

# Hekatompathia 1582

by Thomas Watson

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THE  
HEKATOMPATHIA  
OR  
PASSIONATE  
*Centurie of*  
Love,

*Divided into two parts: where-  
of, the first expresseth the Au-  
thours sufferance in Love: the  
latter, his long farewell to Love  
and all his tyrannie.*

Composed by *Thomas Watson*  
Gentleman; and published at  
the request of certain Gentle-  
men his very frendes.

LONDON  
Emprinted by John Wolfe for Gabriell  
Cawood, dwellinge in Paules  
Churchyard at the Signe of  
the Holy Ghost.



THE  
ΗΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ  
OR  
PASSIONATE  
*Centurie of*  
Love

---

# To the Right Honorable my

*very good Lord Edward de Vere, Earle  
of Oxenford, Viscount Bulbecke, Lord  
of Escalles, and Badlesmere, and Lord High  
Chamberlain of England, all  
happinesse.*

Alexander the Great, passing on a time by the workshop of Apelles, curiously surveyed some of his doings, whose long stay in viewing them brought all the people into so great a good liking of the painter's workmanship, that immediately after they bought up all his pictures, what price soever he set them at.

And the like good hap (Right Honorable) befell unto me lately concerning these my Love Passions, which then chanced to Apelles for his Portraits. For since the world hath understood (I know not how) that your Honor had willingly vouchsafed the acceptance of this work, and at convenient leisures favorably perused it, being as yet but in written hand, many have oftentimes and earnestly called upon me to put it to the press, that for their money they might but see what your Lordship with some liking had already perused. And therewithal some of them said (either to yield your Honor his due praise, for soundness of judgment; or to please me, of whom 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 curious pencil, of Apelles. Which I set not down here to that end, that I would confer my Poems with Apelle's Portraits for worthiness; albeit I fitly compare your Honor's person with Alexander's for excellence. But how bold soever I have been in turning out this my petty poor flock upon the open Common of the wide world, where every man may behold their nakedness, I humbly make request that if any storm fall unlooked-for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads or the poison of evil-edged tongues) these my little ones may shroud themselves under the broad-leafed Platane of your Honor's patronage. And thus at this present, I humbly take my leave; but first wishing the continual increase of your Lordship's honor, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good soever tendeth unto perfect happiness.

Your Lordship's humbly at command

*Thomas Watson*

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*To the friendly Reader.*

Courteous Reader, if any thing herein either please or profit thee, afford me thy good word in recompense of my pains: if ought offend or hurt thee, I desire that thou forget the one and forgive the other. This toy being liked, the next may prove better; being discouraged, will cut off the likelihood of my travail to come. But by that means all will be well, and both parties pleased. For neither shall I repent my labor in the like, nor thou be any more troubled with my faults or follies.

Yet for this once I hope that thou wilt in respect of my travail in penning these love-passions, or for pity of my pains in suffering them (although but supposed) so survey the faults herein escaped, as either to wink at them, as oversights of a blind Lover; or to excuse them, as idle toys proceeding from a youngling frenzy; or lastly, to defend them by saying, it is nothing *Praeter decorum* for a maimed man to halt in his pace, where his wound enforceth him, or for a Poet to falter in his Poem when his matter requireth it. *Homer*, in mentioning the swiftness of the wind, maketh his verse to run in post-haste all upon *Dactilus*: and *Virgil* in expressing the striking-down of an ox, letteth the end of his hexameter fall withal, *Procumbit humi bos*.

Therefore, if I rough-hewed my verse, where my sense was unsettled, whether through the nature of the passion, which I felt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may seem a happy fault; or if it were so framed by counsel, thou mayest think it well done; if by chance, happily.

Yet write I not this to excuse myself of such errors, as are escaped either by dotage, or ignorance; but those I refer to thy gentle courtesy and favorable construction, or lay many of them upon the Printer's neck, whom I would blame by his own press, if he would suffer me.

As for any Aristarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they pinch me more than is reasonable, thou courteous Reader, which art of a better disposition, shalt rebuke them in my behalf; saying to the first that my birds are all of mine own hatching and that my only over-much haste made Sol angry in their Birthday; to the second, that although Venus be in my verse, yet her slipper is left out; to the last and worst, that I rather take upon me to write better than Chaerilus, than once suppose to imitate Homer.

I am over-long, as well for the fear I had to be bitten by such as are captious, as for the desire I have to please thee that art friendly. But since I now well remember me, that nothing is more easily let flown, nothing sooner dispersed, nothing later recalled back again, than the bitter blast of an evil-spoken man, and that he whom it shall hurt had no recure but by patience; I will set it behind my heel as a hurt remedyless, or else, when it comes, salve it up with patience.

In the mean space (courteous Reader) I once again crave the favorable judgment: and so, for brevity's sake, abruptly make an end; committing thee to God, and my work to thy favor.

*Thine, as thou art his,*  
Thomas Watson.

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## John Lyly to the Author his friend.

My good friend, I have read your new passions, and they have renewed mine old pleasures, the which brought to me no less delight than they have done to yourself commendations. And certes had not one of mine eyes about serious affairs been watchful, both by being too too busy had been wanton: such is the nature of persuading pleasure, that it melteth the marrow before it scorch the skin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not unlike unto the oil of *Jeat*, which rotteth the bone and never rankleth the flesh, or the Scarab flies, which enter into the root and never touch the rind.

And whereas you desire to have my opinion, you may imagine that my stomach is rather cloyed than queasy, and therefore mine appetite of less force than mine affection, fearing rather a surfeit of sweetness than desiring a satisfying. The repeating of Love wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but searching the very veins of my heart, I could find nothing but a broad scar where I left a deep wound: and loose string, where I tied hard knots: and a table of steel where I framed a plot of wax.

Whereby I noted that young swans are gray and the old white, young trees tender and the old tough, young men amorous, and growing in years, either wiser or warier. The Coral in the water is a soft weed, on the land a hard stone: a sword frieth in the fire like a black eel, but laid in earth like white snow: the heart in love is altogether passionate but free from desire, altogether careless.

But it is not my intent to inveigh against love, which women account but a bare word, and that men reverence as the best God: only this I would add without offense to Gentlewomen, that were not men more superstitious in their praises, than women are constant in their passions: Love would either shortly be worn out of use, or men out of love, or women out of lightness. I can condemn none but by conjecture, nor commend any but by lying, yet suspicion is as free as thought, and as far as I see as necessary as credulity.

Touching your Mistress I must needs think well, seeing you have written so well, but as false glasses show the fairest faces, so fine glozes amend the baddest fancies. Apelles straight leg, whom nature framed with a poult-foot, which proveth men to be of greater affection their judgment. But in that so aptly you have varied upon women, I will not vary from you, so confess I must, and if I should not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Love were the sweetest thing in the earth: If women were the faithfullest, and that women would be more constant if men were more wise. And seeing you have used me so friendly, as to make me acquainted with your passions, I will shortly make you privy to mine, which I would be loath the printer should see, for

that my fancies being never so crooked, he would put them in straight lines, unfit for my humor, necessary for his art, who setteth down, blind, in as many letters as seeing.

*Farewell.*



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## Authoris ad Libellum

(Latin Poem # 1)

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### A Quatorzain, in the commendation of Master Thomas Watson, and of his Mistress, for whom he wrote this Book of Passionate Sonnets.

THE stars, which did at Petrarch's birthday reign,  
Were fix'd again at thy nativity,  
Destining thee the Tuscan's poesy,  
Who scaled the skies in lofty Quatorzain,  
The Muses gave to thee thy fatal vein,  
The very fame that Petrarch had, whereby  
Madonna Laura's fame is grown so high,  
And that whereby his glory he did gain.  
Thou hast a Laura, whom well thou dost commend,  
And to her praise thy passion songs do tend;  
Ye both such praise deserve, as naught can smother;

In brief, with Petrarch and his Laura in grace  
Thou and thy Dame be equal, save percase  
Thou pass the one, and she excels the other.

G. Bucke.

*To the Author.*

Thy book beginning sweet and ending sour,  
Dear friend, bewrays thy false success in love,  
Where smiling first, thy Mistress falls to lower,  
When thou did'st hope her courtesy to prove;  
And finding thy expected luck to fail,  
Thou fall'st from praise, and dost begin to rail.  
To use great terms in praise of thy device,  
I think were vain: therefore I leave them out;  
Content thee, that the Censure of the wise  
Hath put that needless question out of doubt:  
Yet how I weight the work that thou hast wrought,  
My judgment I refer unto thy thought.

T. Acheley.

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An Ode, written to the Muses Concerning  
this Author.

You sacred Nymphs, Apollo's sisters fair,  
Daughters of Jove, parents of rare device,  
Why take you no delight in change of air?  
Is Helicon your only paradise?  
Hath Britain soil no hill, no heath, no well,  
No weed, no wit, wherein you list to dwell?  
Ladies vouchsafe with patience once to view  
Our lively springs, high hills, and pleasant shades,  
And as you like the seat and country's hue,  
Pitch down your tents, and use your sporting trades;  
Hard hap it is, if nothing here you find  
That you can deem delightful to your mind.  
Lo Watson press'd to entertain your power  
In pleasant springs of flowing wit and skill;

If you esteem the pleasures of his bower,  
Let Britain bear your spring, your grove and hill,  
That it hence forth may of your favor boast,  
And him, whom first you here vouchsafe for host.  
C. Downhalus.

Eivsdem aliud de Authore.

(Latin Poem #2)

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It's seldom seen that Merit hath his due,  
Or else Desert to find his just desire:  
For now Reproof with his defacing crew  
Treads underfoot that rightly should aspire:  
Mild Industry discourag'd hides his face,  
And shuns the light, in fear to meet *Disgrace*.  
Seld seen said I (yet always seen with some)  
That Merit gains good will, a golden hire,  
With whom *Reproof* is cast aside for scum;  
That grows apace that virtue helps t' aspire;  
And Industry well cherish'd to his face  
In sunshine walks, in spite of sour *Disgrace*.  
This favor hath put life into the pen,  
That here presents his first fruit in this kind;  
He hopes acceptance, friendly grant it then;  
Perchance some better work doth stay behind.  
My censure is, which reading you shall see,  
*A Pithy, sweet, and cunning poesy.*  
M. Royden.

### To the Author.

IF graver heads shall count it over-light,  
To treat of *Love*: say thou to them: *A stain*  
*Is incident unto the finest die.*  
And yet no stain at all it is for thee,  
These lays of *Love*, as mirth to melancholy,  
To follow fast thy sad *Antigone*,  
Which may bear out a broader work than this,



Compil'd with judgment, order, and with art.  
And shroud thee under shadow of his wings,  
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning fraught  
Shall yield thee gracious favor and defense.

G. Peele.

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A Quatorzain of the Au-  
*thour unto this his booke*  
*of Lovepassi-*  
ons.

MY little book go hie thee hence away,  
Whose price (God knows) will countervail no part  
Of pains I took to make thee what thou art:  
And yet I joy thy birth. But hence I say,  
Thy brothers are half hurt by thy delay;  
For thou thyself art like the deadly dart,  
Which bred thy birth from out my wounded heart.  
But still observe this rule where ere thou stay,  
In all thou may'st tender thy father's fame,  
*Bad is the Bird that filleth his own nest.*  
If thou be much mislik'd, They are to blame,  
Say thou, that deeds well done to evil rest:  
Or else confess, *A Toy* to be thy name;  
This trifling world *A Toy* beseemeth best.



# H e k a t o m p a t h i a

## Sonnets

### I.

The Author in this Passion taketh but occasion to open his estate in love; the miserable accidents whereof are sufficiently described hereafter in the copious variety of his devices: and whereas in this Sonnet he seemeth one while to despair, and yet by and by after to hav some hope of good success, the contrariety ought not to offend, if the nature and true quality of a love passion be well considered. And where he mentioneth that once he scorned love, he alludeth to a piece of work which he wrote long since, *De Romedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good liking of many that have seen and perused it, though not fully to his own fancy, which causeth him as yet to keep it back from the print.

Well fare the life sometimes I led ere this,  
When yet no downy hair yclad my face:  
My heart devoid of cares did bathe in bliss,  
My thoughts were free in every time and place;  
    But now (alas) all's foul, which then was fair,  
    My wonted joys are turning to despair.  
Where then I liv'd without control or check,  
Another now is mistress of my mind,  
Cupid hath clapt a yoke upon my neck,  
Under whose weight I live in servile kind:  
    I now cry creak, that ere I scorned love,  
    Whose might is more than other Gods above.  
I have essayed by labor to eschew  
What fancy builds upon a love conceit,  
But ne'ertheless my thought revives anew,  
Where in fond love is wrapt, and works deceit:  
    Some comfort yet I have to live her thrall,  
    In whom as yet I find no fault at all.

### II.

In this passion the Author describeth in how piteous a case the heart of a lover is, being (as he feigneth here) separated from his own body, and removed into a darksome and solitary wilderness of woes. The conveyance of his invention is plain and pleasant enough of itself, and therefore needeth the less annotation before it.

My heart is set him down twixt hope and fears  
Upon the stony bank of high desire,  
To view his own made flood of blubbering tears  
Whose waves are bitter salt, and hot as fire:  
    There blows no blast of wind but ghostly groans  
    Nor waves make other noise than piteous moans  
As life were spent he waiteth Charon's boat,  
And thinks he dwells on side of Stygian lake:  
But black despair sometimes with open throat,  
Or spiteful jealousy doth cause him quake,  
    With howling shrieks on him they call and cry  
    That he as yet shall neither live nor die;  
Thus void of help he fits in heavy case,  
And wanteth voice to make his just complaint.  
No flower but Hyacinth in all the place,  
No sun comes there, nor any heav'nly saint,  
    But only she, which in himself remains,  
    And joys her ease though he abound in pains.



### III.

This passion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his own heart, being now through the commandment and force of love separated from his body miraculously, and against nature, to follow his mistress in hope, by long attendance upon her, to purchase in the end her love and favor, and by that means to make himself all one with her own heart.

Speak gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?  
With her, whose birth the heavens themselves have blest.  
What dost thou there? Sometimes behold her face,  
And lodge sometimes within her crystal breast:  
    She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?  
    Not nature now, but love doth govern me.  
With her wilt thou remain, and let me die?  
If I return, we both shall die for grief;  
If still thou stay, what good shall grow thereby?

I'll move her heart to purchase thy relief;  
 What if her heart be hard and stop his cares?  
 I'll sigh aloud and make him soft with tears:  
 If that prevail, wilt thou return from thence?  
 Not I alone, her heart shall come with me:  
 Then will you both live under my defense?  
 So long as life will let us both agree:  
 Why then despair, go pack thee hence away,  
 I live in hope to have a golden day.



### III.

The chief ground and matter of this Sonnet standeth upon the rehearsal of such things as by report of the Poets, are dedicated unto Venus, whereof the Author sometime wrote these three Latin verses.

*Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba,  
 Hesperus, ora Pathos, Rofa, Myrtus, et insula Cyprus,  
 Idaliumque nemus; Veneri haec sunt omnia sacra.*

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

*Est arbor Veneri Myrtus gratissima, flores  
 Tam Rosa, quam volucres alba columba praeit.  
 Igniserum coeli prae cunctis diligit astris  
 Hesperon, Idalium, soepe, adit una nemus, etc.*

Sweet Venus, if as now thou stand my friend,  
 As once thou did'st unto King Priam's son,  
 My joyful muse shall never make an end  
 Of praising thee, and all that thou hast done:  
 Nor this my pen shall ever cease to write  
 Of ought, wherein sweet Venus takes delight.  
 My temples hedged in with Myrtle boughs  
 Shall set aside Apelles Laurel tree,  
 As did Anchises' son, when both his brows [1]  
 With Myrtle he beset, to honor thee:  
 Then will I say, the Rose of flowers is best.  
 And silver Doves for birds excel the rest.

I'll praise no star but Hesperus alone,  
Nor any hill but Erycinus mount,  
Nor any wood but Idaly alone,  
Nor any spring but Acidalian fount,  
Nor any land but only Cyprus shore,  
Nor Gods but Love, and what would Venus more?

1. Materna redimitus tempora Mirto. Virg.

## V.

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

*S' amor non e, che dunque e quel ch'i sento? . . Part prima }*  
*Ma s'egli e amor, per Dio che cosa, e quale? . . Sonnet 103 }*  
*Se buona, ond'e l'effetto aspro e mortale?*  
*Se ria, ond' e si dolce ogni tormento?*

Herein certain contrarieties, which are incident to him that loveth extremely, are lively expressed by a Metaphor. And it may be noted that the Author in his first half verse of this translation varieth from that sense which Chaucer useth in translating the self same; which he doth upon no other warrant than his own simple private opinion, which yet he will not greatly stand upon.

If't be not love I feel, what is it then?  
If love it be, what kind a thing is love?  
If good, how chance he hurts so many men?  
If bad, how haps that none his hurts disprove?  
If willingly I burn, how chance I wail?  
If gainst my will, what sorrow will avail?  
O livesome death, O sweet and pleasant ill,  
Against my mind how can thy might prevail?  
If I bend back, and but refrain my will,  
If I consent, I do not well to wail;  
{And touching him, whom will hath made a slave,  
The Proverb say'th of old, *Self do, self have.*} [1]  
Thus being toss'd with winds of sundry sort  
Through dang'rous Seas but in a slender Boat,  
With error stuff'd, and driv'n beside the port,  
Where void of wisdom's freight it lies afloat.  
I wave in doubt what help I shall require,  
In Summer freeze, in winter burn like fire.

1. Adduntur Tuscano hij duo versus.



1. parasitikh: parasitikh.
2. Nasus Aquilinus ex Persarum opinione maiestatem personae arguit.
3. Quale suo reciuuit funere carmen Olor. Strozza. et vide Plin. de cantu Olarino lib. 10. nat. hist. cap. 23.
4. Vide Chiliad r. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi. Erasm. ex Philostrati ad vxorem epistola mutuatur.

## VIII.

Acteon for espying Diana as she bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and soon after torn in pieces by his own hounds, as Ovid describeth at large lib. 3. *Metamorph.* And *Silius Italicus libr. 12. de bello Punico* glanceth at it in this manner.

*Fama est, cum laceris Actaeon stebile membris  
Supplicium lueret fpectatae in sonte Dianae,  
Attonitum nouitate mala fugisse parentem  
Per freta Aristeum, etc.*

The Author alluding in all this Passion unto the fault of Actaeon, and to the hurt which he sustained, setteth down his own amorous infelicity; as Ovid did after his banishment, when in another sense he applied this fiction unto himself, being exiled (as it should seem) for having at unawares taken Caesar in some great fault: for thus he writeth.

*Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci ? etc.  
Inscius Actaeon vidit fine veste Dianam,  
Praeda suit canibus nec minus ille suis.*

Acteon lost in middle of his sport  
Both shape and life, for looking but awry,  
Diana was afraid he would report  
What secrets he had seen in passing by:  
To tell but truth, the self same hurt have I  
By viewing her, for whom I daily die;  
I leese my wonted shape, in that my mind  
Doth suffer wrack upon the stony rock  
Of her disdain, who contrary to kind  
Doth bear a breast more hard than any stock;  
And former form of limbs is changed quite  
By cares in love, and want of due delight.  
I leese my life in that each secret thought,  
Which I conceive through wanton fond regard,  
Doth make me say that life availeth nought  
Where service cannot have a due reward:  
I dare not name the Nymph that works my smart,  
Though love hath grav'n her name within my heart.

## IX.

Clytia (as Perottus witnesseth) was a glorious Nymph, and thereof had her name: for kleos in Greek signifieth glory: and therefore she aspired to be the love of Sol himself, who preferring Leucothoe before her, she was in short space over-gone with such extremity of care, that by compassion of the Gods she was transformed into a Marigold; which is significantly called Heliotropium, because even now after change of form she still observeth the rising and going down of her beloved the sun, as Ovid mentioneth,

*Illa suum, quamuis radice tenetur,*

*Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque seruat amorem. Metam. lib. 4.*

And by this it may easily be guessed, why in this passion the Author compareth himself with the Marigold and his love unto the Sun.

The Marigold so likes the lovely Sun,  
That when he sets the other hides her face,  
And when he gins his morning course to run,  
She spreads abroad, and shows her greatest grace;  
So shuts or sprouts my joy, as doth this flower,  
When my She-sun doth either laugh or lower.  
When she departs my sight, I die for pain,  
In closing up my heart with cloudy care;  
And yet when once I view her face again,  
I straight revive, and joy my wonted fare:  
Therewith my heart oft says, when all is done,  
That heav'n and earth have not a brighter sun.  
A jealous thought yet puts my mind in fear,  
Lest Jove himself descending from his throne  
Should take by stealth and place her in his sphere,  
Or in some higher globe to rule alone:  
Which if he should, the heav'ns might boast their prey  
But I (alas) might curse that dismal day.

## X.

The Author hath made two or three other passions upon this matter that is here contained, alluding to the loss of his sight and life since the time he first beheld her face, whose love hath thus bewitched him. But here he mentioneth the blindness of Tyresias to proceed of another cause than he doth in those his other Sonnets, And herein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater sort of Poets, but unto some few, after whom Polytian hath written also, as followeth;

*Baculum dat deinde petentem*

*Tyresiae magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam*

*Vidit, et hoc raptam penfauit munere lucem.*

*Suetus in offensos baculo duce tendere gressus*

*Nec deest ipse sibi, quin sacro instincta furore*

*Ora movet, tantique parat solatia damni.*



Mine eyes die first, which last enjoyed life, [1]  
 Not hurt by bleared eyes, but hurt with light  
 Of such a blazing star as kindleth strife  
 Within my breast as well by day as night:  
     And yet no poisoned Cockatrice lurk'd there,  
     Her virtuous beams dissuade such foolish fear.  
 Besides, I live as yet; though blinded now  
 Like him, that saw Minerva's naked side,  
 And lost his sight (poor soul) not knowing how;  
 Or like to him, whom evil chance betide,  
     In straying far to light upon that place,  
     Where mid'st a fount he found Diana's grace.  
 But he alone, who Polyphemus hight,  
 True pattern was of me and all my woe,  
 Of all the rest that ever lost their sight:  
 For being blind, yet love possess'd him so,  
     That he each hour on ev'ry dale and hill  
     Sung songs of love to a Galatea still. [2]

1. Quod naturale esse, sit Plinius lib. ii. natur. his c. 36.
2. Galatea, daughter of Nereus, was a water nymph.

## XI.

In this sonnet is covertly set forth how pleasant a passion the Author one day enjoyed, when by chance he overheard his mistress, whil'st she was singing privately by herself: And soon after into how sorrowful a dump, or sounden ecstasy he fell, when upon the first sight of him she abruptly finished her song and melody.

O Golden bird and Phoenix of our age,  
 Whose sweet records and more than earthly voice  
 By wondrous force did then my grief assuage  
 When nothing else could make my heart rejoice,  
     Thy tunes (no doubt) had made a later end,  
     If thou had'st known how much they stood my friend.  
 When silence drown'd the latter warbling note,  
 A sudden grief eclips'd my former joy,  
 My life itself in calling Charon's boat  
 Did sigh, and say that pleasure brought annoy;  
     And blam'd mine ear for list'ning to the sound  
     Of such a song, as had increas'd my wound.  
 My heavy heart rememb'ring what was past  
 Did sorrow more than any tongue can tell;  
 As did the damned souls that stood aghast,  
 When Orpheus with his wife return'd from hell:

Yet who would think that Music which is sweet,  
In curing pains could cause delights to fleet?

## XII.

The subject of the passion is all one with that which is next before it: but that the Author somewhat more highly here extolleth his lady's excellence, both for the singularity of her voice and her wonderful art in use and moderation of the same. But moreover, in this sonnet, the Author relateth how after the hearing of his mistress sing, his affection towards her by that means was more vehemently kindled than it had been at any time before.

I Marvel aye, why poets heretofore  
Extoll'd Arion's harp or Mercury's, [1]  
Although the one did bring a fish to shore,  
And th' other as a sign adorn'd the skies. [2]  
If they with me had heard an Angel's voice,  
They would unsay themselves and praise my choice.  
Not Philomela now deserves the prize,  
Though sweetly she recount her cause of moan:  
Nor Phoebus' art in musical device,  
Although his lute and voice accord in one;  
Music herself, and all the Muses nine,  
For skill or voice their titles may resign.  
O bitter sweet, or honey mix'd with gall,  
My heart is hurt with over-much delight,  
Mine ears well pleas'd with tunes, yet deaf withal:  
Through music's help love hath increas'd his might;  
I stop mine ears as wise Ulysses bade,  
But all to late, now love hath made me mad.

1. Sic methymnaeo gausus Arione Dolphin, Martial. lib. 8.
2. Consurgente freto cedit Lyra Cyllenaea Ruff. Fest.

## XIII.

The Author descanteth on forward upon the late effect, which the song of his Mistress hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heat of his former love. And in this passion after he hath set down some miraculous good effects of Music, he falleth into question with himself, what should be the cause why the sweet melody of his Mistress should so much hurt him, contrary to the kind and nature of musical harmony.

