

# PANDORA,

The Musyque of the  
beautie, of his Miffresse  
*Diana.*

Composed by *John Sootherbern*  
Gentleman, and dedicated to the right  
*Honorable, Edward Deuer, Earle*  
of *Oxford*, &c. 1584.  
June, 20.

*Non carae patria, Me carae Illa magis.*



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# To the ryght honou- rable the Earle of Oxenford. &c.

*Ode. 1.      Strophe. 1.*



This earth, is the nourishing teate,  
As well that delivres to eate:  
As els throues out all that we can  
Devise, that should be no defull foze  
The health, of joy diseafe or foze,  
The household companions of man.

And this earth, hath heares souerate,  
No emperey richnesse sobaine,

If they be well aptlie applide.

And this yearth, spurs by many a bycage,

Of which if we knowe well the blage:

Would foze the foze Acheronide.

Wise, it lendes us all that we haue,

With to live: and it is our graue.

But with all this, yet cannot give,

Us saye renownes, when we be deade,

And in dede they are oncle made,

By our owne vertues Iobites we live.

*Antistrophe.*

And sparbles (all be they so strong,)

Cannot maintaine our renownes long:

And neither they be but abuses,

Who thinke that other things haue puissance,

Who make for time any resistance,

Save oncle the well singing Mules.

And the saye Mules that prouide,

For the wise, an immortal name:

*At it.*

Ode.

Do neuer garnithe any head.  
 With Layzell, by bearelay of fame,  
 No euerie one that can rime,  
 Gaue not thinke to triumph on time,  
 For they giue not their diuine furie,  
 No euerie dotting troupe that comes,  
 No the touch of eu'rie ones thommes,  
 As not of an eternall durie.

Epode.

¶ No, no, the high finger is his  
 alone : that in the ende muſt his  
 shade proude, with a garland lyke this,  
 And not eu'rie ryming nouice,  
 That wytes with ſmall wit, and much paine:  
 And the (Gods knowe) riot in vaine,  
 For it's not the way to Paradiſe,  
 For it wyl neither come to paſſe,  
 If it be not in ſome wiſe ſation,  
 And of an ingenious inuenſion:  
 And infanted with pleaſant trauaill,  
 For it alone muſt win the Laurell.  
 And onlie the poet well bozne,  
 Gaue be he that goes to Varnaſus:  
 And not theſe companies of ſtates,  
 That haue brought verce almoſt to ſcoyne.

Strophe, 2.

¶ ſpeaking ſpeake (her with a ſuete byrte)  
 The ten diuers tongues of my Muſe,  
 I will Fredone in thy honour,  
 Theſe renowned ſonges of Pindar:  
 And imitate for theſe Dewes,  
 Horace, that byaue Maſtine Warper.

And

Ode.

And ſand by Pymphes Acanapide,  
 Soland by wantons Parnafide,  
 Soland by wantons and that we ſing,  
 A newe ditte Calaboris,  
 No the ſhan harpe Thebanois,  
 That had ſuch a murmuring ſtring,  
 For I will thewt, here with my vertes,  
 (Following the auncient traces)  
 As high vp to the ayre this hymne,  
 (With a Drong bowe and armes, p'cumptuous)  
 As Dewes is both wiſe and vertuous,  
 And as of my Warper, he is digne.

Antitrophe.

¶ Muſes, you haue had of your father,  
 Onelie, the particular fauer,  
 No keepe fro the reue enfernall:  
 And therefore my wantons come ſing,  
 Upon your moſt beſt ſpeaking ſtring,  
 His name that both cheriſhe you all,  
 Come Pymphes while I haue a deſire,  
 No ſtrike on a well ſounding Lyre,  
 And our vertues Dewes the name.  
 Dewes, that had given him in parte:  
 The Ilone, the Clarette, Honour, and Arte,  
 And with them an eternall fame.  
 Come Pymphes, your puſſaunce is oluine:  
 And to thoſe that you ſhelw no fauour,  
 And like they are depruide of honour,  
 And Daues to the chaines Colſcience.

Epode,

¶ Amongſt our well renowned men,  
 Dewes merites a ſyluer pen,

A. y.

eter

Ode.

eternally to trye his honour,  
 And I in a well polished verse,  
 Can set up in our *Ministerie*,  
 A frame, so endere for ever,  
 And fide with a *Faire extreme*;  
 Upon a well superbestyricke:  
 (On a rime, and both strong and true)  
 I will (*Deier*) pither thy louanges,  
 To the eares of people estranges:  
 And rauldye them with thy vertue,  
 Went in truth I use but to sing,  
 After the well intuned string,  
 Of epher of the great Prophets,  
 Of Thebain, of Calaboris:  
 Of whether of whom yet the voice,  
 Hath not bene knowne to our Poets.

