable, thou courteous Reader, which arte of a better disposition, shalt rebuke them in my behalfe; saying
faying to the first, that my birdes are al of mine own hatching, and that my onelie ouermuch haft made Sol angrie in theire Birthday; to the second, that although Venus be in my verfe, yet her flipper is left out; to the laft and worst, that I rather take vpon me to write better then Chaerilus, then once suppofe to imitate Homer.

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

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

Thine, as thou art his,
Thomas Watson.
Iohn Lyly to the Authour his friend.

My good friend, I haue read your new passions, and they have renewed mine old pleasures, the which brought to me no leffe delight, thè they haue done to your selfe commendations. And certes had not one of mine eies about fe-
rious affaires beene watchfull, both by being too too busie had beene wanton: such is the nature of persuading pleasure, that it melteth the marrowe before it scorch the skin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not unlike unto the oyle of Icat, which rotteth the bone and neuer ranckleth the fleshe, or the Scarab flies, which enter into the roote and neuer touch the rinde.

And whereas you desire to haue my opinion, you may imagine that my stomake is rather cloyed, then quefic, & thercfore mine appetite of leffe force thè mine affections, fearing rather a surfeit of sweetenes, then desiring a satififying. The repeating of Loue, wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but fer-
ching the very vaines of my hearte, I could finde nothing but a broad farre, where I left a deep wounde: and loose stringes, where I tyed hard knots: and a table of feele, where I framed a plot of wax.

Whereby I noted that young swannes are grey, & the olde white, yoüg trees tender, & the old tough, young me amorous, & growing in yeeres, either wiser or warier. The Corall in the water is a soft wede, on the land a hard stone: a sword frieth in the fire like a blacke ele, but layd in earth like white snowe: thè heart in loue is altogether passionate, but free from de-
sire, altogether carelesse.

But it is not my intent to inneigh against loue, which womes account but a bare word, & that me reverence as the best God: onely this I would add without offence to Gentlewomen, that were not men more superfluous in their prais: thè womes are constant
constant in their passions: Loue woul deither shortly be wore
out of use, or men out of loue, or women out of lightnes. I că co-
demne none but by cōeclure, nor commend any but by lying;
yet suspiccion is as free as thought, and as farre as I see as necefs
fary, as credulitie.

Touching your Mistres I must needs thinke well, seing
you haue written so well, but as false glasses flewe the fairest
faces, so fine glofes amed the baddest fancies. Apelles painted
the Phenix by hearsay not by sight, and Lysippus engraued
Vulcan with a streight legge, whome nature framed with a
poulte foote, which poureth men to be of greater affection then
judgement. But in that so aptly you haue varied uppon wo-
men, I will not vary from you, for confesse I must, and if I
should not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Loue were the
sweetest thing in the earth: If women were the faithfulest, &
that women would be more constant if men were more wise.
And seing you haue used mee so friendly, as to make me ac-
quainted with your passions, I will shortly make you pryvye to
mine, which I woulde be loth the printer shoulde see, for that
my fancies being neuer so crooked he would put the in streight
lines, vnsfit for my humor, necessarie for his art, who setteth
downe, blinde, in as many letters as seing.

Farewell.
Authoris ad Libellum suum Protrepticon.

V Ade, precor, timidus patrium mittende per orbē, 
Nec nugas iæfla parue libelle tuas. 
Si quis Aristarchus mordaci læserit ore, 
Culparum causas ingeniosus habe. 
Si rogat, vnde venis, dic tu de paupere Vena, 
Non ambire tuas laurea ferta comas. 
Sique rogat, verbis quis adauxit metra solutis, 
Ex amimo nomen dic cecidisse tibi. 
Forsitan intrabis nostræ sacraria Diuæ, 
Quam colit in medijs multa Diana rosis, 
Quæ Cybele cæli nostri; quæ gloria regni 
Vnica; quæque sibi sola Sybilla sibi; 
Quæ vatum lima est; quæ dòctis dòctor ipfa; 
Iuno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus; 
Quæ superat Reges, quantum querceta myricas; 
Quam recinat Fames buccina nulla fatis, 
Illæ tuos sanèlo si speciæt lumine rithmos, 
O quantum gemino Sole beatus eris?
Tu sed stratus humi, supplex amplectere plantas, 
Cuius erit vili pondere læsa manus. 
Hic tamen, hic moneo, né speres tanta futura; 
Attica non auris murmura vana probat. 
Hic quoque seu subæas Sydnei, sine Dyeri 
Scriinia, quæ Musis area bina patet;
Die te Xeniolum non diuitis esse clientis,
Confeclum Dryadis arte, rudique manu;
Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur
Virtute et vera nobilitate sua.
Indè serenato vultu te mitis vterque
Perleget, et nacuos condet vterque tuos.
Dum famulus Verum comitaris in aurea tecla,
Officij semper sit tibi cura tui.
Tûm fortasse pijs Nymphis dabit ille legendum,
Cùm de Cyprigeno verba iocosa ferent.
Si qua tui nimiûm Domini miseretur amantis,
Sic crepita folijs, vt gemuiffe putet.
Tetrica si qua tamen blandos damnauerit ignes,
Dic tu, mentito me tepuisse foco;
Tumque refer talos, et fixum calce sigillum,
Quà Venerem temnis, filiolumque suum.
Taliter efficies, vt amet te candida turba,
Forsan & Authoris palma futura tui.
Vive libelle, precor, Domino felicior ipso,
Quem fine demerito fors inopina premit:
Denique, (si visum fuerit) dic montis in alto
Pierij vacuum tempora dura pati.
A Quatorzain, in the commendation of Master Thomas Watson, and of his Mistres, for whom he wrote this Booke of Pafsonat Sonnetes.

The star's, which did at Petrarch's birthday raise,
Were first againe at thy nativity,
Describing thee the Tuscan's poeete,
Who flald the skies in lofty Quatorzain,
The Muses gave to thee thy fatal baine,
The very fame, that Petrarch had, whereby
Madonna Laures fame is grown so hy,
And that whereby his glory he did gaine.
Thou halt a Laure, whom well thou dost commend,
And to her praise thy passion songs do tend;
Yee both such praise deserve, as naught can smoother;
In briefe with Petrarch and his Laure in grace
Thou and thy Dame be equall, same percate
Thou paise the one, and sheerecell's the other.
G. Bucke.

To the Author.

Thy booke beginning sweete and ending lowre,
Seree friend, bewayes thy false successel in love,
Where smiling first, thy Mistres falles to lowre,
When thou didst hope her curelke to pioye;
And finding thy expected lucke to cape,
Thou fallst from praise, and dost begin to rycle.
To vse great teasmes in praise of thy devisel,
I thinkke were baine: therefore I leave them out;
Content thee, that the Censure of the wise
Hard put that needles question out of doubt:
Yet howe I weighe the worke that thou halt wrought,
By judgement I refere unto thy thought.
T. Acheley.
An Ode, written to the Mufes Concerning this Author.

You sacred Nymphes, Apollos sisters faire,
Daughters of Ioue, parentes of race deuite,
Why take you no delight in change of ayre?
Is Helicon your only paradise?

 Hath Britan Cooke no hill, no heath, no well,
No wood, no wit, wherein you list to dwell?

Ladies bountie with patience once to viewe
Our lucy springs, high hills, and pleaunte shades,
And as you like the sea and countries heewe,
Pitch downe your rents, and see your sporting trades:

Hard hap it is, if nothing here you finde
That you can deeme delightfull to your minde.

Loc Watton pick to entertaine your powye
In pleaunte springs of flowing wit, and skill:

If you eecomme the pleasures of his bower,
Let Britan heare your spring, your grove and hill,
That it hence forth may of your favour boast,
And him, whose first you heare bountie for boast.

C. Downhalus.

Eiusdem aliud de Authore.

Gracia permultos peperit facunda poetas,
Quorum lapsa diu secula, fama manet.
Aufonia Argolicm tellus post amula laudis
Transfluit in Latios doclum Helicona finus.
Acceptam Latium tenuit fortitque poesin,
Inque dies Laurus auget, Apollo, tuas.

Galica Parnasso copit ditecere lingua,
Ronfardique operis Luxuriare nouis.

Sola quid interea nullum paris Anglia vatem?
Versifices multi, nemo poeta tibi efl.
Seilicet ingenium maius fuit haecnus arte:
Forsan & hic merces defit etrique tua.

Ingenio tandem praeflans Watsonius, & arte,
Pieridas docuit verba Britanna loqui.

Et facile alijs aditus patefciit ad arcin,
Quam multi cupiunt fingere, nemo refert,
Isle tuus labor efl, lucrum efl Watson, tuorum;
Et tua, ne defint præmia, Laurus eft.
It's seldom scene that Merite hath his due,
Or els Dezerte to find his fruit decease:
For noble Reprofe with his defacing crease
Treads underfoote that rightly should aspire:
Vilde Indufrtie discourag'd hides his face,
And shuns the light, in feare to meete Disgrace.
Seld scene said I (yet alwaies scene with some)
That Merite gains good will, a golden hyre,
With whom Reprofe is cast aside for prunne;
"That growes apace that vertue helps t'aspre;
And Indufrtie well clearish't to his face
In sunshine walkes, in spight of some Disgrace.
This favour hath put life into the pen,
That here presents his fruit fruite in this kinde:
He hopes acceptance, friendly graunte it then;
Perchance some better worke both lay behinde.
My cenfure is, which reading you shall see,
A Pythy, sweete, and cunning poete.
M. Roydon.

To the Authour.

If grauer heades shall count it overlight,
To create of Loue: say thou to them: A staine
Is incident vnto the finest dye.
And yet no staine at all it is for thee,
These laves of Loue, as mythe to melancholy,
To followe fast thy lad Antigone,
Which may bære out a broader worke then this,
Complie'd with judgement, order, and with arte.
And throwde thee under shadowe of his winges,
Whole gentle heart, and heed with learning fraught
Shall yeild thee gracious favour and defence.
G. Peele.
A Quatorzain of the Author vnto this his booke of Lovepassions.

My little booke goe hye thee hence away,
Whole price (God know's) will counterbaile no parte
Of paines I tooke, to make thee what thou art:
And yet I say thy byrth. But hence I lay,
Thy brothers are halfe hurt by thy delaye;
For thou thy selfe art like the deadly dart,
Which byed thy byrth from out my wounded hart.
But still observe this rule where ere thou staye,
In all thou must tender thy fathers name,
"Bad is the Bird, that fileth his owne nest.
If thou be much misk't, They are to blame,
Say thou, that deceives well donne to swill wyest:
El's conseff, A Toye to be thy name;
"This trifling would A Toye belemeth best.
I.
The Author in this Passion taketh but occasion to open his estate in loue; the miserable accidentes whereof are sufficiently described hereafter in the copious varietie of his deuifes: & whereas in this Sonnet he seemeth one while to despaire, and yet by & by after to haue some hope of good succeffe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature & true qualitie of a loue passion bee well confide-red. And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long since, De Remedio Amoris, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue seene and perused it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which causeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe.

Well fare the life sometimes I leddere ere this,
When yet no downy heare veyed my face:
My heart unstowde of cares did bath in blisse,
My thoughts were free in every time & place:
But now (alas) all's fowle, which then was faire,
My wonted ioyes are turning to despaire.
Where then I li'd without controule or chekke,
An other now is mistress of my minde,
Cupid hath clapt a poake upon my necke,
Under whose waights I live in servile kinde:
I now cry creake, that ere I scorned loue,
Whose might is more then other Gods aboue.
I haue alfaide by labour to elcheewe
What fancy builds uppon a loue conceite,
But neerthelesse my thought returns anew,
Where in fond loue is wpapt, and workes deceite:
Some comfort yet I have to live her thral,
In whome as yet I find no fault at all.
In this passion the Author describeth in how pitious a case the hart of a lover is, being (as he sayeth here) separated from his owne body, & removed into a darksome and solitarie wildernes of woes. The cōueyance of his invention is plaine & pleasant enough of it selfe, and therefore needeth the lēsse annotation before it.

My harte is sett him downe twīrt hope & feares
Upon the stonie banke of high beare,
To view his owne made flood of blubbering teares
Whose waues are bitter salt, and hate as fire:
There blowes no blast of wind but ghastly groanes
No2 waues make other noyle then pitious moanes
As life were spent he waiteth Charons bote,
And thinkes he dwellis on side of Stigian lake:
But blakke despaire some times with open throate,
Of spightfull Jelousie doth cause him quake,
With bowlinge thikes on him they call and cry
That he as yet shall nether live no2 die:
Thus voyde of helpe he sitres in heavie case,
And wanteth voyce to make his just complaint.
No flower but Hiacynth in all the place,
No sunne comes there, no2 any heau'ly laine,
But onely shee, which in him selfe remaines,
And royes her case though he abound in paines.
This passion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his owne heart, beeing nowe through the commandement and force of loue separateth from his bodie miraculoufie, and againft nature, to follow his miftres, in hope, by long attendance vpon her, to pur-chase in the end her loue and fauour, and by that means to make him selfe all one with her owne hearte.

Speake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?
With her, whose birth the heavenes themselves have blest.
What dost thou there? Sometimes behold her face,
And lodge sometimes within her eareall bys:
She seld, thou hot, how can you then agree?
Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne me.
With her wilt thou remaine, and let mee die?
If I returne, wee both shall die for grieue:
If still thou stape, what good shall growe thereby?
He moue her heart to purchase thy reliefe:
What is her heart the hard, to stop his carees?
He sigh aloud, to make him soft with carees:
If that preuailing, wilt thou returne from thence?
Not I alone, her heart shall come with mee:
Then wilt you both live under my defence?
So long as life will let vs both agree:
Why then dilpaira, goe packe thee hence away,
I live in hope to haue a golden daie.
The chiefe grounde and matter of this Sonnet standeth vpon the rehearfall of such thinges as by reporte of the Poets, are dedicated vnto Venus, whereof the Authour sometime wrote these three Latine verfes.

_Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba,
Hesperus, ora Pathos, Rosa, Myrtus, & insula Cyprus,
Idaliumque nemus; Veneri hec sunt omnia sacra._

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

_Est arbor Veneri Myrtus gratissima, flores
Tarn Rosa, quam volucres alba columba praedit.
Igniferum caeli praerunt aestivalibus astra
Hesperon, Idalium fepè adit una nemus. &c._

_Sweete Venus if as notwe thou stand my friende,
As once thou didst unto Kinge Priams sonne,
By topfull mrite shall never make an end
Of praising thee, and all that thou hast done:
Nor this my penne shal ever cease to write
Of ought, wherein sweete Venus takes delite.

My temples hedged in with Myrtle bowes
Shall let aside Apollos Lawrell tree,
As did Anchifes sonne, when both his bowes
With Myrtle hee beeter, to honour thee:
Then will I say, the Rose of bowres is best.
And other bowres by birds excell the rest.

Ile praise no starre but Hesperus alone,
Nor any hill but Erycins mounte,
Nor any woodde but Idaly alone,
Nor any lyme but Acidalian mounte,
Nor any land but onely Cyprus bowre,
Nor Gods but Loue, what would Venus more?_
V.

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

S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'è fento?
Ma s'eglì è amor, per Dio che cosa, e quale?
Se buona, ond'è l'effetto aspro e mortale?
Se ria, ond'è fi dolce ogni tormento?

Part. prima }  
Sonet. 103. }

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extremelye, are liuely expressed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his firt halfe verfe of this translation varieeth from that fenfe, which Chawcer vleth in translating the felfe fame: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne simple priuate opini-on, which yet he will not greatly stand vpon.

If it bee not love I seele, what is it then?
If love it bee, what kind a thing is love?
If good, how chance he hurstes to many men?
If badd, how happ's that none his hurstes dispraise?
If willingly I burne, how chance I waile?
If gainst my will, what sorrow will availe?
O lutesome death, O sweete and pleasant ill,
Against my minde how can thy night prevaine?
If I bend backe, and but restraine my will,
If I content, I doe not well to waile;

Adduntur Taucano
bij duo
verius.

Thus beeing rost with windes of sundry towte
Through daung'rous Seas but in a tender Boat,
With errour lift, and drie'n beside the poorte,
Where voide of wildernes straight it lies aloate,
I wade in doubt what helpe I shall require,
In Somner freeze, in winter burne like fire.
This passion is a translation into latine of the selfe fame sonnet of Petrarck which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth somwhat neerer into the Italian phrase the the English doth. The Author whe he translated it, was not then minded euer to have imboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in foote amongst our English Poets. But beinge busied in translating Petrarck his sonnets into latin new clothed this amogst many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And because it betheth this place, he is content you suruey it here as a probable signe of his dayly sufferance in loue.

Horatii Non fuit amor, quod persentifico, quid ergo est?
Si fuit amor, tum quid sit amor qualisque regandum:
Si bonus est, vnde effectus produceit acerbos?
Sin malus, vnde eius tormentum dulce putatur?
Sique volens vror, quae tanti causa doloris?
Sin inuisus amo, quid me lamenta inuabunt?
O lethum vivax, o delestabile damnum,
Quis sic me superes, tibi si concedere nolim?
Et me si patior vincì, cur lugeo vitus?
Aduersis rapit ventis, nulloque magistro,
Per maris essus fluens, in puppe caduca,
Quae vacua ingenio, tanteque errore grauata est,
Ipsus ut ignorem de me quid dicere possim:
Frigeo, dum media est aestas; dum bruma, calceo.
VII.

This passion of loue is liuely expressed by the Author, in that he lauihlie praiseth the perfon and beautifull ornamentes of his loue, one after an other as they lie in order. He partly imitateth here in Aeneas Siluius, who fetteth downe the like in describing Lucretia the loue of Euryalus; & partly he followeth Ariofto cant. 7. where he describeth Alcina: & partly borroweth from some others where they describe the famous Helen of Greece: you may therefore, if you pleafe aptlie call this fonnet as a Scholler of good judgement hath already Christened it  ámbη παραστιτική.