AEsclepias did cure with trumpets' sound  
Such men as first had lost their hearing quite:  
And many such as in their drink lay drown'd

Damon reviv'd with tunes of grave delight:  
 And Theophrast when ought his mind oppress'd,  
 Us'd music's help to bring himself to rest:  
 With sound of harp Thales did make recure  
 Of such as lay with pestilence forlorn:  
 With Organ pipes Xenocrates made pure  
 Their wits, whose minds long Lunacy had worn:  
 How comes it then, that music in my mind  
 Enforceth cause of hurt against her kind?  
 For since I heard a secret heav'nly song,  
 Love hath so wrought by virtue of conceit,  
 That I shall pine upon supposed wrong  
 Unless she yield, that did me such deceit:  
 O ears now deaf, O wits all drown'd in cares,  
 O heart surpris'd with plagues at unawares.

### XIII.

The Author still pursuing his invention upon the song of his Mistress, in the last staff of this sonnet he falleth into this fiction: that whilest he greedily laid open his ears to the hearing of his Lady's voice, as one more than half in a doubt, that Apollo himself had been at hand, Love espying a time of advantage, transformed himself into the substance of air, and so deceitfully entered into him with his own great good will and desire, and now by main force still holdeth his possession.

Some that report great Alexander's life,  
 They say, that harmony so mov'd his mind,  
 That oft he rose from meat to warlike strife  
 At sound of Trump, or noise of battle kind,  
 And then, that music's force of softer vein  
 Caus'd him return from strokes to meat again.  
 And as for me, I think it nothing strange,  
 That music having birth from heav'ns above,  
 By divers tunes can make the mind to change:  
 For I myself in hearing my sweet Love,  
 By virtue of her song both tasted grief,  
 And such delight as yielded some relief.  
 When first I gan to give attentive ear,  
 Thinking Apollo's voice did haunt the place,  
 I little thought my Lady had been there:  
 But whilest mine ears lay open in this case,  
 Transform'd to air Love entered with my will,  
 And now perforce doth keep possession still.

## XV.

Still he followeth on which further device upon the late Melody of his Mistress: and in this sonnet doth namely prefer her before Music herself, and all the three Graces; affirming if either he or else Apollo be ordained a judge, to give sentence of their deserts on either side, that then his Lady cannot fail to bear both prick and prize away.

Now Music hide thy face or blush for shame,  
Since thou hast heard her skill and warbling voice,  
Who far before thyself deserves thy name,  
And for a Science should be had in choice:  
Or if thou still thy title wilt retain,  
Equal her song with help of all thy train.  
But as I deem, it better were to yield  
Thy place to her, to whom the prize belongs,  
Then after strife to leese both fame and field.  
For though rude Satyrs like Marsyas' songs,  
And Coridon esteem his oaten quill:  
Compare them with her voice, and both are ill.  
Nay, which is more, bring forth the Graces three,  
And each of them let sing her song apart,  
And who doth best twill soon appear by me,  
When she shall make reply which rules my heart:  
Or if you needs will make Apollo judge,  
So sure I am to win I need not grudge.

## XVI.

In this passion the Author upon the late sweet song of his Mistress, maketh her his bird; and therewithal partly describeth her worthiness, and partly his own estate. The one part he showeth, by the color of her feathers, by her stately mind, and by that sovereignty which she hath over him: the other, by description of his delight in her company, and her strangeness, and drawing back from a due acceptance of his service.

My gentle bird, which sung so sweet of late,  
Is not like those, that fly about by kind,  
Her feathers are of gold, she wants a mate,  
And knowing well her worth, is proud of mind:  
And whereas some do keep their birds in cage,  
My bird keeps me, and rules me as her page.  
She feeds mine ear with tunes of rare delight,  
Mine eye with loving looks, my heart with joy,  
Wherehence I think my servitude but light,  
Although in deed I suffer great annoy:

And (sure) it is but reason, I suppose,  
He feel the prick, that seeks to pluck the Rose.  
And who so mad, as would not with his will  
Leese liberty and life to hear her sing,  
Whose voice excels those harmonies that fill  
Elysian fields, where grows eternal spring?  
If mighty Jove should hear what I have heard,  
She (sure) were his, and all my market marr'd.

## XVII.

The Author not yet having forgotten the song of his mistress, maketh her in this passion a second Phoenix, though not of Arabia, and yet no less acceptable to Apollo, than is that bird of Arabia. And the chief causes why Sol should favor her, he accounteth to be these two, her excellent beauty, and her skill in music, of which two qualities Sol is well known to be an especial chief patron, and sometimes the only author or giver of the same.

If Poets have done well in times long past,  
To gloze on trifling toys of little price:  
Why should not I presume to fain as fast,  
Espying forth a ground of good device?  
A Sacred Nymph is ground whereon I'll write,  
The fairest Nymph that ever yet saw light.  
And since her song hath fill'd mine ears with joy,  
Her virtues pleas'd my mind, her face mine eye,  
I dare affirm what some will think a toy,  
She Phoenix is, though not of Araby;  
And yet the plumes about her neck are bright,  
And Sol himself in her hath chief delight. [1]  
You that will know why Sol affords her love,  
Seek but the cause why Peacocks draw the place,  
Where Juno sits; why Venus likes the Dove;  
Or why the Owl befits Minerva's grace;  
Then if you grudge, that she to Sol belong,  
Mark but her face, and hear her skill in song.

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

## XVIII.

This sonnet is perfectly pathological, and consisteth in two principal points: whereof the first containeth an accusation of Love for his hurtful effects and usual tyranny; the second part is a sudden recantation or excuse of the Author's evil words, by casting the same upon the neck of his

beloved, as being the only cause of his late frenzy and blasphemous rage so lavishly poured forth in foul speeches.

Love is a sour delight; a sug'red grief;  
A living death; an ever-dying life;  
A breach of Reason's law; a secret thief;  
A sea of tears; an ever-lasting strife;  
    A bait for fools; a scourge of noble wits;  
    A Deadly wound; a shot which ever hits.  
Love is a blinded God; an angry boy;  
A Labyrinth of doubts; an idle lust;  
A slave to Beauty's will; a witless toy;  
A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust;  
    A burning heat; a cold; a flatt'ring foe;  
    A private hell; a very world of woe.  
Yet mighty Love regard not what I say,  
Which lie in trance bereft of all my wits,  
But blame the light that leads me thus astray,  
And makes my tongue blaspheme by frantic fits:  
    Yet hurt her not, left I sustain the smart,  
    Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

## XIX.

The Author in this passion reproveth the usual description of love; which old Poets have so long time embraced; and proveth by probabilities that he neither is a child (as they say) not blind, nor winged like a bird, nor armed archer like with bow and arrows, neither frantic, nor wise, nor yet unclothed, nor (to conclude) any God at all. And yet when he hath said all he can to this end, he crieth out upon the secret nature and quality of Love, as being that, whereunto he can by no means attain, although he have spent a long and tedious course of time in his service

If Cupid were a child, as Poets feign,  
How comes it then that Mars doth fear his might?  
If blind; how chance so many to their pain,  
Whom he hath hit, can witness of his sight?  
    If he have wings to fly where thinks him best,  
    How haps he lurketh still within my breast?  
If bow and shafts should be his chiefest tools,  
Why doth he set so many hearts on fire?  
If he were mad, how could he further fools  
To whet their wits, as place and time require?  
    If wise, how could so many leese their wits,  
    Or dote through love, and die in frantic fits?  
If naked still he wander too and fro,  
How doth not Sun or frost offend his skin?

If that a God he be, how falls it so,  
That all wants end, which he doth once begin?  
O wondrous thing, that I, whom Love hath spent,  
Can scarcely know himself, or his intent.

## XX.

In this passion the Author being joyful for a kiss, which he had received of his Love, compareth the same unto that kiss, which sometime Venus bestowed upon Aesculapius, for having taken a Bramble out of her foot, which pricked her through the hidden spiteful deceit of Diana, by whom it was laid in her way, as Strozza writeth. And he enlargeth his invention upon 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 man's life; the second, his thought; the third and last, his love.

In time long past, when in Diana's chase  
A bramble bush prick'd Venus in the foot,  
Old AEsculapius help'd her heavy case  
Before the hurt had taken any root:  
Wherehence although his beard were cringing hard  
She yielded him a kiss for his reward.  
My luck was like to his this other day,  
When she, whom I on earth do worship most,  
For kissing me vouchsafed thus to say,  
Take this for once, and make thereof no boast:  
Forthwith my heart gave sign of joy by skips, [1]  
As though our souls had join'd by joining lips.  
And since that time I thought it not amiss  
To judge which were the best of all these three;  
Her breath, her speech, or that her dainty kiss,  
And (sure) of all the kiss best liked me:  
For that was it, which did revive my heart  
Oppress'd and almost dead with daily smart.

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

## XXI.

In the first staff of this passion the Author imitateth Petrarch, *Sonetto 211*.

*Chi vuol veder quantunge puo Natura  
El ciel tra noi, venga a mirar costeir, etc.*

And the very like sense hath Seraphine in one of his *Strambotti*, where he beginneth thus,  
*Chi vuol ueder gran cose altiere e nuoue,*

*Venga a mirar costei, laquale adoro:  
Dove gratia dal ciel continuo pioue. etc.*

Who list to view dame Nature's cunning skill,  
And see what heav'n hath added to the same,  
Let him prepare with me to gaze his fill  
On her apace, whose gifts exceed ye trump of fame:  
    But let him come apace before she fly  
    From hence, to fix her seat above the sky.  
By Juno's gift she bears a stately grace,  
Pallas hath placed skill amid'st her breast;  
Venus herself doth dwell within her face;  
Alas I faint to think of all the rest;  
    And shall I tell wherewith I most have wars?  
    With those her eyes, which are two heav'nly stars.  
Their beams draw forth by great attractive power  
My moistened heart, whose force is yet so small,  
That shine they bright, or list they but to lower,  
It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,  
    But sobs, and sighs, and faith I am undone; [1]  
    No bird but Jove's can look against the sun.

1. Vide Plin. nat. hist. lib. 10. cap. 3 et lib 29 cap. 6. qui de hac re mutuatur ex Aristotelis historia. Porro vide Seraphinum sonet. I. vbi de aquila suisque pullis per comparationem legantissime canit.

## XXII.

The substance of this passion is taken out of Seraphine sonetto 127. which beginneth thus.

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

But the Author hath in this translation inverted the order of some verses of Seraphine. and added the two last of himself to make the rest to seem the more patheticall.

When wert thou born, sweet Love? Who was thy fire?  
When Flora first adorn'd Dame Tellus' lap,  
Then sprung I forth from Wanton hot desire:  
Who was thy nurse to feed thee first with pap?  
    Youth first with tender hand bound up my head,  
    Then said, with Looks alone I should be fed;  
What maids had she attendant on her side,  
To play, to sing, to rock thee fast asleep?  
Vain Niceness, Beauty Fair, and Pompous Pride;



By stealth when further age on thee did creep;  
 Where did'st thou make thy chief abiding place?  
 In Willing hearts, which were of gentle race;  
 What is't wherewith thou wapest wars with me?  
 Fear cold as ice, and Hope as hot as fire;  
 And cannot age or death make end of thee?  
 No, no, my dying life still makes retire;  
 Why then, sweet Love, take pity on my pain,  
 Which often die, and oft revive again.

## XXIII.

The Author in this passion wisheth her were in like estate and condition with the Looking Glass of his mistress; by that means the oftener to be made happy with her favorable and fair aspect. And in the last staff he alludeth somewhat to the invention of Seraphine, where he useth these words, in writing upon the Glass of his beloved.

*Che ho visto ogni qual vetro render foco  
 Quando e dal Sol percosso in qualche part,  
 E't Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco  
 Douria per reflexion tutta infiammarto etc.*

Thou Glass, wherein that Sun delights to see  
 Her own aspect, whose beams have dried my heart,  
 Would God I might possess like state with thee,  
 And joy some ease to quail my bitter smart:  
 Thou gazest on her face, and she on thine;  
 I see not hers, nor she will look on mine.  
 Once having look'd her fill, she turns thee fro,  
 And leaves thee, though amaz'd, yet well content;  
 But careless of my cares, will I or no,  
 Still dwells within my breast with tears besprent;  
 And yet my heart to her is such a thrall,  
 That she driv'n out, my life departs withal.  
 But thou deceitful Glass (I fear) with guile  
 Hast wrought my woes to shield thyself from ill,  
 Short forth her beams which were in thee erewhile,  
 And burnt my tender breast against my will:  
 For Crystal from itself reflects the Sun  
 And fires his coat, which knows not how tis done.

## XXIII.

Seraphine in his *Strambotti* hath many pretty inventions concerning the Looking-glass of his Mistress: wherehence many particulars of this passion are cunningly borrowed, part being out of

one place, and part out of another. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Author, that Cupid shooting his arrow from out the fair eyes of his Mistress, did so wound him with love and desire that now he is past all recure by any physic, and therefore is fain to use the old verse,  
*Hei mini quod nullus amor est medicabilis herbis.*

Thou glass, wherein my Dame hath such delight,  
As when she braves, then most on thee to gaze,  
I marvel how her beams that are so bright  
Do never cause thy brittle sides to craze:  
    Thou should'st by reason melt or easily break  
    To feel such force, thy substance being weak.  
For when she first with seeming stately grace  
Bestow'd on me a loving sweet regard,  
The beams, which then proceeded from her face  
Were such, as for the same I found no ward,  
    But needs perforce I must become content  
    To melt in mind till all my wits were spent.  
And therewithal Cupid played his part,  
He shot a shaft throughout her crystal eyes,  
Wherewith he cleft in twain my yielding heart:  
And this is cause my panting heart still cries,  
    I break, I melt, help heav'ns in my behove,  
    No herb doth grow whose virtue cureth love.

## XXV.

It is to be considered in reading this Passion, how in some answers, the accent or pointing of the words is altered, and therewithal how the Author walking in the woods, and bewailing his inward passion of Love, is contraried by the replies of Echo: whose meaning yet is not so much to gainsay him, as to express her own miserable estate in daily consuming away for the love of her beloved Narcissus; whose unkindness Ovid describeth at large, together with the extreme love of Echo.(1)

Author. In all this world I think none loves but I.

Echo. None loves but I.

Author. Thou foolish tattling guest, in this thou tell'st a lie.

Echo. Thou tell'st a lie.

Author. Why? *Love* himself he lodgeth in my breast.

Echo. He lodgeth in my breast.

Author. I pine for grief; and yet I want relief.

Echo. I want relief.

Author. No star more fair than she whom I adore.

Echo. Than he, whom I adore. [2]

Author. Herehence I burn still more and more.

Echo. I burn still more and more,

Author. *Love*, let my heart return.

Echo. My heart, return.  
Author. Is then the *Saint*, for whom thou makest moan,  
And whom I love, but one?  
Echo. I love but one.  
Author. O heav'ns, is there in love no end of ills?  
Echo. In love no end of ills.  
Author. Thou prattling voice.  
Dwell'st thou in th' air, or but in hollow hills?  
Echo. In hollow hills.  
Author. Cease of to vaunt thy choice.  
Echo. Cease off to vaunt thy choice.  
Author. I would reply, but here for love I die.  
Echo. For love I die.  
1. Lib. 3. Metamorph.  
2. S. Liquescent immutat sensum.

## XXVI.

Here the Author as a man overtaken with some deep melancholy, compareth himself unto the Nightingale, and conferreth his unhappy estate (for that by no means his Mistress will pity him) with her nightly complaints: to whose harmony all those that give attentive ear, they conceive more delight in the musical variety of her notes, than they take just compassion upon her distressed heaviness.

When May is in his prime, and youthful spring  
Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with flowers,  
And time of year reviveth ev'ry thing;  
And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing lowers;  
Then Philomela most doth strain her breast  
With night-complaints, and fits in little rest.  
This Bird's estate I may compare with mine,  
To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,  
That in the night my heart must needs repine,  
And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;  
Whil'st others are becalm'd, or lie them still.  
Or sail secure with tide and wind at will.  
And as all those, which hear this Bird complain,  
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,  
Without remorse, or pitying her pain:  
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,  
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint;  
A just reward for serving such a Saint.

## XXVII.

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

*Celui qui n'ayme est malheureux, . . En son 2. liure*

*Et malheureux est l'amoureux, . . . . du Bocage.*

*Mais la misere, etc.?*

And in the last staff of this Passion also he cometh very near to the sense which Ronsard useth in another place, where he writeth to his Mistress in this manner:

*En vens tu baiser Pluton*

*La bas, apres che Caron . . . . . En ses meslanges.*

*T'aura mise en sa necesse?*

Unhappy is the wight that's void of Love, [1]

And yet unhappy he, whom Love torments,

But greatest grief that man if forc'd to prove,

Whose haughty Love not for his love relents,

    But hoising up her sail of proud disdain,

    For service done makes no return of gain.

By this all you, which know my tickle state,

May give deserved blame to whom I serve,

And say, that Love hath misery to mate,

Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve:

    For I am he which lives a lasting thrall

    To her, whose heart affords no grace at all.

She hopes (perchance) to live and flourish still,

Or else, when Charon's boat hath felt her peace,

By loving looks to conquer Pluto's will;

But all in vain: t'is not Proserpin's ease:

    She never will permit that any one

    Shall joy his Love, but she herself alone.

1. Hii tres versus a Ronsardo describuntur ex Anacreonte Graeco.

## XXVIII.

In this Passion the Author doth very busily imitate and augment a certain Ode of Ronsard, which he writeth unto his Mistress; he beginneth as followeth,

*Plusieurs de leurs cors denues*

*Se sont veuz en diverse terre*

*Miraculeusement mues, . . . . . Au luire des les*

*L'vn en Serpent, et l'autre en Pierre, . . meslanges.*

*L'vn en Fleur, latre en Arbrisseau*

*L'vn en Loup etc.?*

Many have liv'd in countries far and nigh,

Whose hearts by Love once quite consum'd away,

Strangely their shapes were changed by and by,

One to a Flow'r, another to a Bay,  
One to a Stream, whose course yet maketh moan,  
One to a Dove, another to a Stone,  
But hark my Dear; if wishing could prevail,  
I would become a Crystal Mirror aye,  
Wherein thou might'st behold what thing I ail:  
Or else I would be chang'd into a Fly,  
To taste thy cup, and being daily guest  
At board and bed, to kiss thee mid'st thy rest;  
Or I would be Perfume for thee to burn,  
That with my loss I might but please thy smell;  
Or be some sacred Spring, to serve thy turn,  
By bathing that wherein my heart doth dwell;  
But woe is me, my wishing is but vain,  
Since fate bids Love to work my endless pain.

## XXIX.

The Author in this Sonnet in a large manner setteth forth the surpassing worthiness of his Lady, reporting her beauty and form to be so singular that neither Appelles can perfectly draw her portrait; nor Praxiteles truly frame her image and likeness in any kind of metal. And the like unableness he awardeth unto Virgil and Homer the two Paragons of Poetry, if they should but once endeavor to praise her. And the like insufficiency he sayeth would be found in Tully himself, if he should endeavor to commend her. And then finally he excuseth his own bold hardiness showed in praising her, upon the forcible extremity which he abideth in Love, and the earnest desire which he hath to please.

Such is the Saint whom I on earth adore,  
As never age shall know when this is past,  
Nor ever yet hath like been seen before;  
Apelles if he liv'd would stand aghast  
With colors to set down her comely fare, [1]  
Who far excels though Venus were in place.  
Praxiteles might likewise stand in doubt  
In metal to express her form aright,  
Whose praise for shape is blown the world throughout:  
Nor Virgil could so good a verse indite  
As only would suffice to tell her name;  
Nor Homer with his Muse express her fame;  
Tully whose speech was bold in ev'ry cause,  
If he were here to praise the Saint I serve,  
The number of her gifts would make him pause,  
And fear to speak how well she doth deserve.  
Why then am I thus bold that have no skill?  
Enforc'd by Love I show my zealous will.

1. Here he alludeth unto the portrait of Venus which Apelles drew: as Ovid doth. lib. 3. de art. aman. Si Venerem Cous nunquam pinxisset Appelles.

### XXX.

In the first part of this Passion the Author proveth that he abideth more unrest and hurt for his beloved than ever did Leander for his Hero: of which two paramours the mutual fervency in Love is most excellently set forth by Musaeus the Greek Poet. In the second part he compareth himself with Pyramus and Haemon, king Creon's Son of Thebes, which were both so true-hearted lovers that through Love they suffered untimely death, as Ovid *Metam.* lib. 4. writeth at large of the one, And the Greek Tragedian Sophocles in *Antig.* of the other. In the last, in making comparison of his pains in Love to the pains of Orpheus descending to hell for his Eurydice, he alludeth to those two verses in Strozza.

*Tartara, Cumba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues,  
Cocytus, Phlegeton, Styx, lapis, urna, fitis.*

What though Leander swam in darksome night,  
Through troubled Hellespont for Hero's sake;  
And lost his life by loss of Sestus' light?  
The like or more myself do undertake,  
    When ev'ry hour along the ling'ring year,  
    My joy is drown'd, and hope blown out with fear.  
And what though Priam spent his vital breath  
For Thisbe's sake? or Haemon chose to die  
To follow his Antigone by death?  
In harder case and worsen plight am I,  
    Which love as they, but live in dying still,  
    And fain would die, but cannot have my will.  
We read that Orpheus with his Harp of gold,  
For his Eurydice went down to hell:  
The toil is more, by that time all be told,  
Which I endure for her, whose heart is fell;  
    The Stygian Cur, the Wheel, the Stone, the Fire.  
    And Furies all are plac'd in my desire.

### XXXI.

There needeth no annotation at all before this Passion, it is of itself so plain and easily conveyed. Yet the unlearned may have this help given them by the way to know what Galaxia is, or Pactolus, which perchance they have not read of often in our vulgar Rhymes. Galaxia (to omit both the Etymology and what the Philosophers do write thereof) is a white way or milky Circle in the heavens, which Ovid mentioneth in this manner.

*Est via sublimis coelo manifesta sereno, . . . . . Metamorph.  
Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso. . . . . lib. I.*

And Cicero thus in *somnio Scipionis*; *Erat autem is splendidissimo candore inter flammam circulus elucens, quem vos (ut a Graijs accepistis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.*

Pactolus is a river in Lydia, which hath golden sands under it, as Tibullus witnesseth in this verse,

*Nec me regna juvant, nec Lydias auriser amnis. . Tibul. lib. 3*

Who can recount the virtues of my dear,  
Or say how far her fame hath taken flight,  
That can not tell how many stars appear  
In part of heav'n, which Galaxia height,  
Or number all the motes in Phoebus rays,  
Or golden sands, whereon Pactolus plays?  
And yet my hurts enforce me to confess,  
In crystal breast she shrouds a bloody heart,  
Which heart in time will make her merits less,  
Unless betimes she cure my deadly smart:  
For now my life is double dying still,  
And she defam'd by suffrance of such ill;  
And till the time she helps me as she may,  
Let no man undertake to tell my toil,  
But only such, as can distinctly say,  
What Monsters Nilus breeds, or Affricke soil:  
For if he do, his labor is but lost,  
Whil'st I both fry and freeze twixt flame and frost.

## XXXII.

Here the Author by feigning a troublesome dream, expresseth a full Passion of Love. And howsoever some will conster of this kind of invention, it is evident that the like hath been usual amongst those that have excelled in the sweetest vein of Poetry. And (to let the rest go,) it may please him that is curious to find some precedent hereof, to visit but the works of Hercules Strozza,(1) who in his *Somnium* hath written so exquisitely, that the Dream will quite his travail, that shall peruse it with due attention.

In Thetis' lap, while Titan took his rest,  
I slumb'ring lay within my restless bed,  
Till Morpheus us'd a falsed sorry jest,  
Presenting her, by whom I still am led:  
For then I thought she came to end my woe,  
But when I wak'd (alas) t'was nothing so.  
Embracing air instead of my delight,  
I blamed Love as author of the guile,  
Who with a second step clos'd up my sight,  
And said (methought) that I must bide a while.  
Ixion's pains, whose arms did oft embrace

False darken'd clouds, instead of Juno's grace,  
When I had lain and slumber'd thus a while,  
Ruing the doleful doom that Love assign'd,  
A woman Saint, which bare an Angel's face,  
Bad me awake and ease my troubled mind:  
    With that I wak'd, forgetting what was past,  
    And saw t'was Hope, which helped thus at last.  
1. Eroticon lib. 2.

### XXXIII.

In this Sonnet the Author is of opinion that his Mistress (by the fatal appointment of destiny) was from the beginning reserved to live in these times, and to be the only governess and subject of his thoughts: whereas: if either she had been borne when Paris was to give sentence upon Ida for bestowing the Golden Apple; she had (as he supposeth) been preferred before Juno, Pallas and Venus, and moreover supplied that place in the love of king Priam's son, which Helen of Greece obtained: or if she had then lived when Bacchus took Ariadne to wife, she had been conveyed in her stead, unto that place in heav'n where now the Crown of Ariadne called *Corona Gnosia* [1] doth shine continually, being beautified with great variety of lightsome stars.