Strophe. 3.

¶ What shall I beginne to touch:  
 O Muses what haue I begunne,  
 But speake trantons, what haue I donne:  
 Make it of the charge is so much.  
 No, no, if I would there were made,  
 I could take an entyce liade,  
 Of onelie his noble antiquitie.  
 But his vertues would blasse with my name:  
 If I should not by his owne name,  
 Give him a laude to our posteritie.  
 But if I will thus like Pindar,  
 In many discourses Egare,  
 Besore I will come to my point:  
 O, o touch his infinitie  
 Of vertues, in this Poicse,  
 Our songs will neuer be conuincit.

An-

Ode.

Antistrophe.

¶ For who marketh better then hee,  
 The seuen turning flames of the *Schis*:  
 O hath read moze of the antique,  
 Hath greater knowledge in the tongues:  
 O: vnderstandes sooner the solmes,  
 Of the learner to loue spauque.  
 O: elle who hath a fayer grace,  
 In the Centauriane arte of Thrace,  
 Pale-boyse, halle-man, and witchelle paine,  
 With byng the *Cowster*, indomtable,  
 No yeld to the raynes of his bydle:  
 Maulding, on the edge of a plaine.  
 And if pleases me to saye so,  
 (With a louange, I protest true)  
 That in England we cannot see,  
 Any thing lyke *Deier*, but hee.  
 Onelie himselfe hee must resemble,  
 Vertues so much in him assemble.

Epode.

¶ And thought escapes out of my hand,  
 In this Ode, but it is veritax:  
 And here I sweare *Deier* tis thee,  
 That art oznamet of England,  
 Awaiting me againe of this thing:  
 Which is, that I shall neuer sing,  
 A man so much honoured as thee,  
 And both of the Muses and me.  
 And when I gette the spoyle of Thebes,  
 Having charged it on my shoulders,  
 In vertes exempte fro the sweetes,  
 Of the ruinous *Filandinge* sisters:

Ode.

I promise to buldve this a glorie,  
That shall euer live in memorie.

In meane while, take this litle thing:  
But as small as it is: *Devere*,  
Tis not as that neuer man before,  
Shou in England, knewe Pindars string.

*Non cario patria, Me caris illa magis.*

Sonner to the Reader.

Thou find'st no heere, neither the furious alarmes,  
Of the pride of *Spain*, or sublines of *France*:  
Nor of the rude English, or mutine *Almans*:  
Nor neither of *Naples*, noble men of armes.  
No, in Infant, and that yet surmounteth Knights:  
Hath both vanquish'd me, and also my Muse.  
And were it not: this is a lawfull excuse.  
If thou heare't not the report, of their great fights,  
Thou shalt see no death of any valliant soldiers,  
And yet I sing the beauty of a fierce warrior.  
And amore alone I must strike on my *Lier*,  
And but *Eroto* I knowe no other Muse.  
And haake all you that are lyke vs amorous,  
And you that are not, goe read some other where,

Sonnets. 1. To his Mystrisse Diana.

I as first to you Dian, that I haue togetherd,  
Guen me and my voice, making you the idoll:  
O which I offer both the hood and soule.  
Of these teares of my eyes, that fall here like riuers.

But

Diana.

But in some thinges fabelous, you must be content  
To see what it is, of vs knowne the same,  
And reade you must vnder a Goddes name,  
Of your beates the delicate ornament.  
And wher as these which are to apayse your cruelties:  
Shall not proscribe well, your excellent rarities.  
Excuse me *Symphie*, as you would haue in some affre,  
Of heauen pour fayre semblance: for I doo not meane,  
To sing you now: but *Dian*, when you haue bent,  
Hope gracious vnto mee: I shall sing you better.

Sonnet. 2.

The strike shooet to my home Barhill was the guide,  
Wher her immortal, by that which he did sing:  
And were it so I knowe not but) of Corine,  
The same the patron of the *Latine* Guide.  
And since thim (*Petrarque*) a *Soule* Florentine,  
Hath turn'd his *Apollines* into a tree of *Sage*.  
And he that soong the eldest baughter of *Troye*,  
In *France*: hath made of her, an affre *Admir*.  
And the these knowne men, can pour Soothern, sayte to:  
And as long as English the *last*, in our fall you.  
The peane of Soothern will my fayre *Diana*,  
Wher the immortal: if thou wilt graue him fauour:  
For then he'll sing *Petrark*, *Tien*, *Quide*, *Rondar*:  
And make thee *Callander*, *Corne*, *Barhill*, *Laura*.