Arke you that liift to heare what sainte I ferue:
  Her yellowe lockes exceede the beaue gould;
  Her sparkeling eyes in heau'n a place defcrue;
  Her forehead high and face of comely moude;
  Her wordes are unmatche all of siluer founde;
  Her wit so sharpe as like can scarce be found:
  Each eybrowe hanges like Iris in the skies;
  Her Eagles nose is straight of stately frame;
  On either cheeke a Rose and Lillie lies;
  Her breath is sweete perfume, or hollie flame:
  Her lips more red then any Corall stone;
  Her necke more white, then aged * Swans y' mone;
  Her heepe transparent is, like Christall rocke;
  Her fingers long, fit for Apolloes Lute;
  Her flipper such as * Momus daie not mocke;
  Her vertues all so great as make me mute:
  What other partes the barty I neede not say,
  Whose face alone is cause of my decaye.

* Nafus Aquilin. ex Perfarū opinione &futatem per-
  fone arguit.
  * Quale fuo recinit funere
  Strozsa. &vide
  Plin. de cantu
  Olorino lib. 10.
  nat. hist. cap. 23.
  * Vide Chiliad.
  1. cent. 5 adag.
  74. vbi Erasum.
  ex Philofrati
  ad vxorem epit-
  flola mutuatur.
Acleuon for espying Diana as she bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and sone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as *Ouid* describeth at large *lib. 3. Metamorph. And *Silius Italicus libr. 12. de bello Punico* glaunceth at it in this manner.

Fama est, cum laceris Acleuon flebile membris
Supplicium lucret spectate in foute Diana,
Attonitum novitate mala fugisse parentem
Per freta Aristaeum. &c.

The Author alluding in al this Passion vnto the fault of *Acleuon*, and to the hurte, which hee susteined, feteth downe his owne amorous infelicitie; as *Ouid* did after his banimmente, when in an other fenfe hee applied this fiction vnto himselfe, being exiled (as it should feeme) for hauing at vnawares taken *Caesar* in some great fault: for thus hee wri-
teth.

_Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c._
_Insequor Acleuon vidit fine vestes Dianam,_
_Praeda fuit canibus nec minus ille suis._

_Actaeon last in middle of his sport_
Both shape and life, far looking but a way,
Diana was afraid he would report
What secretes he had seene in passing by:
To tell but trueth, the selfe same hurt haue I
By viewing her, for whom I daily die;
I leste my wanted shape, in that my minde
Both suffer wracke upon the stonic rocke
Of her distaine, who contrary to kinde
Both beare a hielke more harde then any stocke;
And soyme soyme of limmes is changed quite
By cares in love, and want of due delight.
I leste my life in that each secret thought,
Which I conceive though wanton fond regard,
Both make me lay, that life anvilth nourth
Where service cannot haue a due reward:
I dare not name the Pimph that works my smart,
Though love hath grai'n her name within my hart.
Clytia (as Perottus witnesseth) was a glorious Nymph, and thereof had her name: for ἀλεος in greeke signifieth glorie: and therefore shee aspired to be the loue of Sol him selfe, who præerring Leucothoe before her, she was in short space ouergonne with such extreemitie of care, that by compassion of the Gods shee was transformed into a Marigolde; which is significante called Heliotropium, because euene nowe after change of forme shee stille obferueth the rising and going downe of hir beloued the funne, as Ouid mentioneth,

Metam. lib. 4.

And by this it maie easlie bee gheffed, while in this passion the Authour compareth him selfe with the Marigold, and his loue vnto the Sunne.

THE Marigold so likes the lovely Sunne,
That when he setteth the other hides her face,
And when he ginneth his morning course to runne,
She spreades abroad, I shewes her greatest grace:
So thys or spoyts my joy, as doth this flower,
When my Sheeplne doth either laugh or lowe.
When shee departes my light, I die for paine,
In closing by my hearte with cloudie care;
And yet when once I viewe her face againe,
I streight requite, and sope my wonted face:
Therewith my heart ope sates, when all is done,
That heau'n and earth haue not a brighter funne.
A jealous thought yet puttes my minde in feare,
Left loue him tellie descendinge from his thone
Shoule take by stealth and place her in his spheare,
O in some higher globe to rule alone:
Which if he shoule, the heartes might boaste their
But I (alas) might curte yt dismall day. (praye

23
The Authour hath made two or three other passions vpon this matter that is heere conteined, alluding to the losse of his sight and life since the time he first beheld her face, whose loue hath thus bewitched him. But heere hee mentioneth, the blindnesse of Tyresias to proceed of an other caufe, then he doth in thofe his other Sonnettes. And heerein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater forte of Poets, but vnto some fewe, after whom Polytian hath written also, as followeth;

Baculum dat deinde petentem
Tyresiae magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam
vidit, & hoc raptam pensavit munere lucem.
Suetus in offensus baculo duce tendere gressus
Nec deest ipse sibi, quin sacro insinéla furore
Ora mouet, tantique parat solatia damnii.

*M* eyes dye sick, which last enjoyed life,
Not hurt by bleared eyes, but hurt with light
Of such a blazing starre as kindleth sticke
Within my breast as well by day as night:
And yet no poplined Cockatrice lurk't there,
Her serpents beams distuade such foolish
Besides, I line as yet; though blinde nowe (scare.
Like him, that sawe Mineraes naked side,
And lost his sight (poore soule) not knowing howe;
O like to him, whose cuitl chance bethide,
In straying starre to light vpon that place,
Where midst a count he founde Dianae grace.
But he alone, who Polyphemus sight,
Crewes paertem was of me and all my woe,
Of all the rest that ever lost their sight:
For being blinde, yet love pollet him so,
That he each bow' on euery dale and hill
Sung longes of love to *Galatea* still.

* Quod naturale esse, ait Plinius lib. 11. natur. hist. c. 36.

* Galatea was a water nymph and daughter to old Nereus.
XI.

In this sonnet is courtely set forth, how pleasant a passion the Author one day enjoyed, where by chance he overhaide his miftris, whilst she was singinge privately by her selfe: And sone after into howe sorrowfull a dumpe, or founden extasie he fell, when vpon the first sight of him she abruptlie finisht her song and melodie.

O Golden bird and Phenix of our age, whose sweete records and more then earthly voice By wondrouss voice did then my griefe allwage When nothing els could make my heart rejoyce, Thy tunes (no doubt) had made a later end, If thou hadst knownen how much they stood my friend. When silence wound the latter warbling noate, A louden griefe eclipsd my former joye, My life it selfe in calling Carons boate Did sigh, and say, that pleasure brought any, And blam'd mine care for listening to the sound Of such a songe, as had increast my wound. My heautie heart remembering what was past Did sorrowe more then any souene can tell, As did the damned soules that Howe agast, when Orpheus with his wife return'd from hell: Yet who would think, that Muses which is sweere, In curing paines could cause delites to sweere?
The subject of this passion is all one with that, which is next before it: but that the Author somewhat more highly here extolleth his ladies excellency, both for the singularitie of her voyce, & her wonderfull arte in vie & moderation of the fame. But moreover, in this sonet, the Author relateth how after the hearing of his mistris sing, his affection towards her by that meanes was more vehemently kindled, then it had bin at any time before.

Meroniale I, why poets heretofore
Certol: * Arions harp, or Mercuries,
Although the one did bringe a fish to shoaze,
And th'other as a * signe abou'n'd the skies.
If they with me had hard an Angel's voice,
They would unlay them selues, and praise my choice.

Not Philomela now descriues the price,
Though sweetely she recount her caute of misane:
Nor Phæbus arte in musicall devise,
Although his lute and voyce accord in one;
Musicke her self, and all the muses nine,
For skill ox voyce their titles may resigne.
O bitter sweete, o2 yunny mirth with gall,
By hart is hurt with overmuch delight,
Byne cares well pleas'd with rewnes, yet deef with all:
Through musickes helpe love hart increaft his might;
I stoppe mine cares as wise Vlisses bad,
But all to late, now love hath made me mad.

* Sic methymneo gauifus
Arione Delphin, Martial, lib. 8.
* Confurgen-te freto cedit
Lyra Cyllenea
Ruff. Fesl.
XIII.

The Authour descanteth on forwarde upon the late effect, which the fong of his Mistres hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heate of his former love. And in this passion after he hath set downe some miraculous good effectes of Musicke, hee falleth into question with him selfe, what should be the cause, why the sweete melodie of his Mistres shoule so much hurte him, contrarie to the kinde and nature of musicall harmonie.

Esclapiad did cure with trumpets sounde
Such men as first had lost their hearing quite:
And many such as in their drinke lay drown'd
Damon return'd with tunes of grave delight:
And Theophrast when ough his minde oppress,
Wt'd musicke helpe to bring him selfe to rest:
With sounde of harpe Thales did make recure
Of such as lay with pestilence solome:
With Organ pipes Xenocrates made pure
Their wits, whose minde's long Lunacy had raine:
Hone comes it then, that musicke in my minde
Enforceth cause of hurt against her kinde?
For since I heard a secret heavyly long,
Loure hath to wrought by verry of conceite,
That I shall pine upon supposed wrong
Unlesse thee yeele, that did me such deceit:
O cares now beke, O wits all drown'd in cares,
O heart surpriz'd with plagues at unawares.
XIII.

The Authour still pursuys his invention upon the song of his Mistres, in the last staffe of this sonnet he falleth into this fiction: that whilest he gree-delie laied open his eares to the hearing of his Ladies voice, as one more then halfe in a doubt, that Apollo him selfe had beene at hand, Loue espiyng a time of aduantage, transformed him selfe into the substance of aier, and so deceitfullie entered into him with his owne great goodwill and desire, and nowe by mayne force still hol-deth his possession.

Some that report great Alexanders life,
They say, that harmonie so mov'd his mind,
That oft he roaie from mean to warlike strife
At sounde of Trumpe, or noyle of battle kind,
And then, that musickes force of costets vaine
Could him returne from strokes to mean againe.

And as for me, I thinke it nothing strange,
That musick having birth from heav'ns above,
By divers tunes can make the minde to change:
For I my selfe in hearing my sweete Loue,
By vertue of her long both taile my griefe,
And such delight, as yeelded some relief.
When first I gan to give attentive eare,
Thinking Apollos voice did haunt the place,
I little thought my Lady had beene there:
But whilest mine eares lay open in this case,
Transform'd to ayre Loue entred with my will,
And nowe perfoyre both keepe possession still.
XV.

Still hee followeth on with further deuise vpon the late Melodie of his Miftres: & in this sonnet doth namelie preferre her before Musicke her selfe, and all the three Graces; affirming, if either he, or els Apollo bee ordined a judge to giue sentence of their deserties on either side, that then his Ladie can not faile to beare both pricke and prize a-waie.

Owe Musicke hide thy face or blush for shame,
Since thou hast heard her skilfull warbling voice,
Who can before thy selfe descern's thy name,
And for a Science should bee had in choice:

O! if thou still thy title wilt retaine,
Equal hir song with helpe of all thy praine.

But as I deeme, it better were to yeeld
Thy place to her, to whom the price belongeth,
Then after strife to leere both fame and field.

For though rude Satyres like of Marsias longes,
And Choridon esteeme his oaten quill:

Compare them with hir voice, and both are ill.

Pay, which is more, byng forth the Graces three,
And each of them let sing hir song apart,
And who both best twill soone appeare by mee,

When she shall make replie which rules my heart:

O! if you needes will make Apollo judge,
So lye I am to winne I neede not grudge.
In this passion the Author upon the late sweete song of his Mistres, maketh her his birde; & therewithall partlie describeth her worthines, & partlie his owne estate. The one parte he sheweth, by the coulour of her feathers, by her statelie minde, and by that souereintie which she hath ouer him: the other, by description of his delight in her companie, and her strangenes, & drawing backe from a dewe acceptance of his seruice.

My gentle birde, which sung so sweete of late,
is not like those, that sit about by kinde,
Her feathers are of gaide, she wantes a mate,
and knowing wel her worth, is proud of mind:
And whereas I coul do keepe their birds in cage,
My birde keepe me, & rules me as her page.
She feedes mine care with tunes of rare delight,
Mine eye with loving lookes, my heart with joy,
Whereence I thinke my seruitude but light,
Although in deed I suffer great annoye:
And (sure) it is but reason, I suppose,
He feele the pincke, that seekes to plucke the Rose.
And who so mad, as woulde not with his will
Leele libertie and life to heare her sing,
Whose voice excels those harmonies that fill
Elisian fields, where groves eternall spring?
If mightie love should heare what I have hard,
She (sure) were his, and all my market marde.
X VII.

The Author not yet hauing forgotten the songe of his mistres, maketh her in this passion a seconde Phoenix, though not of Arabia, and yet no lesse acceptable to Apollo, then is that bird of Arabia. And the cheife causes why Sol shoulde fa-avour hir, he accounteth to be these two, hir excellent beawtie, and hir skill in musike, of which two qualities Sol is well knowne to be an especiall cheife patrone, and sometimes the only author or giever of the fame.

Yet poets have done well in times long past,
To gloze on trulling topses of little price:
Why should not I presume to faime as falt,
Cipping forth a ground of good devise?
A Sacred Nimph is ground whereon ile write,
The fairest Nimph that euer yet saw light.
And since her song hath stild mine cares with love,
Hir vertues pleat’d my minde, hir face mine eye,
I dare affirm what some will think a toy,
She Phoenix is, though not of Arabie;
And yet the plumes about hir neck are bright,
And Sol him selfe in hir hath chiefe delight.
You that will know why Sol accords her love,
Secke but the cause why Peacockes draw the place,
Where Iuno sits; why Venus likes the Doue;
Or why the Owle bestris Minerva’s grace;
Then yf you grudge, that she to Sol belonge,
Harke but hir face, and heare hir skill in songe.

Vide Plinimum
natur. hist.
lib. 10 cap. 2.
XVIII.

This sonnet is perfectly patheticall, and consisteth in two principall pointes: wherof the first coteyneth an accusatio of Loue for his hurtfull effects & vful all tyrannie; the second part is a sudden recantation or excuse of the Authors euill words, by casting the fame vpon the necke of his beloved, as being the onely cause of his late frenzy and blasphemous rage so laufily powred forth in fowle speaches.

Loue is a fower delight; a fugred grece;  
A lutinge death; an euerdying life;  
A breache of Reafons lawe; a secret theefe;  
A sea of teares; an euerlaatting strike;  
A bayre for foolees; a scourge of noble witters;  
A Deadly wound; a hotte which euyl hitts.

Loue is a blinded God; an angrey bove;  
A Labyrinth of doubtts; an ydle lust;  
A flame to Beawties will; a witles top;  
A tawtinge bird; a tyrant most vniult;  
A burning heate; A cold; a flatteringe foe;  
A pynare hell; a very world of woe.

Yet mightie Loue regard not what I laye,  
Which lye in traunce bereft of all my witts,  
But blame the light that leads me thus astraye,  
And makes my tongue blaspheme by frantike hitts.

Yet hurt her not, lest I lustyene the smarr,  
which am content to lodge her in my heart.
The Author in this passion reproueth the usuall description of loue, which olde Poetes haue so long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities, that he neither is a childe (as they say) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe & arrowes, neither frantike, nor wife, nor yet uncloathed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet whē he hath saide al he can to this end, he cryeth out upon the secret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that, whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue spent a long & tedious courfe of time in his seruice.

If Cupid were a childe, as Poets faine,  
How comes it then that Mars doth feare his might?  
If blind; how chance so many to theire paine,  
Whom he hath hitte, can witnesse of his light?  
If he haue wings to flie where thinkes him best,  
How happenes he lurked still within my breast?

If bowe and harpes should be his chiefest tooles,  
Why doth he set so many heartes on fire?  
If he were madde, how could he further tooles  
To wher theire wits, as place and time require?  
If wise, how could so many leewe theire wittes,  
Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike wittes?

If naked still he wander too and froe,  
How doth not Sunne or frost offend his skinne?  
If that a God he be, how sailes it so,  
That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?  
O wondrouse thing, that I, whom Loue hath spent,  
Can scarcely knowe him self, or his intent.
In this passion the Authour being joyfull for a kisse, which he had received of his Love, compareth the fame vnto that kisse, which sometime Venus bestowed vppon Aesculapius, for having taken a Bramble out of her foot, which pricked her through the hidden spitefull deceyte of Diana, by whom it was laied in her way, as Strozza writeth. And he enlargeth his invention vppon the french proverbial speech, which importeth thus much in effect, that three things proceed from the mouth, which are to be had in high account, Breath, Speech, and Kissing; the first argueth a mans life; the second, his thought; the third and last, his lome.

In time long past, when in Dianas chase
A bramble bush prickt Venus in the foot,
Old Eseulapius heal'd her beaute care
Before the hurt had taken any root:
Wherehence although his beard were crispyn hard
She yeelded him a kisse for his rewarde.
My lute was like to his this other day,
When she, whom I on earth do worship most,
In kissing me bouchlak'd thus to say,
Take this for once, and make thereof no bolt:
Forthwith my heart gaine signe of ioye by lipses,
As though our soules had ioynd by ioyning lippes.
And since that time I thought it not amisse
To judge which were the best of all these three;
Her breath, her speach, or that her daintie kisse,
And (sure) of all the kisse best liked me:
For that was it, which did renewe my hart
Opprest and almost deade with dayly smar.
XXI.

In the first stëffe of this passion the Authour imitath Petrarch, Sonetto 211.

Chi vuol veder quantunque pud Natura
El ciel tra noi, venga a mirar coñeci, &c.

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

Chi vuol ueder gran coñe altiere & nuove,
Venga a mirar coñeci, laquale adoro:
Done gratia dal ciel continuo pioue. &c.