When Priam's son in mid'st of Ida plain  
Gave one the prize, and other two the foil,  
If she for whom I still abide in pain  
Had lived then within the Trojan soil,  
    No doubt but hers had been the golden ball,  
    Helen had scaped rape, and Troy his fall.  
Or if my Dame had then enjoyed life  
When Bacchus fought for Ariadne's love,  
No doubt but she had only been his wife,  
And flown from hence to sit with Gods above:  
    For she exceeds his choice of Crete so far  
    As Phoebus doth excel a twinkling star.  
But from the first all fates have thus assign'd,  
That she should live in these our latter days,  
I think to bear a sway within my mind  
And feed my thoughts with friendly sweet delays;  
    If so it be, let me attend my chance,  
    And fortune pipe when I begin to dance. [2]

1. Cuius ortum et occasum memorat Plinius nat. hist. lib. 18. c. 28. et. c. 31.
2. Assai ben balla a chi Fortuna suona.

### XXXIII.



The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the most rare excellencies of his mistress, avouching her to have no equal. And he imitateth the second Sonnet, *Nelle rime di messer Agnolo Fiorenzuola the Florentine*, whose beginning is all one with that here; and this it is:

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

Ye stately Dames, whose beauties far excel,  
Of courtesy confess at my request,  
Doth not my Love amongst you bear the bell,  
As Phoebus golden rays obscures the rest  
Of Planet Stars, and dimmeth ev'ry light  
That shines in heav'n or earth by day or night?  
Take wistly heed in viewing her sweet face,  
Where nature hath express'd what ere she could  
Either for beauty's blaze or comely grace:  
Since when to prize her work she break the mold,  
So that who seeks to find her Equal out,  
Intends a thing will nere be brought about.  
Therefore sweet Ladies all vouchsafe with me  
To follow her desert and my desire,  
By praising her unto the ninth degree,  
„ For honor by due right is virtue's hire,  
And Envy's mouth must say when all is done,  
No Bird but one is sacred to the sun.

## XXXV.

In this Passion the Author, as being blinded with Love, first compareth himself with Tyresias the old Soothsayer of Thebes, whom Juno deprived of sight; but Jove rewarded him with the spirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth unto Acteon: And lastly he showeth why he is in worse case than those, which by viewing Medusa's head were turned into stones, leeing both life and light at once; and so concludeth that old accursed Oedipus of all other best befitteth him for a companion.

When first mine eyes were blinded with Desire,  
They had new seen a Second Sun, whose face,  
Though clear as beaten snow, yet kindled fire  
Within my breast, and moult my heart apace:  
Thus learned I by proof what others write,  
That Sun and fire, and snow offend the sight.  
O ten-times-happy blinded Theban wight,  
Whose loss of sight did make him half divine,

Where I (alas) have lost both life and light,  
Like him, whose horns did plague his heedless eyen;  
    And yet was he in better case than I,  
    Which neither live, nor can obtain to die.  
All Perseus' foes that saw Medusa's head,  
By leeing shape and sense were quit from thrall;  
But I feel pains, though blind and double-dead,  
And was myself efficient cause of all:  
    Wherefore, of all that ere did cease to see  
    Old Oedipus were meetest mate for me. [1]  
1. Vide Sophocl. and Seneca in tragedijs suis de Oedipi miserijs.

## XXXVI.

Here the Author misliketh of his wearisome estate in love, for that he neither obtaineth any favor at the hands of his Mistress for his good thought or speech, nor by his loving looks, or presents, nor by his humility in writing, or long sufferance in servitude. And herehence he blameth her over-hardness of heart, and the froward constellation of his own nativity: and therewithal abandoning all further desire of life, hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.

Each thought I think is friend to her I Love;  
I still in speech use course of gentle words;  
My loving looks are such as ought to move;  
My gifts as great as mine estate affords;  
    My letters tell in what a case I stand,  
    Though full of blots through fault of trembling hand;  
I duly dance attendance as I may,  
With hope to please, and fear to make offense,  
With sov'reignty to her I grant for aye;  
And where she hurts yet make I no defense;  
Sobs are the song wherein I take delight;  
    And show'rs of tears do daily dim my sight.  
    And yet all this doth make but small avail,  
Her heart is hard and never will relent;  
No time, no place, no prayer can prevail,  
The heav'ns themselves disfavor mine intent:  
    Why should I then desire a longer life,  
    To weave therein a web of endless strife?

## XXXVII.

The Author in this passion doth by manner of secret comparison prefer his beloved before all other women whatsoever: and persuadeth upon the examples of all sorts of Goddess (whom love

hath overtaken at one time or other) that the worthiness of his Mistress being well considered, his own fondness in love must of force be in itself excusable.

If Jove himself be subject unto Love  
And range the woods to find a mortal prey:  
If Neptune from the seas himself remove,  
And seek on sands with earthly wights to play:  
    Then may I love my peerless choice by right,  
    Who far excels each other mortal wight.  
If Pluto could by love be drawn from hell,  
To yield himself a silly Virgin's thrall:  
If Phoebus could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,  
To win a rustic maid unto his call:  
    Then, how much more should I adore the sight  
    Of her, in whom the heav'ns themselves delight?  
If country Pan might follow Nymphs in chase,  
And yet through love remain devoid of blame:  
If Satyrs were excus'd for seeking grace  
To joy the fruits of any mortal Dame:  
    Then, why should I once doubt to love her still,  
    On whom ne Gods nor men can gaze their fill?

## XXXVIII.

In the first staff of this Passion the Author expresseth how fondly his friends over-trouble him, by questioning with him touching his love, or accidents thereof. In the two last verses of the second staff he imitateth those verses of Sophocles: (verse in Greek)

*In Trachinijs. which may be thus Englished,*

That man, which champion like will strive with Love  
And combat hand-to-hand, hath little wit:  
For as he list he rules the Gods above.

And in the last, he setteth down his mind fully bent to persist constantly in the love and service of his Lady: like to that which Stephanus Forcatulus (an excellent Civilian, and one of the best Poets of France for these many years) wrote unto his beloved *Clytia*:

*Quin noctu pluuium citius mirabimur arcum,  
Solque domo Hesperidum mane propinquus erit,  
Quam capiat lepidae me foeda obliuio nymphae, etc.?*

Some ask me, when and how my love begun;  
Some, where it lies, and what effects it hath;  
Some, who she is, by whom I am undone;  
Some, what I mean to tread so lewd a path;  
    I answer all alike by answ'ring nought,  
    But, blest is he whom Cupid never caught:  
And yet I could, if sorrow would permit.

Tell when and how I fix'd my fancy first,  
And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,  
And chose the path wherein I live accurst:  
But such-like deeds would breed a double sore,  
„ For love gainsaid grows madder than before,  
But note herewith that so my thoughts are bound  
To her in whom my liberty lies thrall,  
That if she would vouchsafe to salve my wound,  
Yet force of this my love should never fall,  
Till Phoebus use to rise from out the West,  
And towards night seek lodging in the East.

## XXXIX.

The second part of this Passion is borrowed from out the fifth Sonnet in Petrarch part I, whose words are these,

*Piu volte gia per dir le labbra apersi:  
Poi rimase la voce in mezz'l petto:  
Ma qual suon poria mai salir tansalto?  
Piu volte incominciai di feriuver versi,  
Ma la penna, e la mano, e lo' intelletto  
Rimaser vinto net primier aaaalto.*

When first these eyes beheld with great delight  
The Phoenix of this world, or second Sun,  
Her beams or plumes bewitched all my sight,  
And love increas'd the hurt that was begun:  
Since when my grief is grown so much the more,  
Because I find no way to cure the sore,  
I have attempted oft to make complaint,  
And with some doleful words to tell my grief,  
But through my fearful heart my voice doth faint,  
And makes me mute where I should crave relief:  
Another while I think to write my pain,  
But straight my hand lays down the pen again.  
Sometimes my mind with hopes of doubtful cares  
Conjoin'd with fawning heaps is sore oppress'd,  
And sometimes sudden joy at unawares  
Doth move too much, and so doth hurt my breast;  
What man doth live in more extremes than these,  
Where death doth seem a life, and pains do please?

## XL.

The sense contained in this Sonnet will seem strange to such as never have acquainted themselves with Love and his Laws, because of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to such, as Love at any time hath had under his banner, all and every part of it will appear to be a familiar truth. It is almost word for word taken out of Petrarch, (where he beginneth,

*Pace mon truouo, e mon ho da far guerra; . . . Parte prima  
E temo, espero, etc.?) . . . . . Sonet. 105.*

All, except three verses, which this Author hath necessarily added for perfecting the number, which he hath determined to use in every one of these his Passions.

I Joy not peace, where yet no war is found;  
I fear, and hope; I burn, yet freeze withal;  
I mount to heav'n, yet lie but on the ground;  
I compass nought, and yet I compass all;  
    I live her bond, which neither is my foe,  
    Nor friend; nor holds me fast, nor lets me go;  
Love will not that I live, nor lets me die;  
Nor locks me fast, nor suffers me to scape;  
I want both eyes and tongue, yet see and cry;  
I wish for death, yet after help I gape;  
    I hate myself, but love another wight;  
    And feed on grief, in lieu of sweet delight;  
At self same time I both lament and joy;  
I still am pleas'd, and yet displeas'd still;  
Love sometimes seems a God, sometimes a Boy;  
Sometimes I sink, sometimes I swim at will;  
    Twixt death and life, small difference I make;  
    All this, dear Dame, befalls me for thy sake.

## XLI.

This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called *paltlsgia* or *anadiplosis*, of the Latins Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out of Virgil,

*Sequitur pulcherrimus ustur, . . . Aeneid. 10.  
Aufur equo fidens.*

O Happy men that find no lack in Love  
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;  
My deep desire no reason can remove;  
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;  
    And so the fire maintains both force and flame,  
    That force availeth not against the same;  
One only help can slake this burning heat,  
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,

Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,  
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;  
    O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,  
    Till woes have end by favor of my foe;  
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,  
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;  
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,  
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;  
    Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,  
    May force my friendly foe to take remorse.

## XLII.

In this Passion the Author under color of telling his dream doth very cunningly and lively praise his Mistress, so far forth as not only to prefer her before Helen of Greece for excellence of beauty, but also before how many soever are now living in this our age. The dream of itself is so plainly and effectually set down (albeit in few words) that it need no further annotation to explain it.

This latter night amidst my troubled rest  
A Dismal Dream my fearful heart appall'd,  
Whereof the sum was this: Love made a Feast.  
To which all Neighbor, Saints and Gods were call'd:  
    The cheer was more than mortal men can think,  
    And mirth grew on, by taking in their drink.  
Then Jove amidst his cups for service done  
Gan thus to jest with Ganymede his boy;  
I fain would find for thee my pretty Son  
A fairer Wife than Paris brought to Troy:  
    Why, sir, quoth he, if Phoebus stand my friend,  
    Who knows the world, this gyre will soon have end.  
Then Jove replied that Phoebus should not choose  
But do his best to find the fairest face;  
And she once found should neither will nor choose  
But yield herself, and change her dwelling-place;  
    Alas, how much was then my heart affright  
    Which bade me wake and watch my fair delight?

## XLIII.

The sense or matter of this Passion is taken out of Seraphine in his *Strambotti*, who writeth thus,  
*Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in suoco,*  
*Non me stupisce quel che fa natura,*  
*Ma costei che e di giaccio, e io di suoco,*

*E in mezo del mio cuor vuie sicura;  
Chi la defende in cosi ardente suoco,  
Che douendo fguagliar diventa dura?  
Solo Amor di Natura aspro adversario,  
Che a suo dispetto unisce ogni contrario.*

The Salamander lives in fire and flame,  
And yet but wonder small in Nature's work:  
By stranger force love wins away her fame,  
As causing cold in midst of heart to lurk.  
Who list of these my pains to take the view,  
Will soon confess that what I say is true.  
For one as cold as hardest frozen ice,  
Is fixed fast, and lodgeth in my breast;  
Whom reason can remove by no device,  
Nor any force can cause to let me rest:  
And yet I still so swim in hot desire,  
That more I burn than either flame or fire.  
How strange is this? Can contraries so gree,  
That Ice in flame will neither waste nor melt,  
But still increase, and harder grow to be,  
Than erst before? All this myself have felt.  
For Love, Dame Nature's foe, without remorse,  
Thus coupleth contraries in me by force.

## XLIII.

In this Passion the Author misliketh one while his estate, and by and by after liketh of the same again, upon hope and likelihood of amendment, and throughout the whole Sonnet he sayeth his Mistress to be a Second Sun, and by expressing his private infelicity, in either always melting away with Love, or growing stiff through Death approaching near him by reason of daily cares, he maketh allusion unto the diver effects of the Sun, which maketh the day much harder, and the wax softer, than it was before.

That Second Sun, whose beams have dimm'd my sight,  
So scorched hath my heart and senses all,  
That clogg'd with cares and void of all delight,  
I only seek, and sue to be her thrall;  
Yet so this heat increaseth day by day,  
That more and more it hast'neth my decay.  
Sometimes I melt, as if my limbs were wax,  
Sometimes grow stiff, as if they were of clay;  
Thrice happy he whom Love doth never vex,  
For any Second Sun doth melt away:  
Nay cursed I blaspheme the fairest Light

That ever yet was seen by day or night.  
Perchance her parching heats will once repair  
My heart again, and make me all anew:  
The Phoenix so revives amidst the air  
By virtue of that Sun which all men view:  
The virtue of my Sun exceeds the sky,  
By her I shall revive, though first I die.

## XLV.

The Author useth in this Passion the like sense to that which he had in the last before it, calling his Mistress a Second Sun upon earth, wherewith Heaven itself is become in Love: But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to have placed it amongst these his English toys.

(Latin Poem #4)

## XLVI.

Here the Author bewaileth the extremity of his estate growing daily to be more troublesome than before, and all through the hard heart of his beloved: whom he therefore aptly compareth unto a stony rock, which nothing can move or waste away but long continuance of time. And hereupon, after having long strived with himself and his passions, he is quietly resolved to have patience, and so long to persevere in the still-hoping mind of a true lover, till by long continuance of time Love be induced to stand his friend.

All ye that love compare your pains with mine,  
Which void of hope continue still her thrall,  
Whose heart is hard, and never will assign  
A ransom-day, nor once will bow at all,  
    Much like the stony rock, whose harden'd side  
    Will scarcely wear with course of time or tide.  
And yet, since time can wear each thing away,  
I will enforce myself to live content,  
Till so my thoughts have fed upon delay,  
That Reason rule the roast and love relent;  
    O vain attempt in striving with Despair,  
    I build nought else but castles in the air.  
For why: the Sun may sooner shine by night,  
And twinkling stars give glimsing sparks by day:  
Then I can cease to serve my Sweet delight,  
Whom neither force nor time can drive away:  
    Therefore in hope that love will stand my friend  
    I thus conclude, Each thing but love hath end.



## XLVII.

This Passion containeth a relation throughout from line to line; as, from every line of the first staff as it standeth in order, unto every line of the second staff; and from the second staff unto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clerk, the more pleasure he shall have in it. And this poesy a scholar set down over this Sonnet, when he had well considered of it: *Tam cafu, quam art et industria*. The two first lines are an imitation of Seraphine, *Sonnetto* 103.

*Col tempo et Villanello all giogo mena  
El Tor si fiero, e si crudo animale,  
Col tempo el Falcon s'vsa a menar l'ale  
E ritornare a te chiamando a pena.*

In time the Bull is brought to wear the yoke;  
In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;  
In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest Oak;  
In time the Marble wears with weakest showers:  
    More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withal,  
    Than Beast, or Bird, than Tree or Stony wall.  
No yoke prevails, she will not yield to might;  
No Lure will cause her stoop, she bears full gorge;  
No wedge of woes make print, she recks no right;  
No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:  
    Help therefore Heav'nly Boy, come pierce her breast  
    With that same shaft which robs me of my rest.  
So let her feel thy force, that she relent;  
So keep her low, that she vouchsafe a pray;  
So frame her will to right, that pride be spent;  
So forge, that I may speed without delay;  
    Which if thou do, I'll swear and sing with joy,  
    That Love no longer is a blinded Boy.

[This sonnet seems to represent a first for the haggard hawk/woman relationship: Watson borrowing from a Latin sonnet. See Appendix II: Connections. . . . BF]

## XLVIII.

This Passion containeth two principal points. In the first are placed two similitudes; in both which the Author expresseth his own willfulness in love. In the second, he compareth the beautiful eyes of his Mistress unto the eyes of the Basilisk, which killeth a man with his only sight being a far off; whereof Lucan lib. 9. sayeth thus,

*Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia pestes,  
Ante venena nocens, late sibi submouet omne  
Vulgus, et in vacua regnat Basiliscus arena.*

And Mantuan in like manner. *Natus in ardenti Libyae Basiliscus arena,  
Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque necat.*

Like as the silly Bird amid'st the night,  
When Birders beat the bush, and shake his nest,  
He flutt'ring forth straight flies unto the light,  
As if it were the day new-sprung from East,  
    Where so his willful wings consume away,  
    That needs he must become the Birder's prey:  
Or, as the Fly, when candles are alight,  
Still plays about the flame until he burn:  
Even so my heart hath seen a heav'nly sight,  
Wherehence again it hardly can return:  
    The beams thereof contain such wond'rous flame,  
    That Jove himself would burn to see the same.  
I mean a Virgin's face, whose beauty rare,  
Much like the Basilisk in Lybia soil, [1]  
With only sight is cause of all my care,  
And loads my yielding heart with endless toil;  
    Yet needs I must confess she hath more grace  
    Than all the Nymphs that haunt Diana's chase.

[1. Presumably Medusa. . . . BF]

## XLIX.

The Author in this Song bewrayeth his daily Passions in love to be so troublesome, that to avoid the flames thereof, he gladly and fain would yield himself to die, were it not that he feareth a further inconvenience would then arise. For he doubteth lest those flames, wherein his soul continually burneth, shall make Charon afraid to grant him passage over the Lake of Styx, by reason, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.

So great a Light hath set my mind on fire,  
That flesh and bone consume with secret flame,  
Each vein dries up, wit yields to deep desire;  
I scarce (alas) dare say, for very shame,  
    How fain my soul an interchange would make  
    Twixt this her present State and Limbo lake;  
And yet she dreads, lest when she parts from hence,  
Her Heats be such that Charon will retire,  
And let her pass for prayer, nor for pence,(1)  
For fear his with'ed boat be set on fire;  
    So dang'rous are the flames of Mighty Love  
    In Styx itself, in earth, or heav'n above.  
Wherefore dear Dame vouchsafe to rue my case,

And salve the sore which thou thyself hast made:  
My Heats first grew by gazing on thy face,  
Whose lights were such that I could find no shade:  
And thou my weary Soul bend all thy force,  
By Plaints and Tears to move her to remorse.

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

## L.

In this Passion is effectually set down in how strange a case he liveth that is in love, and in how contrary an estate to all other men, which are at defiance with the like folly. And this the Author expresseth here in his own person: therewithal calling upon Love, to stand his friend; or if he fail, upon death to cut off his wearisome life.

While others feed, my fancy makes me fast;  
While others live secure, I fear mischance;  
I dread no force, where other stand aghast;  
I follow suit where Fortune leads the Dance,  
Who like a mumming mate so throws the Dice,  
That Reason leeing all, Love wins the price;  
Which Love by force so worketh in my breast,  
That needs perforce I must incline my will  
To die in dreams while others live in rest,  
And live in woes while others feel none ill.  
O gentle Death, let here my days have end,  
Or mighty Love, so use me as thy friend.  
Mine eyes are worn with tears, my wits with woe,  
My color dried with cares, my heart with pains,  
My will bewitch'd, my limbs consumed so,  
That scarcely blood or vital breath remains:  
While others joy or sleep, I wail and wake:  
All this (Dear Dame) I suffer for thy sake.

## LI.

Tityus was the son of Jupiter, and for attempting to dishonest Latona, was slain by Apollo. Since which time the Poets feign that for punishment he lieth in hell, miserably tormented with a ravening Vulture, which feedeth upon his bowels continually: and they as they are consumed, still miraculously grow up again, to breed his endless misery, as the Poet witnesseth,

*Quid dicam Tityum, cuius sub vulnere faeuo Claud. in  
Viscera nascuntur grauibus certantia paenis? Gigantomachia.*

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

*Vulture relicto transuolet Tityo serus,  
Meumque paena semper addresscat iecur.*

If Tityus wretched wight beheld my pains,  
He would confess his wounds to be but small,  
A Vulture worse than his tears all my veins,  
Yet never lets me die, nor live at all:  
    Would Gods a while I might possess his place,  
    To judge of both, which were in better case.  
The Hell is dark, wherein he suff'reth smart,  
And wants not some Companions of his grief:  
I live in Light, and see what hurts my heart,  
But want some mourning mates for my relief;  
    His Pain is just reward, his crimes were such:  
    My greatest fault is this, I love too much.  
Why then, since too much love can breed offense,  
Thou dang'rous Bird, the root of my desire,  
Go perch elsewhere, remove thyself from hence;  
I freeze like Ice, and burn like flaming fire:  
    Yet stay good Bird: for if thou soar away,  
    Twixt Frost and Flame my days will soon decay.

## LII.

Here the Author after some dolorous discourse of his unhappiness, and rehearsal of some particular hurts which he sustaineth in the pursuit of his love: first questioneth with his Lady of his desert; and then, as having made a sufficient proof of his innocence, persuadeth her to pity him whom she herself hath hurt. Moreover, it is to be noted that the first letters of all the verses in this Passion being joined together as they stand, do contain this poesy agreeable to his meaning, *Amor me pungit et vrit.*

A A World of woes doth reign within my breast,  
m My pensive thoughts are cov'ed all with care,  
o Of all that sing the Swan doth please me best.  
r Restraint of joys exiles my wonted fare,  
M Mad-mooded Love usurping Reason's place  
e Extremity doth over-rule the case.  
P Pain drieth up my veins and vital blood,  
u Unless the Saint I serve give help in time:  
n None else, but she alone, can do me good.  
g Grant then, ye Gods, that first she may not climb  
i Immortal heav'ns, to live with Saints above,  
t Then she vouchsafe to yield me love for love  
E Examine well the time of my distress  
t Thou dainty Dame, for whom I pine away,  
V Unguilty though, as needs thou must confess,

r Rememb'ring but the cause of my decay;  
i In viewing thy sweet face arose my grief,  
t Therefore in time vouchsafe me some relief

### LIII.

The two first parts of this Sonnet, are an imitation of certain Greek verses of Theocritus; which verses as they are translated by many good Poets of later days, so most aptly and plainly by C. Urcinus Velius in his *Epigrams*; he beginneth thus,

*Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem  
Ipsum ex alueolis clam mella favosque legentem,  
Cui summos manuum digitos confixit, at ille  
Indoluit, lafae tumuerunt vulnere palmae:  
Planxit humum, et faltu trepidans pulsavit, et ipsi  
Oftendens Veneri, casum narrauit acerbum, etc.*

Where tender Love had laid him down to sleep,  
A little Bee so stung his finger's end,  
That burning ache enforced him to weep  
And call for Phoebus' Son to stand his friend, [1]  
To whom he cried, I muse so small a thing  
Can prick thus deep with such a little Sting.  
Why so, sweet Boy, quoth Venus sitting by?  
Thyself is young, thy arrows are but small  
And yet thy shot makes hardest hearts to cry?  
To Phoebus' Sun she turned therewithal,  
And prayed him show his skill to cure the sore,  
Whose like her Boy had never felt before.  
Then he with Herbs recured soon the wound,  
Which being done, he threw the Herbs away,  
Whose force, through touching Love, in self-same ground,  
By hapless hap did breed my heart's decay:  
For there they fell, where long my heart had li'n  
To wait for Love, and what he should assign.

1. AEsculapius.

### LIIII.

In this Passion the Author boasteth, how sound a pleasure he lately enjoyed in the company of his Beloved, by pleasing effectually all his five senses exterior, and that through the only benefit of her friendly presence, and extraordinary favor towards him. And in many choice particulars of

this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verse of Ronsard's, in a certain *Elegy* to Janet peintre du Roy: which beginneth thus,

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

What happy hour was that I lately past  
With her, in whom I fed my senses all?  
With one sure sealed kiss I pleas'd my taste;  
Mine ears with words, which seemed Musical;  
My smelling with her breath, like Civet sweet;  
My touch in place where modesty thought meet,  
But shall I say, what objects held mine eye?  
Her curled Locks of Gold, like Tagus' sands;  
Her Forehead smooth and white as Ivory,  
Where Glory, State and Bashfulness held hands;  
Her Eyes, one making Peace, the other Wars;  
By Venus one, the other rul'd by Mars;  
Her Eagle's Nose; her Scarlet Cheeks half white;  
Her Teeth of Orient Pearl; her gracious smile;  
Her dimpled Chin; her Breast as clear as light;  
Her Hand like hers who Tithon did beguile. [1]  
For worldly joys who might compare with me,  
While thus I fed each sense in his degree?