Sonnet. 3.

The death that befit's at all kinde of beautie,  
And would make all ioue goe into *Chiron*'s passage:  
Would haue but the eyes, wher in I liue in seruage:  
The eyes both to fayne, and too full of crueltie.  
The Cupid that spill in those eyes was indompted:  
The infant knew well, wher after this death fought:  
And began to crye (death) if thou ender thy thought,  
We shall neither of vs, be againe redoubted.  
But (death) if thou let me liue in these eyes spill:  
Then shalt see (and then) how nobel's I spill.

But

Forse

*Diana.*

People the honour? For I have not built thy night,  
And yet in thine eyes, I conquer all the world:  
Death hearing this, let him live still in the part:  
For to oblige he doth wish such sharp arrows of gods.

Sonnet, 4.

**W**hen nature made my Diana, that before  
All other Nymphes: should force the hearts of men:

She gave her the make, of beauties excellent,  
That she kept since long, in her coffers in store,  
And at her framing, Paphos came from the seas,  
With the foreteller, and graces, of her face:  
And swore that it should make her so faire a Machine,  
Of beauty: that the Gods should dwell in her eyes,  
But she her artles swag come to us, for above:  
Though that my soule was inflam'd with her love,  
And I serve her in spite of the troupe Celstic,  
For tell mee? Why did not thy Iphocle of paine:  
That in reward of my love she should againe,  
Defirme me onely, and onely, love me best.

Sonnet, 5.

**O**f stars, and of forefles, Dian, in the honor:  
And to the seas, to the Goodesse, is the guide:

And the hath Luna, Charon, and Eunemide:  
To make brightnes, to give wealth and to cause hozroy.  
And my swarier, my light, shines in thy faire eyes:  
Why dread is of thee, the to great excellence:  
Why swages will mee: and thus thou had the puiffance,  
Of her that raises the flosse and aggrines the fures,  
And as splur Pheeb, is the after, most chare:  
So is thy beauty, the beauty, the most rare,  
wherefore I call thee Dian, for thy beaude,  
For thy swiftoone, and for thy puiffance of chard,  
And yet thou must be but a Goodesse ferst:  
And onely because of thy great swiftoone.

Sonnet,

*Diana.*

Sonnet, 6.

**O**f Pyllades, and of Credeus, we have  
made many disputes, in the temple of death:

And in the Church of Troy, we praise Chereb's faith,  
who made for Callander, his barnes, his graue.  
And there is one, on the mountaine Canelain,  
with an eagle, on his heart Philosphall.  
And there is a stone of a mad City hall,  
I cast also upon him, and carried in balne.  
The temple, and this rocke, is in my ouer:  
The church is my soule the first is my subject,  
And veris are the labours of Silphes:  
And for swelling swag pour faire beauties, it is beane  
Of Prouet, for not canning, I haue the paine:  
Why I agle is cruell, and (Nympe) you are rigorous.

Sonnet, 7.

**I**m not (my cruel swarier) the Theban,  
That my infance, should be frangled with Serpents:

For, neither did my name give thee any tormentis:  
nor I lackt neither Vrop, nor Ebbain.  
I came not (my swarier) of the blood Ludain:  
For neyther am I of the race, of Ixion:  
For I am no infant Egier, nor Danain.  
For I am neither the nephew of Atlas,  
That made the earth bronke, with the bladd of Argust:  
And yet I know wherefore I haue all my trounds,  
I am none of those which I haue said (Dian)  
But I am that beie miserabill man,  
who for regarding thee, was eaten of thounders.

Elegia, 1. To the Echon.

**O** dolefull voice, that dost answer,  
The weepings of my care:

And that here in these moyst grouers,  
That pittie on my dolance,

Why,

And

*Diana.*

And that of *whome* the empty mouth,  
(At least) doth make a semblance,  
Who feele my wounds that proceede of  
Two eyes, to graine, and fayne.  
And speake since thou canst not lye eyes  
And since my gracious voice, is one,  
Lie the nurse of thy Geme:  
I crying Dian, why makest thou  
Dye Iohn, answer agen:  
And outst thou I lou'de no more,  
And dost thou joyobefie my death,  
And noble Triumph fell mee, or dost  
Thou now inflame againe,  
With the antiquous amoz, that  
Thou loudest so in vaine.  
And is it that remembering my  
Lone, I should pittie thine,  
For the like doloz that thou hadst,  
When the like doo I suffer:  
And the like amoz that thou hadst,  
The like to mee dost offer:  
Dare that thy loue was not so fayne,  
For so cruelly as mine.