Who lift to bewe dame Natures cunning skill,
And see what heau'n hath added to the same,
Let him prepare with me to gaze his all
On her apace, whose gifts exceed y' trump of fame:
But let him come a pace before the eye
From hence, to fire her face above the sky.

By Iunoes gift she bears a fairely grace,
Pallas hath placed skill amindst her breast;
Venus her selfe both dwell within her face;
Alas I fain to thinke of all the rest;
And shall I tell wherewith I most have warres?
With those her eyes, which are two heav'ny starres;
Theire beaunes drawe forth by great attractive power
By mostned hart, whose force is yet so small,
That shine they bright, y' lift they but to lowse,
It scarely dare behold such lights at all,
But lobbes, and lites, and faith I am undonne;
No bird but Loues can looke against the sunne.
The substance of this passion is taken out of Seraphine fonetto 127, which beginneth thus.
Quando nafceflì amor? quando la terra
Se rinnefte di verde e bel colore;
Di che fuii creato? d'èn ardore,
Che ciò lasciui in fè rinchiude e ferra &c.

But the Author hath in this translation inuerfed the order of some verses of Seraphine, and added the two laft of himfelfe to make the reft to feeme the more patheticall.

When were thou born sweet Loue? who was thy
When Flora first adojn'd Dame Tellus lap, (ure?
Then tying I forth from Wanton hote defire:
Who was thy nurse to feede thee first with pap?
Youth first with tender hand bound by my heade,
Then faide, with Lookes alane I should be fed;
What maides had the attendant on her side,
To playe, to finge, to rocke thee laft a deepe?
Vaine Nicenesse, Beautie Faire, and Pompous Pride;
By stealth when further age on thee did crepe;
Where didst thou make thy chiefe abiding place?
In Willing Hartes, which were of gentle race;
What if e wherewith thou wagdst varres with me?
Feare colde as Ie, and Hope as hore as fire;
And can not age or death make end of thee?
No, no, my dying life till makes retire;
Why then sweete Loue take pittie on my paine,
Which often bye, and oft reunie againe.
XXIII.

The Author in this passion wistheth he were in like estate and condition with the Looking Glaffe of his mistres; by that meanes the oftner to be made happie with her faulourable and faire aspec. And in the laft ftaffe he alludeth somewhat to the inu- tion of Seraphine, where he vteth these wordes, in writing vpon the Glaffe of his beloved.

Che ho visfo ogni qual vetro render foco
Quando è dal Sol percotto in qualche parte,
E'l Sol che in giocchi toi dando in quel loco
Douria per reflexion tutta infiammarte &c.

Thou Glaffe, wherein that Sunne delightes to see
Her own aspec, whose beams haue hide my harte,
Would God I might poffe in like fate with the,
And joy some ease to qualle my bitter smart:
Thou gazest on her face, and the on thine;
I fee not hear, nor she will looke on mine.
Once having lookt her fill, she turnes thee froe,
And leaves thee, though amas'd, yet wel content;
But carelessse of my cares, will ye noe,
Still dwells within my break with teares besignet;
And yet my harte to her is such a thall,
That she dian't out, my life departs withall.
But thou deceitfull Glafe (I fear) with guyle
Haft wrought my woes to shield thy felfe from ill,
Shot forth her beanes which were in thee erewhile,
And burnt my tender brest against my will:
For Chriatall from it felle reflectes the Sunne,
And byes his coate, which knows not how it done.
Seraphine in his Strambotti hath many prettie inuencions concerning the Lookingglasse of his Miftres: wherence many particulars of this passion are cunningly borrowed, part beeing out of one place, and part out of an other. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Authour, that Cupid shooting his arrowe from out the faire eies of his Miftres, did so wounde him with loue and de-fire, that nowe he is past all recure by any phisicke, and therefore is faine to vfe the olde verfe.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

Thou glasse, wherein my Dame hath such delight,
As when the byares, then most on thee to gaze,
I maruel howe her beames that are so bright
Do never cause thy byrckle sides to craze:
  Thou shouldst by reason most or easily breake
  To feele such force, thy substance being weake.
For when the first with keening skatery grace
Bellowd on me a loving sweete regard,
The beames, which then proceede from her face
Were such, as for the same I found no ware,
  But needes perforce I must become content
  To meate in minde till all my wittes were spent.
And therewithall Cupido playd his part,
He shotte a shaft throughout her chylkall eyes,
Wherewith he cleat in twaine my peling heart:
And this is cause my panting heart still cries,
  I breake, I meate; helpe heau'ns in my behoue,
No herbe both growe whose vertue curseth loue.
XXV.

It is to be considered in reading this Passion, howe in some answers, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Author walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward passion of Loue, is contraried by the replies of Echo: whose meaning yet is not so much to gainfay him, as to expresse her owne miserable estate in daily côfuming away for the loue of her beloved Narciflus; whose Lib. 3. Meta-

vankindnes Ouid describeth at large, together with the ex- morph.
treme loue of Echo.

Author. I in all this world I thinke none lou's but I.
Echo. None lou's but I. Auth. Thou foolish tattling ghost,
In this thou tell a lie. Echo, thou tell a lie.
Author. Why? Loue him tell he lodgeth in my breast.
Echo. He lodgeth in my breast. Auth. I pine for grieue;
And yet I want relieue. Echo. I want relieue.
Author. No flaire more faire then he whom I adore.
Echo. Then he, whom I adore. Auth. Her hence I burne
Stil more and more. Echo. I burne stil more and more.
Author. Loue, let my heart returne. Echo. my heart, returne.
Auth. Is then the Saint, for whom thou makest none,
And whom I love, but one? Echo. I love but one.
Author. If hear'ns, is there in loue no ende of ills?
Echo. In loue no ende of ills. Auth. Thou prating boyce,
Dwelt thou in thy ayre, or but in hollow hills?
Echo. Ceale of to vaunte thy choyce. Auth. I would replie,
But here for loue I die. Echo. for loue I die.
XXVI.

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with some deepe melancholie, compareth him selfe vnto the Nightingale, and con-
ferreth his vnhappy estate (for that by no meanes his Mi-
stresse will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whose
harmonie all those that giue attendant eare, they conceiue
more delight in the muficall varietie of her noates, then
they take iuft compassion vpon her distressed heauines.

When Maye is in his prime, and youthfull lying
Both cloath the tree with leaves, and ground with flowres,
And time of yere remieth euery thing;
And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing flowres:
Then Philomela most both straine her lyest
With night-complaints, and lies in little rest.
This Birds estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond loue both worketh such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart needs repine,
And storge with lighes to ease me as I may;
Whilst others are becalm'd, or lye them still,
Or laple secrete with tide and winde at will.
And as all those, which heare this Bird comaine,
Conceiue in all her tunes a sweete delight,
Without remoule, or pityng her payne:
So she, for whom I wayle both day and night,
Both spost her selfe in heareing my complaint;
A iuft reward for seuring such a Saint.
XXVII.

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

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Celui qui n'ayme est malheureux,} \\
\text{Et malheureux est l'amoureux,} \\
\text{Mais la misere, &c?}
\end{align*}
\]

And in the last stave of this Passion also he commeth very neere to the senfe, which Ronfard vseth in an other place, where he writeth to his Mistrefse in this maner:

\[
\begin{align*}
En vous tu baiser Pluton \\
La bas, apres che Caron \\
T'aura mise en sa naeefse?
\end{align*}
\]

\[V^*\]

V\[p]\n
Happy is the wight, tharts boide of Loue,
And yet unhappe he, whom Loue toyments,
But greatest griece that man is for't to poyne,
Whose haughtie Loue not for his Loue relents,
But hoyning up her cavel of proud dildaine,
For service done makes no returne of gaine.

By this all you, which knowe my tickle state,
May give deffered blame to whom I serue,
And say, that Loue hath miferie to make,
Since labour breedes but losse, and lets me serue:
For I am he which lines a lasting thyall
To her, whose heart affords no grace at all.

She hopes (perchance) to live and flouris still,
Or els, when Charons boate hath felt her peaze,
By longing lookes to conquer Ploutes will;
But all in baine: tis not Proserpin's case:
She never will permit, that any one
Shall joy his Loue, but she her selfe alone.

\[E^\]n son.

du Bocage.

En ses meffan-

ges.

\[H^\]iis tres versus

a Ronfardo de-
scribuntur ex

Anaerovenie

Graeco.
XXVIII.

In this Passion the Authour doth very busiflie imitate & augment a certaine Ode of Ronfard, which hee writeth vnto his Mistres ; he beginneth, as followeth,

_Pluseurs de leurs cors denués_
_Ses font veuz en diuerfe terre_
_Miraculeusement mes,_
_L'en en Serpent, & l'autre en Pierre,_
_L'en en Fleur, l'autre en Arbrifseau,_
_L'en en Loup &c?_

Au liure des fes meflanges.

Many haue liu'd in countreys farre and ny,
Whole heartes by Loue once quite consum'd away,
Strangely their shapes were changed by and by,
One to a Flow'r, an other to a Bay,
One to a Streeame, whose coule yet makes thy mone,
One to a Doue, an other to a Stone.

But hark my Deere ; if wishing could preuaile,
I would become a Christall Mirrour I,
Wherein thou might'st behold what thing I aile :
Or els I would be change'd into a Flie,
To tast thy cuppe, and being dayly ghest
At bowd and beode, to kille thee in'dit thy rest ;
Or I would be Perfume for thee to burne,
That with my loffe I might but please thy smell ;
Or be some facred Spring, to cure thy turne,
By bathing that, wherein my heart doth dwell ;
But woe is me, my wishing is but vaine,
Since fate bidds Loue to work my endelife paine.
XXIX.

The Authour in this Sonnet in a large maner fetteth forth the furpasfinge worthines of his Ladie, reporting her beawtie and forme to be fo singuler, that neither Appelles can perfectly drawe her portraicte; nor Praxiteles trewly frame her image and likenes in any kinde of mettall. And the like vnablenes he awardeth vnto Virgill and Homer the two Paragons of Poetrye, if they shoulde but once endeuour to praiſe her. And the like insufficiencie he layeth would be found in Tullie him selfe, if he should endeuour to commend her. And the finally he excufeth his owne bould hardines shewed in prayſing her, vpon the forcible extremitie, which he abideth in Loue, and the earnest desire, which he hath to pleafe.

S

Tis the Saint, whom I on earth adore,
As never age shall know when this is past,
Nor ever yet hath like byn scene before:
Apelles by he liu'd would stand again
*With coulours to let downe her comely face,
Who farre excells though Venus were in place.

Praxiteles might likewise stand inoute
In mettall to expræſfe her forme arighte,
Whose præſe for shape is blowne the world throughout:
Nor Virgill could to good a beale indire
As one ly would intenſe to tell her name;
Nor Homer with his Muse expræſfe her fame;
Tully, whose speach was boute in euer cause,
If he were here to præſe the Saint I terue,
The number of her giftes would make him paule,
And feare to speake how well the doth deferue.
Why then am I thus boute that have no skill?
Enſoſe by Loue I shew my zealous will.
In the first part of this Passion the Author prooueth, that hee abideth more vnreft and hurt for his beloved, then euer did Leander for his Hero: of which two paramours the mutuall feruency in Loue is most excellently set foorth by Museus the Greeke Poet. In the second part he compareth himselfe with Pyramus, and Hæmon king Creons Sonne of Thebes, which were both fo true hearted louers, that through Loue they suffered vntimely death, as Ouid metam. lib. 4. writeth at large of the one, And the Greeke Tragedian Sophocles in Antig: of the other. In the laft, in making comparifon of his paynes in Loue to the paines of Orpheus descedinge to hell for his Eurydice, he alludeth to those two verfes in Strozza, Tartara, Cymba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues, Cocytes, Phlegeton, Stix, lapis, vrna, fitis.

What though Leander swamme in darksome night, Through troubled Helespont for Heroes take; And lost his life by losse of Seftus light; The like or moxe thy selfe do undertake, When eu'ry howse along the lingring yeare, Thy iope is drownde, and hope blowne out with feare. And what though Pyram spent his vital breath For Thisbes sake? or Hæmon choose to die To follow his Antigone by death? In harder case and worser plight am I, Which love as they, but live in dying still, And faine would die, but can not have my will. We reade that Orpheus with his Harpe of golde, For his Euridice went downe to hell: The royle is more, by that time all be tolde, Which I endure for her, whose heart is fell; The Stigian Curre, the Wheele, the Stone, the Fire, And Furies all are plac't in my desire.
XXXI.

There needeth no annotation at all before this Passion, it is of it selfe so plaine, and easilye conuayed. Yet the vnlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what Galaxia is, or Paetolus, which perchaunce they haue not read oft often in our vulgar Rimes. Galaxia (to omit both the Etimologie and what the Philosophers doe write thereof) is a white way or milky Circle in the heauens, which Ouid mentioneth in this manner.

Est via sublimis caelo manifesta sereno,
Laetia nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso.

And Cicero thus in fomnio Scipionis; Erat autem is splendidissimo candore inter flammamas circulus eluens, quem vos (et a Graijs accipiis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.

Paetolus is a ruer in Lidia, which hath golden sandes vnder it, as Tibullus witnesseth in this verfe,
Nec me regna iuuant, nec Lydias aurifer amnis.

Who can recount the vertues of my deare,
O lay how farce her fame hath taken light,
That can not tell how many farces appeare
In part of heaun, which Galaxia hight,
O number all the moated in Phebus rayes,
O golden sandes, whereon Paetolus playes?

And yet my hurts enforce me to confesse,
In crytall breath the showdes a bloody hart,
Which hart in time will make her meries leffe,
Unlesse berimes the cure my deadly smart:
For nowe my life is double dying still,
And the desaundr'd by suffrance of such ill;
And till the time she helps me as the may,
Let no man undertake to tell my tople,
But onely suche, as can distinctly lay,
What Monsters Nilus breedes, or Affricke toyle:
For if he doe, his labour is but lost,
Whilst I both feie and freeze twi elke flame and frost.
Here the Author by fayning a troublefome dreame, expref-
feth a full Pafion of Loue. And how focuer fome wil confter
of this kinde of inuention, it is euident, that the like hath
bin vfuall amongft thofe that haue excelled in the sweeteft
vaine of Poetrie. And (to let the reft goe) it may pleafe him
that is curious to finde fome president hereof, to viſite but
the workes of Hercules Strozza, who in his Somnium hath
writte fo exquifitely, that the Dreame will quite his trauaile,
that fhall perufe it with due attention.

In Thetis lappe, while Titan tooke his reft,
I fumbyring lay within my refleſte beade,
Till Morpheus be'd a falled loaie iefb,
Presenting her, by whom I ftil am lede:
For then I thought she came to cuide my wo,
But when I wake (alas) t'was nothing fo.
Embracing ayre in fteed of my delight,
I blamed Loue as author of the guile,
Who with a fecound fleep close dy my figh,
And faid (me thought) that I muft bide a whilf
Ixions paines, whose armies did oft embrace
Faffe darkned clouds, in fteed of Iunoes grace.
When I had laine and fumbyred thus a whilf,
Rewing the dofeſtill doome that Loue affign'd,
A woman Saint, which bare an Angells face,
Bad me awake and caue my troubled minde:
With that I wake, forgetting what was past,
And caue t'was Hope, which helped thus at laſt.
XXXIII.

In this Sonnet the Authour is of opinion, that his Miftres (by the fatall appoyntement of destinie) was from the begin-
ning referued to liue in these times, and to bee the onely
gouernesse & subiect of his thoughtes: whereas: if either
she bene borne, when Paris was to giue sentence vpon
Ida for bestowing the Golden Apple; she had (as he suppo-
feth) bene preferred before Iuno, Pallas and Venus, & more-
ouer supplied that place in the loue of kinge Priams fonne,
whiche Helen of Greece obtenied: or if shee had then liued
when Bacchus tooke Ariadne to wife, she had bene convuayed
in her freede, vnto that place in heau'n, where nowe the
Crowne of Ariadne called * Corona Gnoia doth shine contin-
nuallie, beinge beautified with greate varietie of lightsome
starres.

When Priams fonne in midst of Ida plaine
Gaue one the price, and other two the foile,
If shee whom I still abide in plaine
Had liued then within the Troyan foile,
No doubt but hers had bene the golden ball,
Helen had scape de rape, and Troy his fall.
Or if my Dame had then enjoyed life
When Bacchus bought for Ariadnaes love,
No doubt but she had onely bene his wife,
And flowne from hence to sit with Gods above:
For shee exceeded his choise of Create to farre
As Phebus doth excell a twinkeling starre.
But from the first all fates haue thus assign'd,
That shee should liue in these our latter daies,
I thinke to beece a longe within my minde
And seede my thoughtes with twayne sweete delays;
If to it be, let me attend my chancie,
And fortune pipe when I beginne to daunce.

* Cniius orium
& occasü me-
morat Plinius
nat. hist. lib. 18.
c. 28. & c. 31.
The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the most rare excellencies of his mistres, auouching her to haue no equall. And he imitateth the second Sonnet, Nelle rime di meffer Agnolo Fiorenzuola the Florentine, whose beginning is all one with that heere; and this it is:

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

E stately Dames, whose beauties farre excell,
Of courtesie confess at my request,
Both not my Loue amongst you beare the bell,
As Phebus goulsden rayes obturces the rest
Of Planet Starres, and dimmeth eu'ry light
That shines in heau'n or earth by day or night?
Take wisly heed in bewing her sweete face,
Where nature hath expressd what ere she could
Cater for beuties blaze or comely grace:
Since when to prize her worke the brace the mode,
So that who seekes to finde her Equall out,
Intends a thing will never be brought about.
Therefore sweete Ladies all youthflace with me
To solow her desert, and my desire,
By praysing her unto the ninth degree,
For honour by due right is vertues hire,
And Enuiues mouth must lave when all is donne,
No Bird but one is laced to the sunne.
In this Passion the Author, as being blinded with Loue, first compareth himfelfe with Tiresias the old Soothfayer of Thebes, whome Iuno deprived of sight; but Iove rewarded him with the spirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth vnto Aètan: And laftly he sheweth why he is in worfe case, then thofe, which by vewing Medusaes heade were turned into stoanes, leaving both life and light at once; and so concludefeth, that olde accursed Oedipus of all other beft befitte him for a companion.