1. Aurora.

## LV.

The whole invention of all this Passion is deducted out of Seraphine, *Sonnet* 63, whose verses if you read, you will judge this Author's imitation the more praiseworthy; these they are,

*Come alma asai bramosa e poco accorta  
Che mai visto havea amor fe mon depinto,  
Disposi un ai cercar fuo Laberinto,  
Vedere el monstro, e tanta gente morta.  
Ma quel fil deragion che chi per scorta  
Del qual su tutto el ceco loco cinto  
Subito, ahime, su da lui rotto e vinto,  
Talche mai piu trouar seppi la porta.*

My heedless heart which Love yet never knew,  
But as he was describ'd with Painter's hand,  
One day amongst the rest would needs go view  
The Labyrinth of Love, with all his band.  
To see the Minotaur his ugly face,

And such as there lay slain within the place.  
 But soon my guiding thread by Reason spun,  
 Wherewith I pass'd along his darksome cave,  
 Was broke (alas) by him, and overrun,  
 And I perforce became his captive slave:  
     Since when as yet I never found the way  
     To leave that maze wherein so many stray.  
 Yet thou on whom mine eyes have gaz'd so long  
 May'st, if thou wilt, play Ariadne's part,  
 And by a second Thread revenge the wrong,  
 Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltless heart;  
     Vouchsafe in time to save and set me free,  
     Which seek and serve none other Saint but thee.

## LVI.

The first Staff of this Passion is much like unto that invention of Seraphine in his *Strambotti*, where he sayeth,

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

The second Staff somewhat imitateth another of his *Strambotti* in the same leaf; it beginneth thus, *Amor, amor: chi e quel che chiama tanto?*

*Un tuo seruo fidel; uon ti consfco; etc.*

The Author in the last Staff, returneth to entreat Death anew, to end his days, as being half persuaded that Love would restore unto him his heart again.

Come gentle Death; who calls? One that's oppress'd:  
 What is thy will? That thou abridge my woe,  
 By cutting off my life; cease thy request,  
 I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why so?  
     Thou want'st thy Heart. Who stole the same away?  
     Love, whom thou serv'st, entreat him sigh thou may.  
 Come, come, come Love: who calleth me so oft?  
 Thy Vassal true, whom thou should'st know by right.  
 What makes thy cry so faint? My voice is soft,  
 And almost spent by wailing day and night.  
     Why then, what's thy request? That thou restore  
     To me my Heart, and steal the same no more.  
 And thou, O Death, when I possess my Heart,  
 Dispatch me then at once: why so?  
 By promise thou art bound to end my smart.  
 Why, if thy Heart return, then what's thy woe?

That brought from cold, it never will desire  
To rest with me, which am more hot than fire.

## LVII.

Here the Author cheerfully comforting himself, rebuketh all those his friends, or others whatsoever, which pity his estate in Love: and groundeth his invention, for the most part, upon the old Latin Proverb, *Confuetudo est altera natura*. Which Proverb he confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being born far North seldom catcheth cold; the other of the Negro, which being born under a hot climate, is never smothered with over-much heat.

All ye, that grieve to think my death so near,  
Take pity on yourselves, whose thought is blind;  
Can there be Day, unless some Light appear?  
Can fire be cold, which yieldeth heat by kind?  
If Love were past, my life would soon decay,  
Love bids me hope, and hope is all my stay.  
And you that see in what estate I stand,  
Now hot, now cold, and yet am living still,  
Persuade yourselves, Love hath a mighty hand,  
And custom frames what pleaseth best her will.  
A ling'ring use of Love hath taught my breast  
To harbor strife, and yet to live in rest.  
The man that dwells far North hath seldom harm  
With blast of winter's wind or nipping frost:  
The Negro seldom feels himself too warm  
If he abide within his native coast; [1]  
So, Love in me a Second Nature is,  
And custom makes me think my Woes are Bliss.

1. For both experience teacheth and Philosophical reason approveth, than an Ethiopian may easily in Spain be smothered with the heat of the country though Spain be more temperate than Ethiopia is.

## LVIII.

Aetna, called in times past *Inesia*, as Volaterranus witnesseth, is a hollow hill in Sicilia, whose top burneth continually, the fire being maintained with a vein of brimstone, and other such like Minerals, which are within the said Mountain. Which notwithstanding, the bottom of the hill is very pleasant, as well for the abundance of sweet fruits and flowers, as for the number of fresh springs and fountains. The Poets feign that when Jupiter had with his thunderbolts beaten down the Giants of the earth, which rebelled against heaven, he did forthwith cover and oppress them



all with the weight of this hill Aetna. These things being well considered, together with the verse of Horace:

*(Deus immortalis haberi De art Poetica*

*Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam Insiluit.)*

It may easily appear why the Author in this passion compareth his heart unto the hill.

There is a monstrous hill in Sicil soil,  
Where works that limping God, which Vulcan hight,  
And rebel Giants lurk, whom Jove did foil,  
When gainst the heav'ns they durst presume to fight;  
The top thereof breaths out a burning flame,  
And Flora sits at bottom of the same.  
My swelling heart is such another hill,  
Wherein a blinded God bears all the sway,  
And rebel thoughts resisting reason's skill  
Are bound by will from starting thence away;  
The top thereof doth smoke with scalding smart,  
And seldom joys obtain the lowest part.  
Yet learn herewith the difference of the twain:  
Empedocles consum'd with Aetnae's fire  
When godhead there he fought, but all in vain:  
But this my heart, all flaming with desire,  
Embraceth in itself an Angel's face,  
Which beareth rule as Goddess of the place.

## LIX.

The Author in this Passion accuseth his own eyes, as the principal or only cause of his amorous infelicity; wherein his heart is so oppressed continually with evils, which are contrary in themselves, that reason can bear no sway in the cause. Therefore in the end, he instantly entreateth his Lady of her speedy favor and good-will, alleging what hurt may grow through her longer delay.

That thing wherein mine eyes have most delight,  
Is greatest cause my heart doth suffer pain:  
Such is the hurt that comes by wanton sight;  
Which reason strives to vanquish all in vain;  
This only sense, more quick than all the rest,  
Hath kindled holy fire within my breast.  
And so my mourning heart is parching dry  
With sending sighs abroad and keeping care,  
What needs it must consume if long it lie  
In place, where such a flame doth make repair:  
This flame is Love, whom none may well entreat,  
But only she, for whom I suffer heat.

Then peerless Dame, the ground of all my grief,  
Vouchsafe to cure the cause of my complaint:  
No favor else but thine can yield relief.  
But help in time, before I further faint,  
For Danger grows by ling'ring till the last,  
And physic hath no help when life is past.

## LX.

The Author groundeth this Passion upon three points. In the first, he showeth how he witting and willfully followeth his own hurt, with such like words as Medea sometime used,

*Video meliora, proboque, Ovid Metam  
Deteriora sequor, etc. lib. 7.*

In the second, he excuseth his fault upon the main force and tyranny of Love, being the only governor of his will. And lastly, he humbly entreateth his Lady for the restitution of his wonted liberty: desiring her not to exact more of him than his ability of body or mind can well sustain, according to the old verse,

*Pelle magis rabida nihil est de Vulpe petendum.*

Was ever man, whose Love was like to mine?  
I follow still the cause of my distress,  
My Heart foreseeing hurt, doth yet incline  
To seek the same, and thinks the harm the less.  
In doing thus, you ask me what I ail:  
Against main force what reason can prevail?  
Love is the Lord and Signor of my will,  
How shall I then dispose of any deed?  
By forced Bond, he holds my freedom still,  
He dulls each sense, and makes my heart to bleed.  
Thou Sacred Nymph, whose virtue wanteth stain,  
Agree with Love and set me free again.  
Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,  
Wherein my pen shall once thy praise forget:  
No Night with sleep shall close mine eyes at all,  
Before I make recount of such a debt;  
Then force me not to more than well I may,  
Besides his Skin, the Fox hath nought to pay.

## LXI.

The invention of this Passion is borrowed, for the most part from Seraphine *Son. 125*. Which beginneth,

*S'el gran tormento i fier fulmini accesi  
Perduti havessi, e li fuoi strali Amore,  
In'ho tanti trassitti in meglio el core,  
Che fel da me li potriano esser resi;  
E se de gli ampli mari in terra stefi  
Fusse privo Neptuno, io spando fore  
Lagryme tante, che con piu liquore  
Potrebbe nuoui mari haver ripresi; etc.*

If Love had lost his shafts, and Jove down threw  
His thund'ring bolts and spent his forked fire,  
They only might recov'ed be anew  
From out my Heart cross-wounded with desire;  
Or if Debate by Mars were lost a space,  
It might be found within the self-same place;  
If Neptune's waves were all dried up and gone,  
My weeping eyes so many tears distill,  
That greater Seas might grow by them alone;  
Or if no flame were yet remaining still  
In Vulcan's forge, he might from out my breast  
Make choice of such as should befit him best.  
If Aeole were depriv'd of all his charge, [1]  
Yet soon could I restore his winds again,  
By sobbing sighs, which forth I blow at large,  
To move her mind that pleasures in my pain;  
What man but I could thus incline his will  
To live in Love, which hath no end of ill?

1. (Graves) Eldest son of Hellen (ancestor of the Greeks), who became guardian of the winds.

## LXII.

That the vulgar sort may the better understand this Passion, I will briefly touch those whom the Author nameth herein, being all damned souls (as the Poets feign) and destinate unto sundry punishments. Tantalus having his lips still at the brink of the river Eridanus, yet dieth for thirst. Ixion is tied unto a wheel; which turneth incessantly. A vulture feedeth upon the bowels of Tityus, which grow up again ever as they are devoured. Sisyphus rolleth a great round stone up a steep hill, which being once at the top presently falleth down amain. Belides are fifty sisters whose continual task is to fill a bottomless tub full of water, by lading in their pitchers full at once.(1)

In that I thirst for such a Goddess' grace  
As wants remorse, like Tantalus I die;  
My state is equal to Ixion's case,  
Whose rented limbs are turn'd eternally,  
In that my tossing toils can have no end,

Nor time, nor place, nor chance will stand my friend.  
 In that my heart consuming never dies,  
 I feel with Tityus an equal pain,  
 On whom an ever-feeding Vulture lies;  
 In that I rise through hope, and fall again [2]  
 By fear, like Sisyphus I labor still  
 To turle a rolling stone against the hill,  
 In that I make my vows to her alone,  
 Whose ears are deaf and will retain no sound,  
 With Belides my state is all but one,  
 Which fill a tub whose bottom is not sound.  
 A wondrous thing, that Love should make the wound,  
 Wherein a second Hell may thus be found.

1. (Graves) The 50 daughters of Danaus were forced to marry the sons of their father's Danaus' enemy, his twin brother Agenor. 49 of the Danaids murdered their new husbands and were condemned to the endless task of carrying water in jars perforated like sieves.
2. (BF) These lines may have inspired those of Sonnet 151: No want of conscience hold it that I call / Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## LXIII.

Love hath two arrows, as Conradus Celtis witnesseth in these two verses:

*Per matris aftrum, et per fera specula, Odarum. lib. I*  
*Quae bina sert saeuus Cupido, etc.*

The one is made of lead, the other of gold, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Author therefore feigneth in this Passion, that when Cupid had stroken him with that of lead, soon after pitying his painful estate, he thought good to strike his beloved with the other. But her breast was so hard that the shaft rebounding back again, wounded Love himself at unawares. Wherehence fell out these three inconveniences; first, that Love himself became her thrall, whom he should have conquered; then, that she became proud, where she should have been friendly; and lastly, that the Author by this means despaireth to have any recure of his unquiet life, and therefore desireth a speedy death, as alluding to those sententious verses of Sophocles' *Electra* (verse in Greek) which may be thus Englished paraphrastically,

*What can it him avail to live a while,  
 Whom, of all others, evils are betide?*

Love hath two shafts, the one of beaten gold,  
 By stroke whereof a sweet effect is wrought:  
 The other is of lumpish leaden mold,  
 And worketh none effect, but what is nought:  
 Within my breast the latter of the twain  
 Breeds fear, fear thought, and thought a lasting pain.  
 One day amongst the rest sweet Love began

To pity mine estate, and thought it best  
To pierce my Dear with gold, that she might scan  
My case aright, and turn my toils to rest:  
    But from her breast more hard than hardest flint  
    His shaft flew back, and in himself made print.  
And this is cause that Love doth stoop her lure,  
Whose heart he thought to conquer for my sake;  
That she is proud; and I without recure:  
Which triple hurt doth cause my hope to quake:  
    Hope lost breeds grief, grief pain, and pain disease,  
    Disease brings death, which death will only please.

### LXIII.

This Passion is of like frame and fashion with that which was before under the number of XLI, whetherto I refer the Reader. But touching the sense or substance of this Passion, it is evident that herein the Author, by laying open the long continued grievesomness of his misery in Love, seeketh to move his Mistress to some compassion.

My humble suit hath set my mind on pride,  
Which pride is cause thou hast me in disdain.  
By which disdain my wounds are made so wide,  
That wideness of my wounds augments my pain,  
    Which Pain is cause, by force of secret jars,  
    That I sustain a brunt of private Wars.  
But cease, dear Dame, to kindle further strife,  
Let Strifes have end, and Peace enjoy their place;  
If Peace take place, Pity may save my life,  
For Pity should be shown to such as trace  
    Most dang'rous ways, and tread their steps awry,  
    Or live my woes: and such a one am I.  
Therefore, My Dear Delight, regard my Love,  
Whom Love doth force to follow Fond Desire,  
Which Fond Desire no counsel can remove;  
For what can counsel do to quench the fire  
    That fires my heart through fancy's wanton will?  
*Fancy by kind with Reason striveth still.*

### LXV.

In the first and second part of this passion, the Author proveth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, *A maiori ad minus*, that he may with good reason yield himself to the empire of Love, whom the gods themselves obey; as Jupiter in heaven, Neptune in the seas, and Pluto in hell. In the last staff he imitateth certain Italian verses of M. Girolamo Parabosco; which are as

followeth.

*Occhi tuoi, anzi stelle alme, et fatali, Selva Seconda.*

*Oue ha prescritto il ciel mio mal, mio been:*

*Mie lagrime, e sospir, mio riso. e canto;*

*Mia spene, mio timor; mio feco e giaccio;*

*Mia noia, mio piacer; mia vito e morte.*

Who knoweth not how often Venus' son  
Hath forced Jupiter to leave his seat?  
Or else, how often Neptune he hath won  
From seas to sands, to play some wanton feat?

Or how he hath constrain'd the Lord of Styx

To come on earth, to practice loving tricks?

If heav'n, if seas, if hell must needs obey,

And all therein be subject unto Love,

What shall it then avail if I gainsay

And to my double hurt his pow'r do prove?

No, no, I yield myself, as is but meet:

For hitherto with sour he yields me sweet.

From out my Mistress eyes, two lightsome stars,

He destinates estate of double kind,

My tears, my smiling *cheer*, my peace, my wars;

My sighs, my songs; my fear, my hoping mind;

My fire, my frost; my joy, my sorrow's gall;

My curse, my praise; my death, but life with all.

## LXVI.

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

*Hor, ch'l ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,*

*E le fere, e gli angelli il fonno affrena,*

*Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,*

*E nel suo letto il mar fenz'onda giace; etc.*

Wherein he imitated Virgil, speaking of Dido, thus.

*Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant fesa soporem Corpora etc.*

And this Author presumeth, upon the pains he hath taken, in faithfully translating it, to place it amongst these his own passions, for a sign of his great sufferance in love.

(Latin Poem # 5)

## LXVII.

A man singular for his learning, and magistrate of no small accompt, upon slight survey of this book of passions, either for the liking he had to the Author, or for his own private pleasure, or for some good he conceived of the work, vouchsafed with his own hand to set down certain poesies concerning the same: amongst which this was one, *Love* hath no leaden heels. Whereat the Author glanceth throughout all this Sonnet; which he purposely compiled at the press, in remembrance of his worshipful friend, and in honor of his golden poesy.

When Cupid is content to keep the skies,  
He never takes delight in standing still,  
But to and fro, and ev'rywhere he flies,  
And ev'ry God subdueth at his will.  
    As if his bow were like to Fortune's wheel,  
    Himself like her, having no leaden heel.  
When other whiles he passeth Lemnos Ile,  
Unhappy boy he gibes the Clubfoot Smith, [1]  
Who threatens him, and bids him stay a while,  
But laughing out he leaves him he forthwith,  
    And makes himself companion with the Wind  
    To show his heels are of no leaden kind.  
But in myself I have too true a proof:  
For when he first espied my ranging Heart,  
He Falcon-like came sousing from aloof  
His swiftly falling stroke encreas'd my smart:  
    As yet my Heart the violence it feels,  
    Which makes me say, *Love* hath no leaden heels.

1. Vulcan.

## LXVIII.

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

*Cor mihi punxit amor, sed punxit praepete telo;  
figitur hoc tum plus, cum magis excutio, etc.  
Carpere dictamum Cretaea nil iuuet Ida;  
quo vellunt cerui spicula fixa leves.  
Telephus haec eadem fatalia vulnera sensit,  
fanare ut tantum, qui facit illa, queat.*

And thereas the Author in the end of this passion, alludeth to the wounds of Telephus, he is to be understood of that Telephus, the Son of Hercules, of whose wound, being made and healed by Achilles only, Ovid writeth thus.

*Vulnus Achillaeo quod quondam fecerat hosti, De remed.  
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit lib. 1.  
And Propertius in like manner lib. 2.  
Mysus et Haemonia iuuenis qui cuspide vulnus*

*Senserat, hac ipsa cuspidē sensit opem.*

Suidas mentioneth another Telephus, an excellent Grammarian of Pergamus.

In secret seat and center of my heart,  
Unwares to me, not once suspecting ill,  
Blind Cupid's hand hath fix'd a deadly dart,  
Whereat how ere I pluck, it sticketh still,  
    And works effect like those of Arab soil,  
    Whose heads are dipp'd in poison stead of oil.  
If't were like those, wherewith in Ida plain  
The Cretan hunter wounds the chased deer,  
I could with Dictame draw it out again,  
And cure me so, that scar should scarce appear.  
    Or if Aldices shaft did make me bleed, [1]  
    Machaon's art would stand me in some stead.  
But being as it is, I must compare  
With fatal wounds of Telephus alone,  
And say that he, whose hand hath wrought my care,  
Must either cure my fatal wound, or none:  
    Help therefore, gentle Love, to ease my heart,  
    Whose pains increase, till thou withdraw thy dart.

1. He alludeth to the wound of Philoctetes. (Graves) Machaon, a son of Asclepius, tended the wounded during the siege of Troy Philoctetus had been bitten by a poisonous snake during the gathering of the Greeks, or hit by one of Hercules poisoned arrows. His painful and noxious wound was long-lasting but not fatal.

## LXIX.

In the first staff of this Passion, The Author, as one more than half drooping with despair, sorrowfully recounteth some particular causes of his unhappiness in Love. In the residue he entreateth a better aspect of the Planets, to the end that either his life may be inclined to a more happy course, or his death be hastened, to end all his misery at once.

My joys are done, my comfort quite dismay'd,  
My weary wits bewitch'd with wanton will,  
My will by Fancy's heedless fault betray'd,  
Whose eyes on Beauty's face are fixed still,  
    And whose conceit Folly hath clouded so,  
    That Love concludes, *my heart must live in woe.*  
But change aspect, ye angry stars above,  
And pow'rs divine restore my liberty,  
Or grant that soon I may enjoy my Love,  
Before my life incur more misery:  
    For now so hot is each assault I feel



As would dissolve a heart more hard than steel.  
Or if you needs must work my deadly smart,  
Perform your charge by hasting on my death  
In sight of her, whose eyes enthrall my heart:  
Both life and death to her I do bequeath,  
In hope at last, she will vouchsafe to say,  
*I rue his death, whose life I made away.*

## LXX.

In this passion the Author somewhat afar off imitateth an Ode in *Gervasius Sepinus* written to Cupid, where he beginneth thus:

*Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra ubinam est? Erotopaegnicon.  
Ubi arcus referens acuta Lunoe lib. I.  
Bina cornua? vbi flagrans Ameris  
fax? ubi igneus ille arcus, in quo  
De ipsis Caelicolis, virisque victis  
Vinctisque ante ingum aurcus triumphas?  
Haud posent tua summa numina unam,  
Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam?  
Qui fortes animos pudica Elisoe  
Fortioribus irrigans venenis  
Vicisti: etc.*

Cupid, where is thy golden quiver now?  
Where is thy sturdy Bow? And where the fire  
Which made ere this the Gods themselves to bow?  
Shall she alone, which forceth my Desire,  
Report or think thy Godhead is so small,  
That she through pride can scape from being thrall?  
Whilom thou overcam'st the stately mind  
Of chaste Eusa queen of Carthage land, [1]  
And did'st constrain Pasiphae gainst her kind,  
And broughtest Europa fair to Creta sand,  
Quite through the swelling Seas, to pleasure Jove,  
Whose heav'nly heart was touch'd with mortal love.  
Thus wert thou wont to show thy force and flight,  
By conq'ring those that were of highest race,  
Where now it seems thou changest thy delight.  
Permitting still, to thy no small disgrace,  
A virgin to despise thyself, and me,  
Whose heart is hers, where'er my body be.

1. Possibly the Queen of Elphame, whose rites were related to those of the lotus-eaters (see Graves).

## LXXI.

The Author writeth this Sonnet unto his very friend, in excuse of his late change of study, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of Love. And here by examples he proveth unto him (calling him by the name of Titus, as if himself were Gusippus) (1) that Love not only worketh alteration in the minds of men, but also in the very Gods themselves; and that so far forth, as first to draw from their Celestial seats and functions, and then to ensnare them with the unseemly desire of mortal creatures, a Passion ill-befitting the majesty of their Godheads.

Alas, dear Titus mine, my ancient friend,  
What makes thee muse at this my present plight,  
To see my wonted joys enjoy their end  
And how my Muse hath lost her old delight?  
*This is the least effect of Cupid's dart,*  
To *change* the mind by wounding of the heart.  
Alcides fell in love as I have done,  
And laid aside both club and Lion's skin;  
Achilles too when he fair Brises won,  
To fall from wars to wooing did begin.  
Nay, if thou list, survey the heav'ns above,  
And see how Gods themselves are chang'd by Love.  
Jove steals from skies to lie by Leda's side;  
Arcas descends for fair Aglaurus' sake,  
And Sol, so soon as Daphne is espied,  
To follow her his Chariot doth forsake:  
No marvel then, although I change my mind,  
Which am in love with one of heav'nly kind.

1. (per BF) Eva Turner Clarke noted a Feuillerat Document establishing that the play, *The historye of Titus and Gisippus*, was shown at Whitehall on February 19, 1576-77, by the Children of Pauls. Ms. Clarke believed this play title to be a corruption of *Titus Andronicus*, but it has been established that *Titus and Gisippus* was a "friendship" story originally found in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, and an early prototype of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

## LXXII.

In this Sonnet The Author seemeth to specify that his Beloved maketh her abode in this our beautiful and fair City of London; situate upon the side of the Thames, called in Latin Thamesis. And therefore, whil'st he feigneth that Thamesis is honorably to be conveyed hence by all the Gods towards the Palace of old Nereus, he seemeth to grow into some jealousy of his mistress, whose beauty if it were as well known to them as it is to him, it would (as he sayeth) both deserve more to be honored by them, and please Triton much better, than Thamesis, although she be the fairest daughter of old Oceanus.

Oceanus not long ago decreed  
To wed his dearest daughter Thamesis  
To Triton, Neptune's son, and that with speed:  
When Neptune saw the match was not amiss,  
    He prayed the Gods from highest to the least,  
    With him to celebrate the Nuptial feast.  
Love did descend with all his heav'nly train,  
And came for Thamesis to London side,  
In whose conduct each one employ'd his pain  
To reverence the state of such a Bride:  
    But whil'st I saw her led to Nereus' Hall,  
    My jealous heart began to throb withal.  
I doubted aye, lest any of that crew,  
In fetching Thamesis, should see my Love,  
Whose ticing face is of more lively hue,  
Than any Saint's in earth or heav'n above:  
    Besides, I fear'd that Triton would desire  
    My Love, and let his Thamesis retire.

## LXXIII.

Here the Author, by feigning a quarrel betwixt Love and his Heart, under a shadow expresseth the tyranny of the one and the misery of the other: to stir up a just hatred of the one's injustice, and cause the due compassion of the other's unhappiness. But as he accuseth Love for his readiness to hurt where he may; so he not excuseth his Heart for desiring a fair imprisonment when he needed not: thereby specifying in Love a willful malice, in his Heart a heedless folly.