*Elegia. 2. To the Gods.*

When the eye of the world doth washe,  
his golden shining beaie,  
In the large Ocean seas: and that  
They haue couerd the light:  
Amurmuring repose, and a  
Heftfull and deepe night,  
As spreded both ouer the earth,  
The waters and the ayre.

250

*Diana.*

But I charge nature then? For than,  
Dost my brightest Aurôr,  
In a swete Dreame present her selfe,  
And dreame, no dreame: but well,  
The Ambrozic, the Nectar, and  
The Manna, Eternell.  
And to be bræfe, a vifion that  
I loke a God aboze,  
And therefore farewell, day of nights, and  
Welcome night waiting dare:  
And farewell waking, of my deepe,  
And also farewell, leuning tope,  
But what say I, my wealthe is false,  
And my euill vertu-ble:  
And I plaine of them both, for I  
Dare in neither delight:  
Except ye Gods will shoo: these sayes,  
And eternallye this night:  
And that God that will doo it, shall  
be a God sparita-ble.

*Elegia. 3. To his Diana.*

If the secretnesse of my thoughts,  
were opened to you,  
And if esse my dolozous heart,  
Had of speaking the blage:  
And (warrier) if my constance,  
were painted in my blage:  
And that if ye knewe my toymenst,  
How it is great and true.  
And, or if any golden wordes,  
In well composd verse,  
Could liueleic thewe the picture,  
Of an amorous rage:

251. *251e*

*Diana.*

Euen should I without doubt amoe  
 Like a Tigers courage,  
 And moue to pittie (warrier) if  
 it were the vniuerte.  
 But since tooobes, neither can practise  
 My amoe, nor my paine ;  
 E ynie shall it selfe, wifnesse how much  
 Both are in me certaine ;  
 And that of my passioned soule,  
 The diuine great loyalties :  
 How the sacrednesse of all or  
 thers, I of the Gods parte :  
 And moze then the spauer maie  
 Dies, of your Chyffall face,  
 vnderneath, tother Phobos, doo  
 Excel all other Beutes.

Sonnet. 8.

**T**hough I souly to haue your fauour, softch is fact,  
 That it is but for Gods, thinke you my Aulace,  
 Like his that in your face, doo a clewde imbrace :  
 Or his that was a hart, by fasting to morth.  
 Or would you eie because of my haireline thought,  
 That I might augment the Sepulchres of Thaces  
 Or that I were as the giant Briars :  
 Or gaide like the Saigonr to euile taught,  
 Or Ipherie, Rome, thy souly the seas (Diana)  
 Or eie, Paris : thy merie alpuil saue Anon.  
 Or if thou soulyt none of these aforesayde thinges :  
 Because thou sayst : that my mirthes are set so high,  
 If thou thinkest I begimme like tear to die :  
 Since thy eyes are my soune, let thy loue be my Sounges.

Sonnets. 9.

**I**s after our Deniers, a thing want, set,  
 For bothe goe so hel, and suffer heilige paines :

pon

*Diana.*

You for your rigour, I for my thoughtes haultaines,  
 What attempt to loue a Goddesse to Ceid.  
 But as for mee I shall be heile afflicted,  
 As you (my warrier) that must haue the toyment :  
 For I that but, in seeing you am content :  
 For you mee, I will eie the place so much detested  
 And my soule that is ranced with your fippe eyes,  
 In the midd of hel, will establish, a thepen :  
 And abing my bright day, in the eternall night.  
 And when all the ornand eie are in anoy :  
 I will smyle in that gloie, seeing you my top :  
 And being once there, goe not out of our sight.

Sonnet. 10.

**T**he herons soiling these fauour among our paines,  
 And to in the both rime of my waxing the freare :  
 And also eternall, your rigour extreme :  
 Turne your heert, to rance, and my eyes to fountaines :  
 And Cupid doth barke him in my spauer truces :  
 And being come out, of the fobers, of my pill :  
 The fies to your rocke, where as upon a pill,  
 He septe warren, with prime and rowse his feathers.  
 But when the winter comes, and that thou art olde,  
 Feeling the rocke hart, vnder his talons colde :  
 He will doe thee adieu, with an eternall farewell.  
 And then thou shalt saye to saye Aloue is a rage :  
 And he saye so, cause Cupid doth aboyre age :  
 But were they saye be then, I doubt they do not be crall.