When first mine eyes were blinded with Desire,
They had neuer seene a Second Sunne whole face
Though cleere as beaten snowe, yet kindled fire
Within my brest, and moufle my heart apais:
Thus learned I by poeſe, what others write,
That Sunne, and fire, and snowe offend the light.
O ten times happie blinded Theban wight,
Whose loffe of light did make him halfe divine,
Where I (alas) alone lost both life and light,
Like him, whose homes did plague his heedes euen;
And yet was he in better case then I,
Which neither liue, nor can obtaine to dye.
All Perfeus fere that laue Medusaes heade,
By leaue hape and fense were quitte from th'alle;
But I fende paines, though blinde and double dead,
And was my felfe efuent cause of all:
Wherefore, of all that ere did ceale to see
*Old Oedipus were neereſt mate for me.

* Vide Sophoel. aut Senecam in tragediis finis de Oedipi miferijs.
XXXVI.

Here the Author misliketh of his wearisome estate in love, for that he neither obtaineth any favour at the handes of his Mistres for his good thought or speach, nor by his louning lookes, or preffents, nor by his humilitie in writing, or long sufferance in seruitude. And herenhence he blameth her ouerhardnes of heart, and the froward constellation of his owne natuinite: and therewithall abandoning all further desire of life, hath in request vntimely death, as the only end of his infelicitie.

Each thought I thinke is frend to her I Love;
I still in speach vie course of gentle wordes;
My louning lookes are such as ought to move;
My gifts as great as mine estate affordes;
My letters tell in what a case I stand,
Though full of blots through fault of trembling hand;
I dely waunce attendance as I may,
With hope to please, and feare to make offence;
All lou'raundie to her I grant for aye;
And where the hurrets yet make I no defence;
Sobbes are the longe, wherein I take delight;
And thew'rs of teares do dayly dimme my light.
And yet all this doth make but small waile,
Her heart is hard, and never will relent,
No time, no place, no prayer can prevale,
The heau'ns then felfues diuaine mine intent:
Why should I then desire a longer life,
To weare therein a webbe of endlesse strife?
The Author in this passion doth by manner of secret comparison preferre his beloued before all other women whatsoeuer: and persuadeth vpon the examples of all fortes of Goddes (whom loue hath ouertaken at one time or other) that the worthines of his Mistres being well considered, his owne fondnes in loue must of force be in it selfe excusable.

If Ioue himselfe be subject unto Loue
And range the woodes to finde a mortall praise:
If Neptune from the seas himselfe remoue,
And secke on landes with earthly wightes to plaie:
Then may I loue my pecefulle choice by right,
Who farre excels each other mortall wight.

If Pluto could by loue be dawne from hell,
To yeeld him selue a silly Virgins thrall:
If Phoebus could yourcrafte on earth to dwell,
To winne a rusticke made unto his call:
Then, how much more shoule I adore the light
Of her, in whom the heau'ns themselves delight?

If cuntrie Pan might followe Nymphe's in chase,
And yet through loue remaine denoud of blame:
If Satirs were exclu'd for seeking grace
To ioy the fruities of any mortall Dame:
Then, why shoule I once doubt to loue her still,
On whom ne Goddes noz men can gaze theire fill?
XXXVIII.

In the first staffe of this Passion the Authour expresseth howe fondly his friendes ouertrouble him, by questioininge with him touching his loue, or accidents thereof. In the two last verfes of the second staffe he imitateth those verfes of Sophocles:

\[ \text{In Trachinijs.} \]

which may be thus Englishe

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

And in the laft, he fetteth downe his mind fully bent to perfift constantly in the loue & feruice of his Ladie: like to that, which Stephanus Forcatulus (an excellent Civillian, and one of the beft Poetes of Fraunce for these many yeares) wrote vn-to his beloved Clytia:

Quin noctu pluuium citius mirabimur arcum,
Solque domo Hesperidum mane propinguis erit,
Quam captat lepida me forda obliuo nymphae, &c?

S

Ome acke me, when, and how my loue begunne;
Some, where it lies, and what effectes it hath;
Some, who the is, by whome I am undone;
Some, what I meane to tredde to lewde a path:
I antwere all alike, by answ'ring nought,
But, ble'f it is he, whome Cupid neuer caught:

And yet I could, if sorrowe woulde permit,
Tell when and howe I be't my fannie sick,
And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,
And chooshe the path, wherein I live accurst:

But such like deeds would breed a double doare,
Fo' loue gainelaide growses madder then before.

But note herewith, that to my thoughts are bound
To her, in whome my libertie lies thall,
That if he would vouchsafe to salue my wound,
Yet force of this my loue should never fail,
Till Phoebus bie to rife from out the West,
And towawrdes night seekke lodging in the East.
XXXIX.

The second part of this Passion is borrowed from out the fifte Sonnet in Petrarch part. 1. whose wordes are these,

Piu volte gia per dir le labbra aperfi:
Poi rimase la voce in mezz'l petto:
Ma qual suon poria mai salir tant' alto?
Piu volte incominciai di scriver verfi,
Ma la penna, e la mano, e l'intelletto
Rimafer vinto nel primier affalto.

When first these eyes beheld with great delight
The Phoenix of this world, or second Sunne,
Her beams or plumes bewitched all my light,
And love encreast the hurre that was begunne:
Since when my grieue is growne so much the more,
Because I finde no way to cure the soare.

I have attempted oft to make complainte,
And with some daulefull wordes to tell my grieue,
But though my fearefull heart my voce doth tainte,
And makes me mute where I shoulde craue releife:
An other while I thinke to write my paine,
But streight my hand laies downe the pen againe.
Sometimes my mind with heapes of doubrestfull cares
Tongyn'd with fawning hoapes is sore oppress,
And sometime fudd spleene toy at unawares
Doth move to much, and doth tyme my brest;
What man doth live in moare extremes then these,
Where death doth seeme a life, and paines doe please?
XL.

The sense contained in this Sonnet will seem strange to such as never have acquainted themselves with Loue and his Lawes, because of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to such, as Loue at any time hath vnder his banner, all and euyry part of it will appeare to be a familier trueth. It is almoft word for word taken out of Petrarch, (where hee beginneth,

\[
\text{Pace non truouo, e non ho da far guerra;} \\
\text{E temo, e spero &c?}
\]

All, except three verses, which this Authour hath necessariely added, for perfecting the number, which hee hath determined to use in euery one of these his Pafsions.

Loue will not that I live, nor lets me die;
Loue lackes me last, noy sufferes me to scape;
I want both eyes and tongue, yet fee and cry;
I wish for death, yet after helpe I gape;
I hate my life, but love an other wight;
And feed on greek, in lieu of twete delight;
At selfe same time I both lament and joy;
I still am pleasa, and yet displeased still;
Loue sometimes seemes a God, sometimes a Boy;
Sometimes I sloue, sometimes I swimme at will;
Twist death and life, small difference I make;
All this deere Dame beseals me for thy take.
XL I.

This Pfasion is framed vpon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called παλινογη or ἀναδιπλοσις, of the Latines Reduplicatio: whereof Sufenbrotus (if I well remember me) alleadge thes example out of Virgill, Sequitur pulcherrimus Ausfur, Ausfur equo fidens.

AEncid. 10.

O Happy men that finde no lacke in Loue;
I Loue, and lacke what most I do desire;
My deepe desire no reason can remove;
All reason hunnes my heart, that's let one fire;
And to the fire mainetaines both force and flame,
    That force awapeth not against the same;
One onely helpe, can take this burning heate,
Which burning heate proceedeth from her face,
Whole face by lookes bewitched my conceite,
Through which conceite I live in woefull case;
    O woefull case, which hath no ende of woe,
Till woees have ende by favour of my foe;
And yet my foe mainetaineth such a Warre,
As all her Warre is nothing els but Peace;
But such a Peace, as breedeth lecreat Warre,
Which Warre no witte, no force, no time can cease;
Yet cease despaire: for time by witte, or force,
May force my friendly foe to take remoise.
XLII.

In this Paesiō the Author under colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praise his Mistres, so farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before Helen of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but also before howe many focuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of it selue is so plainly & eectually set downe (albeit in fewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to expaline it.

This latter night amidst my troubled rest
A Dismall Dreame my fearefull hart appaied,
Whereof the soume was this: Loue made a Feast,
To which all Neighbour, Saintes and Gods were calle:
The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke,
And morth grew on, by taking in their dyinke.

Then Loue amidst his cuppes for service done
Can thus to lefte with Ganymede his boy;
I faine would finde for thee my prettie Sonne
A faire Wise, then Paris brought to Troy:

Why, sir, quoth he, if Phebus stand my frend,
Who knowes the world, this geere will soone hawe end.

Then Loue replide that Phebus should not choose
But do his beit to finde the fayrest face;
And the once found should neither wil not choose
But yeelde her selue, and chauenge her dwelling place;
Alas, how much was then my hart asright,
Which bade me wake and watch my faire delight?
The sense or matter of this Passion is taken out of Seraphine in his Strambotti, who writeth thus,

Se Salamandra in fiamma vine, e in fuoco,
Non me stupifce quel che fà natura,
Ma coftei che è di giaccio, & io di fuoco,
E in mezo del mio cuor vine ficura;
Chi la defende in cofì ardente fuoco,
Che douendo sguagliar dinenta dura?
Solo Amor di Natura aspro aduersario,
Che à fuo dispetto vinifce ogni contrario.

The Salamander lives in fire and flame,
And yet but wonder small in Nature's wyke:
By straunger force loue winnes away her flame,
As causing cold in midst of heat to turke.
Who list of these my paines to take the view,
Will loone confesse that what I lay, is true.
For one as cold as hardeft frozen yfe,
Is fired fast, and lodgeth in my brest;
Whome reason can remove by no Denise,
Poz any force can caufe to let me rest:
And yet I still to swimme in hoate desire,
That more I burne then either flame or fire.
How strange is this? can contraries to gree,
That fhe in flame will neither waste nor melt,
But still encreafe, and harder growe to hee,
Then eft before? all this my felfe haue felt.
For Loue Dame Natures foe, without remoyse,
Thus coupleth contraries in me by force.
In this Passions the Author does like one while his estate, & by and by after like of the same againe, upon hope and likelyhooe of amendment, & throughout the whole Sonnet hee fayneth his Mistres to bee a Second Sunne: and by expressinge his pruynte infelicitie, in either alwayes melting away with Loue, or growinge stiffe through the Death approaching neere him by reason of dayly cares, hee maketh allusion vnto the divers effects of the Sunne, which maketh the clay much harder, and the wax stiffer, then it was before.

That Second Sunne, whose beames have dim'd my light,
So scorched hath my hart and tenes all,
That cloygd with cares, and void of all delight,
Lonely seeke, and sue to be her thall;
Per loe this heart increaseth day by day,
That more and more it hast'eth my decay.

Sometimes I melt, as if my luminous were dyes,
Sometimes grow stiffe, as if they were of clay;
Thrice happy he whom Looke both never bore,
Not any Second Sunne both melt away:
Day curled I blaspheome the fairest Light
That euer yet was seene by day or night.
Perchance her parching heates will once repair
My hart againe, and make me all anewe:
The Phenix so reuiues amids the aye
By vertue of that Sunne which all men view:
The vertue of my Sunne exceedes the skye,
By her I shall reuire, though first I die.
X L V.

The Author vneth in this Passion the like sense to that which he had in the last before it, calling his Mistres a Second Sunne vpon earth, wherewith Heauen it selfe is become in Lone: But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to haue placed it amongst thefe his English toyes.

Ocliues alij iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris
   Aptos fecit amoribus,
Exoptare solent tenebrofa crepuscula noctis,
   Aurora maledicere:
At multo est mihi chara magis pulcherrima coniux
   Tythoni gelidi fenis,
Dum venit in prima urgentis parte dici,
   Et Soles geminos mihi
Apperit, & moebio felices reddit ocellos,
   Quod Solis videam duos,
Qui simili forma, simili sue luce coruscant,
   Et mittunt radios pares,
Vt Polus ipse noue Terrae laqueatus amore
   Flammis inuideat meis,
Solis & ignoto se torreat igne secundi,
   Oblitus decoris sui,
Hand secur atque olim, Cum veris prima venustas
   Multo flore superbijt,
Et nitidos primium strophis ornare capillos
   Pulchri Naïadum chori.
Here the Author bewaileth the extremities of his estate growing dayly to be more troublesome then before, and all through the hard hart of his beloued: whome he therefore aptly compareth unto a flony rocke, which nothing can moue or waste awaye but longe continuance of time. And hereuppon, after haung longe striued with himselfe and his passions, hee is quyetly resolued to haue patience, & so long to perfeuer in the still hoping minde of a trewe louver, till by long continuance of time 

\text{Love} \ \text{be induced to stande his friend.}

\text{All yee that love compare your paines with mine,}
\text{Which day by day continue still her thigh,}
\text{Whose hart is hard, and neuer will assyone}
\text{A rauntome day, nor once will bow at all,}
\text{Much like the flony rocke, whose hardned sive}
\text{Will scarcely weare with course of time or tide.}

And yet, since time can weare each thing awaye,
I will enforce my selfe to live content,
Till to my thoughts have fed upon delay,
That Reason rule the roaste and love relent;

\text{Vaine attempt in striving with Dispaire,}
\text{I build nought els but castles in the ayre,}
\text{For why: the Sunne may sooner shine by night,}
\text{And twinkling starres giue glimminge sparkes by day:}
\text{Then I can cease to sere my Sweete delight,}
\text{Whome neither force my time can dye awaye:}
\text{Thereyore in haue that love will stand my friend}
\text{I thus conclude, Each thing but love hath end.}
XLVII.

This Passion containeth a relation through out from line to line; as, from every line of the first stave as it standeth in order, unto every line of the second stave: and from the second stave unto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleasure he shall have in it. And this posie a scholler set down over this Sonnet, when he had well considered of it: *Tam catu, quàm arte & industria.* The two first lines are an imitacion of *Seraphine, Sonnetio 103.*

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

In time the Bull is brought to weare the poake;
In time all haggred Vaukes will stoope the Lurez;
In time small wedge will cleane the hardest Oak;
In time the Marble weares with weakest thewes;

More fierce is my sweete loue, more hard within,
Then Bealt, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wal.

No poake prunates, shee will not peeld to might;
No Lure will cause her stoope, the beares full gorge;
No wedge of woes make printe, the reakes no right;
No thewes of reares can make, the thinkes I forge:

Helpe therefor Heau'ny Boy, come perce her best
With that same statt, which robbes me of my cell.

So let her feel thy force, that she relent;
So kepe her loue, that shee bouchlake a pray;
So frame her will to right, that pride be spent;

So forge, that I may speeke without delay;

Which if thou do, I le weare, and singe with joy,

That Loue no longer is a blinded Boy.
This Passion containeth two principal pointes. In the first are placed two similitudes; in both which the Author expresseth his own wilfulnes in loue. In the second, he compareth the beautifull eyes of his Mistresse vnto the eyes of the Basilique, which killeth a man with his onely sight being a farre of: whereof Lucan lib. 9, faith thus,

Sibilaque effundens candlas terrentia pestes,  
Ante venena nocens, latè fibi submouet omne  
Vulgus, & in vacua regnat Basiliscus arena.

And Mantuan in like manner,

Natus in ardenti Libye Basiliscus arena,  
Vulnerat aspecèt, luminumibusque necat.

Like as the little Bird amisses the night,  
When Birders beare the bush, and shake his nest,  
He fluttling forth streight flies vnto the light,  
As if it were the day newe lyng from East,  
Where to his wilfull wings consume away,  
That needes he must become the Birders play:

Or, as the Flye, when candles are alight,  
Still playes about the flame untill he burne;  
Even so my heart bath seen a heav'nly light,  
Whereence againe it hardly can returne:

The beames thereof conteigne such wondrouses flame,  
That loue him selfe would burne to see the same.

I mean a Virgins face, whose beautie rare,  
Much like the Basilique in Lybia toyle,  
With onely sight is caule of all my care,  
And loads my yeelding heart with endless toyle;  
Yet needes I must constell the bath more grace,  
Then all the Nimphes that haunt Dianaes chale.
The Author in this Song bewrayeth his dayly Passions in loue to be so troublefome, that to auoide the flames thereof, hee gladly & faine would yeelde himfelfe to die, were it not that he seareth a further inconuenience would then arise. For he doubteth leaft those flames, wherein his foule continuallye burneth, shall make Charon afraide to graunt him passage ouer the Lake of Stix, by reason, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.

So great a Light hath set my mind on fire,
That fleth and boane continue with frequent flame,
Each vaine dies by, wit yeeldes to deepe desire:
I fear (alas) that very flame,
How faine my soule an interchauenge would make
Twixt this her present State and Limbo lake;
And yet the dread's, leaft when the partes from hence,
Her Heates be such, that Charon will retire,
And set her paffe for prayer, nor for * pence,
For fear his with'ed boat be set on fire;
So daung'rous are the flames of Mighty Loue
In Stix it selke, in earth, or heau'n above.
Wherefore beere Dame houstake to rewe my case,
And sake the soare which thou thy selfe hast made:
By Heates first grew by gazing on thy face,
Whole lights were such, that I could find no shade:
And thou my weary Soule bend all thy force,
By Plaintes and Teares to move her to remonse.