I Rue to think upon the dismal day  
When Cupid first proclaimed open war  
Against my Heart; which fled without delay,  
But when he thought from Love to be most far,  
    The winged boy prevented him by flight,  
    And led him captive-like from all delight.  
The time of triumph being overpast,  
He scarcely knew where to bestow the spoil,  
Till through my heedless Heart's desire, at last,  
He lock'd him up in Tower of endless toil.  
    Within her breast, whose hardened will doth vex  
    Her silly guest softer than liquid wax.  
This prison at the first did please him well,  
And seem'd to be some earthly Paradise,  
Where now (alas) Experience doth tell,  
That Beauty's bates can make the simple wise,  
    And bids him blame the bird, that willingly  
    Chooseth a golden cage for liberty.

## LXXIII.

The Author in this passion, upon a reason secret unto himself, extolleth his Mistress under the name of a Spring. First he preferreth the same before the sacred fount of Diana, which (as Ovid witnesseth 3. *Metam*) was in the valley Gargaphy adjoining to Thebes: then, before Tagus the famous river in Spain, whose sands are intermixed with store of gold, as may be gathered by those two verses in *Martial* lib. 8.

*Non illi fatis est turbato fordidus auro  
Hermus, et Hesperio qui fonat orbe Tagus.*

And lastly, before Hippocrene, a fountain of Boetia, now called the well of the Muses, and feigned by the Poets to have had his source or beginning from the heel of Pegasus the winged horse.

Although the drops which chang'd Acteon's shape,  
Were half divine, and from a sacred fount;  
Though after Tagus' sands the world do gape;  
And Hippocrene stand in high account:  
Yet there's a Spring whose virtue doth excel  
Diana's fount, Tagus, and Pegas' well.  
That happy hour wherein I found it first,  
And sat me down adjoining to the brink,  
My foe itself, surpris'd with unknow'n thirst,  
Did wish it lawful were thereof to drink;  
But all in vain: for Love did will me stay  
And wait a while in hope of such a prey.  
This is that Spring quoth he, where Nectar flows,  
Whose liquor is of price in heav'ns above;  
This is the Spring wherein sweet Venus shows,  
By secret bait how Beauty forceth Love.  
Why then, quoth I, dear Love how shall I mend,  
Or quench my thirst unless thou stand my friend?

## LXXV.

In this passion the Author borroweth from certain Latin verses of his own, made long ago upon the love abuses of Jupiter in a certain piece of work written in the commendation of womenkind; which he hath not yet wholly perfected to the print. Some of the verses may be thus cited to the explaining of this passion, although but lamely.

*Accipe ut ignaram candentis imagine Tauri  
Luserit Europam ficta etc.  
Quam nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore, etc.  
Qualis et Asterien aquilinis pressrit alis:  
Quoque dolo Laedam sicto sub olore fefellit.  
Adde quod Antiopam Satyri sub imagine etc.*

*Et suit Amphytrio, cum te Tirynthia etc.  
Parrhasiam fictae pharetra Vultuque Dianae,  
Mnemosynen pastor; serpens Deoida lusit, etc.*  
Ovid writeth somewhat in like manner. *Metam.* lib. 6.

Not she, whom Jove transported into Crete;  
Nor Semele, to whom he vow'd in haste;  
Nor she whose flanks he fill'd with feigned heat;  
Nor whom with Eagles' wings he oft embrac'd;  
    Nor Danae, beguil'd by golden rape;  
    Nor she for whom he took Diana's shape;  
Nor fair Antiopa, whose fruitful love  
He gained Satyr-like; nor she whose Son  
To wanton Hebe was conjoin'd above;  
Nor sweet Mnemosyne, whose love he won  
    In shepherd's weed; no such are like the Saint  
    Whose eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.  
And Jove himself may storm, if so he please,  
To hear me thus compare my Love with his:  
No forked fire, nor thunder can disease  
This heart of mine, where stronger torment is:  
    But O how this surpasseth all the rest,  
    That she, which hurts me most, I love her best.

## LXXVI.

In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in half a madding mood, faileth at variance with Love himself, and blasphemeth his godhead, as one that can make a greater wound than afterwards he himself can recure. And the chief cause that he setteth down why he is no longer to hope for help at Loves hand, is this, because he himself could not remedy the hurt which he sustained by the love of fair Psyche. [1]

Thou foolish God the Author of my grief,  
If Psyche's beams could set thy heart on fire,  
How can I hope, of thee to have relief,  
Whose mind with mine doth suffer like desire?  
    Henceforth my heart shall sacrifice elsewhere  
    To such a Saint as higher port doth bear.  
And such a Saint is she whom I adore,  
As foils thy force and makes thee stand aloof;  
None else but she can salve my festered sore;  
And she alone will serve in my behoof:  
    Then blinded boy, go pack thee hence away,  
    And thou Sweet Soul, give ear to what I say.  
And yet what shall I say? Strange is my case,

In mid'st of frost to burn, and freeze in flame:  
Would Gods I never had beheld thy face,  
Or else, that once I might possess the same:  
Or else that chance would make me free again,  
Whose hand help'd Love to bring me to this pain.

1. Vide Apul.

## LXXVII.

The chief contents of the Passion are taken out of Seraphine *Sonnet*, 132.

*Col tempo passa gli anni, i mesi, e l'hore,*  
*Col tempo le ricchezze, imperio, e regno,*  
*Col tempo fama, honor, fortezza, e ingegno,*  
*Col tempo giouentu con belta more etc.*

But this Author inverteth the order which Seraphine useth, sometimes for his rhyme's sake, but for the most part upon some other more allowable consideration.

Time wasteth years, and month's, and hours:  
Time doth consume fame, honor, wit and strength:  
Time kills the greenest Herbs and sweetest flowers:  
Time wears out youth and beauty's looks at length:  
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,  
And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.  
Time maketh ev'ry tree to die and rot:  
Time turneth oft our pleasures into pain:  
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot:  
Time clears the sky, which first hung full of rain:  
Time makes an end of all human desire,  
But only this, which sets my heart on fire.  
Time turneth into naught each Princely state:  
Time brings a flood from new-resolved snow:  
Time calms the Sea where tempest was of late:  
Time eats what ere the Moon can see below:  
And yet no time prevails in my behove,  
Nor any time can make me cease to love.

## LXXVIII.

This Passion concerneth the low'ring of his Mistress and herein for the most part the Author imitateth *Agnola firenzuola*; who upon the like subject writeth as followeth,

*O belle done, prendam pietade*  
*Di me pur hor'in talpa trafformato*  
*D'huom, che pur dianza ordiua mirar fiso*

*Come Aquila il sol chiar in paradiso.  
Cosi va'l mondo, e cosi spesso accade  
A chi si fida inamoroso stato, etc.*

What scowling clouds have overcast the sky,  
That these mine eyes cannot, as wont they were,  
Behold their second Sun intently?  
Some strange Eclipse is happ'ned as I fear,  
Whereby my Sun is either barr'd of light,  
Or I myself have lost my seeing quite.  
Most likely so, since Love himself is blind,  
And Venus too (perhaps) will have it so,  
That Lovers wanting sight shall follow kind.  
O then, fair Dames, bewail my present woe,  
Which thus am made a mole, and blindfold run  
Where Eagle-like I late beheld the Sun.  
But out, alas, such guerdon is assign'd  
To all that love and follow Cupid's car:  
He tires their limbs and doth bewitch their mind,  
And makes within themselves a lasting war.  
Reason with much ado doth teach me this,  
Though yet I cannot mend what is amiss.

## LXXIX.

The Author in this Passion seemeth upon mislike of his wearisome estate in love to enter into a deep discourse with himself touching the particular miseries which befall him that loveth. And for his sense in this place, he is very like unto himself, where in a Theme deducted out of the bowels of *Antigone* in Sophocles (which he lately translated into Latin and published in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth.

*Mali quando Cupidinis  
Venas aestus edax occupat intimas,  
Aretes ingenium labitur in malas;  
Iactatur varie, nec Cereris fubit  
Nec Bacchi udium; pervigiles trahit  
Noctes; cura animum follicita atterit, etc.*

And it may appear by the tenor of this Passion that the Author prepareth himself to fall from Love and all his laws, as will well appear by the sequel of his other Passions that follow, which are all made upon this Poesy, *My Love is past*.

Where heat of love doth once possess the heart,        „  
There cares oppress the mind with wondrous ill,        „  
Wit runs awry, not fearing future smart,                „  
And fond desire doth over-master will:                 „  
The belly neither cares for meat nor drink,            „

Nor over-watched eyes desire to wink: „  
 Footsteps are false, and wav'ring to and fro; „  
 The brightsome flow'r of beauty fades away: „  
 Reason retires, and pleasure brings in woe: „  
 And wisdom yieldeth place to black decay: „  
 Counsel, and fame, and friendship are contemn'd: „  
 And bashful shame, and Gods themselves condemn'd. „  
 Watchful suspect is linked with despair: „  
 Inconstant hope is often drown'd in fears: „  
 What folly hurts, not fortune can repair; „  
 And misery doth swim in Seas of tears: „  
 Long use of life is but a ling'ring foe, „  
 And gentle death is only end of woe. „

## LXXX.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

All such as are but of indifferent capacity, and have some skill in *Arithmetic*, by viewing this Sonnet following compiled by rule and number, into the form of a pillar, may soon judge how much art and study the Author hath bestowed in the same. Wherein as there are placed many pretty observations, so these which I will set down, may be marked for the principal, if any man have such idle leisure to look it over, as the Author had, when he framed it. First therefore it is to be noted that the whole pillar (except the basis or foot thereof) is by relation of either half to the other *Antithetical* or *Antisyllabical*. Secondly, how this poesy (*Amare est infanire*) runneth twice throughout ye Column, 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 3 verses, as they stand. Thirdly is to be observed that every verse, but the two last, doth end with the same letter it beginneth, and yet throughout the whole a true time is perfectly observed, although not after our accustomed manner. Fourthly, that the foot of the pillar is *Orchematicall* that is to say, founded by transilition or over-skipping of number by rule and order, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7, and 9; the secret virtue whereof may be learned in Trithemius,(1) as namely by tables of transilition to decipher anything that is written by secret transposition of letters, be it never so cunningly conveyed. And lastly, this observation is not to be neglected, that when all the foresaid particulars as performed, the whole pillar is but just 18 verses, as will appear in the page following it, *Per modum expansionis*.

1. Polygraphiae suae, lib. 5.



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1. Polygraphiae suae, lib. 5.



## LXXXI.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

*A Pasquine Piller erected in the despite of Love.*

1 At  
 A 2 last, though  
 3 late, farewell  
 4 old well a day : A  
 m 5 Mirth or mischance strike  
 a 6 up a newe alarM, And m  
 7 *Cypria la nemica*  
 r 8 *miA* Retire to *Cyprus* Isle, a  
 e 9 and ceafeth thy waRR, Else must thou prove how r  
 E 10 Reason can by charmE Enforce to flight thy e  
 s 11 blindfold brat and thee. So frames it with me now, E  
 t 12 that I confesS, The life I led in *Love* deuoid s / t  
 I 12 of resT, It was a Hell, where none felt more than I, I  
 n/s 11 Nor any with like miseries forlorN. Since n  
 a 10 therefore now my woes are wexed lesS, And s  
 9 Reason bids me leave old welladA, a  
 n 8 No longer shall the world laugh me  
 i 7 to fcorN: I'le choose a path that n  
 r 6 shall not lead awrie. Rest i  
 5 then with me from your  
 4 blind *Cupids* carR r  
 e. 3 Each one of  
 2 you, that  
 1 serve,  
 3 and would be  
 5 freE. H'is dooble thrall e.  
 7 that liu's as Love thinks best, whose  
 9 hande still Tyrant like to hurt is prefte.(1)

1. Huius Columnae Basis, pro silla- barum numero et linearum proportione est Orchematica..



LXXXII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.  
*Expansio Columnae praecedentis.*

A	At last, though late, farewell old wellada;	A
m	Mirth for mischance strike up a new alarm;	m
a	And Ciprya <i>la nemica mia</i>	a
r	Retire to Cyprus Ile and cease thy war,	r
e	Else must thou prove how Reason can by charm	e
E	Enforce to flight thy blindfold brat and thee.	E
s	So frames it with me now, that I confess	s
t	The life I led in Love devoid of rest	t
I	It was a Hell, where none felt more than I,	I
n	Nor any with like miseries forlorn.	n
s	Since therefore now my woes are waxed less,	s
a	And Reason bids me leave old wellada,	a
n	No longer shall the world laugh me to scorn:	n
i	I'll choose a path that shall not lead awry.	i
r	Rest then with me from your blind Cupid's car	r
e	Each one of you that serve and would be free.	e
„	His double thrall that Liv's as Love thinks best (1) „	„
„	Whose hand still Tyrant-like to hurt is press't,	„

1. (in Greek). Sophoe, in Aia. flagell.



## LXXXIII.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of Ronsard's *Odes*; which beginneth thus

*Les Muses lierent un iour  
De chaisnes de roses Amour, [1]  
Et pour le garder, le donnerent  
Aus Graces et a la Beaute:  
Qui voyans so destoyaute,  
Sus Parnase l'emprisonnerent, etc.*

The Muses not long since entrapping Love

In chains of roses linked all awry,  
 Gave *Beauty* charge to watch in their behove  
 With *Graces* three, lest he should wend away:  
     Who fearing yet he would escape at last,  
     On high Parnassus top they clapp'd him fast.  
 When Venus understood her Son was thrall,  
 She made post-haste to have God Vulcan's aid,  
 Sold him her Gems, and Ceston therewithal, [2]  
 To ransom home her Son that was betrayed;  
     But all in vain, the Muses made no store  
     Of gold, but bound him faster than before.  
 Therefore, all you whom Love did ere abuse,  
 Come clap your hands with me, to see him thrall,  
 Whose former deeds no reason can excuse,  
 For killing those which hurt him not at all:  
     Myself by him was lately led awry,  
     Though now at last I force my love to die.

1. *Au liure de ses melanges.*

2. V: Martis reuocetur amor, summique Tonantis, A te Juno petat Ceston, et ipsa Venus.  
 Martialis.

## LXXXIII.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this Sonnet expresseth his malice towards *Venus* and her Son *Cupid*, by currying favor with *Diana*, and by suing to have the self same office in her walks and forest, which sometimes her chaste and best-beloved *Hippolytus* enjoyed. Which *Hippolytus* (as *Seruius* witnesseth) died by the false deceit of his Step-mother *Phaedra*, for not yielding over himself unto her incestuous love: whereupon *Seneca* writeth thus,

*Iuuenisque castus crimine incesta iacet,  
 Pudicus, infons.*

*Diana*, since *Hippolytus* is dead,  
 Let me enjoy thy favor, and his place:  
 My might through will shall stand thee in some stead,  
 To drive blind Love and *Venus* from thy chase:  
     For where they lately wrought me mickle woe,  
     I vow me now to be their mortal foe.  
 And do thou not mistrust my chastity  
 When I shall range amid'st thy virgin train:  
 My rains are chasten'd so through misery,  
 That Love with me can nere prevail again:  
     [That] The child whose finger once hath felt the fire,

[That] To play therewith will have but small desire.  
 Besides, I vow to bear a watchful eye,  
 Discov'ring such as pass along thy groan;  
 If Jupiter himself come loit'ring by,  
 I'll call thy crew and bid them fly from Jove;  
 For if they stay, he will obtain at last,  
 What now I loathe, because my love is past.



## LXXXV.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The chiefest substance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certain Latin verses of Strozza, a nobleman of Italy, and one of the best Poets in all his age: who in describing Metaphorically to his friend Antonius the true form of his amorous estate, writeth thus:

*Unda hic sunt Lachrima, Venti supiriae, Remi  
 Vota, Error vetum, Mens malefana Ratis;  
 Spes Temo, Curae Comites, Confiantia Amoris  
 Est malus, Dolor eft Anchora, Nauita Amor, etc.*

The soldier worn with wars, delights in peace;  
 The pilgrim in his ease when toils are past;  
 The ship to gain the port when storms do cease;  
 And I rejoice, from Love discharg'd at last;  
 Whom while I serv'd, peace, rest, and land I lost,  
 With grievesome wars, with toils, with storms betoss't.  
 Sweet liberty now gives me leave to sing,  
 What world it was, where Love the rule did bear;  
 How foolish Chance by lots rul'd everything;  
 How *Error* was *mainsail*, each *wave a Tear*, „  
 The *master*, Love himself; deep *sighs* were *wind*; „  
*Cares* row'd with *vows* the ship *unmerry mind*, „  
*False hope* as *helm* oft turn'd the boat about; „  
*Inconstant faith* stood up for middle mast „  
 Despair the cable twisted all with Doubt „  
 Held *Griping Grief* the piked Anchor fast; „  
*Beauty* was all the *rocks*. But I at last, „  
 Am now twice free, and all my love is past. „

## LXXXVI.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The sense of this Sonnet is for the most part taken out of a letter which *Aeneas Sylvius* wrote unto his friend, to persuade him that albeit he lately had published the wanton love of *Lucretia* and *Euryalus*, yet he liked nothing less than such *fond Love*; and that he now repented him of his own labor over-idly bestowed in describing the same.

Sweet *liberty* restores my wonted joy,  
And bids me tell how painters set to view  
The form of *Love*. They paint him but a *Boy*,  
As working most in minds of youthful crew:  
    They set him *naked* all, as wanting shame  
    To keep his secret parts or t'hide the same.  
They paint him blind in that he cannot spy  
What difference is twixt virtue and default.  
With *Bow in hand*, as one that doth defy,  
And cumber heedless hearts with fierce assault:  
    His other hand doth hold a *brand of fire*,  
    In sign of heat he makes through hot desire.  
They give him wings to fly from place to place,  
To note that all are wav'ring like the wind,  
Whose liberty fond *Love* doth once deface.  
This form to *Love* old painters have assign'd:  
    Whose fond effects if any list to prove,  
    Where I make end, let them begin to *Love*.



## LXXXVII.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in the first staff of this Sonnet expresseth how Love first went beyond him, by persuading him that all was gold which glistered. In the second, he telleth how time brought him to truth, and Truth to Reason, by whose good counsel he found the way from worse to better, and did overgo the malice of blind Fortune. In the third staff, he craveth pardon at every man for the offenses of his youth; and to Love, the only cause of his long error, he giveth his *ultimum vale*.

Youth made a fault through lightness of Belief,  
Which fond Belief Love placed in my breast:  
But now I find that Reason gives relief;  
And time shows Truth and Wit that's bought is best;  
    Muse not therefore although I change my vein,  
    He runs too far which never turns again.  
Henceforth my mind shall have a watchful eye,  
I'll scorn *Fond Love*, and practice of the same:  
The wisdom of my heart shall soon descry  
Each thing that's good, from what deserveth blame:  
    My song shall be; Fortune hath spit her spite,  
    And Love can hurt no more withal his might.  
Therefore, all you to whom my course is known,  
Think better comes, and pardon what is past:  
I find that all my wildest Oats are sown,  
And joy to see what now I see at last;  
    And since that Love was cause I trod awry,  
    I here take off his Bells, and let him fly.



## LXXXVIII.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

This whole Sonnet is nothing else but a brief and pithy moral, and made after the self same vein with that which is last before it. The two first staffs, (excepting only the two first verses of all) express the Author's alteration of mind and life, and his change from his late vain estate and follies in love, by a metaphor of the ship-man, which by shipwreck's chance is happily restored on a sudden unto that land which he a long time had most wished for.

I long maintained war gainst Reason's rule,  
I wander'd pilgrim-like in Error's maze  
I sat in Folly's ship, and play'd the fool,  
Till on Repentance rock her sides did craze:  
    Herewith I learn by hurts already past,

[Till] That each extreme will change itself at last.  
 This shipwreck's chance hath set me on a shelf,  
 Where neither Love can hurt me any more,  
 Nor Fortune's hand, though she enforce herself;  
 Discretion grants to set me safe on shore,  
 Where guile is fetter'd fast and wisdom rules,  
 To punish heedless hearts and willful fools,  
 And since the heav'ns have better lot assign'd,  
 I fear to burn, as having felt the fire;  
 And proof of harms so changed hath my mind,  
 That wit and will to Reason do retire:  
 Not Venus now, nor love with all his snares  
 Can draw my wits to woes at unawares.



## LXXXIX.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The two first staves of this Sonnet are altogether sentential, and every one verse of them is grounded upon a divers reason and authority from the rest. I have thought good for brevity sake, only to set down here the authorities, with figures, whereby to apply every one of them to his due line in order as they stand. 1. Hieronimus: *In delicijs difficile est seruire castitatem*. 2. Ausonius: *dispulit inconsultus amor etc*. 3. Seneca: *Amor est ociosae causa fellicitudinis*. 4. Propertius: *Errat, qui finem vefani querit amoris*. 5. Horatius: *Semper ardentis acuens sagittas*. 6. Xenophon: *scribit amorem esse igne, et flamma flagrantiore, quod ignis vrat tangentes, et proxima tantum cremet, amor ex longinquo spectante torreat*. 7. Calenti: *Plurima Zelotipo sunt in amore mala*. 8. Ovidius: *Inferet arma tibi saeva rebellis amor*. 9. Pontanus: *Si vacuum fineret perfidiosus amor*. 10. Marullus: *Quid tantum lachrimis meis proterue Fusultas puer?* 11. Tibullus: *At lasciuus amor rixae mala verba ministrat*. 12. Virgilius: *Bellum foepe petit serus exitiale Cupido*.

**Love** never LOve hath delight in sweet delicious fare; (1)  
 Love never takes good Counsel for his friend; (2)  
 Love author is, and cause of idle care; (3)  
 Love is distraught of wit, and hath no end; (4)  
 Love shooteth shafts of burning hot desire; (5)



*Love burneth more than either flame or fire;* (6)  
*Love doth much harm through jealousy's assault;* (7)  
*Love once embrac'd will hardly part again;* (8)  
*Love thinks in breach of faith there is no fault;* (9)  
*Love makes a sport of others' deadly pain;* (10)  
*Love is a wanton Child and loves to brawl.* (11)  
*Love with his war brings many souls to thrall.* (12)

These are the smallest faults that lurk in *Love*.  
 These are the hurts which I have cause to curse,  
 These are those truths which no man can disprove,  
 These are such harms as none can suffer worse.  
 All this I write, that others may beware,  
 Though now myself twice free from all such care.

1. Hieron.
2. Auson.
3. Seneca.
4. Propert.
5. Horat.
6. Xenoph.
7. Calent.
8. Ovid.
9. Pont.
10. Marull.
11. Tibull.
12. Virgil, de Vino et Venere.

## XC.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Latin passion, the Author translateth, as it were, paraphrastically the Sonnet of Petrarch, which beginneth thus.

*Tennemi Amor anni vent' uno ardendo, [1]*  
*Licto nel foco, e nel duel pien di speme, etc.*

But to make it serve his own turn, he varieth from Petrarch's words, where he declareth how many years he lived in love, as well before as since the death of his beloved Laura. Under which name also the Author, in this Sonnet, specifieth her whom he lately loved.

*ME sibi ter binos annos unumque subegit*  
*Divus Amor; laetusque sui, licet ignibus arsi;*  
*Spemque habui certam, curis licet ictus acerbis.*  
*Iamgue duos alios exutus amore peregi,*  
*Ac si sydereos mea Laura volarit in orbes,*  
*Duxerit et secum veteris penetralia cordis.*

*Pertaefum tandem vitae me poenitet actae,  
Et pudet erroris pene absumpsisse sub vmbra.  
Seminxa virtutum. Sed quae pars vltima restat,  
Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,  
Et male transactae deploro tempora vitae,  
Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite cursus,  
Litis in arcendae sludijs, et pace colendae.  
Ergo summe Deus, per quem fum clausus in isto  
Carcere, ab aeterno saluum sac esse periclo.*

1. Sonnet. 313.

## XCI.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the latter part of this Sonnet the Author imitateth those verses of Horace.

*Me tabula facer  
Votiva paries indicat vuida [1]  
Suspendise potenti  
Vestimenta maris Deo.*

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

*O miseri coloro,  
Che non prouar di donna fdee mai:  
Il pericol, ch'io corsi  
Nel tempestoso mar, nella procella  
Del lor crudel Amore  
Mostrar lo puo la tauoletta posta  
E le vesti ancor molli  
Sospese all tempio del horrendo Dio  
Di questo mar crudele.*

Ye captive souls of blindfold *Cyprian's* boat  
Mark with advice in what estate ye stand,  
Your *Boatman* never whistles merry note,  
And Folly keeping stern, still puts from land,  
And makes a sport to toss you to and fro  
Twixt *sighing winds* and surging *waves of woe*.  
On *Beauty's* rock she runs you at her will,  
And holds you in suspense twixt hope and *fear*,  
Where dying oft, yet are you living still,  
But such a life as death much better were;  
Be therefore circumspect and follow me,  
When *Chance*, or *change of manners*, sets you free.