Elegia. 4. To the pri-  
soners.

**C**upid hath swelbe my stomacke, with  
 In such a sacred poplon,  
 And I am in diuene Venus fele  
 ters, so well entertained :

that



*Diana.*

What like a captive, languishing,  
And with dolour, tormented,  
I thinke my life well happy, to  
Be in a Christians prison,  
Forsow? As for you wretches that no  
thing, but you can punish,  
If you list you may haue a hope,  
to be at lyber-tie:  
But as for mee? I tell you, I'll  
die in captiui-tie:  
Consuming here in the quicke Al-  
uer-fayre-eyes of my Goddesse,  
And well I am contented in,  
Dædæ, with her extreme rigore,  
Swearing, that I neuer fall in  
any soule so great a doloure,  
As when I thinke for her likewise,  
Some other should haue paffion,  
And with all this too, yet I haue  
Neither lost all my iudgement:  
For we saye that man is happy,  
onely, that is well content,  
And I tell you, (you wretches) it  
is all my contentation.

*Elegia. 5. To his thoughts.*

My thoughts, so full of thought, so thoughts  
full thoughts give now? Acposic,  
Both to my dolefull soule, and to  
my hope that is in vaine:  
For will thought my teares drop, fro my  
eyes like a swift fountaine?

*Spurnus*

*Diana.*

Spurnuring my Alas: the hearte  
neth not to my propole,  
My thoughts, too full of thought, and too  
fearre engrau'n in my heart,  
My thoughts too full of thought, that giue  
mee ouer to my doloure:  
My thoughts too thoughtfull, if you pro-  
pote yet any more languore:  
My thought full thoughts, (O Good) God ab-  
nauce therewithall my mozt,  
And Adinares thoughts the cau-  
fers of my extreme paines,  
And thoughts that boyle this salter hu-  
mor in my dropping baines,  
Speake thoughtfull thoughts, why seeðe you me  
with this Abut esperance,  
When possiding the iope, of which  
I haue had such desires:  
And for swelling the fayre eyes,  
In which are my playres:  
In the end thoughts, for reward thought  
With byæde mee a repentaunce,

*Elegia. 6. To his Diana.*

My hope both tell mee, that after  
this great rigour, of you:  
I shall with sacred guerdons,  
Be recompensed for my song:  
Beholding mee that I merite it,  
Being patience so long,  
But this imagind hope, (my cru-  
ell warrier) is it true,  
My hope both tell mee too (Diana)  
That your Diuine beaui-tie,

*C. i. Can*

*Diana.*

Cannot be accompanied with

Such cruelty as thine,

Wert thou art? (my angrie warrior)

What yeeldes this plague of mine:

Fortune? or the exigence of

The cause of cru-ellie,

My hope worth tell mee for (my war-  
rior) that my dolefull language:

Will in a patient end, am-  
me,

Like your extreme great rigour:

He which all if it can, when your

Others gone we shall trie,

But if it cannot doe it then,

But would yet feede me still,

With paces of time: I'll give out:

And ev'r after I will,

Take our fortune, for much loves,

For a hope set so high.

Sonnet. 11.

**H**e that was the first, that put thee by the strings,

On the backe of amoye, that high God immoyell:

He might better have had employed his pensill,

To paint hopping burter-spes, or denye beyond,

But if in place of them, the doying fole had

Painted his erre bowe, and his rigorous bristles,

And shewde what kinde of stringes, are his golden quaters:

When had he bene apt to have painted a God,

And you that paint next, you must use other coloye:

Wherewith you may better then his Divine coloye:

And for his bowe, give him a great hartionous,

And believe you not, goe and looke on Dian,

And havinge leene her saye crye, I oftene thou,

You'll give him some thinge more then the rigorous.

Sonnet.

*Diana.*

Sonnet. 12.

**A** Endis, Orpheus, Cephal, and Demophon:

Of Procris, of Euridice, Phyllis, and Creule:

Have made complaints, as they have bene amorous,

Though they themselves, did doe them all wrong,

For one gave Phyllis, a poore moornesfull te-quer,

And th'other, left Procris, in the wall of hell,

And with others fault, be-ed Euridice.

Acenia, the last seems thought to have least fault.

Though the presumption is yet great for all that.

But (Dian) you know (Dian) your amorous,

Wart not learned by the ary of them Procris.

Though you are Demoph, Cephal, Orpheus, Acené:

And he be Eurid, Phyllis, Procris, and Creule.

Sonnet. 13.

**H**e that woul be fabled to Cupidos call,

As chaungd euere day, I had not knee bow.