*Naulum intelligit, de quo Iuvenal:
Miserum est poë omnia perdere naulum.
In this Passion is effectually set downe, in how strange a case he liueth that is in loue, and in how contrary an estate to all other men, which are at deßaunce with the like follye. And this the Author expresseth here in his owne person: there-withall calling vpon Loue, to stand his frend; or, if he faile, vpon death, to cut of his wearyfome life.

While others feede, my fancy makes me fast; While others liue secure, I feare mischaunce; I dread no force, where other stand agast; I follow suite where Fortune leaves the Daunce, Who like a mumming mate do throwes the Dice, That Reason leaving all, Loue wins the prize; Which Loue by force do worketh in my breast, That needsperforce I must encline my will To die in dreames, whiles others liue in rest, And liue in woes while others feele none ill. O gentle Death let heere my dayes have ende, O mightie Loue, so vse me as thy frend. Mine eyes are boynie with teares, my wittes with woe, My colour dyde with cares, my hart with paines, My will bewercheth, my limmes contynued loc, That scarcely blood, or vital breath remaynes: While others joy, or sleepe, I waple and wake: All this (Deere Dame,) I liuer for thy sake.
Tityus was the sonne of Jupiter, and for attempting to dishonest Latona, was slaine by Apollo. Since which time the Poetes faine that for punishment he lieth in hell, miserably tormented with a rauening Vulture, which feedeth upon his bowels continually: and they as they are consumed, still miraculously growe vp againe, to breede his endlesse miserie, as the Poet witnesseth,

Quid dicam Tityum, cuius sub vulnere saevo
Viscera nascentur granibus certantia pennis?

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

Vultur relieto transuolet Tityo ferus,
Meumque penea semper accrescat iecur.

If Tityus wretched wight beheld my paines,
He would confesse his wounds to be but small,
A Vultur woule then his teares all my paines,
Yet never lest me die, nor live at all:
Would Gods a while I might possesse his place,
To judge of both, which were in better case.

The Hell is darke, wherein he suffreth sinne,
And wants not some Companions of his greefe:
I live in Light, and see what hurtes my hart,
But want some mourning mates for my releefe;
His Paine is but rewarde, his crimes were such:
My greatest fault is this, I love too much.

Why then, since too much love can breede offence,
Thou daungerous Bird, the roote of my deafer,
Go pearch elsewhere, remove thy selfe from hence;
I freeze like Ice, and burne like flaming fire;
Yet stay good Bird: for if thou soare away,
Twist Frost and Flame my dayes will soone decay.
L I I.

Here the Authour after some dolorous discourse of his vnhappines, and rehearfall of some particular hurtes which he suftineath in the pursuite of his loue: first questioneth with his Lady of his deferte; and then, as hauinge made a sufficiencte prooffe of his innocency, perfwadeth her to pitie him, whom she herselfe hath hurte. Moreover it is to be noted, that the first letters of all the verfes in this Passion being joyned together as they stand, do conteine this poife agreeable to his meaning, Amor me pungit & vrit.

A World of woes doth raigne within my brest,
Amor pensue thoughtes are couer'd all with care,
Of all that sing the Swanne doth please me best,
Restraint of ioyes exiles my woonden face,
Bad mooode Loue blipping Reasons place
Extremities doth over rule the case.
Paine dyeth by my vaines and vitall blood,
Unlesse the Saint I serve gene helpe in time:
None els, but the alone, can do me good.
Grant then ye Gods, that first she may not elume
Inmortalall heau'ns, to live with Saintes aboove,
Then she bouchsafe to yeeld me loue for loue.
Examine well the time of my distresse
Thou dainty Dame, for whom I pine away,
Tingylytic though, as needes thou must confesse,
Remembering but the cause of my decay:
In behving thy sweete face arose my griesse,
Therefore in time bouchsafe me some reliefe.
L III.

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

_Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem_  
_Ipsum ex alueolis clam mella fauosque legentem,_  
_Cui summos manuum digitos confixit, at ille_  
_Indoluit, lafe tumucrunt vulnere palme:_  
_Planxit humum, & saltu trepidans pulsauit, & ipsi_  
_Offendens Veneri, caesium narratit acerbum, &c._

_W_here tender Loue had laide him downe to sleepe,  
A little Bee so long his finger's end,  
That burning ache enforced him to weep  
And calleth *Phebus* Sonne to stand his friend,  
To whom he crye, I muse to smal a thing  
Can picke thus deepe with suche a little Sting.  
Why so, sweet Boy, quoth Venus sitting by?  
Thy felle is yong, thy arrows are but smal  
And yet thy shote makes hardest harts to cry:  
To Phebus Sunne she turned therewithall,  
And praye he shew his skil to cure the sore,  
Whole like her Boy had never felt before.  
Then he with Herbes recurred soone the wound,  
Which being done, he threw the Herbes away,  
Whole sore, through touching Loue, in felle same ground,  
By haplesse hap did brecde my harte decay:  
For there they fell, where long my harte had li'n  
To waite for Loue, and what he should alligne.

67
In this Passi\n\n\nion the Authour boafteth, howe found a pleasure he lately enjoyed in the companie of his Beloued, by pleasing effectually all his five senses exterior, and that through the onely benefite of her friendly presence, and extraordinarie fauour towards him. And in many choyfe particulars of this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verse of Ronsardes, in a certaine Elegie to Ianet peintre du Roy: which beginneth thus,

\begin{verbatim}
Pein moi, Ianet, pein moi ie te supplie
Dans ce tableau les beautés de n'amie
De la façon, &c.
\end{verbatim}

What happie howe was that I lately past
With her, in whome I fedde my senses all?
With one bire tealed kisse I pleas'd my talk;
Nine cares with wordes, which seemed Musickall;
By finelling with her breath, like Cuer sweete;
By touch in place where modestie thought meete.
But Hall I say, what obiectes held mine eye?
Her curles Lockes of Coid, like Tagus bandes;
Her Forehead smooth and white as Iuory,
Where Glory, State, and Bathfullnes held handes;
Her Eyes, one making Peace, the other Warres;
By Venus one, the other rul'd by Mars;
Her Egles Nose; her Searlare Cheekes halfe white;
Her Teeth of Orient Pearle; her gracious smyle;
Her dimpled Chinne; her Breast as cleere as light;
Her Hand like hers, *who Tithon did beguile.
For worlds of loves who might compare with mee,
While thus I fedde each sense in his degree;

* Aurora.
LV.

The whole invention of all this Passion is deducted out of Seraphine, Sonnet 63, whose verfes if you reade, you will judge this Authors imitatiō the more praiseworthy; these they are,

Come alma affai bramesa & poco accortata  
Che mai visio hauca amor se non depinto,  
Disposi vn di cercar suo Laberinto,  
Vedere el monstro, & tanta gente morta.  
Ma quel fil d'argion che chi per scorta  
Del qual fu tutto el ceco loco cinto  
Subito, ahime, fu da lui rotto & vinto,  
Talche mai piu trouar feppi la porta.

My heedelette hart which Loue yet never knew,  
But as he was deccib'd with Painters hand,  
One day amongst the cell would needes shee view  
The Labyrinthe of Loue, with all his hand,  
To see the Minotaure his ongy face,  
And such as there lay haine within the place.  
But loone my guiding thid by Reason spunne,  
Witherwith I palt a long his darkelome cawe,  
Was byake ( alas) by hym, and overruane,  
And I perforce became his captive lave:  
Since when as yet I never found the way  
To leave that maze, wherein is many stray.  
Yet thou on whom, mine eyes have gaz'd so longe  
Hap'rt, if thou wilt, play Ariadnaes part,  
And by a second Thid revenge the Bronze,  
Which through deceit hath hurt my guilelette hart;  
Watchlafe in time to saue and set me free,  
Which seeke and seeue none other Saint but thee.
L VI.

The first Staffe of this Passion is much like vnto that inuention
of Scrappine in his Strambotti, where he faith,
Morte: che vuoi? te bramo: Eccomi appresso;
Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore;
Non posso: ohime, non puoi? non per adesso;
Perche? perd che in te non regna il core. &c.
The second Staffe somewhat imitateth an other of his Stram-
botti in the fame leafe; it beginneth thus,
Amor, amor: chi è quel che chiama tanto?
Vu tuo fermo fidel; non ti conosco; &c.
The Authour in the lasfe Staffe, returneth to entreate Death a
new, to ende his dayes, as being halfe perfwaded that Loue
would ref tore vnto him his hart againe.

Come gentle Death; who calls? one thars opprest:
What is thy will? that thou abridge my woe,
By cutting of my life; ceaze thy requelt,
I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why foe?
Thou want'lt thy Hart. Who ceale the fame away?
Loue, whom thou fenu'lt, inrect him if thou may.

Come, come, come Loue: who calleth me to off?
Thy Taleall true, whomer thou should'lt know by right.
What makes thy cry to faint? my boye is toste,
And almost spent by wayling day and night.

Why then, what's thy requelt? that thou ref tore
To me my Hart, and ceale the fame no more.
And thou, O Death, when I paffle my Hart,
Dispatch me then at once: why fo?
By promise thou art bound to end my hart.

Why, if thy Hart returne, then what's thy woe?
That brought from coide, It neuer will desire
To ref with me, which am more hole then fire.
LVII.

Here the Authour cheerfully comforting himselfe, rebuketh all those his frendes, or others whatsoeuer, which pitie his estate in Love: and groundeth his invention, for the most part, upon the old Latine Proverbe, Consuetudo est altera natura. Which Proverbe hee confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being borne farre North feldome kneteth colde; the other of the Negro, which beinge borne vnnder a hote climate, is neuer smoothered with ouermuch heate.

A yee, that greene to thinke my death to neere,  
Take pitie on your felues, whose thought is blind;  
Can there be Day, unlesse some Light appeare?  
Can fire be colde, which yeeldeth heate by kinde?  
If Love were past, my life would soone decay,  
Love bids me haue, and haue is all my stay.  
And you, that see in what estate I stand,  
Now hote, now colde, and yet am living still,  
Persuade your felues, Love hath a mightie hand,  
And custome frames, what pleaseth best her wil.  
A sing'ring ble of Love hath taught my brest  
To harbor strife, and yet to live in rest.  
The man that dwelles farre North, hath feldome harne  
With blast of wintres wind or nipping frost:  
The Negro feldome feelles himselfe too warme  
*If he abide within his nature coast;  
So, Love in me a Second Nature is,  
And custome makes me thinke my Woes are Blisse.

* For both experience teacheth & Philosophical reason approveth, that an Ethiopian may easily in Spaine be in- thred with the heat of the countrey though Spaine be more tem- perate then Ethyopia is.
LVIII.

*Actna*, called in times past *Inesia*, as *Volaterranus* witnesseth, is a hollow hill in *Sicilia*, whose toppe burneth continuallie, the fire being maintained with a vaine of brimstone, and other such like Mineralles, which are within the said Mountainaine. Which notwithstanding, the bottome of the hill is verie pleasant, as well for the abundance of sweete fruites and flowers, as for the number of frehe springes and fountains. The Poetes faine, that when Iuppiter had with his thunderboltes beaten downe the Gyantes of the earth, which rebellled against heauen, he did forthwith couer and oppresse them all with the weight of this hill *Actna*. These thinges being well considerd, together with the verfe of *Horace*:

(Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam
Inflict)

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

Here is a monstrous hill in *Sicill Boyle*,
Where workes that limping God, which Vulcan hight,
And rebell Gyantes lurke, whom I oue did foyle,
When gainst the heau'ns they durst presume to fight;
The toppe thereof breathes out a burning flame,
And Flora sittes at bottome of the same.

My dwelling heart is such an other hill,
Wherein a blinded God beares all the twaye,
And rebell thoughtes resisting reasons skill
Are bound by will from starring thence awaye;
The toppe thereof both subvoke with heady smart,
And felsenome loves obtenye the lowest parte.

Yet learne herewith the difference of the twaine:
Empedocles contyn'd with Aetnaes fire
When godheade there he focht, but all in vaine:
But this my heart, all flaming with desyre,
Embraceth in it selfe an Angels face,
Which beareth rule as Godselle of the place.
The Author in this passion accuseth his owne eyes, as the principall or onelie caufe of his amorous infelicitie: wherein his hearte is so oppressed continuallie with euils, which are contrarie in them selues, that reason can beare no swaye in the caufe. Therefore in the ende, he instantlie entreateth his Ladie of her speedie fauoure and goodwill, alleaginge what hurte may growe through her longer delaye.

That thing, wherein mine eyes have most delight,
Is greatest caufe my heart doth suffer paine:
Such is the hurt that comes by wanton light;
Which reason strines to banquish all in baine;
This onely tense, more quicke then all the rest,
Hath kindled holie fire within my breast.
And so my mourning hearte is parching dry
With fending sighes abyade, and keeping care,
That needs it must consume, it longe it lye
In place, where such a flame doth make reparc:
This flame is Loue, whomc none may well intreate,
But onely shee, for whomc I suffer hearte.
Then perceivell Dame, the ground of all my griece,
Wontlake to cure the caufe of my complainte:
No fauoure els but thine can yeelde reliefe.
But helpe in time, before I further faine,
" Fo: Daunger grows by lingeringe till the last,
" And phisick hath no helpe, when life is past.
The Authour groundeth this Passion vpon three poyntes. In the first, he sheweth howe he witting and wilfully followeth his owne hurt, with such like words as Medea sometime v-

*Video meliora, proboque,

Deteriora sequor, &c.

In the second, he excufeth his fault vpon the maine force and tyrannie of Loue, being the onely gouernour of his wil. And lastly, he humbly entreateth his Lady for the restitution of his wonted libertie: desiring her not to exact more of him, then his abilitie of bodie or mind can well sustaine, according to the olde verfe,

Pelle magis rabida nihil est de Vulpe petendum.

W

As ever man, whole Loue was like to mine?

I follow still the cause of my distresse,

My Hart foreseeing hurt, doth yet encline

To seek the same, and thinkes the harme the lesse.

In doing thus, you alke me what I ayle:

Against maine force what reason can retaine?

Loue is the Lord and Signor of my will,

How shall I then dispose of any deed?

By forced Bond, he holdes my freedome still,

He doeth each sense, and makes my heart to bleede.

Thou Sacred Nunph, whose verme wanteth staine,

Agree with Loue, and let me free againe.

Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,

Wherein my penne shall once thy praise forget:

No Night with sleape shall close mine eyes at all,

Before I make recount of such a debt;

Then force me not to more then well I may,

Besides his Skinne, the Fox hath nought to pay.
The invention of this Passion is borrowed, for the most part from Seraphine Sou. 125. Which beginnew,

S'el gran tormento i fier fulmini accesi
Perduti hauesi, e li suoi frali Amore,
I n'ho tanti traffitti in meglio el core,
Che sol da me li potrìano esser resi;
E se de gli ampli mari in terra fiesi
Fusse priuo Neptuno, io spando fore
Lagryme tante, che con più liquore
Potrebbe nuovi mari hauer riprefi; &c.

If Love had lost his hastres, and love downe threw
His thundring boltes, and spent his forked fire,
They onely might recoverd be anew
From out my hart croswounded with desire;
Or if Debate by Mars were lost a space,
It might be found within the felce same place;
If Neptunes boastes were all dyde by and gone,
By weeping eyes so many teares distill,
That greater Seas might grow by them alone;
Or if no flame were yet remaining still
In Vulcans forge, he might from out my best
Make choice of such as should best him self,
If Acule were depur'd of all his charge,
Yet soone could I restore his windes agayne,
By lobbing aghes, which forth I blow at large,
To move her mind that pleasures in my paine;
What man, but I, could thus encline his will
To live in Love, which hath no end of ill?
L X I I.

That the vulgar forte may the better understand this Passio, I will briefly touch those, whom the Author nameth herein, being al damned soules (as the Poets faine) & destinate unto fundrie punishmentes. Tantalus having his lippes still at the brinke of the river Eridanus, yet dieth for thirst. Ixion is tied vnto a wheele; which turneth incessantly. A vulture feedeth vpon the bowels of Tityus, which growe vp againe euer as they are devoured. Sisyphus rowleth a great rounde stone vp a stepe hill, which being once at the top prefetly falleth downe amaine. Belides are fifty fifters, whose continuall taske is, to fill a bottomlesse tub full of water, by landing in their pitchers full at once.

I

That I think for such a Goddelse grace
As wants remoue, like Tantalus I die;
My state is equall to Ixions tale,
Whose rented limm's ar turn'd eternally,
In that my rolling toyles can have no end,
No: time, no: place, no: chaunce will stand my friend.
In that my heart continuing never dyes,
I seele with Tityus an equall paine,
In whom an euer feeding Continuere yses;
In that I yse through hope, and fall againe
By feare, like Sisyphus I labour still
To turle a rowling stone against the hill;
In that I make my bowes to her alone,
Whose cares are deafe, and will receiue no sound,
With Belides my state is all but one,
Which fill a tub, whose botomme is not sound.
A wondrouse thing, no: Love should make the wound,
Wherein a second Hell may thus be found.
L X I I.

Loue hath two arrowes, as Coradus Celtis witnesseth in these two verses:

Per matris astum, & per fera spicula,
Que bina fert faenus Cupido, &c.

The one is made of leade, the other of golde, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Authour therefore faineth in this Pafion, that when Cupid had stroke him with that of lead, soone after pittyng his painefull estate, he thought good to strike his beloued with the other. But her breft was fo hard, that the fhaft rebounding backe againe, wounded Loue him felfe at vnawares. Wherehence fell out these three inconueniences; first, that Loue him felfe became her thrall, whome hee shoulde haue conquered; then, that she became proud, where she should haue been friedly. and laftly, that the Authour by this meanes despaireth to haue any recure of his vnquiet life, & thence desireth a spee die death, as alluding to those fetetious verses of Sophocles*; * Electra.

What can it him auail to Hue a while,
Whome, of all others, cuilles are betyde?