Beware how you return to seas again:  
Hang up your votive tables in the choir  
Of *Cupid's* Church, in witness of the pain  
You suffer now by *forced fond desire*:  
Then hang your through-wet garments on the wall,  
And sing with me, *That Love is mix'd with gall.*

1. *Ad Pyrrham ode. 5.*

## XCII.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delights and deeds of blind *Cupid* with the honest delights and deeds of other his fellow Goddesses and Gods, doth bless the time and hour that ever he forsook to follow him; whom he confesseth to have been great and forcible in his doings, though but little of stature, and in appearance weakly. Of all the names here mentioned, *Hebe* is seldomest read, wherefore know they which know it not already, that *Hebe* (as *Servius* writeth) is *Juno's* daughter, having no father, and now wife to *Hercules*, and Goddess of youth and youthly sporting, and was cup-bearer to *Jove* till she fell in the presence of all the Gods, so unhappily that they saw her privities, whereupon *Jove* being angry, substituted *Ganymedes* into her office and place.

Phoebus delights to view his Laurel Tree;  
The Poplar pleaseth *Hercules* alone;  
Melissa mother is, and vatrix to the Bee,  
Pallas will wear the Olive branch or none;  
Of shepherds and their flock Pallas is Queen;  
And *Ceres* ripens the corn, was lately green;  
To *Chloris* ev'ry flower belongs of right;  
The Dryad Nymphs of woods make chief accompt;  
Oreads in hills have their delight;  
Diana doth protect each bubbling Fount;  
To *Hebe* lovely kissing is assign'd;  
To Zephir ev'ry gentle breathing wind.  
But what is Love 's delight? To hurt each where;  
„ He cares not whom, with darts of deep desire;  
„ With watchful jealousy, with hope, with fear,  
„ With nipping cold and secret flames of fire.  
O happy hour wherein I did forego  
This little God, so great a cause of woe.

## XCIII.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the first and sixth line of this Passion the Author alludeth to two sententious verses in Sophocles; whereof the first is, (passage in Greek) (1)

The second (passage in Greek) (2)

In the other two staves following, the Author pursueth on his matter, beginning and ending every line with the self same syllable he used in the first: wherein he imitateth some Italian Poets, who more to try their wits [t]han for any other conceit, have written after the like manner.

*My love is past, woe worth the day and hour*  
*When to such folly first I did incline,*  
*Whereof the very thought is bitter sour,*  
*And still would hurt, were not my soul divine,*  
*Or did not Reason teach that care in vain*  
*For ill once past, which cannot turn again.*  
*My Love is past, blessed the day and hour.*  
*When from so fond estate I did decline,*  
*Wherein was little sweet with mickle sour,*  
*And loss of mind, whose substance is divine.*  
*Or at the left, expense of time in vain,*  
*For which expense no Love returneth gain.*  
*My Love is past, wherein was no good hour:*  
*When others joy'd, to cares I did incline,*  
*Whereon I fed, although the taste were sour,*  
*And still believ'd Love was some pow'r divine,*  
*Or some instinct which could not work in vain,*  
*Forgetting, Time well spent was double gain.*

1. In Oedipo-Colonae.

2. In Trachiniis.

## XCIII.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

*BiaSTEMO quando mai le labbra apersi*  
*Per dar name a costei, che accid me induce.*  
*BiaSTEMO il tempo, e quanti giorni ho persi*  
*A seguitar si tenebrosa luce:*  
*BiaSTEMO charta, inchiostre, e versi,*  
*Et quanto Amor per me fama gliaduce;*

*BiaSTEMO quando mai la vidi anchora,  
El mese, l'anno, e giorno, el punto, e lhora.*

I Curse the time, wherein these lips of mine  
Did pray or praise the Dame that was unkind:  
I curse both leaf, and ink, and every line  
My hand hath writ, in hope to move her mind:  
I curse her hollow heart and flatt'ring eyes,  
Whose sly deceit did cause my mourning cries:  
I curse the sugar'd speech and Siren's song,  
Wherewith so oft she hath bewitch'd mine ear:  
I curse my foolish will, that stay'd so long,  
And took delight to bide twixt hope and fear:  
I curse the hour wherein I first began  
By loving looks to prove a witless man:  
I curse those days which I have spent in vain,  
By serving such an one as reckes no right:  
I curse each cause of all my secret pain,  
Though *Love* to hear the same have small delight:  
And since the heav'ns my freedom now restore,  
Henceforth I'll live at ease, and love no more.



XCIV.  
MY LOVE IS PAST.

A *Labyrinth* is a place made full of turnings and creeks, where hence, he that is once gotten in can hardly get out again. Of this sort *Pliny* (1) mentioneth four in the world which were most noble. One in *Crete* made by *Daedalus*, at the commandment of king *Minos*, to shut up the *Minotaur* in: to which monster the *Athenians* by league were bound every year to send seven of their children, to be devoured; which was performed till at the last, by the help of *Ariadne*, Theseus slew the monster. Another he mentioneth to have been in *Egypt*, which also *Pomponius Mela* describeth in his first book. The third in *Lemnos*, wherein were erected a hundred and fifty pillars of singular workmanship. The fourth in Italy, builded by *Porsenna* king of *Etruria*, to serve for his sepulcher. But in this Passion the Author alludeth unto that of *Crete* only.

Though somewhat late, at last I found the way  
 To leave the doubtful Labyrinth of *Love*,  
 Wherein (alas) each minute seem'd a day:  
 Himself was *Minotaur*; whose force to prove  
     I was enforc'd, till Reason taught my mind  
     To stay the beast, and leave him there behind.  
 But being scaped thus from out his maze,  
 And past the dang'rous Den so full of doubt,  
 False Theseus-like, my credit shall I craze,  
 Forsaking her whose hand did help me out?  
     With *Ariadne Reason* shall not say,  
     *I sav'd his life, and yet he runs away.*  
 No, no, before I leave the golden rule,  
 Or laws of her that stood so much my friend,  
 Or once again will play the loving fool,  
 The sky shall fall, and all shall have an end:  
 I wish as much to you that lovers be,  
 Whose pains will pass, if you beware by me.

1. Lib 36. ca. 13.

## XCVI. MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Passion, the Author in scoffing bitterly at Venus and her son Cupid, alludeth unto certain verses in Ovid, but inverteth them to another sense than Ovid used, who wrote them upon the death of Tibullus. These are the verses which he imitateth,

*Ecce puer Veneris sert everfamque pharetram,  
 Et fractos arcus, et fine luce facem,  
 A[d] spice demissis ut eat miserabilis alis,           [1]  
 Pectoraque insesta tondat aperta manu, etc.  
 Nec minus est confusa Venus, etc.  
 Quam inuuenis rupit cum serus inguen aper.*

What ails poor Venus now to sit alone  
 In funeral attire, her wonted hue  
 Quite chang'd, her smile to tears, her mirth to moan:  
 As though Adonis' wounds now bled anew,  
     Or she with young Julius late return'd  
     From seeing her Aeneas' carcass burn'd.  
 Alack for woe, what ails her little Boy,  
 To have his tender cheeks besprent with tears,  
 And sit and sigh, where he was wont to toy?  
 How haps, no longer he his quiver wears,  
     But breaks his Bow, throwing the \*shivers by,

And plucks his wings and lets his firebrand die?  
No, Dame and Darling too, ye come too late,  
To win me now, as you have done tofore:  
I live secure and quiet in estate,  
Fully resolv'd from loving any more:  
Go pack for shame from hence to Cyprus Ile,  
And there go play your pranks another while.

*1. Elegiar. lib. 1*

## XCVII. MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this passion alludeth to the fable of Phineus which is set down at large in the *Argonautics* of Apollonius, and Valerius Flaccus. He compareth himself unto Phineus, his Mistress unto the Harpies; and his thoughts unto Zetes, and his desires unto Calais, the two twins of Boreas; and the voice of Ne plus ultra spoken from Heaven to Calais and Zetes, unto the *Divine grace*, which willed him to follow no further the miseries of a Lover's estate, but to profess unfeignedly that his Love is past. And last of all, the Author concludeth against the sour sauce of Love with the French proverb: *Pour un plaisir mille douleurs*.

The Harpy birds that did in such despite  
Grieve and annoy old Phineus so sore,  
Where chas'd away by Calais in flight  
And by his brother Zetes for evermore;  
Who follow'd them until they heard on high  
A voice, that said, Ye Twins No further fly.  
Phineus I am, that so tormented was;  
My Laura here I may an Harpy name;  
My thoughts and lusts be Sons to Boreas,  
Which never ceas'd in following my Dame,  
Till heav'nly Grace said unto me at last,  
Leave fond Delights, and say thy love is past.  
My love is past I say, and sing full glad;  
My time, alas, misspent in Love I rue,  
Wherein few joys, or none at all I had,  
But store of woes: I found the proverb true,  
For ev'ry pleasure that in *Love* is found,  
A thousand woes and more therein abound.



# XCVIII.

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this passion, telling what Love is, easeth his heart, as it were, by railing outright where he can work no other manner of revenge. The invention hereof, for the most part of the particulars contained, is taken out of certain Latin verses which this Author composed upon *Quid Amor*. Which because they may well import a passion of the writer, and aptly befit the present title of his over-passed Love, he setteth them down in this next page following, but not as accomtable for one of the hundred passions of this book.

Hark wanton youths, whom Beauty maketh blind,  
And learn of me what kind a thing is *Love*;  
*Love* is a Brain-sick Boy, and fierce by kind;  
A Willful Thought, which Reason can not move;  
A Flatt'ring Sycophant; a Murd'ring Thief;  
A Poison'd choking Bait; a Ticing Grief;  
A Tyrant in his Laws; in speech untrue;  
A Blindfold Guide; a Feather in the wind;  
A right Chameleon for change of hue; [1]  
A Lamelimb *Lust*; a Tempest of the mind;  
A Breach of Chastity; all virtues' Foe;  
A Private war; A Toilsome web of woe;  
A Fearful jealousy; a Vain Desire;  
A *Labyrinth*; a Pleasing *Misery*;  
A Shipwracke of man's life; a Smokeless fire;  
A Sea of tears; a lasting *Lunacy*;  
A Heavy servitude; a Dropsy Thirst;  
A Hellish Gale, whose captives are accurst.

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

## MY LOVE IS PAST.

### *Quid Amor?*

Quid sit amor, qualisque, cupis me scire magistro?  
Est Veneris proles: coelo metuendus, et Orco;  
Et leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis;  
Peruigil excubitor; fallax comes; inuidus hospes;  
Armatus puer; infanus iuuenis; novitatis  
Quesitor, belli fautor; virtuti inimicus;



Splendidus ore, nocens promisso; lege tyrannus;  
 Dux caecus; gurges viciorum; noctus alumnus;  
 Fur clandestinus; mors viuida; mortua vita;  
 Dulcis inexpertis, expertis durus; Eremus  
 Stultitiae; facula ignescens; vesana libido;  
 Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas;  
 Pluma leuis; morbus iecoris; dementia prudens;  
 Infamis leno; Bacchi, Cererisque minister;  
 Prodigia libertas animae; Pruritus inanis;  
 Prauorum carcer; Corrupti sanguinis ardor;  
 Irrationalis motus; sycophanta bilinguis;  
 Struma pudicitiae; sumi expers flamma; patronus  
 Periuroe linguae; prostrato foeuus; amicus  
 Immeritis; animi tempestas; luxuriosus  
 Praeceptor, fine fine malum; fine pace duellum;  
 Naufragium humanie vitae; loethale venenum;  
 Flebile cordolium; grave calcar; acuta fagitta;  
 Sontica perniciēs, nodofoe causa podagrae;  
 Natus ad infidias vulpes: pontus lachrymarum;  
 Virgineae Zonaē ruptura; dolosa voluptas;  
 Multicolor serpens; vrens affectus; inermis  
 Bellator; fenijque caput, feniumque iuuentae?  
 Ante diem funus; portantis vipera; moestus  
 Pollinctor; syren fallax; mors proeuia morti;  
 Infector nemorum; erroris Labyrinthus; amara  
 Dulcedo; inuentor falsi; via perditionis;  
 Formarum egregius spectator; poena perennis;  
 Suspirans ventus; singultu plena querela;  
 Triste magisterium; multae iactura diei;  
 Martyrium innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus  
 Sisyphium; radix curarum; defidis esta;  
 Febris anhela; fitis moroa; hidropicus ardor;  
 Vis uno dicam verbo? incarnata Gehenna est.

## XCIX.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

This passion is an imitation of the first Sonnet in Seraphine, and grounded upon that which Aristotle writeth of the Eagle, (1) for the proof she maketh of her birds, by setting them to behold the Sun. After whom Pliny hath written, as followeth:

*Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos suos percutiens, Subinde cogit adversos intueri Solis radios: et si conniventum humectantemque animadvertit, praecipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atque degenerem: illum, cuius acies firma contra steterit, educat. (2)*

The haughty Eagle Bird, of Birds the best,  
 Before the feathers of her younglings grow,  
 She lifts them one by one from out their nest,  
 To view the Sun, thereby her own to know;  
 Those that behold it not with open eye,  
 She lets them fall, not able yet to fly.  
 Such was my case, when *Love* possess'd my mind;  
 Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light  
 Of her my Sun, whose beams had made me blind,  
 I made my Will suppress it with *Despise*:  
 But such a thought as could abide her best,  
 I harbor'd still within my careful breast.  
 But those fond days are past and half forgot;  
 I practice now the quite clean contrary:  
 What thoughts can like of her, I like them not,  
 But choke them straight, for fear of jeopardy;  
 For thou that *Love* to some do seem a Toy;  
 I know by proof that *Love* is long annoy.

1. Lib. 9 Hist. animal.
2. Nat. Hist. Lib. 10. cap. 1.



## C.

### MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author feigneth here that *Love*, essaying with his brand to fire the heart of some such Lady on whom it would not work immediately, to try whether the old virtue of it were extinguished or no, applied it unto his own breast, and thereby foolishly consumed himself. This invention hath some relation unto the Epitaph of *Love*, written by M. Girolimo *Parabosco*;

*In cenere giace qui sepolto Amore,  
 Colpa di quella, chemorir mi face, etc.*

Resolv'd to dust entomb'd here lieth *Love*,  
 Through fault of her, who here herself should lie;  
 He struck her breast, but all in vain did prove  
 To fire the ice: and doubting by and by  
     His brand had lost his force, he gan to try  
     Upon himself; which trial made him die.

In sooth no force; let those lament who lust,  
I'll find a carol song for obsequy;  
For towards me his dealings were unjust,  
And cause of all my passed misery:  
    The Fates, I think, seeing what I had past,  
    In my behalf wrought this revenge at last.  
But somewhat more to pacify my mind,  
By illing him, through whom I liv'd a slave,  
I'll cast his ashes to the open wind,  
Or write this Epitaph upon his grave;

*Here lieth Love, of Mars the bastard Son,  
V Whose foolish fault to death himself hath done.*

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## MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

*I vo piangendo i mici passati tempi  
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,  
Senza leuarmi a volo, lauena iosempi, etc.  
Per dar forse di me non bassi essempi, etc.*

Lugeo iam querulus vitae tot lustra peracta,  
    Quae male consumpsi, mortalia vana secutur,  
    Cum tamen alatus potue volitasse per altum,  
    Exemplarque suis aliis, nec inutile forsitan.  
Tu mea qui peccata vides, culpasque nefandas,  
    Coeli summe parens, magnum, et venerabile numen,  
    Collapsae succurre animae; mentisque caducae  
    Candida defectum tua gratia suppleat omnem.  
Ut, qui sustinui bellum, durasque procellas,  
    In pace, et portu moriar: minimeque probanda  
    Si mea cita suit, tamen ut claudatur honeste.  
Tantillo vitae spacio, quod sort supersit,  
    Funeribusque, meis praesentim porrige dextram;  
    Ipse vides, in te quam spes mea tota reposita est.

F I N I S.

*The Labor is light, where Love is the Paymistress*



## Glossary & Appendices

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### APPENDIX I: Glossary

**affright** (v): terrify. FS (17); Watson Hek (POETRY); Lyly Love's Met; Marlowe Edw2; Nashe Menaphon (1st OED citation); (anon.) Woodstock, Penelope, Leicester's Gh; Munday Huntington; Chapman D'Olive.

**Arabian bird** (n): phoenix, a rare specimen. FS (2-A&C, Cymb) Watson Hek; Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon.

**basilisk** (n, adj): A fabulous reptile, ... alleged to be hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg; ancient authors stated that its hissing drove away all other serpents, and that its breath, and even its look, was fatal. FS (5-2H6, 3H6, Rich3, WT, Cymb); Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Lodge Wounds; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Nashe Penniless, Anatomy of Absurdity; (anon.) Loctrine, Arden, Ironside; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart; etc. Note also the striking use by Kyd in Sol&Per (reg. 1592), in which a major coward, braggart and back-stabber is named Basilisco.

**bell, bear the bell/win the bell** (v): win the prize. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY); Lyly Sapho; (anon.) Willobie His Avisia.

**besprent** (a): sprayed. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek (POETRY).

**bewray** (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lyly Bombie, Midas, Gallathea, Endymion, Campaspe, Whip; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Marprelate; Loctrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.

**brunt** (n): outburst, attack. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY); Gascoigne Jocasta; Lodge Wounds of Civil War; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe T1, Massacre.

**Charon/ferryman** [across the river Styx]: (anon.) Arden [ferryman]. Charon -- FS (2-Rich3, T&C); Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Greene Orl Fur; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; Sidney Antony. Widely used image in Ren. literature.

**cheer** (n): expression. FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek (POETRY); Marlowe/Nashe Dido; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie, Penelope; Peele Wives. OED contemp citation: 1559 *Mirr. for Mag*

**cockatrice** (n): basilisk; see above. FS (2-Rich3, R&J); Watson Hek; Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell.

**conceit** (n): fears, imaginings, fantasy. FS (Errors, MND); Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY).

**craze** (v): break, destroy. FS (3-Rich3, Lear, Mac); Watson Hek.

**cry creak** (v): give up, cry uncle. NFS. Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek (POETRY). OED contemp citations: 1573 *Tusser Husb.* (1878) 102 When tilth plows breake, poore cattle cries creak. 1577 *Stanyhurst Descr. Irel.* in *Holinshed VI.* 52.

**enlarge** (v): set free, expand (in speech). FS (1-JC): Watson Hek (COMMENTS); Kyd Sp Tr; 1st OED citation: 1614 *Raleigh Hist. World*

**fell** (a): savage, cruel. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek (POETRY); Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon) Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.

**froward** (a): perverse, forward. FS (13); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (COMMENTS). Common.

**gyre/geere** (n): spiral, circle. NFS. Cf. Watson Hek; Spenser FQ.

**glimsing** (a): glimmering; shining faintly; appearing by glimpses, affording glimpses. Cf. Watson Hek (POETRY) (3d OED citation); Greene Alphonsus. OED contemp citations: 1551 *Recorde Pathw. Knowl*; 1577 *Stanyhurst Descr. Irel.*

**glisten** (v): glitter. FS (9); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek (COMMENTS); Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon, Midas; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Locrine; (disp.) Cromwell, Maiden's. Cf. V&A (44): His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire. See also Willobie (In praise of): Yet Tarquin plucked his glistening grape, And Shake-speare, paints poor Lucrece rape.

**gloze/glose** (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; (disp.) Greene's Groat, Maiden's. Cf. (anon.) Nobody/Somebody (v).

**hight/hyght** (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek (POETRY); Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

**hire/hyre** (n): payment, reward. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek (POETRY); Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sol&Pers; (anon.) Dainty Devices, Ironside, Willobie.

**hoise/hoyse** (v): hoist. FS (1-2H6); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Campaspe; Nashe Penniless.

**jeat** (n): probably refers to jet, a form for coal (used for fuel oil?).

**leese** (v): (1) lose, waste [time, life]. FS (1-Sonnet 5); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Geo a Greene. (2) set free, relax. NFS. Cf. Watson Hek, Gascoigne Supposes.

**lower/lowre** (v): look down, often used with clouds to refer to threatening looks; frown. FS (2H6); Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY).

**mickle** (a): little. FS (6-2H6, 1H6, Errors, R&J, H5, PP); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY); Lodge Wounds; Greene G a G, Alphonsus, James IV; Marlowe/Nashe Dido; (anon.) Woodstock; Munday Huntington.

**moult**: molt/melt. NFS. Cf. Watson Hek (POETRY).

**mum** (n): silence. FS (Ado). **mummer** (n): performer in a dumb show, mime. FS (Cor). **mumble-news** (n): prattler. FS (LLL). **mumming** (a): silent, possibly play-acting. NFS. Cf. Watson Hek (1st OED citation).

**orient** (a): shining [used with pearl]. FS (4-Rich3, MND, V&A, Sonnet 10); Watson Hek (POETRY); Lyly Endymion; (anon.) Dodypoll

**pack/be packing** (v): begone, depart. FS (5-Shrew, MV, MWW, Timon, PP); Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek (POETRY); Greene Alphonsus, James IV; (anon.) Willobie. 1st 2 OED citations: 1508 Kennedie Flyting w. Dunbar; 1601 Chester Love's Mart.

**percase** (adv): perhaps. NFS. Cf. Watson Hek (Commendation by Bucke); Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Harvey Pierce's Super.

**pine, pine away** (v): starve, waste away. FS (10+); Golding Ovid; Oxford poems; Watson Hek (POETRY); many others.

**platane** (n): low broad-leafed plant. The hosta is a member of this family.

**polt-foot** (n): club foot. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Intro to Watson Hek; Greene Menaphon; Nashe Almond, Summers.

**prick** (n): mark. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Greene Fr Bac.

**recks** (v): heeds, considers. FS (4-AsYou, Ham, Cymb, T&C); Watson Hek (POETRY).

**sentential** (a) containing, or of the nature of, "sentences" or maxims. NFS. Cf. Watson Hek (COMMENTS); 1st OED citation: 1475 Ashby Active Policy 51 Right so though I haue not seien scripture Of many bookes right sentenciall [etc.].

**shiver** (n, v): splinter. FS (3-Rich2, Lear, Troilus); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek (POETRY); Lyly Campaspe, Endymion; Nashe Astrophel.

**souse/sowse** (v): swoop. FS (1-John); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY).

**tickle** [state] (a): excitable, changeable, unreliable. FS (2-2H6, MM); Watson Hek (POETRY); Gascoigne Sonnet in Praise ...; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per.

**tire/tyre** (v): tear flesh, as a hawk. FS (2-3H6, V&A); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY); Lodge Catharos; Marlowe T1; Lyly Midas; (anon.) Leic Gh.

**transilition** (n): The action of leaping over or skipping; omission of intermediate numbers. NFS. Cf. Watson Hek (COMMENTS, only OED citation).

**turle** (v): turn by rolling. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY, OED 2d use).

**weeds/weede** (n): clothing. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek; many others.

**wight** (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Watson Hek (POETRY); many others.

**wistly** [watching] (adv): quietly, intently. FS (4-Rich2, Lucrece, &A, PP); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY); (anon.) Arden.

**won/wunne** (v): live in, remain. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY); Sidney Arcadia; Greene James IV.

Length

Dedication:	333
To the Reader	554
Quatorzain	121
<u>Sonnets</u>	<u>13829</u>

Total 14837

Comments (Oxford) 8019

Grand total 22856 words

## Suggested Reading

Arber, Edward, ed. *Thomas Watson's Poems*. London: King's College, 1870.

Graves, Robert. *The Greek Myths*. New York: Penguin Books (2 vol.), 1955.

Dana F. Sutton, ed. *The Complete Works of Thomas Watson*. Studies in Renaissance Literature (Vol. 13, Part 1).

## APPENDIX II: Connections

### Tongues ... Poisoned

**Golding** Ovid Met. (II.970): And all bevenomed was her tongue. No sleep her eyes had seen.

**Watson** Hek (Dedication to Oxford): or the poison of evil-edged tongues

**Shakes** 3H6 (I.4.112): Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

Hamlet (I.5.35): A serpent stung me.

Oth (III.3.451): For 'tis of aspics' tongues.

**Anon.** Ironside (V.1.37) EDM: His sight, his breath, his fell infectious tongue / is venomer than is the Basilisk's.

Willobie (To constant Ladies): many men in these days / whose tongues are tipped with poison

(L.3): In greenest grass the winding snake, / With poisoned sting is soonest found,

A coward's tongue makes greatest crack, / emptiest cask yields greatest sound,

L Gh (286-87): Use virtue as an antidote most strong

Against the poison of a venommed tongue.

Greene's Groat (628-29): The Viper's tooth is not so venomous,

The Adder's tongue not half so dangerous,

**Geneva Bible** Ps. 140.3: They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their lips

### Love ... Fond

**Golding** Abraham (779) ABR: Hence flesh, hence fond affections everyone:

**Watson** Hek (I): Wherein fond love is wrapt, and works deceit:

(XXVI) To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,

(LXXXVI) ... yet he liked nothing less than such fond Love

Whose liberty fond Love doth once deface.



(LXXXVII) I'll scorn Fond Love, and practice of the same:

**Greene** James IV (I.1.169): ... Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,

Fr Bac (V.1.34): Farewell, oh love; and with fond love, farewell,

**Shakes** TGV (IV.4) JULIA: ... If this fond Love were not a blinded god?

Edw3 (II.1) KING EDW: With reason and reproof fond love a way.

V&A (169): Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear

Oth (III.3) OTHELLO: ... All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.