And of this, I my selfe have made piouser crowe.

As Metamorphold, but wot not wherewithall,

For I was turned to a soaring Sparre,

And fame my stomache pierd with a delidull arrow.

For: Into a swan, and with a note of layrowe.

I forelong my death, in Elegcall arte.

Since that, to a flowre, and since, I am dye:

And now that Salamander, live in my flame.

But ye Gods, if euer I have my owne cheyre,

I woul be turnd, into a swill singing hope:

And there in leuange, the saye crye of my a-barme.

Ode. 2. to his *Diana*. *Syrphie*

**A** the little Mellifec Bees,  
(Antanton enantines of the Sphyras)

E. v.

critib

*Diana.*

With their shewlike pretie tongettes,  
Take the best of the fayrest blomes,  
Savouring it on their sweettes,  
And therewith build their honny comnes,  
Queno with a spite bigellant,  
I robe here, the most excellant  
Blissomes: in the garden Tbelein,  
And will that though the vniuerce,  
The honny desyde in my verte:  
Bears out these fayre greene eyes of thine.  
And I will that our England see,  
By this Nectar, that I let fall  
On thee to annoint thee with all,  
That kinde of beauties are in thee.

*Antitrophe.*

All the superbus frontispices,  
And all the theatring possies,  
And all the high buildings are lost,  
Of Corinthia, in pride extreme,  
But that which their poets did boast,  
Will euer triumph ouer tyme.  
I I golde is Elichs Palace:  
And golde is the Church of Parnasse:  
And those that can enter therein,  
Happy are they, and euer shall  
Crease on the blacke rose eternall,  
Aliving with the infant Troyen,  
That fillles the Nectar Olympien,  
Into the great cope of the Gob,  
That thorned the menacing head,  
Of the high Orgullus Phlegren.

that

*Diana.*

What, what, my so cruell Diana,  
A number haue excels in Beaur:  
And yet it is onle Helina,  
That lyes: and where in saue in Poise.

*Epode.*

But thou for whome I wait so well;  
And that I will make eternell.  
And thou for whome my boile paines,  
With chafe ignorance held so long:  
Comyning in a bulgar song:  
The fetetes, both Orakes, and Aataines,  
I think it thou it is nothing, to haue  
The penne of Soothern for thy trompet.  
Yes, yes, to whome Soothern is Poete,  
The honour goes not to the graue.  
And Iuno, it's an other thing,  
Who beare a well learned voice sing,  
Do; to the workes of a wise hand:  
When it's to heare our doting rimors,  
Whose labours do bring both dishonors,  
Who thealetes, and to our England.

*FINIS.*



# Four Epitaphes,

made by the Countesse of Oxenford

after the death of her young Sonne,  
*the Lord Birbecke, &c.*

**H**ad with mourning the Gods, left their wills undone,  
They had not so soon beried such a soule :

For if the mouth, some eye not glotton by all,

For I, nor the world, were depriv'd of my Sonne,  
Whole were Venus, with a face dolefull and milde,

And when the water of the Goddes eyes,

Spakes almost alike, the sparke, of my Childre:

One byds her leane Spill, her dollo; so extreme,

Selling her it is not, her young Sonne Papheme,

Who which she makes another with a voice inflamed,

(Feeling therewith her venime, to be more bitter)  
As I was of Cupid, even so of it mother:  
And a womans last childe, is the most beloved.

An other.

**I**f dolefull waies I spend the wealth of my time:  
Feeding on my heart, that ever comes again,

Since the ordinance, of the Delin's, hath ben,  
The end of the Sailons, of my yeeres the prime,

With my Sonne, in Wind, my flight in gale, and hole,

As gone: for 'twas in him and no other there:

And well though mine eyes run downe like fountains  
The Stone will not speak yet, that both it insle, (here,

And Desires, and Woes, you might rather have saune,  
By twentie yeeres: then the two daies of my sonne,

And

# Epitaphes.

And of this world what shall I hope, Once I knowe,

What in his respect, it can yield me but woe:

For what should I consume: any more in woe,  
When I die, Woes, and woes, are all in my loe.

An other.

**T**he heavens, death, and life: have coniu'd my pill:

For death hath take away the wealth of my soule:

The heavens receive, and consent, that he hath done:

And my life sooth keepe mee here against my will,  
But if our life be cause with moisture and heat.