Loue hath two shafles, the one of beaten gold,
By stroke whereof a dowerre effect is wrought:
The other is of lumpish leade mould,
And worketh none effect, but what is nought;
Within my breft the larter of the twaine
Breades feare, feare thought, and thought a lafting paine.
One day amongst the rest dowerre Loue beganne
To pity mine estate, and thought it best
To perce my Deare with golde, that she might sfeanne
By eafe aright, and turne my toyles to rest:
But from her breft more hard then hardest finte
His shafte flwe backe, and in him felle made pynce.
And this is caufe that Loue doth foop her lure,
Whole heart he thought to conquer for my eafe;
That she is proude; and I without recure:
Which triple hurte doth cause my hope to quake:
Hoape lost breedes griece, griece paine, and paine disease,
Disease byinges death, which death will onely please.

77
This Passion is of like frame and fashion with that, which was before vnder the number of XLI. whetherto I referre the Reader. But touching the sense or substance of this Passion, it is evident, that herein the Authour, by layinge open the long continued grieuesomnes of his misery in Loue, secketh to moue his Mistres to some compassion.

My humble suit hath set my minde on pride, Which pride is cause thou hale me in distaine, By which distaine my woundes are made so wide, That widenesse of my woundes augmentes my paine, Which Paine is cause, by force of recreate iares, That I sustaine a bunt of private Warres. But cease decre Dame to kindle further strife, Let Strifes have ende, and Peace enjoy their place; If Peace take place, Pitee may saue my life, For Pitee should be shewne to such as trace Most daungerous wayes, and tread their stepp's awry, By live in woes: and such a one am I. Therefore My Deere Delight regard my Loue, Whome Loue doth force to follow Fond Desire, Which Fond Desire no counsell can remove, For what can counsell doe, to quench the fire That fires my hart through fancies wanton will? Fancie by kind with Reaason triueth still.
L X V.

In the first and second part of this passion, the Author pro-
oueth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, A ma-
iori ad minus, that he may with good reason yeeld him selfe
to the imperie of Love, whome the gods them selues obey;
as Juppiter in heauen, Neptune in the seas, and Pluto in hell.
In the laft staffe he imitateth certaine Italian verses of M.
Girolamo Parabosco ; which are, as followeth.

Who knoweth not, how often Venus sonne
Yahk forced Juppiter to leave his care?
Or els, how often Neptune he hath tunne
From care to bands, to play some wanton care?
Or, howse he hath constrained the Lord of Stix
To come on earth, to practise loving tricks?
If heaun, if cares, it hell must needs obey,
And all therein be subject unto Loue;
What shal it then aualse, if I gaine,
And to my double hurt his powr do prove?
No, no, I yeeld my selfe, as is but meete:
For hethero with loowr he yeeldes me sweet.
From out my Mistres eyes, two lightsome starres,
He desinates etate of double kinde,
By teares, my smyling cheere; my peace, my warres;
By lightes, my longes; my teare, my hoping minde;
By lyre, my trauell; my joy, my borewes gall;
By cearle, my prayse; my death, but life with all.

Selua Seconda.
LXVI.

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

Hor, ch'ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,
E le fere, e gli angelli il tonno affrena,
Notte'l carro fiellato in giro mena,
E nel suo letto il mar fens' onda giace; &c.

Wherein he imitated Virgill, speaking of Dido, thus.

Nox crat, et tacitum carpebant fessa foporem
Corpore &c.

And this Author presumeth, vpon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully translatting it, to place it amongst these his owne passions, for a signe of his greate sufferance in loue.

D

Vm cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventusque filecit,
Dunque feras, volucresque quies compleñit tur alta,
Noxque agit in gyrum sìellantes sydere currus,
Inque suo leño recubat sine fiumine Pontus,

Multa ego contemptor; fludeo; conflagro; gemisco
Et, mea quæ dulcis pena est, mihi semper oberrat.

In me bella gero plenufque doloris & iræ,

Paxque mihi modica est Laurae solius in umbra.

Oritur ex uno claro mihi fonte & acerbum,

Et quod dulce sapit; quorum dépascor vitroque:

Vinca meque manus leñit, læsoque medetur,

Martyrinque mænum nullo quia limitè clausum est,

Mille ncess pacior, vitas totidemque refiuno
Quoque die; supereoftque mihi spes nulla salutis.
LXVII.

A man singuler for his learning, and magistrate of no small account, vpon flight suruey of this booke of passions, eyther for the liking he had to the Author, or for his owne private pleasure, or for some good he conceived of the worke, vouchsafed with his own hand to set downe certaine posies concerning the fame: Amongst which, this was one, *Loue hath no leaden heele.* Whereat the Author glanceth throughout al this Sonnet; which he purposely compiled at the preffe, in remembrance of his worshipfull frend, and in honour of his golden posie.

When Cupid is content to keepe the skies,
He never takes delight in standing still,
But too and free, and eu'ry where he flies,
And eu'ry God subdueth at his will,
As if his boatt were like to Fortunes wheele,
Him selke like her, having no leaden heele.
When other whiles he pasheth Lemnos Ile,
Unhappy boy he gybes the *Clubfoote Smith,
Who threatens him, and bids him stay a while,
But laughing out he leaues him be forthwith,
And makes him selke companion with the Winde
To shew, his heelles are of no leaden kinde.
But in my selke I have too trewe a proouke:
For when he first edpyde my raunging Heart,
He Falcon like came lowing from alove,
His swiftest falling stroake encreast my smart:
As yet my Heart the violence it feeleth,
Which makes me say, Loue hath no leaden heele.
The Author hath wrought this passion out of certaine verfes of Stephanus Forcatulus, which are these.

Cor mihi punxit amor, fed punxit prepente telo;
figitur hoc tum plus, cum magis exunctio. &c.

Carpere dictamin Cretea nil iunet Ida,
quod vellunt cervi spicula fixa leues.
Telephus haec eadem fatalia vulnera seseit,
sanare vt tantum, qui facit illa, quocat.

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

Vulnus Achilleo quod quondam fecerat hosti,
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hafta tulit

And propertius in like maner lib. 2.

Myfus et Harmonia iunenii qui cuspipe vulnus
Sensorat, haec ipsa cuspipe seseit opem.

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

I hop recrete seate and centre of my heart,
Unwates to me, not once suspecting ill,
Blinde Cupides hand hath sere a deadly dart,
Whereat how ere I plucke, it sticketh stille,
And workes effect like those of Arab toyle,
Whole heads are dipt in poysen steed of sytle.

It's werre like those, wherewith in Ida plaine
The Craetan hunter woundes the chaced deer,
I could with Dictame dyewe it out againe,
And cure me to, that scarre should scarce appeare:

*De alludeth to the wound of Philoctetes.

* O? if Alcides shaft did make me bleed,
Machaons art would stand me in some rede.

But being, as it is, I must compare
With fatal wounds of Telephus alone,
And say, that he, whole hand harth wrought my care,
Must everie cure my fatal wounde, or none:

Help ye therefore gentle Love to ease my heart,
Whole paines encrease, till thou withdraw thy dart.
In the first stave of this Passion, The Authour as one more
then halfe drowping with despaire, sorowfully recounteth
some particular causes of his unhappinesse in Loue. In the
residue, he entreateth a better aspecte of the Planets, to the
end, that either his life may bee inclined to a more happie
course, or his death be hastned, to end all his misery at once.

My loves are done, my comfort quite dismay'd,
My weary wifes bewitch't with wanton will,
My will by Fanties heedeles faulfe betrayed,
Whole eyes on Beauties face are fiared still,
And whole conceyte Folly hath clouded loe,
That Loue concludes, my heart must liue in woe.

But change aspect ye angry starres above,
And powers divine restore my liberty,
O graunte that soone I may enioye my Loue,
Before my life incurre more misery:
For nowe to hotre is each assault I feele
As woulde dissoluue a heart more haide then feele.
O if you needes must worke my deadly smart,
Perceize your charge by hasting on my death
In sight of her, whose eyes enthrall my heart:
Both life and death to her I doe bequeath,
In hope at last, she will vourlase to lay,
I rewe his death, whose life I made away.
In this passion the Author some what a farre off imitateth an
Ode in Gervasius Sepinus written to Cupid, where hee begin-
neth thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra vbinam est?} \\
\text{Vbi arcus referens acuta Lune} \\
\text{Bina cornua? vbi flagrans Amoris} \\
\text{Fax? vbi igneus ille arcus, in quo} \\
\text{De ipsis Caelicolis, virisque violis} \\
\text{Vinclisique ante iugum aureus triumphas?} \\
\text{Hand poscent tua jumma numina vnum,} \\
\text{Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam?} \\
\text{Qui fortes animos pudice Elise} \\
\text{Fortioribus irrigans venents} \\
\text{Vicisti: &c.}
\end{align*}
\]

Cupid, where is thy golden quiver nowe?
Where is thy sturdy Bowe? and where the fire,
Which made ere this the Gods themselves to bow?
Shall she alone, which loveth my Desire,
Report or thinke thy Godhead is so small,
That she through pride can scape from being thrall?
Whilom thou overcamest the sately minde
Of chaste Elisa queene of Carthage land,
And didst constraine Pasiphae against her kind,
And boughtest Europa faire to Creta cande,
Quite through the dwelling Seas, to pleasure Ioue,
Whose heau’ly heart was touch’t with mortall Ioue.
Thus wert thou wont to showe thy face and sight,
By conqu’ring those that were of highest race,
Where nowe it seemses thou changest thy delight,
Permitting still, to thy no small disgrace;
A virgin to despite thy selfe, and me,
Whole heart is hers, where ere my body be.
The Author writeth this Sonnet vnto his very friend, in excuse of his late change of study, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of Loue. And here by examples he proueth vnto him, (calling him by the name of Titus, as if him selfe were Gyfippus) that Loue not onely warketh alteration in the mindes of men, but also in the very Gods them selues; and that so farre forth, as first to drawe them from their Celestiall seates and functions, and then to enfnare them with the vnfeemely desire of mortall creatures, a Pasion ill befitting the maiesty of their Godheads.

A Las deere Titus mine, my auncient frind,
What makes thee mute at this my present plight,
To see my wondred loyes enjoy their end
And how my Wike harth lost her old delight?
This is the leaft effect of Cupids dart,
To change the minde by wounding of the heart.

Alcides fell in loue as I have done,
And layd aside both club and Lions skinne:
Achilles too when he faire Bryfes wunne,
To fall from warres to wooing did beginne.
Pay, if thou lift, turne the heau'ns above,
And see how Gods them selues are chang'd by Loue.

Loue keales from skies to live by Laedaes side;
Arcas descendes by faire Aglaaurus lake,
And Sol, to done as Daphne is elpied,
To followe her his Chariot doth fozlake:
No mortall then although I change my minde,
Which am in loue with one of heau'ny kinde.
In this Sonnet The Authour seemeth to specific, that his Beloved maketh her aboade in this our beautifull and faire City of London, situate vpon the fide of the Themfe, called in late Thamesis. And therefore, whilst he faineth, that Thamesis is honourably to be conueyed hence by all the Gods, towards the Palace of old Nereus, he seemeth to growe into some iealousie of his mistres, whose beautie if it were as well known to the, as it is to him, it would (as he faith) both deuerue more to be honoured by the, and pleafe Tryton much better, then Thamesis, although she be the faireft daughter of old Oceanus.

O Ceanus not long agoe decreed
To wed his dearest daughter Thamesis
To Tryton Neptunes Sonne, and that with speede:
When Neptune sawe the match was not amisse,
...
Here the Author, by faining a quarrell betwixt Loue and his Heart, vnder a shadow expresseth the tyrannie of the one, & the miserie of the other: to strurre vp a iust hatred of the ones iniustice, and cause due compaftion of the others vn-happines. But as he accuseth Loue for his readines to hurt, where he may; so he not excuseth his Heart, for desiring a faire imprifonment, when he neded not: thereby specifying in Loue a wilfull malice, in his Heart a heedleffe follie.

I
Rue to thinke upon the dismall day,
When Cupid first proclaimed open warre
Against my Heart; which fledde without delay,
But when he thought from Loue to be most faire,
    The winged boy prevented him by flight,
    And led him capricieke from all delight.
The time of triumph being ouerpast,
He scarcely knewe where to belfowe the spoile,
Till through my heedleffe Heartes desire, at last,
He lockt him vp in Tower of endleffe toyle,
    Within her best, whose hardened wil doth bere
    Her silly ghost softer then liquid wer.
This pylon at the first did please him well,
And seem'd to be some earthly Paradise,
Where now (alas) Experience doth tell,
That Beawties hates can make the simple wite,
    And biddes him blame the bird, that willingly
    Thoaleth a golden cage for liberty.
The Author in this passion, vpō a reafon secret vnto him felfe, extolleth his Miftres vnder the name of a Spring. First he preferreth the fame before the sacred fount of Diana, which (as Ovid witneffeth 3. Metam :) was in the valley Gargaphie, adioyning to Thebes: then, before Tagus the famous riuier in Spaine, whose fandes are intermixt with ftoare of gold, as may be gathered by thofe two verfes in Martial lib. 8.

Non illi fatis efi turbato fordidus auro
Hermus, & Hesperio qui fonat orbe Tagus.

And laftly, before Hippocrene, a fountaine of Boetia, now called the well of the Mufes, & fained by the Poets, to haue had his fource or beginning from the heele of Pegasbus the winged horfe.

A lthough the droppes, which chaung'd Aétæon's shape,
Were halfe divine, and from a sacred fount;
Though after Tagus fandes the world do gape;
And Hippocrene stand in high account:
Yet ther's a Spring, whole vertue both excell
Dianaes fount, Tagus, and Pegasbus well.

That happie how't, wherein I found it fure,
And let me downe adioyning to the brynke,
My love it felfe, fuppof'd with unknow'n thurck,
Did with it lawfull were thereof to drinke;
But all in vaine: for Loue did will me stay
And waite a while in hope of fuch a pray.

This is that Spring quoth he, where Nectar howes,
Whose liquor is of price in heau'n's above;
This is the Spring, wherein howe Venus howes,
By secret baite how Beautie forthe Loue.

Why then, quoth I, decre Loue how fhall I mend,
Or quench my thirck, woeftle thou stand my frend?
LXXV.

In this passion the Authour boroweth from certayne Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abufes of Iuppiter in a certayne peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print. Some of the verses may be thus citted to the explaining of this pasfion, although but lamelie.

Accipe vt ignaram candentis imagine Tauri
Lusirit Europam sìcla &c.
Quàm nimio' Semelen fuerit complexus amore. &c.
Qualis & Asterien aquilinis prescrìt alis:
Quoque dolo lèdam sièlo sub olore sefèllit.
Addè quòd Antiopam Satyri sub imagine &c.
Et fuit Amphytrio, cum ut Tirynthia &c.
Æginæque duos ignis sub imagine natos &c.
Parrhasiam sìcla pharetra Vultuque Diana,
Mnemosynen pastor; serpens Deoida lusìt. &c.
Ouid writeth somewhat in like manner. Metam. lib. 6.

Nt she, whom Ioue transpoized into Crete;
Nòz Semele, to whom he boòd in halfe;
Nòz she, whole flanckes he fill'd with fayned heate;
Nòz whome with Ægles wingses he oft embrak;
Nòz Danaë, begyl'd by golden cape;
Nòz she, for whome he tooke Dianaes shape;
Nòz faire Antiopa, whole ffruitefull loue
He gayned Satyr like; nòz she, whole Sonne
To wanton Hebe was comioyn'd aboue;
Nòz sweete Mnemosyne, whole loue he bunne
In thepheardes weede; no such are like the Saint,
whole eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.
And Ioue him selfe may boome, if so he plesse,
To heare me thus compare my Loue with his:
Nòz tak'd fire, nòz thunder can disease
This heart of mine, where stronger toyment is:
But O how this surpasseth all the rest,
That she, which hureth me most, I loue her best.
L X X V I.

In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in halfe a madding moode, falleth at variance with Love himselfe, & blaphemeth his godheade, as one that can make a greater wounde, then afterwardes he him selfe can recure. And the chiefe caufe that he setteth downe, why he is no longer to hope for helpe at Loues hande, is this, because he him selfe could not remedie the hurt which he suffeyned by the loue of faire Psyche.

* Vide Apul.

Thou foolish God the Author of my griefe,
If Psyche beams could set thy heart on fire,
How can I hope, of thee to have relief,
Whose minde with mine doth suffer like desire?
Henceforth my heart shall sacrifice elsewhere
To such a Saint as higher porte doth beare.
And such a Saint is she, whom I adore,
As gayles thy face, and makes thee stand aloofe;
None els, but she, can tale my festeed soare;
And she alone will serve in my behoole:
Then blinded boye, goe packe thee hence away,
And thou Sweet Soule, giue care to what I lay.
And yet what shall I say? strange is my care,
In mid’st of broad to burne, and these in flame:
Would Gods I never had beheld thy face,
O’s els, that once I might polette the same:
O els that chance would make me free againe,
Whose hand helpt Loue to bring me to this paine.
The chief contents of this Passion are taken out of *Scrphine Sonnet, 132.*

Col tempo passa gli anni, i mesi, e l' hore,
Col tempo le richeze, imperio, e regno,
Col tempo fama, honor, fortesza, e ingegno,
Col tempo gioventu con belta more &c,

But this Authour inuerteth the order, which *Scrphine* veth, some times for his rimes fakes, but for the most part, vp on some other more allowable consideration.

Time walketh yeeres, and month's, and howe's:
Time doth confume fame, honour, wit, and strength:
Time kills the greenest herbes and sweetest flow'r's:
Time weares out youth and beauties looks at length:
Time both conuay to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing els but Love, which hath no end.

Time maketh try'ly tree to die and rot:
Time turneth o're our pleasures into paine:
Time causeth warres and wronges to be forgott:
Time clearles the skie, which hett hung full of rayne:
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
   But onely this, which settres my heart on fire.