**Yoke ... Necks** (stubborn)

**Golding** Ovid Met. (VII.279): And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.

**Watson** Hek(I): Cupid hath clapt a yoke upon my neck,

**Lyly** Campaspe (I.1.42-43) TIMOCLEA: We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by force but whose / hearts cannot yield by death.

Sapho (I.1.35-36): I will yoke the neck that never bowed, ...

**Anon.** Woodstock (I.1.55) LANC: Would not throw off their vild and servile yoke

(II.1.512) KING: but time shall come, when we shall yoke their necks.

(II.1) TRESILIAN: and hath shook off the servile yoke of mean protectorship.

Ironside (I.1.108-09) 1 COUNTRY: We then did yoke the Saxons and compelled their stubborn necks to ear the fallow fields.

(I.1.135-41) USKA: a generation like the chosen Jews: stubborn, unwieldy, fierce and wild to tame, scorning to be compelled against their wills, abhorring servitude as having felt the overloading burden of the same.

Leic. Gh. (179-180): As Numa, when he first did seek to draw / The Roman people underneath his yoke,

**Shakes** 1H6 (II.3.63) yoketh your rebellious necks

Edward III (I.1.) KING EDW: Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel

**Geneva Bible** Exodus 33.3-5: For the Lord had said unto Moses, Say unto the children of Israel, Ye are a stiffnecked people, I will come up suddenly upon thee, and consume thee: therefore now thy costly raiment from thee, that I may know what to do unto thee.

Deut. 31.27, 2 Chron. 36.13, Pss. 75.5, Jer. 17.23, Bar. 2.33

**Word Games: Fair is foul and foul is fair**

**Brooke** Romeus (1562)

Hath found a mayde so fayre (he found so foul his happe) (57)

No lady fayre or foul, was in Verona towne (159)

That Ladies thought the fairest dames were foul in his respect. (178)

**Watson** Hek (I) But now (alas) all's foul, which then was fair,

**Lyly**: Campaspe (II.2) HEPH. Ermines have fair skins but foul livers, women fair faces but false hearts.

(III.3) CAMPASPE. A fair woman -- but a foul deceit.

(IV.1) PSYL. I will not lose the sight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is ...

(V.3) LAIS. ... to make foul scars in fair faces and crooked maim in straight legs?

This wordplay is also seen in Lyly's Sapho and Phao (three uses),

Gallathea (one use), Midas (one use), Mother Bombie ( three uses).

**Anon.** Dodypoll: To make fair mends for this foul trespass done, / What a foul knave and fairy!

**Marlowe** Tamberlaine I: ÒFair is too foul.Ó

**Jonson**, Bartholemew Fair

**Shakes** 3 Henry VI, Love's Labour's Lost, Much Ado About Nothing, Cymbeline, Othello, Timon of Athens, Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and especially notable in: Macbeth (I.i) AL: Fair is foul, and foul is fair: / Hover through the fog and filthy air.

(I.iii) MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Sonnet 137: ... Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not, / To put fair truth upon so foul a face? Shaheen quotes the proverb cited in Tilley (F3): "Fair face foul heart" Thus it seems likely that this favorite of Shakespeare and his associates arose within the text of a common proverb.

### Love ... Music

**Watson** Hek (XII): Through music's help love hath increas'd his might;

**Anon**. Dodypoll (III.3.47): For music is the sweetest chime for love.

**Shakes** Edw3 (II.1) K. EDWARD: ... To music every summer-leaping swain  
Compares his sunburnt lover when she speaks.

12th (I.1.1): If music be the food of love, play on, ...

### Love ... Prick

**Watson** Hek (XVI): He feel the prick, that seeks to pluck the Rose.

**Shakes** R&J (I.4) MER: Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.

ROMEO: Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, / Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Sonnet (20): But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,

Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

**Anon**. Dodypoll (I.1.77-78): What thing is love? ... It is a prick, ...

### Lust ... Idleness

**Golding** Ovid Met. (Epi. 113-14): Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idleness Is chiefest nurse and cherisher of all voluptuousness,

**Watson** Hek (XVIII): A Labyrinth of doubts; an idle lust;

**Nashe** Summers (1314) WINTER: Sprung all, as vices, of this Idleness; ...

**Geneva Bible** (located by Willobie note) 2 Sam. 11.2-4 ... David arose out of his bed, and walked upon the Kings palace: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. ... Then David sent messengers, and took her away ...

**Anon**. Willobie (L.4): If wandering rages have possess / Your roving mind at random bent;  
If idle qualms from too much rest; / Fond fancies to you lust have sent:

Cut off the cause that breeds your smart, / Then will your sickness soon depart.

Note: Idleness the mother of all foolish wanness. David being idle fell to strange lust.

*Queritur Egistus, quare sit factus Adulter.*

### Secret, hidden hooks/bait ... fish

**Brooke** Romeus (388): As oft the poisoned hook is hid, wrapped in the pleasant bait?

**Golding** Ovid Met (XV.530): Ne with deceitful baited hook seek fishes for to win.

**Watson** Hek (XVIII): A bait for fools; a scourge of noble wits;

(LXXIII): ... By secret bait how beauty forceth love.

(XCVIII): A Poison'd choking Bait; a Ticing Grief;

**Shakes** 1H4 (II.4) FALSTAFF: My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was ...

devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh / hook--what a plague call you him?  
Much Ado (II.3) CLAUDIO: Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.  
MM (II.2) ANGELO: ~~~ From thee, even from thy virtue! ...  
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, / With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous  
Cymb (V.5) IACHIMO: ... Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving, ...  
A&C (II.5) CLEOPATRA: ... my bended hook shall pierce / Their slimy jaws; ...  
CHARMIAN: Twas merry when / You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he / With fervency drew up.  
**Anon** Greene's Groat (176-77): ... regard not beauty, it is but a bait to entice thy neighbors eye.  
Willobie (III.5): Oft shrouds the hook of most deceit.  
(XIV.1): Thine eyes are like to baited hooks?  
(XV.4): Yet shall it prove no baited hook  
(XXVII.5): To trust the trains of hidden hook,  
(LII.1): Finds death unwares in secret hooks.  
(LXI.1): The slimy fish about the bait, still wavering doth lie  
Penelope (IX.6): To trust to beauty's hidden hooks?  
Leic Gh. (594): Yet many men have laid their secret baits

### Sea of grief/tears

**Watson** Hek (XVIII): A sea of tears; an ever-lasting strife;  
(XCVIII): A Sea of tears; a lasting Lunacy;  
**Marlowe** T2 (III.2.48) CALYPHAS:ÊIf I had wept a sea of tears for her,  
**Anon**. Locrine (IV.1.103-04): Hard is their fall who, from a golden crown,  
Are cast into a sea of wretchedness.  
Willobie (Res.12): No Seas of grief, ne cares that I could find,  
Could so prevail to make me change my mind.  
**Shakes** Lucrece (158): So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
Hamlet (III.1) HAMLET: Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
Note: Shaheen (Tragedies, 101) points out that the common phrase "sea of troubles", used in the homily "On the State of Matrimony" and in the sermons of Harry Smith, is found as far back as Aeschylus' The Persians.

### End ... Life

**Brooke** Romeus (2026: Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life.  
**Ovid** Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen,  
**Gascoigne** Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life.  
(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent.  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.  
**Oxford** poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end.  
**Watson** Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life,  
hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity.  
**Lyly** Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder,  
in putting me in remembrance of the end.  
FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end.  
(II.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end.  
ENDYMION: So shall the world.

**Kyd** Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) **HIERONIMO**: For evils unto ills conductors be,  
And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend  
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.  
**Sol&Per** (V.2.120) **SOLIMAN**: So let their treasons with their lives have end.  
**Shakes** Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
**Anon.** Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end:  
**Geneva Bible** Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor;  
Eccclus. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.3

### Stone ... Roll

**Golding** Ovid Met. (IV.569-70): There also labored Sisyphus that drave against the hill  
A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downward still.  
(X.48-49): ... and down sat Sisyphus upon / His rolling stone.  
**Oxford** poem (#XVII If care or skill ...): My hapless hap doth roll the restless stone.  
**Watson** Hek (LXII): [Comment] Sisyphus rolleth a great round stone up  
a steep hill, which being once at the top presently falleth down amain.  
[Verse] By fear, like Sisyphus I labor still  
To turlle a rolling stone against the hill,  
**Kyd** Sp Tr (I.1.316-18) **VICEROY**: What help can be expected at her hands,  
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone / and mind more mutable than fickle winds?  
(IV.1.528-29) **GHOST**: Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone, / And take from Sisyphus his  
endless moan;  
**Greene** Orl Fur (II.2.71) **ORLANDO**: The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides --  
**Shakes** H5 (III.6) **PISTOL**: Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate, / And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind, / That stands upon the rolling restless stone--  
H8 (V.3) **SUFF**: ... When ye first put this dangerous stone a-rolling, / 'Twould fall upon  
ourselves.  
**Anon.** Loctrine (III.2.50) **HUBBA**: Or roll the stone with wretched Sisiphos.  
Ironsides (770) **EDRICUS**: ... for else in time you might dismount the queen  
and throw her headlong from her rolling stone / and take her whirling wheel into your hand.  
(1062-63) **CANUTUS**: What tell'st thou me of Fortune and her frowns, / of her sour visage and  
her rolling stone?  
Willobie (LVI.2): To roll the stone that turns again.  
(LVII.3): And shall I roll the restless stone?  
**Geneva Bible** 1 Sam. 14.33 ... Ye have transgressed: roll a great stone unto me this day (No  
Match, NEAR, between 14.27, 37).  
Prov. 26.27 Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein: and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon  
him. (No Match)  
Any use may possibly refer to the classical myth of Sisyphus  
A number of new Testament roll ... stone finds seem inappropriate.  
Most of the examples below refer to the classical/pagan rolling stone of Fortune/Fate, or to the  
mythological punishment of Sisyphus.

### Fond Desire

**Brooke** Romeus (2123): When love and fond desire were boiling in my breast,

**Golding** Ovid (Ep.130): ... But pride and fond desire of praise have ever wrought ...  
(VI.61): And through a fond desire / Of glory, to her own decay ...

(VIII.89): ... For fortune works against the fond desire ...

(VIII.302): ... Of fond desire to fly to Heaven, above his bounds he stied.

(IX.744-45): ... is much as in respect / My fond desire to satisfy, and little in effect

**Oxford**: Poem FOND DESIRE.

**Watson** Hek (LXIII): Whom love doth force to follow fond desire ...

Which fond desire no counsel can remove;

(LXXIX): And fond desire doth overmaster will:

(XCI): You suffer now by forced fond desire:

**Gascoigne** ... Jocasta (Epi): O fond desire of princely ...

**Lyly** Gallathea (I.3) MELEBEUS: ... suffering thee to perish by a fond desire ...

**Shakes** TGV (I.1)VAL: Thou art a votary to fond desire.

Lucrece (45): ... But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,

**Greene** (Prince's Sonnet.7): The boy waxy bold, fired by fond desire (in poem)

**Anon.** Willobie (III.10): The root of woe is fond desire, ...

(XXIII.4): To daunt the qualms of fond desire,

Penelope (XIV.5): My lightness breeds their fond desire

### Vain ... strive

**Golding** Ovid Met. (VII.13): In vain, Medea, dost thou strive: some God whatere he is

(VIII.183): In vain thou striveth, O thou churl, forgetful quite of my

**Gascoigne** ... Jocasta (I.1.71) SERVUS: In vain (too vain) man strives / against the heavens.

**Watson** Hek (LIX): Which reason strives to vanquish all in vain;

(XII.503): And laboring for to speak his last he did but strive in vain.

**Greene** Alphonsus (I.1.37) CARINUS: In vain it is to strive against the stream:

(III.3.91) MEDEA: In vain it is to strive against the stream:

Fr Bac (II.2.57) PRINCE: I strive in vain; ..

**Marlowe** T2 (V.3.121) TAMB: In vain I strive and rail against those powers,

Edw2 (V.3.33) MATREVIS: Why strive you thus? Your labor is in vain.

(V.3.35) EDWARD: But all in vain; so vainly do I strive

**Anon.** Willobie (XI.2): You strive in vain, by raging lust,

(XLI.1): I marvel that you strive in vain

(LXIV.3): Then if you strive and stir in vain,

Arden (V.I.262) ALICE: In vain we strive, for here his blood remains.

L Gh (91): My father strived in vain to keep her down,

(287): It is in vain to strive against the stream;

(590): But thus it chanced that he strived in vain

**Shakes** Lucrece (238): But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;

### Paradise ... Prison

**Watson** Hek (LXXII): This prison at the first did please him well,

And seem'd to be some earthly Paradise,

**Shakes** Errors (IV.3) DRO/SYR: Not that Adam that kept the Paradise

but that Adam / that keeps the prison: ...

**Greene** Orl Fur (II.1.145-46) SHEPHERD: The heaven of love is but a pleasant hell,

Where none but foolish-wise imprisoned dwell.

**Anon.** Dodypoll (III.1) Lassin: For, were I shut in paradise itself  
I should as from a prison strive t'escape.

**Geneva Bible** Genesis 2-3

### Fortune ... spite/friend

**Brooke** Romeus (2745): Where spiteful Fortune hath appointed thee to be

**Golding** Ovid Met. (VII.580): But that there followed in the nick a piece of fortune's spite.

**Gascoigne** et al Jocasta (I.1.43) CHORUS: That now complains of fortune's cruel spite.

Supposes (II.3) DAMON: oh spiteful fortune, thou doest me wrong I think,

**Watson** Hek (LXXXVII): My song shall be; Fortune hath spit her spite,

**Greene** G a G (I.4.50) BETTRIS: Oh lovely George, fortune be still thy friend!

(II.3.3) GEORGE: And fancy, being checked by fortune's spite,

**Shakes** 3H6 (IV.7): Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite

AWEW (V.2): ... let the justices make you and fortune friends:

Sonnet (37): So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,

Sonnet (90): Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,

**Anon.** Loctrine (II.4.41) ALBA: By Humber's treacheries and fortune's spites.

Willobie (III.7): And fortune's friends, felt fortune's spite:

L Gh. (1358): Received his deadly wound through fortune's spite;

(1667): Even so, when Fortune, through my foes' despite,

### Play the fool

**Oxford** Poem (If women could be fair): And then we say when we their fancy try,

To play with fools, O what a fool was I

**Watson** Hek (LXVIII): I sat in Folly's ship, and play'd the fool,

(XCV): Or once again will play the loving fool,

**Shakes** MV (I.1) GRATIANO: Let me play the fool: ...

But fish not, with this melancholy bait, / For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. ...

(III.5) LORENZO: How every fool can play upon the word!

12th (III.1) VIOLA: This fellow is wise enough to play the fool

Hamlet (III.1) HAMLET: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the

fool no where but in's own house.

AWEW (II.2) COUNTESS: I play the noble housewife with the time

To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

### Joy ... Care

**Brooke** Romeus (1906) Of me your child (your jewel once, your only joy and care),

**Golding** Ovid Met. (II.797): And as the burthen brought some care the honor brought him joy.

**Oxford** poem (The trickling tears...): She is my joy, she is my care and woe;

**Edwards** Dam&Pith (891) DAMON: In whom my joy, my care, and life doth only remain.

**Watson** Hek. (XCIII): When others joy'd, to cares I did incline,

**Anon.** Loctrine (IV.1.102): One dram of joy, must have a pound of care.



## Secret nature

**Watson** Hek (XIX/comment): he crieth out upon the secret nature and quality of Love  
**Anon.** Willobie (Resolution.2): Where secret nature frames a sweet consent,

## Love ... Pity

**Brooke** Romeus (517): Now love and pity boil in Juliet's ruthful breast,  
**Watson** Hek (XXII): Why then, sweet Love, take pity on my pain,  
(LVII. Comment): which pity his estate in Love  
**Lyly** Woman/Moon [III.2.120] LEARCHUS: ... pity my state.  
Make me thy love, though Stesias be thy choice; / And I instead of love will honor thee.  
**Anon.** Woodstock (IV.2) CYNTHIA: a faithful prince and peer that  
keeps a court of love and pity here.  
Locrine (IV.1.149) ESTRILD: By thy right hand and by thy burning love,  
Take pity on poor Estrild's wretched thrall.  
Nobody (887-89) ELIDURE: Alas, if pity could procure your good,  
Instead of water, I'd weep tears of blood, / To express both love and pity...  
Dodypoll (III.3): Long since I pitied her, pity breeds love, ...  
Cromwell (II.3.29-30): BAGOT: Sir, sir, you speak out of your love,  
Tis foolish love, sir, sure, to pity him:  
**Shakes** Troilus (IV.3) PARIS: I know what 'tis to love;  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!  
Sonnet (112): our love and pity doth the impression fill

## Consume away

**Golding** Ovid Met.(III.617): Did he consume and melt away with Cupid's secret fire.  
(V.533): Until she melting into tears consumed away with smart.  
**Brooke**, Romeus (106): Doth make thee thus consume away the / best part of thine age,  
**Oxford** poem: Ev'n as the wax doth melt, or dew consume away  
Before the sun, so I, behold, through careful thoughts decay;  
**Watson** Hek (Comment: XXV): ... her own miserable estate in / daily consuming away ...  
(XXVIII): ... Whose hearts by Love once quite consum'd away, ...  
(XLVIII): Where so his willful wings consume away,  
**Shakes** John (IV.1) ARTHUR: Nay, after that, consume away in rust  
Much Ado (III.1) HERO: Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:  
Echo Verses: Earl of Oxford: Oxford's *Echo Verses* have little structural relationship to the  
"Passion" above, beyond the conceit of a repetitive "echo". The text can be found in Looney.  
See also Lodge *Wounds of Civil War*, where a similar echo is worked into a solo onstage  
sequence.

## Labor lost

**Golding** Abraham (Pro.13): That both of us our labor lose together.  
**Watson** Hek (XXVI): Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve;  
(XXXI): For if he do, his labor is but lost,  
**Kyd** Sp Tr (II.1.18): And being worthless, all my labor's lost.  
**Greene** James 4 (II.1.200) ATEUKIN: I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;  
**Shakes** Play title Love's Labours Lost

3Henry6 (III.1) HENRY VI: ... Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; ...  
TGV (I.1) VAL: ... If lost, why then a grievous labour won;  
SPEED: Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,  
a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a / lost mutton, nothing for my labour.  
MV (II.7) MOROCCO: ... Cold, indeed; and labour lost:  
AWEW (III.5) WIDOW: We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary / way ...  
WT (IV.4) AUTOLYCUS: Age, thou hast lost thy labour.  
**Anon.** Arden (IV.3.16) WILL: My life for thine, 'twas Arden and his companion,  
and then all our labor's lost.  
Willobie (XVI.1): Assure yourself your labor's lost.  
(XXVIII.5): The labor's lost that you endure,  
(XXXIX.3): Your labor's lost, your hope is vain.

### Legal term: Case stands

**Brooke** Romeus (1696): The tidings of your health and how your doubtful case shall stand;  
**Edwards** Dam&Pith (1256) GRIM: Good fellows, believe me, as the case now stands ...,  
(1600) PITHIAS: Let me have no wrong. As now stands the case  
**Golding** Abraham (Pro.22): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.  
(341) SHEPHERDS SONG: Because, as stood the case,  
**Watson** Hek (XXXVI): My letters tell in what a case I stand,  
**Kyd** Sp Tr (II.1.45) LORENZO: Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou knowest,  
**Anon.** Weakest (XVIII.215) VILLIERS: My Lord of Bulloigne, thus then stands my case,  
**Shakes** 3H6 (IV.5): Were as you be not, now as stands the case.  
R&J (III.5) NURSE: Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
WT (II.3) PAULINA: For, as the case now stands, it is a curse ...  
Cymb (I.5) QUEEN: ... The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.  
(III.4) IMOGEN: ... yet the traitor / Stands in worse case of woe.

### Love Thy Choice

**Oxford** Sonnet: Love Thy Choice  
**Watson** Hek (XXXVII): Then may I love my peerless choice by right,  
**Lyly** Woman/Moon (III.2.121) LEARCHUS: Make me thy love, though Stesias be thy choice;  
**Greene** James 4 (I.1.78) K. SCOTLAND: Misled by love, hath made another choice --  
**Shakes** Shrew (I.2): That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.  
**Anon.** Willobie (LII.7): True love is constant in her choice,  
Dodypoll (V.2) ALPH: ... go tell her so: / Or let her come, my choice is free in love.

### Wit ... Will

**Brooke** Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.  
**Oxford** poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.  
**Gascoigne** et al Jocasta (III.2) MENECEUS: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will.  
CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe.  
**Watson** Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,  
(LXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire:  
**Lyly** MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will.  
**Kyd** Sp Tr (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,



And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will,  
**Shakes** TGV (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will  
 To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.  
 LLL (II.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,  
 Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...  
 12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!  
 Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
 So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.  
 Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...  
 Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
**Anon.** Ironside (V.1.34) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.  
 Willobie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,  
 (LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,  
 Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:  
 (LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?  
 (Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their  
 shows:  
 Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.  
**Nashe** Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,  
 And wit to make the baddest matter good.

### Fawn, Fawning

**Watson** Hek (XXXIX): Conjoin'd with fawning heaps is sore oppress'd,  
**Kyd** Sol&Per (I.3.180) BASILISCO: Better a dog fawn on me than bark.  
**Shakes** 1H6 ((IV.4) SOM: ... And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.  
 3H6 (IV.1, IV.8); Rich3 (I.3); Rich2 (I.3,(III.2,V.1); IH4 (I.3)  
 Comedies: TGV (III.1); LLL (V.2); MND (II.1); MV (I.3); AsYou (II.7)  
 Tragedies: JC (I.2, III.1), Ham (III.2); Timon (III.4); Coriolanus (I.6, 3.2)  
 Poetry: V&As (144); Sonnets (149)  
**Marlowe** Jew /Malta (II.3.20): We jews can fawn like spaniels when we please: ...  
**Anon.** Ironside (1730) EDR: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate  
 that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...  
 Willobie (I.16): Disdain of love in fawning face.  
 (VI.4): A fawning face and faithless heart  
 (III.5): Whose fawning framed Queen Dido's fall,  
 (LXIX.2): Whose fawning features did enforce  
**Anon.** Ironside (1730) EDR: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate  
 that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...

### Reason's rule

**Golding** Ovid Met (Ep.60): Of reason's rule continually do live in virtue's law:  
**Brooke** Romeus (1248): With reason's reign to rule the thoughts that rage within her breast.  
**Gascoigne** ... Jocasta (II.1.303) JOCASTA: To tell what reason first his mind did rule,  
 (II.1.337) POLYNICES: Without respect that reason ought to rule,  
**Watson** Hek (46): That Reason rule the roast and love relent;  
 (88): I Long maintained war gainst Reason's rule,

**Lyly** Campaspe (I.3.85-86) ALEX: instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons.  
Endymion (I.2.59) TELLUS: ... and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason.  
**Anon.** Willobie (XLVI.5) No reason rules, where sorrows plant,  
(LVII.5) Can reason rule, where folly bides?  
(LXVIII.text): and not able by reason to rule the raging fume of this fantastical fury  
Leic. Gh. (1847): That ruleth, not by reason, but by lust,  
(2060): Nor ruled so much by reason as by passion,  
**Shakes** Pass Pil (19): Let reason rule things worthy blame,

**Hawk ... Haggard** (a Shakespeare marker?)

Note: This poem by Watson, or the Latin original, was incredibly influential.

**Golding** Abraham (680-81): SATAN: My case goes ill. O Cowl we must yet find  
Some other way t'assault this haggard's mind.

Oxford poems: The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,  
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;  
To mark the choice they make, and how they change,  
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan,  
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,  
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;  
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist  
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.

OED cites as first comparisons to women in #Euphues and #Shrew:

**Lyly** Euphues (Arb.) 114 Foolish and franticke louers, will deeme  
my precepts hard, and esteeme my perswasions haggarde.

**Watson** Hek (XLVII): In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;

**Kyd** Sp Tr (ca. 1588) (II.1.4): ... In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,

**Shakes** Shrew (1596) (IV.1) PET: ... My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;

And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come and know her keeper's call,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate and beat and will not be obedient. ...

Edw3 (III.5) KING EDW: ... And ever after she'll be haggard-like.

(IV.2) HOR: I will be married to a wealthy widow,

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

Oth (III.3): ... If I do prove her haggard, / Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,

I'll whistle her off and let her down the wind, / That comes before his eye. ...

Other early non-female-related OED citations for "haggard": Stanyhurs Aeneas (1583);

**Turberville** (1567) Epitaphs: Live like a haggard still therefore, and for no luring;

that haggard wise doth love to live;

**Nashe**, Christ's Tears (1593): Though Christ hold out never so moving

lures unto us, / all of them (haggard-like) we will turn tail to

**Anon.** Willobie (X.2): In haggard Hawk that mounts so high

(LXIII.1): As haggard loving mirthless coup, / At friendly lure doth check and frown?

Blame not in this the Falconer's skill, / But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.