I care neither for the death, the life, nor sleep:  
For I'll fight him warmth, and heat him with my eyes:

(And thus I shall be thought a second Promet)  
And as for life, let it do me all despite:

For if it leane me, I shall goe to my childe:  
And if in the heavens, there is all my delight,

And if I live, my vertue is immortall,  
So that the heavens, death and life, when they do all  
Their joye: by sorrowfull vertue they are beguilld.

An other.

**I**ll, for Adon, new'r shed so many teares:

For Ther', for Pelid: nor Phocelus, for Hyacinthus:  
For for Acis, the mother of Propheticke:

As for the death of Bulbecke, the Gods have cares,  
At the brute of it, the Aphroditan Disease,

Caused more siner to disill fro her eyes:  
When when the drops of her teares rayed Daifers:

And to die with him, mortall, she should have bene,  
The Charis, for it beake their Perugs, of golde:!

The Muses, and the Nymphes of Causes: I beholde:  
All

*Epitaphes.*

All the Gods vnder Olympus are constraint,  
In Laches, Clothon, and Acropos to plaine,  
And yet beaute, for it doth make no complaint:  
For if liue with him, and die with him againe.

¶ Others of the fowre last lynes,  
of other that she made also.

- 11 Why Sonne is gone? and with it, death end my sorrow,
- 12 But death makes mee aunnature? Name, cease these
- 13 My foire is but on bodies of blood and bones: (manes:
- 14 And that of yours, is no more now, but a shadow.

Another.

- 11 Amphions wife was turned to a rocke, &
- 12 To be well I had bene, had I had such adventure,
- 13 For then I might againe haue bene the Sepulchre,
- 14 Of him that I bare in me, so long ago.

FINIS.

*Epitaph*

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Epitaph, made by the  
Queenes Maestie, at the death  
of the Princesse of Epinoye.

When the warrier Phoebus, goth to make his round,  
With a painefull course, to towther Hemisphere:

And there shadowe, a great horror, and a feare,  
In a knee not what clothes inuiron the ground.

And euen so for Pinoy, that saye vertues Lady,  
(Although Iupiter haue in this Orizon,  
Made a flarre of her, by the Ariadan creature)  
Sho:ns, colour, and greife, accompany our body.

And Acropos, thou hast done a losse peruerst.  
And as a hyde that hath lost both young, and nest:  
About the place wher it was, makes many a tourne.

Curn so both Cupid, that insaunt, God, of amoz,  
Fle about the tombe, wher the eyes all in doloz,  
Swapping for her eyes, wher in he made so iourne.

FINIS.



¶ Verses taken out of his *Stanfess*,

*Hymes*, and *Eligias*: all dedicated or sent  
to his Mitrelike *Dams*.

I whiche you aske, my name (confesse  
your selfe, ift be not so)  
And whether I befoze, had e  
uer bene in loue of no.

*Eligias.*

E. i. 399

*Diana.*

My name, quoth I, is Soothern, and  
I praye, let that suffice:  
That Soothern which will raise the Eng-  
lish language to the Skies,  
The Manton of the Muses, and  
Whose well composed ryme,  
Will live in despite of the beens,  
And triumph ouer tyme, &c.

*Eligia.* " But how farre are the wayes contrar,  
" ric to the desires of men,  
The selfe same night I went to where I  
admyned you agen,  
Your splenr Phebes eyes, and your  
Will set and crisp'd beair:  
Your Venus posture, and your counte-  
naunce of the God of war:  
Your Iban throte, your marble brest,  
Which your selfe cheekes of Idoles:  
And your Straberie typp, therein  
Your taylor of pearle repotes.  
Whyte, I saw you (Dian) in some  
The Gods did all their best,  
So few what they could do, when they  
Should frame a wothe Cleff, &c.

*Eligia.* " But how vaine and thort are the be-  
" lightes and plaines humaine.  
" And of the solace of this world:  
" What else wo:th there remaine,  
" Saing but repentaunce: and what  
" Is it that beareth breath,  
" Not by the haing life, tis  
" Subiected vnto death, &c.

" The

*Diana.*

The more stranger the Castle is,  
" And harder to be wonne,  
" The more eternal honour hath,  
" The man that can get it.  
" And vertue neuer will giue ou'r,  
" Whichout a great confid. &c.

*Trinne.*

So Iudge a Humaine heart tis a  
" A byzinty, much vntwilde,  
" Whicherein we lose vs, if we haue  
" Not experaunce for guide, &c.  
The woman nere so constant, or  
" the Castle nere so strong:  
" If thone will beare, and th'other speaks,  
" They do not endure long, &c.

*Eligia.*

New kinde of verces deuic'd by him:  
and are a wofull kinde of meter, to  
sing a loue, or death in.