Time turneth into naught each Princeely skat:
Time bringeth a flood from newe resolved snowe:

Time calmes the Sea where tempest was of late:
Time cures what e're the Noone can see belowe:
   And yet no time prevails in my behove,
   No, any time can make me cease to lour.
This Pasion concerneth the lowring of his Mistres and here-in for the moft part the Authour imitateth Agnola firenuola; who vpon the like subject, writeth as followeth,

*O belle donne, prendam pietade*
*Di me pur hor' in talpa trasformato*
*D' huom, che pur dianza aridua mirar fìfo*
*Come Aquila il sol chiar in paradiso.*
*Cofi va'l mondo, e cosi spesso accade*
*A chi fi fida in amoroso fiato,* etc.

What scowling cloudes have owercast the skie,
That these mine eyes can not, as woman they were,
Beholde their second Sunne intently ?
Some strange Eclipse is hap'ned as I feare,
Whereby my Sunne is either hard of light,
Or I my selfe have lost my seeing quite.
Most likely too, since Loue him selfe is blinde,
And Venus too (perhaps) will have it so,
That Louers wanting light shall followe kinde.
O then faire Dames bewaile my present woe,
Which thus am made a blinde, and blindefolde runne
Where Agle like I late beheld the Sunne.
But out alas, such guerdon is assignde
To all that lone and followe Cupids carre:
He preyes their sinnnes and both bewitch their minde,
And makes within them selues a lasting warre.
Reason with much ado both teach me this,
Though yet I cannot mend what is a mifte.
The Authour in this Pasion feemeth vpon mislike of his weairifome estate in loue to enter into a deede discourse with him felfe touching the particular miferies which befall him that loueth. And for his fencfe in this place, hee is very like vnto him felfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of Antigone in Sophocles (which he lately translated into Latine, and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth,

Mali quando Cupidinis
Venas adax adax occupat intimas,
Artes ingenium labitur in malas;
Iaculatur variè, nec Cereris subit
Nec Bacchi studium; peruigiles trahit
Noctes; cura animum follicita atterit, &c.

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

Vvhere heare of loue doth once poselle the heart,
There cares opprelle the minde with wondrous ill,
Wit runns abouye not fearing future smarte,
And fond desire doth overmaster will:
The belly neither cares for meate not drinke,
Nor overwatched eyes desire to winke:
Footesteps are falle, and wander'ing too and tree;
The brightsome flow'r of beauty fades away:
Reason revyces, and pleasure brings in woe:
And wifedome yeldeth place to black decay:
Counsell, and fame, and friendship are contem'nd:
And bashfull shame, and Gods them selves condemn'nd.
Watchfull suspicte is linked with despaire:
Inconstant hope is often down'd in feares:
What folly hurts not fortune can repayre;
And misery both swimme in Seas of teares:
Long use of life is but a lingering soid,
And gentle death is only end of woe.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

All such as are but of indifferent capacity, and have some skill in Arithmetike, by viewing this Sonnet following compiled by rule and number, into the form of a pillar, may some judge, how much art is study the Author hath bestowed in the same. Where in as there are placed many precy observations, to these which I will set downe, may be marked by the principal, if any man have such idle leisure to take it over, as the Author has, when he framed it. First therefore it is to be noted, that the whole pillar (except the basis or foot thereof) is by relation to either halfe to the other Antitheticall or Antisyllabical. Secondly, how this poete (Amare est insanire) runneth twpse through out ye Columnne, if ye gather but the first letter of every whole verse orderly (excepting the two last) and then in like manner take but the last letter of every one of the said verses, as they stand. Thirdly is to be observed, that every verse, but the two last, both end with the same letter it beginneth, and yet through out the whole a true rime is perfectly observed, although not after our accustomed manner. Fourthly, that the taste of the pillar is Orchematicall, y'is to say, founded by translation or once skipping of number by rule and order, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7, & 9: the secret vertue whereby may be learned in * Trithemius, as namely by tables of translation to decipher any thing that is written by secret transposition of letters, bee it never so cunningly concealed. And lastly, this observation is not to be neglected, that when all the foregoing particulars are performed, the whole pillar is but sixteene verses, as will appeare in the page following it, Per modum expansionis.

* Polygraphiae fure lib.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Pasquine Pillar erected in the despite of Love.

A i. At
2 last, though
3 late, farewell
4 old well a da; A
m 5 Why in mischance strike
a 6 by a newe ala: And m
7 Cypria la nemica
r 8 Retire to Cyprus Ile, a
e 9 cease thy walk, Els write thou piour how
E 10 Reason can by charming Enforce to right thy e
s 11 blindfolded yarre a rike. So frames it with mee now, E
t 12 that I content, The life I ledde in Loue desyde I
12 of ret: It was a hell, where none sette more then I, in
n 11 Nor anie with lyke miseries so long. Since n
s 10 therefore now my woes are weared let:S, And s
a 9 Reason bidds mee leave olde wella:A, a
n 8 No longer shall the wonde laughe mee
i 7 to use; I'll choose a path that n
r 6 shall not leade awrie. Rest i
5 then with mee from your
4 blinde Cupids ear
r e. 3 Each one of
2 you, that
1 tere,
3 and would be
5 beE. His double thrall e.
7 that lies as Loue thinks best, whose
9 hande still Tyrant like to hurte is prest.

Haius Colum-
MY LOVE IS PAST.

Expsansio Columnae præcedentis.

A At last, though late, farewell olde wellada;
   m Birtb to mischeauice strike vp a newe alarm;
   a And Ciprya la nemica mia

r Ketye to Cyprus Ile and cease thy ware,
   e Els must thou prove how Reasoun can by charme
   E Enforce to fight thy blindfold battre and thee.

   So frames it with me now, that I confess
   The liffe I ledde in Loue deuyd of rest
   I It was a Hell, where none felt more then I,
   Ns Poy any with like miseries forlorn.

   Since therefore now my woes are weared less,
   a And Reasoun bids me leave olde wellada,
   r No longer shall the world laugh me to leuyn:
   e Ile choose a path that shall not leade away.

   Rest then with me from your blinde Cupids care
   e Each one of you, that serve and would be free.

   * His double thrall that lu's as Loue thinks belt
   Whole hand still Tyrant like to hurt is prckt.

A m
r e E
s I n
s a
i r e

τὸν τὸν τύρανν
ev oυ δίδων.
Sophoc. in
Aia. flagell.
LXXXIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

Les Muses lièrent un iour
De chaînes de roses Amour,
Et pour le garder, le donnerent
Aus Graces & à la Beauté:
Qui voyans sa desloyauté,
Sus Parnasse l'emprisonnerent. &c.

The Muses not long since intrapping Love
In chains of roses linked all aray,
Caue Beaumie charge to watch in th'ice behaue
With Graces three, lest he should wend awaye:
Who fearin yet he would escape at last,
On high Parnassus toppe they clapt him fast.
When Venus understoode her Sonne was thrall,
She made poolhalfe to haue God Vulcans ayde,
Solve him her Gemmes, and Ceflon therewithall,
To ransom home her Sonne that was beraide;
But all in baine, the Muses made no stooare
Of gold, but bound him faster then before.
Therefore all you, whom Loue did eie abuse,
Came clappe your handes with me, to see him thyall,
Whole former deeds no reason can excuse,
For killing those, which hurt him not at all:
My felse by him was lately led awaye,
Though now at last I loose my love to dye.

vt Martis
reuoctetur
amor, tûmique
Tonantis,
A te luno petit
Ceflon, et ipfa
Venus.
Martialis.
LXXXIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this Sonnet expresseth his mallice towards Venus and her Sonne Cupid, by currying favour with Diana, and by fuing to have the felle fame office in her walkes and forrest, which sometimes her chaffe and beft beloued Hippolitus enjoyed. Which Hippolitus (as Servius witneffeth) dyed by the falfé deceipt of his Stepmother Phædra, for not yeelding ouer himfelfe vnto her inceftuous loue: whereupon Seneca writeth thus,

Inuueifque cafus crimine inceflus iacet,

Pudicus, insous.

Diana, since Hippolytus is deceade,
Let me enioy thy favour, and his place:
By might through will hall Iand thee in some deceade,
To drawe blinde Loue and Venus from thy chaffe:
For where they lately wrought me никkle woe,
I vow me nowe to be their incorpall foe.
And doe thou not mistrust my charfter,
When I shall range amidst thy virgine traine:
By raynes are chalked to throughe misfere,
That Loue with me can nere prevaile againe:

The child, whose finger once hath felt the fire,
To playe therafter will hate but fubtile desire.

Besides, I vow to beare a watchful eye,
Difcou'ring fuch, as taffe along thy grove;
If Juppiter him felfe come longring by,
He call thy crew, and bid them by from Ioue;
For if they stay, he will obtaine at last,
What now I loathe, because my loue is past.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

The chiefest substance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of cer-
teine Latin verfes of *Strozza* a noble man of *Italy*, and one of
the beft Poëts in all his age: who in decribing Metapho-
rically to his friend *Antonius* the true forme of his amorous
estate, writeth thus:

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Vnda hie sunt Lachrimae, Venti suspiria, Remi
Vota, Error velum, Mens malesana Ratis;
Spes Temo, Cura Comites, Constantia Amoris
Est malus, Dolor est Anchora, Nauita Amor, &c.
```

The couldear woyne with warres, delightes in peace;
The pilgrime in his exile, when toyles are past;
The thip to gayne the poore, when stormes doe cease;
And I recouer, from Loue dilcher'd at last;
Whome while I serv'd, peace, rest, and land I lost,
With greuelous warres, with toyles, with storm's beorth.
```
Sweete liberty nowe giues me leave to sing,
What wolde it was, where Loue the rule did heare;
Hawe foolish Chaunce by lottes rul'd every thing;
Hawe Error was maine faile; each waue a Teare;
The master, Loue him selfe; decep sighes were winde;
Cares roved with vowes the thip vnmeri minde.
Falso hope as healme oft turn'd the boat about;
Inconstant faith stood up for middle maste
Defpaire the cable twitted all with Doubt
Held Griping Griefe the pyked Anchor fast;
Beautie was all the rockes. But I at last,
Am now twise free, and all my loue is past.
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LXXXVI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The sense of this Sonnet is for the most part taken out of a letter, which Aeneas Sylvius wrote vnto his friend, to persuade him, that albeit he lately had published the wanton love of Lucretia and Euryalus, yet hee liked nothing lesse then such fond Love; and that he nowe repented him of his owne labour ouer idly bestowed in describing the same.

Sweete liberty restores my woonted joy,
And bids me tell, how painters set to viewe
The soure of Loue. They painte him but a Boy,
As working most in mindes of youthfull crewe:
They set him naked all, as wanting shame
To keepe his secret partes or to hide the same.
They paint him blinde in that he cannot syp
What difference is twixt vertue and default
With Boe in hand, as one that doth defe,
And number herebelesse heartes with fierce assault:
His other hand doth hold a brand of fire,
In signe of heare he makes through hot desire.
They give him winges to flie from place to place,
To note that all are wau'ring like the winde,
Whose liberty fond Loue doth once deface.
This soure to Loue old paynters have allign'd:
Whole fond causes it any list to prove,
Where I make end, let them begin to Loue.
LXXXVII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in the firfte staffe of this Sonnet, expresseth how Loue first went beyond him, by persuading him that all was golde which glittered. In the second, hee telleth, how time broughte him to trueh, and Trueth to Reafon: by whose good counsell he found the way from worfe to better, & did ouergoe the malice of blinde Fortune. In the third staffe, he craueth pardon at euery man for the offences of his youth; and to Loue, the onely caufe of his long errour, hee geueth his ultimum vale.

Y outh made a fault through lightnes of Beleefe,
Which fond Beleefe Love placed in my brest:
But now I finde, that Reafon gues reliefe;
And time thewes Trueth, and Wit, that's bought, it best;
Henceforth I will be deaf to my sake,
That Foule may not therefore although I change my vaine,
He runnes too farre which neuer turns againe.

Henceforth my mind shall have a watchfull eye,
It ceaseth Fond Love, and practice of the same.
The wisedome of my hart shall soone delerie.
Each thing that's good, from what delerious blame:
My song shall be; Fortune hath spire her spight,
And Love can hurt no more withall his might.
Therefore all you, to whom my course is knowne,
Thinke better comes, and pardon what is past:
I find that all my wildes Gates are bowne,
And Joy to see, what now I see at last;
And since that Loue was cause I trode a way,
I heere take off his Sels, and let him lie.
This whole Sonnet is nothing else but a briefe and pithy morall, and made after the selfe same vaine with that, which is last before it. The two first staves, (excepting onely the two first verses of all) expresse the Authours alteration of minde & life, and his change from his late vaine estate and follies in loue, by a metaphor of the shipma, which by shipwrakes chaunce is happily restored on a sodeine vnto that land, which he a long time had most wished for.

Long maintayned warre against Reasons rule,
I wandred pilgrime like in Errors maze,
I lay in Follies ship, and playde the foole,
Till on Repentance rocke his sides did craze:
     Herewith I learne by hurtes alreadie past,
     That euerie extreme will change it selfe at last.
This shipwrackes chance hath set me on a thefe,
Where neither Loue can hurte me any more,
Nor Fortunes hand, though she enforce her selfe;
Discretion grants to set me safe on shoare,
     Where guile is fettered fast and wisedome rules,
     To punishe heedeles hearts and wilfull fooles.
And since the heau'ns have better lot assign'd,
I seare to burne, as having felt the fire;
And profe of harmses do changed hath my minde,
That witt and will to Reason doe retire:
     Not Venus nowe, nor Loue with all his snares
Can draue my witts to wores at balwares.
MY LOVE IS PAST.


Oue hath delight in sweete delicious fare;
Oue never takes good Counsell for his frendes;
Oue is distraught, and caule of yde care;
Oue is distraught of write, and hath no end;
Oue shorteth shaftes of burning hare desire;
Oue burneth more then any flame or fire;
Oue doth much harme through Iealoses assault;
Oue once embatt will hardly part againe;
Oue thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault;
Oue makes a spoyle of others deadly paine;
Oue is a wanton Child, and loues to brawle;
Oue with his warre bringes many soules to thyall.

These are the smalles faultes that lurue in Loue,
These are the hurtes which I haue caule to cure,
These are those truethes which no man can dissipue,
These are such harmes as none can suuer worfe.

All this I write, that others may beware,
Though now my selfe twice free from all such care.
X.C.

My LOVE IS PAST.

In this Latine passion, the Authour translateth, as it were, paraphraftically the Sonnet of Petrarch, which beginneth thus.

Sonnnet. 313.

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

M E fibi ter binos annos vnumque subegit
    Divus Amor; letufque fui, licet ignibus arfi;
    Spemque habui certam, curis licet iidus acerbis.

Iamque duos alios exutus amore peręgi,
    Ac si fydercos mea Laura volārit in orbès,
    Duxcrit et fecum veteris penetralia cordis.

Pertěsum tandem vitae me penitet aëte,
    Et pudet erroris penè absumpsisse sub vmbra
    Semina virtutum. Sed que pars ultima reflat,
    Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,
    Et male transactæ deploro tempora vitae,
    Cuins agendus erat meliori tramite cursus,
    Litis in arcendæ studijs, et pace colenda.

Ergò summe Deus, per quem sum clausus in isto
    Carcer, ab æterno saluum fac esse periculo.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the latter part of this Sonnet the Authour imitateth those verses of Horace. *Me tabula facer*  
*Votiva paries indicat vuida*  
*Suspendisse potenti*  
*Vestimenta maris Deo.*

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

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

Ye captive loues of blindefold Cyprians boate,  
Warke with advisse in what estate yee stande,  
Your Boteman never whistles nearie noare,  
And Folly keeping serene, still putses from lande,  
And makes a spoyt to tolle you to and froe  
Twirt sighing windes, and surging waues of woe.

On Beawties roche the runnes you at her will,  
And holdes you in suspence twirt hope and feare,  
Where dying off, yet are you living still,  
But such a life, as death much better were;  
Be therefore circumspect, and follow me,  
When Chaunce, or chaunge of maners lets you free.

Beware how you returne to sease againe;  
Hang up your borow tables in the quyte  
Of Cupids Church, in witenesse of the paine  
You suffer now by forced fond desire:  
Then, hang your thoughtwett garments on the wall,  
And sing with me, That Loue is mixt with gall.  

P 105
MY LOVE IS PAST.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delightes and deedes of blinde Cupid with the honest delightes & deedes of other his fellow Goddeses and Gods, doth bleste the time and howre that euer he forsooke to follow him; whom he confeffeth to haue bene greate & forcible in his doings, though but little of stature, and in apparence weakeleie. Of all the names here mentioned, Hebe is feldome redde, wherefore know they which know it not alreadie, that Hebe (as Servius writeth) is Iunoes daughter, hauing no father, & now wife to Hercules, and Goddesse of youth, and youthlie sporting; and was cupbearer to Ioue, till she fell in the presence of all the Goddes, so unhappelie, that they fawe her privities, whereupon Ioue being angry, substitutted Ganimedes into her office and place.

P  Hebus delightes to view his Lawrel Tree;  
The Popplar pleases Hercules alone; 
Melissa mother is, and faurie to the Bee; 
Pallas will weare the Olieue hancbe or none; 
Of shepheardes and their shecke Pales is Queene; 
And Ceres eypes the coyne, was lately greene; 
To Chloris eu'ry flower belanges of right; 
The Dryade Nymphs of woodes make chiefe account; 
Oreades in hills haue their delight; 
Diana both protect each bubblinge Fount; 
To Hebe lovely kissing is align'd; 
To Zephire eu'ry gentle breathing winde. 
But what is Loues delight? to hurt each where; 
" He cares not whom, with darts of deepe desire, 
" With watchfull zealode, with hope, with earce, 
" With nipping cold, and secrete flames of fire.
O happy howe wherein I did toyde 
This little God, to crease a cause of woe.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the first and fixt line of this Passion the Authour alludeth to two sentencious verses in Sophocles; whereof the first is, ὅ μωρε, θυμός δ' εν κακοίς οὐ ξύμφορον, O fool, in euills fretting nought availes. The second, ἄρα
φανθὲν τίς ἄν δύναιτ' ἀνένητον ποιεῖν. For who can make vndon what once is done?