(LXVII.3): They do but fruitless pain procure / To haggard kites that cast the lure.  
(LXXIII.3): When fish as haggard Hawks shall fly,  
(Res.17): Cease then your suits, ye lusty gallants all, / Think not I stoop at every Falconer's call,  
Truss up your lures, your luring is in vain, / Chosen is the Perch, whereon I will remain.  
Willobie contains many other related hawking terms.

### Forged truth (lies, dissimulations)

**Brooke** Romeus (321): With forged careless cheer, of one he seeks to know,  
**Golding** Ovid Met. (V.13): Upholding that Medusa's death was but a forged lie:  
(IX.167): Through false and newly-forged lies that she herself doth sow),  
**Edwards** Dam&Pith (1726): Away, the plague of this court! Thy filed tongue that forged lies  
**Watson** Hek (XLVII): No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:  
So forge, that I may speed without delay;  
**Greene** Alphonsus (IV.Pro.21) VENUS: Did give such credence to that / forged tale  
**Kyd** Sp Tr (I.2.92) VIL: Thus have I with an envious, forged tale ...  
Sol&Per (II.1.117) PER: ... Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,  
**Shakes** TA (V.2) TAMORA: ... Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,  
1H6 (III.1) EXETER: Burns under feigned ashes of forged love  
(IV.1): VERNON: ... For though he seem with forged quaint conceit  
Rich3 (IV.1) FITZ: ... And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, / Where it was forged,  
Hamlet (I.5) ... the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death / Rankly abused: ...  
V&A (132): Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.  
Sonnet 137: Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks, ...  
AWEW (IV.1): 2d Lord: ... and then to return and swear the lies he forges.  
Othello (IV.2): OTHELLO: I should make very forges of my cheeks, ...  
**Anon.** Ironside (IV.1.101) EDM: not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.  
(V.2.83) CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,  
Arden (III.5.56) MOSBY: To forge distressful looks to wound a breast  
Oldcastle (Pro.14): Since forged invention former time defaced.  
Geneva Bible Pss 119.69, Job 13.4, Eccclus 51.2

### Bull ... Savage

**Watson** Hek (XLVII): In time the Bull is brought to wear the yoke;  
In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;  
In time small wedge will cleave the sturdiest Oak;  
In time the Marble wears with weakest showers:  
More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withal,  
Than Beast, or Bird, than Tree or Stony wall.  
No yoke prevails, she will not yield to might;  
No Lure will cause her stoop, she bears full gorge;  
No wedge of woes make print, she recks no right;  
No shower of tears can move, she thinks I forge:  
Note: Watson cites Seraphine, Sonnet 103 as the original of his translation.  
**Kyd** Sp Tr (II.1.3-8): ... In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,  
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,

In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,  
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower;  
And she in time will fall from her disdain  
And rue the suffrance of your friendly pain.  
**Shakes:** Much Ado (I.1): ... 'In time the savage bull / doth bear the yoke.'  
**BEN:** The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible / Benedick bear it, ...  
(V.4) **CLAUD:** I think he thinks upon the savage bull. ...

### Brimstone ... Fire

**Golding** Ovid Met (365-66): Like as the lively brimstone doth which dipped about a match, put but softly to the fire, the flame doth lightly catch.  
(VIII.341): And thrice with brimstone, thrice with fire, and thrice with water pure  
(XV.375-76): Mount Aetna with his burning ovens of brimstone shall not bide / Ay fiery: .386):  
Or brimstone mixed with clayish soil on fire doth lightly fall,  
**Watson** Hek (LVIII.comment): the fire being maintained with a vein of brimstone,  
**Peele** Wives (258-59) **HUAN:** to seek thy fortune among brazen gates, towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning?  
**Nashe** Penniless: they may make Ruffians' hall of Hell: and there, bandy balls of Brimstone at one another's head, ...  
**Anon.** Willobie (XXXI.4): You first inflamed my brimstone thought,. Gh. (1006): Whose town with fire and brimstone was combust,  
**Shakes** 12th (II.5.50) Fire and brimstone!  
(III.2) **FABIAN:** ... to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver.  
Oth (IV.1) **OTH:** Fire and brimstone!  
**Geneva Bible** Rev. 19.20 ... cast into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone, Rev. 21.8 ... the lake, which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death . Ps. 11.6 he shall rain shares, fire, and brimstone, ...

### Weary life

**Brooke** Romeus (495): In ruth and in disdain I weary of my life,  
**Golding** Ovid Met. (VII.697-98): to yield / His weary life without renown of combat in the field.  
(X.735): But that thou wilt be weary of thy life, die: do not spare.  
**Gascoigne** ... Jocasta (II.1.132) **POLY:** What weary life my loving sisters lead,  
(III.5) O weary life, why bidest thou in my breast  
**Oxford** (letter 4-27-76, to Lord Burghley): I mean not to weary my life any more  
(letter 5-18-91, to Lord Burghley): I am weary of an unsettled life  
**Watson** Hek (L): or if he fail, upon death to cut off his wearisome life  
(LX): Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,  
**Kyd** Sol&Per (II.2.76) **BASILISCO:** Why, art thou weary of thy life?  
**Marlowe** T2 (III.2.19) **TECH:** Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life,  
**Greene** James IV (IV.4.5) **QUEEN:** Oh weary life, where wanteth no distress,  
**Shakes:** 1H6 (I.2.26): He fighteth as one weary of his life;  
AsYou; Ham; JC; H8  
**Anon.** Woodstock (III.3.154-55): whoever are weary of their lives ...  
(V.5.13) **TRESILIAN:** and so, unknown, prolong my weary life  
Arden (I.1.9): **ARDEN:** Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;

Dodypoll (IV.3): O weary of the way and of my life,  
Nobody/Somebody (393-94) SOME: Do what thou wilt, before we end this strife,  
I'll make thee ten times weary of thy life.  
(1634) MARTIANUS: Who now in prison leads a wearied life,  
Penelope (XXIV.1): If by this means he do miscarry, / then of my life shall I be weary.  
**Geneva Bible**: Gen. 27.46 I am weary of my life, Wisd. 2.1, Ps. 90.9 (No Match). Biblical origin  
is dubious.

### Root of woe

**Watson** Hek (LI): Why then, since too much love can breed offense,  
Thou dang'rous Bird, the root of my desire,  
**Anon.** Willobie (III.10): The root of woe is fond desire,

### Partners ... Woes

**Brooke** Romeus (104): That he was fellow of his smart and partner of his care.  
(1245): Now choose to have me here a partner of your pain,  
(1428): Or else to please thy hateful foes, be partner of their smart?  
**Golding** Ovid Met. (XIV.28): I force no end. I would have her be partner of my smart.  
**Watson** Hek (LI): And wants not some Comparters of his grief:  
**Anon.** Ironside (I.5.65) EDRICUS: we close our eyes as partners of your woes,  
(III.5.50) EDRICUS: we are all partners of your private griefs;  
Nobody (1748) ELIDURE: Partner in all my sorrows and my joys;  
Dodypoll (III.5) FLORES: The living partner of your strange mishaps,  
Weakest (VII.124) ORIANA: But to have partners in their misery.  
**Shakes** 1H6 (III.2) BEDFORD: And will be partner of your weal or woe.  
JC (III.2) ANTONY: What private griefs than have, ...  
Lucrece (113): So should I have co-partners in my pain;  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,

### God: Mighty hand

**Brooke** Romeus (2905): Whose mighty hand doth wield them in their violent sway,  
**Golding** Ovid Met. (II.626): But God almighty held his hand; and lifting both away,  
(V.465): And he that rules the powers on Earth obey thy mighty hand;  
**Watson** Hek (LVII): Persuade yourselves, Love hath a mighty hand, (matches Deut. 7.8)  
**Marlowe** T1 (II.5.4) TAMB: Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,  
(V.1) SULTAN: Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand  
Note: Many lines seem to equate the power of Tamburlaine with that of God, using familiar  
Biblical allusions (including the phrase mighty arm twice in T1).  
**Anon.** Woodstock (V.4.440-41) KING: and that almighty hand permits not  
murder unrevenged to stand.  
Willobie (IX.2) On worldly fear, you think I stand,  
Or fame that may my shame resound, / No Sir, I fear his mighty hand, ...  
**Geneva Bible** Deut. 7.8 ... the Lord hath brought you out by a mighty hand and delivered you out  
of the house of bondage from the hand of Pharaoh King of Egypt.  
Deut. 4.34 ... and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, and by great fear, according unto  
all that the Lord your God did unto you in Egypt...

Deut. 19 2. The great temptations which thine eyes saw, ... and the mighty hand, ... so shall the LORD thy God do unto all the people of whom thou art afraid.

Other Biblical uses of "mighty hand" omit the factors of fear and temptation. Gen. 49.24; Exod. 3.19 ; Exod. 32.11; Deut. 3.24, 5.15, 6.21, 7.8. 9.26, 11.42, 26.40, 34.12; 2 Chron. 6.32; Ezek. 20.33, 34; 1 Esdras 8.47; 8.61; 1 Pet. 5.6

### Vulgar sort

**Golding** Ovid (Ep. 338-341): And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort, But such as have of godliness and learning good report)

That think the Poets took their first occasion of these things

From holy writ as from the well from whence all wisdom springs.

**Watson** Hek (Comments, #LXI): That the vulgar sort may the better understand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Author / nameth herein, ...

**Gascoigne** ... Jocasta (I.1.487) CHORUS: The vulgar sort would seem for to prefer, If glorious Phibe withhold his glistening rays, / From such a peer as crown and scepter sways,

**Lyly** Endymion (I.3.73) TOPHAS: Here is the musket for the untamed or (as the vulgar sort term it) the wild mallard.

**Shakes** 1H6 (III.2) JOAN: These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen, Through which our policy must make a breach: / Take heed, be wary how you place your words; Talk like the vulgar sort of market men / That come to gather money for their corn.

**Nashe** Pierce Penniless: Thus I answer First and foremost, they have cleansed our language from barbarism and made the vulgar sort here in London (which is the fountain whose rivers flow round about England) to aspire to a richer purity of speech, than is communicated with the Commonality of any Nation under heaven.

**Anon.** Willobie (VIII.6) Let not the idle vulgar voice / Of feigned credit witch thee so.

Oldcastle (I.1.112) JUDGE: When the vulgar sort

Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and ...

Leic Gh (829-833): But flattering parasites are grown so bold

That they of princes' matters make a sport / To please the humors of the vulgar sort,

And that poor peevish giddy headed crew, / Are prone to credit any tale untrue.

Note: Shakespeare himself was one of the "vulgar sort," or market men, that come to gather money for their corn; and a very successful one at that, reaping large profits from holding back stores of grain and then selling at a huge profit during the grain shortages of the early 1600's, while writing #Coriolanus, inveighing against that very practice. Shakespeare (through denial or ignorance of his own class) gives this speech to the highly inappropriate person of Saint Joan, the last person by birth, upbringing or temperament to harbor such thoughts. In the other works shown above, the speech is assigned to an appropriate character.

### Framed ... Forlorn ... Miseries

**Oxford** poem: Fram'd in the front of forlorn hope, past all recovery

**Watson** (LXXXII/pyramid sonnet): So frames it with me now, that I confess The life I led in Love devoid of rest / It was a Hell, where none felt more than I, Nor any with like miseris forlorn.

**Anon.** Loctrine (V.4.103) LOCRINE: Framed in the front of forlorn miseris!



### Alliteration: Griping griefs

Although the OED cites the word "griping" as unique in this phrase, it seems possible that this is a spelling variation of "gripping", rendering an identical meaning.

**Bible/Metrical Version of Ps. 30.5-6 (1549)** Where griping grief the heart would wound.

**Edwards** Paradise of Daintie Devices (53): Where griping grief the heart would wound ...

Note: Oxford was a major contributor to the Paradise of ....., possibly the publisher.

(See Looney, Vol. 1, pp. 547-48 ff.)

Damon and Pithias (612): Grip me you greedy griefs, ...

**Watson** Hek (LXXXV): Held Griping Grief the piked Anchor fast; ...

**Shakes** R&J (IV.5.126): When griping griefs the heart doth wound, ...

**Anon.** Willobie (LVII.2): The griping grief, and grievous groan,

(LXIII.2): And griping griefs do still renew:

### Quiet ... State

**Golding** Ovid Met. (II.482): My lot (quoth he) hath had enough of this unquiet state

**Gascoigne** et al Jocasta (I.1.460) CHORUS: What careful toil to quiet state it brings,  
(II.2) CHORUS: Of our estate that erst in quiet stood.

(IV.1.317) CREON: A quiet end of her unquiet state.

**Watson** Hek I (XCVI): live secure and quiet in estate,

**Anon.** Ironside (I.1.28) CANUTUS: I plant you in your former quiet states.

**Nashe** Summers (1316) WINTER: But living loosely in a quiet state,

### Brain-sick

**Edwards** Dam&Pith (1101) WILL: It is some brain-sick villain, I durst lay a penny.

**Watson** Hek (XCVIII): Love is a Brain-sick boy, and fierce by kind;

**Kyd** Sp Tr (IV.4.119): And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,

**Greene** Maidens Dream (Complaint/Religion, 274): The brainsick and / illiterate surmisers, ...

**Shakes** 2H6 (III.1): Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess

(V.1): Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!

Titus (V.2): Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, / Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

T&C (II.2): Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures

**Marlowe** Edw2 (I.1.125) MORT: Come uncle, let us leave the brain-sick King

**Anon.** Willobie (XVIII.3): A brain-sick youth was stricken blind,

Penelope's Complaint (XI.6): Than did the brain-sick doting queen:

(XXI.5): Should match with such a brain-sick boy

(XLIII.2): Which wiser men doth brain-sick make,

L Gh. (1156): What brainsick lightness, and what furious mood

### Dust to dust/Nothing to nothing

**Watson** Heck (C) Resolv'd to dust entomb'd here lieth Love,

**Shakes** Rich2 (V.3) GLOU: Nor I nor any man that but man is

With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased / With being nothing.

Ham (V.1) HAMLET: Alexander was buried, / Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth

**Nashe** Summers (256-259) VER: This world is transitory; it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will of our high Creator (whose will it is, that it pass to nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing.

**Anon.** Locrine (III.1.39) THRAS: Yielded his life and honor to the dust.  
Willobie (VIII.8): You were my friend, you were but dust,  
L Gh. (2118): Thus, our well-pampered flesh is turned to dust;  
(2130-31): Yet now the ragged staff ..., / Is broken, and in dust the bears do lie.  
(2222): Till all flesh turn to dust and slimy clay.  
(2224): Of this great peer that sleepeth in the dust,  
**Geneva Bible** Gen. 3.19 Thou art dust, and to dust shalt thou return.  
Eccles. 3.20 All was of the dust, and all shall return to the dust.

## Technique

### **Anadiplosis**

This old device is self-explanatory. Examples are found in (in chronological order) the Earl of Oxford's poetry, Lodge Civil War, Anon. Locrine, Kyd's Spanish Tragedy and Soliman and Perseda, and Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors. Thomas Watson translated a sonnet to illustrate the form, with explanatory comments, presumably by his patron the Earl of Oxford.

**Watson** Hek (XLI). This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called #paltlsgia or #anadiplosis, of the Latins Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out of Virgil, ...

O Happy men that find no lack in Love  
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;  
My deep desire no reason can remove;  
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;  
And so the fire maintains both force and flame,  
That force availeth not against the same;  
One only help can slake this burning heat,  
Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,  
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,  
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;  
O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,  
Till woes have end by favor of my foe;  
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,  
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;  
But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,  
Which jar no wit, nor force, nor time can cease;  
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,  
May force my friendly foe to take remorse.

**Oxford** Grief of Mind: What plague is greater than the grief of mind?

The grief of mind that eats in every vein;  
In every vein that leaves such clots behind;  
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain;  
So bitter pain that none shall ever find,  
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

Lodge Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,



And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,  
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,  
And by my fear await with faintful breath  
The final period of my pains by death.

**Kyd** Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;  
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;  
These bloody wars have spent my treasure;  
And with my treasure my people's blood;  
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,  
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.

(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,  
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,  
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,  
And by my yielding I became his slave.

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,  
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,  
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,  
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears  
And through her ears dive down into her heart,  
And in her heart set him where I should stand.

Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,  
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;  
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;  
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;  
If forced from faith, forever miserable;  
For what is misery but want of God?  
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.

See also opening of III.2.

**Anon.** Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;  
This open wrong must have an open plague,  
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,  
This war must finish with Locrine's death;  
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.

**Shakes** Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.  
The meat is cold because you come not home,  
You come not home because you have no stomach,  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;  
But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default today

## APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

### **Favorite or Distinctive Words, Expressions** (INTRO AND/OR POETRY)

in my/her behove; consume away (XXVIII); contrary to kind; estate (several uses); in like manner

ponderant use of suffix "-like" to form either adv or adv (7, not including "such-like")

**Favorite or Distinctive Words, Expressions (COMMENTS)**

consume away (also see above); contrary to the kind; contrariety (twice).; contrary (as a verb); estate (heavy use); the froward constellation of his own nativity; in like manner; separated from his body

**Compound Words** (\*surely unusual, INTRO AND/OR POETRY):37 words.

(2 verbs, 7 nouns, 24 adj, 4 adv).

brain-sick (a), broad-leafed (a), captive (a), cross-wounded (a), double-dead (a), dwelling-place (n), eagle-like (adv), ever-dying (a), ever-feeding (a), ever-lasting (a), evil-edged (a), evil-spoken (a), falcon-like (adv), lame-limb (a), love-passions (n), mad-mooded\* (a), new-resolved (a), new-sprung (a), night-complaints (n), over-long (a), over-master (a), over-rule (v), over-watched (a), pilgrim-like (adv), post-haste (n), ransom-day (n), rough-hewed (v), satyr-like (adv), self-same (a), she-sun (n), striking-down (n), such-like (a), ten-times-happy (a), Theseus-like (a), through-wet\* (a), tyrant-like (a), unlooked-for (a)

**Compound Words** (COMMENTS):18 words. (1 verbs, 7 nouns, 8 adj, 2 adv).

best-beloved (a), cup-bearer (n), good-will (n), hand-to-hand (adv), ill-befitting (a), looking-glass (n), new-clothed (a), over-gone (a), over-hardness (n), over-idly (adv), over-much (a), over-passed (a), over-skipping (n), over-trouble (v), ship-man (n), step-mother (n), still-hoping (a), true-hearted (a)

**Words beginning with "con"** (\*surely unusual, INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 26 words

(14 verbs, 8 nouns, 5 adj, adv, 1 conj).

conceit (n), concerning (conj), conceive (v), conclude (v), condemn (v), conduct (n), confer (v), confess (v), conjecture (n), conjoin (v), conquer (v), conquering (n), consent (n), constant (a), constrain (v), construction (n), consume (v), consuming (v), contain (v), content (a, v), continue (v), continual (a), contrary (a, n), control (n), convenient (a), convey (v)

**Words beginning with "con"** (\*surely unusual, COMMENTS): 30 words

(14 verbs, 10 nouns, 5 adj, 2 adv).

conceit (n), conceive (v), concern (v), concerning (adv), conclude (v), condition (n), confer (v), confess (v), confirm (v), conquer (v), consider (v), consideration (n), consist (v), constantly (n), constellation (n), conster (v), consume (v), contain (v), contained (a), content (a), contents (n), continual (a), continually (adv), continuance (n), continuation (n), continued (a), contrariety\* (n), contrary (a, v\*), convey (v), conveyance (n)

**Words beginning with "dis"** (INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 21 words.

(12 verbs, 6 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).

discharged (a), discourage (v), discovering (v), discretion (n), disdain (n), disease (n, v), disfavor (v), disgrace (n), dismal (a), dismay (v), dispatch (v), displeased (v), dispose (v), disposition (n), disprove (v), dissolve (v), dissuade (v), distill (v), distinctly (adv), distraught (a), distress (n)

**Words beginning with "dis"** (\*surely unusual, COMMENTS): 3 words (1 verb, 1 noun, 1 adj).

discourse (n), dishonest\* (v), distressed (a)

**Words beginning with "mis"** (INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 5 words. (1 verb, 3 nouns, 1 adj).  
mischance (n), misery (n), misspent (a), mistress (n), mistrust (v)

**Words beginning with "mis"** (COMMENTS): 6 words. (1 verb, 4 nouns, 1 adj, 1 adv).  
mischance (n), miserable (a), miserably (adv), misery (n), dislike (v, n), mistress (n)

**Words beginning with "over"** (INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 9 words. (3 verbs, 1 noun, 5 adj.)  
overcast (v), over-light (a), over-long (a), over-master (v), over-much (a), overpast (a), overrun (v), oversight (n), over-watched (a)

**Words beginning with "over"** (COMMENTS): 12 words. (6 verbs, 2 nouns, 5 adj).  
overcame (v), overgo (v), over-gone (a), over-hardness (n), overheard (v), over-idly (a), over-much (a), over-passed (a), over-rule (v), over-skipping (n), overtaken (a, v), over-trouble (v)

**Words beginning with "pre"** (INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 5 words (5 verbs, 1 noun, 1 adj).  
prepare (v), present (n, v, a), presume (v), prevail (v), prevent (v)

**Words beginning with "pre"** (COMMENTS): 7 words (3 verbs, 3 nouns, 1 adj, 1 adv).  
precedent (n), prefer (v), prepare (v), presence (n), present (n, a), presently (adv), presume (v)

**Words beginning with "re"** (\*surely unusual, INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 42 words.  
(31 verbs, 17 nouns, 2 adj).  
rebel (a), rebuke (v), recall (v), recompense (n), reconciliation (n), records (n), recount (v), recover (v), recure (n, v), refer (v), reflect (v), refrain (v), regard (n, v), rejoice (v), relent (v), relief (n), remain (v), remedyless (a), remember (v), remorse (n), remove (v), repair (v, n), repent (v), repentance (n), reply (n, v), repine (v), report (v), request (v, n), require (v), resign (v), resist (v), resolve (v), respect (n), restore (v), restraint (n), retain (v), retire (n, v), return (v, n), revenge (v, n), reverence\* (v), revive (v), reward (n)

**Words beginning with "re"** (COMMENTS): 29 words. (19 verbs, 11 nouns, 1 adj).  
rebel (v), rebound (v), rebuke (v), recantation (n), receive (v), recount (n, v), recure (n, v), refer (v), rehearsal (n), relate (v), relation (n), remedy (v), remember (v), remembrance (n), removed (v), renowned (a), repent (v), reply (n), report (v), reprove (v), request (n), reserve (v), residue (n), resolve (v), restitution (n), restore (v), return (v), revenge (n), reward (v)

**Words beginning with "un","in"** (\* surely unusual, INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 24 words, 5/17/2. (5 verbs, 2 nouns, 12 adj, 4 prep, 1 conj).  
incline (v), inconstant (a), instinct (n), into (prep), invention (n)  
unawares (a), undertake (v), undone (v), unguilty (a), unhappy (a), unjust (a), unkind (a), unknown (a), unless (conj), unlike (a), unlooked-for (a), unmerry (a), unsay\* (v), unsettled (a), until (prep), unto (prep), untrue (a)  
under (prep), understood (v)

**Words beginning with "un","in"** (\* surely unusual, COMMENTS): 19 words, 3/14/2.  
(2 verbs, 6 nouns, 7 adj, 3 prep, 1 adv).  
into (prep), invent (v), invention (n)

unableness\* (n), unawares (a), unclothed (a), unfeignedly (a), unhappily (adv), unhappiness (n), unhappy (a), unkindness (n), unlearned (n), unquiet (a), unrest (n), unseenly (a), untimely (a), unto (prep)  
under (prep), understand (v)

**Words ending with "able"** (INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 4 words (all adj).  
honorable (a), favorable (a), miserable (a), reasonable (a)

**Words ending with "able"** (COMMENTS): 9 words, all adj).  
acceptable (a), accomptable (a), agreeable (a), allowable (a), excusable (a), favorable (a), miserable (a), probable (a), syllable (n)

**Words ending with "less"** (INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 12 words (10 adj, 2 conj).  
careless (a), endless (a), guiltless (a), hapless (a), heedless (a), nevertheless (conj), peerless (a), remediless (a), restless (a), smokeless (a), unless (conj), witless (a)

**Words ending with "less"** (COMMENTS): 4 words (all adj).  
bottomless (a), endless (a), heedless (a), remediless (a)

**Words ending with "ness"** (INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 10 words (1 verb, 10 nouns).  
bashfulness (n), happiness (n), lightness (n), nakedness (n), niceness (n), soundness (n), swiftness (n), wideness (n), witness (v, n), worthiness (n)

**Words ending with "ness"** (\*surely unusual, COMMENTS): 17 words (1 verb, 16 nouns).  
blindness (n), fondness (n), governess (n), grievesomness\* (n), hardness (n), hardiness (n), heaviness (n), likeness (n), readiness (n), strangeness (n), unableness\* (n), unhappiness (n), unkindness (n), wilderness (n), willfulness (n), witness (v), worthiness (n)

**Reflexives:** bathed her; consumed himself; remember me; vow me