*Eligia.*

The the dolefull bird languishing,  
the which both sings,  
Her fatal song in swete accordes,  
Betaking her selfe to her death,  
wearie of breath:  
On Meander her flozie bogdes.  
And euen so I, without hope that  
it helps me ought,  
Weere to thy handes, here with my leares:  
If I perceiue by thy rigore,  
that-to my doloz:  
The Gods themselves haue stop't their eares.  
Whough speake Dian, what might thou meane,  
by this cryeame,  
E. y.

Cruelty,

*Diana.*

*Cruelle, having such Etoile  
Faze eyes : Dost thou thinke that toben death,  
That I will endc these cries of mine,  
Fro, no, thou art better'd for then,  
My spite ager,*  
*Shall followe thee fro place to place,  
Exclayming on thy crueltie,  
boide of pittie, &c.*

FINIS.

*Ode.*

*Come, come Simonid, and Anacreon,  
Come and laye your moncy to mine;  
And let vs goe and finde out Corydon;  
And be oire djonke with new wine,  
More : bying byther the greatest glasse,  
And sell, though it runne full to morrowe,  
Where holbe my Anacre-on quaffe,  
When we are djonke, we haue no sorrowe,  
But first I would thy Badyll were  
Come with her Lute, that we might daunce,  
And that our olde Ronfard of Fraunce,  
With his Callandra too were here,  
And what sayd Simon'd shall we send,  
Fro our Clenches, now at beginning:  
Hi, be that loues not wine, and women,  
Will neuer make a holseme ende.*

*Odeller.*

*Odellers.*

*Odeller,*

*Dian, if it might come to passe:  
D; that I might haue my desire:  
I would to the Gods that I were,  
Eurned into thy looking Glasse.  
D; to the pillowe of this beaod:  
E; hereon thou layd thy dainitic beaod,  
D; to water, that I might wa; her:  
D; to thy roabe, that thou mightst weare me:  
D; that hang here on thy teatine,  
I would I were the pearles of thine,  
D; my Dian, to tell thee true,  
I would I could be but thy shew.*

*Odeller.*

*Some will sing the great feates of Armes  
of Rome: some other the alarincs  
of Thebs: and some other of Troye,  
And both the fiedge, and the estone.  
But what haue I to doe with warriers:  
Whoe I then with thole that sit:  
Do, no, I nere hurt any yet:  
D; nere men to come among soldiers,  
I care not for the Thracian God:  
I am no man that seeketh blood:  
But like the olde poet Anacron,  
It pleases mee well to be Biberon.  
And thus in a shelloz to quaffe,  
So that some wench be by to lauffe.  
And with Bacchus, and Citherais,  
I meane to spende all my wbole daies.*

*D.iii. Odel*

*Odellers.*

Odeller.

**B**o: ready forther the better, that  
I may take of thy crimion hooz:  
For when I am in any dooz,  
It onelic reioyes my hart.  
Eke deull made money I thinke:  
For without money, what a thing,  
I haue we that ferre conuous women:  
And without it we can not dyinke.  
Earning is not now worth a penny,  
And these wiues care for no fayre lokes,  
And what shall a man do with wokes,  
Ifaith bangs, if he can get no monny.

Odeller.

**B**ut toby since, death will not retard,  
For any gift that we her offer:  
My dyolle, what helpes it to gard,  
Ehis golde, a rouding in a coffe.  
Is it not better that wihles we lue,  
Eke gine our selues to learning: toben  
Better then ought elle we can giue,  
(Dead) it makes us to reuue agen.

**FINIS.**



Stanffe.

Stanffe.

**D**eus que ie hay (ronfard) qui rien ne se propose,  
Qui a tromper une amour d'un langage allechant,  
Dianie vos pry aiez l'oreille eclose,  
Affin de n'ouyr point la douceur de son chant.  
Non ie hay plus que mort sa Casandre implacable,  
Au ceur ou le Birin d'une douce Pitye,  
Ne sent grauer benin un seull trait d'amytie,  
Car on doit payer l'amour d'une amytie semblable.

Quadran.

*Lon ne peut iuger lesant dans le visage,  
Syl amant est fidele, ou volage, en amour:  
Pour le scauoir au vray faicillez le Courage,  
Car la durable amytie ne se preue en un ioure.*

Quadran.

*Non non, Te ne tiens point pour guerrier valeureux,  
Vn gas de ieiues fors qui venant leur Villance,  
Au fruis on connoist l'arbre: a la verueance,  
L'on remarque ainsi tost un gallant amoureux.*

**FINIS.**