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

My love is past, woe wraught the day and how'r When to such folly first I did encline, Whereof the very thought is bitter how'r, And still would hunte, were not my soule diuine,
    Or did not Reason teach, that care is vaine For ill once past, which cannot turne againe.

My love is past, blessed the day and how'r, When from to sond estate I did decline, Wherein was little sweet with mickle how'r, And lothe of minde, whose substance is diuine,
    Or at the left, expence of time is vaine, For which expence no Love returneth gaine.

My love is past, wherein was no good how'r: When others too'd, to cares I did encline, Whereon I sede, although the tale were how'r.
And still belon'd Love was come pow'r diuine, Or some instinct, which could not worke in vaine, Forgetting, Time well spent was double gaine.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Passion the Authour hath but augmented the inuention of Seraphine, where he writeth in this manner.

Biaflemo quando mai le labbra apersi
   Per dar nome à coslci, che acciò me induce.
Biaflemo il tempo, & quanti giorni hò persi
   A seguitar si tenebrofa luce:
Biaflemo charta, inchiofstro, e versi,
   Et quanto Amor per me fama gliaduce:
Biaflemo quando mai la vidi anchora,
   El mefe, l'anno, & giorno, el punto, & lhora.

I curse the time, wherein these lips of mine
   Did praise or praise the Dame that was unkinde:
I curse both leafe, and ynce, and every line
By hand hath writ, in hope to move her minde:
   I curse her hollowe heart and flattering eyes,
   Whole the deceit did cause my mourning eyes:
I curse the sugred speech and Syrens long,
   Wherewith to oft the hark bewitch mine ear:
I curse my foolish will, that stay'd so long,
And tooke delight to hide twirle hoape and feare:
   I curse the howse, wherein I first began
   By loving looks to prove a witlesse man:
   I curse those dayes which I have spent in baine,
   By seuing such an one as reakes no right:
   I curse each cause of all my secret paine,
Though Love to heare the same have small delight:
   And since the heau'n's my frendome nowe restore,
   Hence soorth de lie at eafe, and love no more.
XCV.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Labyrinth is a place made full of turnings & creekes, where-hence, he that is once gotten in, can hardly get out againe. Of this forte *Pliny mentioneth foure in the world, which were most noble. One in Crete made by Daedalus, at the commandement of king Minos, to shut vp the Minotaur in: to which monfter the Atheniens by league were bound, every yeere to send seuen of their children, to bee devoured; which was perfoumed, till at the last, by the helpe of Ariadne, Theseus slewe the monfter. An other he mentioneth to haue beene in Ägipt, which also Pomponius Mela describeth in his first booke. The third in Lemnos, wherein were erected a hundreth & fifty pillers of singuler workmanship. The fourth in Italy, builded by Porfenna king of Heutruria, to serve for his sepulchre. But in this Passion the Authour alludeth vnto that of Crete only.

Though somewhat late, at last I found the way To leave the doubtfull Labyrinth of Loue, Wherein (alas) each minute seconde a day: Him celled was Minotaure; whose force to prove I was enforc'd, till Reaon taught my mind To lay the beast, and leave him there behind. But being leaped thus from out his maze, And past the dang'rous Denne so full of doubt, False Theseus like, my credite shall I craze, For takling her, whose hand did holpe me out? With Ariadne Reaon shal not say, I lau'd his life, and yet he runnes away. No, no, before I leave the golden rule, Of lawes of her, that stood so much my friend, Of once againe will play the lousyng boole, The sky shall fall, and all shall have an end: I wish as much to you that lovers be, Whole paines will passe, if you beware by me.
In this Passion, the Author in skoFFing bitterly at Venus, and her sonne Cupid, alludeth unto certaine verses in Ouid, but inverteth them to another sense, then Ouid wrote, who wrote them upon the death of Tibullus. These are the verses, which he imitateth,

Ecce puer Veneris fert eversamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, & fine luce facem.
Affice demisis ut eat miserabilis alis,
Pectoraque, infesta tondat aperta manu. &c.
Nec minus est confusa Venus. &c.
Quam inuenis rupit cum ferus inguen aper,

What ayles poor Venus nowe to sit alone
In funeral attire, her woanted new
Quite chang'd, her smile to tears, her youth to moan:
As though Adonis woundes nowe bled anew,
Of the with young Iulus late return'd
From seeing her Aeneas tarkas burn'd.

Alack for woe, what ayles her little Boy,
To have his tender cheekes besprent with tears,
And sit and sigh, where he was wonte to toy?
How happes, no longere he his quire weares,
But breakes his Boe, throwing the thunders by,
And plucks his wingses, and lettes his sykebyand dye?

Po, Dame and Darling too, yee come to late,
To winne me now, as you have done tofore;
I like leasure, and quiet in estate,
Fuly restor'd from loving any more:
Goe packe for shame from hence to Cyprus Ile,
And there goe play your prances an other while.
XCVII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this passion alludeth to the fable of Phineus, which is sette downe at large in the Argonauticks of Apollonius, and Valerius Flaccus. He compareth him selfe vsnte Phineus; his Mistres vnto the Harpyes; and his thoughtes vnto Zethes, and his desires vnto Calais, the two twinnes of Boreas; and the voyce of Ne plus ultra spoaken from Heauen to Calais and Zethes, vnto the Divine grace, which willed him to follow no further the miferies of a Louers estate, but to professe vsnainedlie, that his Loue is past. And, last of all, the Author conclueth against the fower fawce of Love with the French proverbe: Pour vn plaisir mille douleurs.

The Harpye birdes, that did in such delspight
Greue and annoy old Phineus so loye,
Were thatd away by Calais in flight
And by his brother Zeth for evermore;
   Who followed them, vntill they hard on hpe
   A voyce, that said, Ye Twinnes No further fly.
Phineus I am, that so tormented was;
My Laura here I may an Harpye name;
My thoughtes and kisses bee Sonnes to Borées,
Which never cea'st in following my Dame,
   Till heav'ly Grace laid into me at last,
   Leave fond Delightes, and lay thy love is past.
My love is past I say, and sing full glad;
My time, alas, mispent in Love I rewe,
Wherein few loyes, or none at all I had,
But loare of woes: I found the proverbe true,
   For eu'ry pleasure that in Loue is found,
A thousand woes and more therein abound.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this passion, telling what Love is, easeth his heart, as it were, by rayling out right, where he can worke no other manner of revenge. The invention hereof, for the most part of the particulars conteyned, is taken out of certaine Latine verses, which this Author composed vpon Quid Amor. Which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and aptly befitte the present title of his ouerpassed Love, he setethe them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth passions of this booke.

Hark: wanton youthes, whose Beawtie makesthe blinde,
And learne of me, what kinde a thing is Love;
A Willfull Thought, which Reason can not move;
A Flattring Sycophant; a Murd'ring Thiefe;
A Poynded choaking Bayte; a Tyfing Griefe;
A Tyrant in his Lawes; in speech untrue;
A Blindfold Guide; a Feather in the winde;
A right * Chameleon for change of hewe;
A Lamelimme Luft; a Tempest of the minde;
A Breach of Chastitie; all vertues Foe;
A Priuate warre; a Toilome webbe of woe;
A Fearefull Iealosie; a Vaine Desire;
A Labyrinth; a Pleasing Miserie;
A Shipwracke of mans life; a Smoaklese fire;
A Sea of tears; a lasting Lunacie;
A Heauie seruitude; a Dropse Thurft;
A Hellish Gaile, whose captives are accurt.

*Vide Plin. natura Hist. lib. 28. cap. 8.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

Quid Amor?

Ovid fit amor, qualisque, cupis me seire magistro?
Et Veneris proles; caelo metuendus, et Orco;
Et leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis;
Perigil excubitor; fallax comites; misis hospes;
Armatus puer; infans iuuenis; nouitatis
Quaestor; beli fector; virtuti inimicus;
Splendidus ore; noci promisso; lege tyrannus;
Dux eucus; gurges victori; noctis alumnus;
Fur clandestinus; mors viuida; mortua vita;
Dulcis inexpertis; expertis durus; Erebus
Stultitiae; facula ignifcens; vesana libido;
Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas;
Pluma leuis; morbus icoris; dementia prudens;
Infamis leno; Bacchi, Ceresque minifter;
Prodegera libertas animae; pruritus inanis;
Praeclaram carcer; corrupti fanguinis aridor;
Irrationalis mutus; fycophanta bilinguis;
Struma pudicitiae; fumi expers flamma; patronus
Periura lingue; prostrato feues; amicus
Immeritis; animi tempeftas; luxuriosus
Preceptor; fine fine malum; fine pace duellum;
Naufragium humanæ vitæ; laethale venenum;
Flebile cordoliun; graue calcar; acuta fagitta;
Sontica pernicies; nodofe caufa podagre;
Natus ad infidias vulpes; pontus lachrymarum;
Virginæ æonæ ruptura; dolofe voluptas;
Multicolor ferpens; vrens affectus; inermis
Bellator; fenijque caput, feniumque iuuentæ;
Ante diem funus; portantis vipera; mæstus
Pollinctor; faery fallax; mors prævia morti;
Infector nemorum; erroris Labrynthus; amara
Dulceso; inuentor falsi; via perditionis;
Formarum egregius spectator; pæna perennis;
Suffirans ventus; fingulu plena querela;
Triile magisterium; multæ iactura diei;
Martyrium innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus
Siphyrium; radix curarum; defidis efca;
Febris anhela; fitis morofa; hidropicus ardom;
Vis vno dicam verbo? incarnata Gehenna est.
This passion is an imitation of the first Sonnet in Seraphine, &
grounded upon that, which Aristotle writeth * of the Ægle,
for the proofe the maketh of her birdes, by setting them to
behold the Sonne. After whom Pliny hath written, as fol-
loweth:

Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos suos percutenis, Subinde cagit aduer-
sos intueri Solis radios: et si conniuentem humectantemq. animaduer-
tit, precipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atq. degenerem: illum, cuius
acies firma contra fleturit, educat.

The haughtie Ægle Birde, of Birdes the best,
Before the fearefull of her younglinges growe,
She listes them one by one from out there nest,
To vew the Sunne, thereby her owne to knowe;
Those that behold it not with open eye,
She lettes them fall, not able yet to flye.
Such was my caye, when Loue possesse my mind;
Each thought of mine, which could not hide the light
Of her my Sunne, whose beams had made me blinde,
I made my Will suppersse it with Despight:
But such a thought, as could abide her best,
I hardyed still within my carefull best.
But those fond dayes are past, and halfe forgotte;
I prattile now the quite cleane contrary:
What thoughtes can like of her, I like them not,
But choake them streight, for feare of jeopardy;
For though that Loue to some do seeme a Toy,
I knowe by proove, that Loue is long annoy.
C.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author faineth here, that Love, essaying with his brand, to fire the heart of some such Lady, on whome it would not worke, immediately, to trie whether the old vertue of it were extinguished or no, applied it vnto his owne brest, and thereby foolishlie confumed him selfe. His inuention hath some relation vnto the Epitaph of Love, written by M. Girolimo Parabofco;

In cenere giace qui sepoltto Amore,
Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, &c.

R

Eliu'd to dust intoth'd heere lieth Love,
Through faulte of her, who heere her selfe should lyve;
He strooke her brest, but all in vaine did proye
To fire the yxe: and doubting by and by
His brand had lost his force, he gan to trye
Upon him selfe; which tryall made him dye.

In looth no force; let thole lament that luft,
Ile sing a carroll long for obsequy;
For, towards me his dealings were vnjust,
And cause of all my pasted misery:
The Fates, I thinke, seeing what I had past,
In my behalfe wrought this revenge at last.

But somewhat more to pacifie my minde,
By illing him, through whome I liew'd a flawe,
Ile call his albes to the open windre,
O' write this Epitaph uppon his graue;

Here lyeth Love, of Mars the bastard Sonne,
Whose foolish fault to death him selfe hath done.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

This is an Epilogue to the whole worke, and more like a prayer then a Passion: and is faithfully translated out of Petrarch, Sonnet. 314. 2. parte, where he beginneth,

\begin{align*}
I \ vò \ piangendo \ i \ nici \ passati \ tempi, \\
I \ quai \ posì \ in \ amar \ cosa \ mortale, \\
Senza \ levarmi \ à \ volo, \ havendo \ io \ l'ale, \\
Per \ dar \ forse \ di \ me \ non \ fossi \ esempi. \ &c.
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
Vgeo \ iam \ querulus \ vitae \ tot \ infima \ peracta, \\
Qua \ male \ consumpsi, \ mortalitā \ vāna \ secutus, \\
Cum \ tamen \ alatus \ potui \ volitasse \ per \ altum, \\
Exemplarq. \ fuisse \ aliis, \ nee \ inutile \ forsan. \\
Tu \ mea \ qui \ peccata \ vides, \ culpasq. \ nefandas, \\
Cæli \ summe \ parent, \ magnum, \ & \ venerabile \ numen, \\
Collapsae \ suceurre \ animæ; \ mentisq. \ eaduæ \\
Candida \ defecstum \ tua \ gratia \ supplet \ omnem. \\
Vt, \ qui \ sustinui \ bellum, \ durasq. \ procellas, \\
In \ pace, \ & \ portu \ moriar; \ minimeq. \ probanda \\
Si \ mea \ vita \ fuit, \ tamen \ vt \ claudatur \ honeste. \\
Tantillo \ vitae \ spacio, \ quod \ forte \ superfit, \\
Funeribusq. \ meis \ presentem \ porrige \ dextram; \\
Ipse \ vides, \ in \ te \ quæm \ spes \ mea \ tota \ reposta \ est.
\end{align*}

FINIS.

The Labour is light, where Love is the Paimisfres.
Spenser Society.

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Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 6.

THE

'EKATOMPAΘIA

OR

PASSIONATE CENTURIE

OF

LOVE

BY

THOMAS WATSON

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION
OF (circa) 1581

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1869
No. 2870. The *EKATOMPAΩIA* or Passionate Centurie of Loue, Divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Authors sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. Composed by Thomas Watson Gentleman; and published at the request of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes. London Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood, dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.

"Unquestionably one of the rarest books in the whole range of English poetry. Steevens and others have termed these poems 'Sonnets'; but the only 'Sonnet' by Watson, properly so called, is the 'Quatorzain,' which introduces the main body of the volume, and which is strictly upon the Italian model. Watson was too well acquainted with the true form of the Sonnet, (which was introduced into English by Lord Surrey) to call these productions by that designation: each consists not of fourteen but of eighteen lines. It is to be doubted if there be another perfect copy in existence, and Mr. Heber lent the present for the fabrication of the article upon the *Hekatompathia* in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. It was entered in the books of the Stationers Company in 1581, and it was printed either in that year, or very early in the next. Watson was dead when Nash published his 'Have with you to Saffron Walden,' for he there says—'A man he was I dearly loved and honoured, and for all things hath left few of his equals in England.'"
NOTICE.

The first portion of the Reprint of the later Works of JOHN TAYLOR the WATER POET not included in the Folio Volume is in the Press, and will form Issue No. 7 of the Spenser Society's Publications. It will include the following rare Tracts by this Author:

TAYLOR on Thame IJs: or the Description of the two famous Rivers of Thame and IJs, who being coniyned or combined together, are called Thamis or Thames. London, Printed by John Haviland. 1632.

The Old, Old, very Old Man: or The Age and long Life of Thomas Par, the Sonne of John Parr of Winnington in the Parifh of Alberbury; in the County of Salopp, (or Shropshire) who was Borne in the Raigne of King Edward the 4th, and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 yeares and odd Monethes. London, Printed for Henry Goffen. 1635.

Part of this Summers Travels, or News from Hell, Hull, and Hallifex, from York, Linne, Leicester, Chester, Coventry, Lichfield, Nottingham, and the Divells Ars a Peake. Imprinted by J. O. [1639.]

The Praife of the Needle. Printed for James Baler. 1640.

Differing Worships, or, The Oddes, between some Knights Service and God's. Printed for William Ley. 1640.

A fwarne of sectaries, and Schismatiques: wherein is discovered the strange preaching (or prating) of such as are by their trades Coblers, Tinkers, Pedlers, Weavers, Sawgelders, and Chymney-Sweepers. Printed luckily, and may be read unhappily &c. 1641.


A Pedlar and a Romifh Priet, in a very hot Discours, full of Mirth, Truth, Wit, Folly, and Plain-dealing. Printed in the year 1641.


Mad Fashions, Od Fashions, All out of Fashions, or, The Emblems of these Disfracted times. London, printed by John Hammond, for Thomas Banks, 1642.

The Complaint of Christmast, written after Twelfetide, and Printed before Candlemas. Printed at the charges of the Author. [1642.]

The whole Life and Progresse of Henry Walker the Ironmonger. Printed at London 1642.


The Kings most excellent Majesties Welcome to his owne Houfe, truly called the Honour of Hampton Court. Printed in the yeare 1647.

A Short Relation of a Long Journey made round or ovall by encompassing the Principality of Wales, from London, through and by the Countes of Middlefex and Buckingham, Berks, Oxonia, Warwicke, Stafford, Chester, Flint, Denbigh, Anglesey, Carnarvon; Merioneth, Cardigan, Pembroke, Caernarvon, Glamorgan, Monmouth, Glocefler, &c. Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of John Taylor, dwelling at the sign of the Poets-Head, in Phenix Alley, near the midle of Long Aker or Covent Garden. [1653.]