

T H E
P H O E N I X
N E S T.

Built up with the most rare
and refined works of Noble
*men, worthy Knights, gallant
Gentlemen, Masters of
Arts, and brave
Schollers.*

Full of varietie, excellent in-
tention, and singular
delight.

Never before this time published.

Set forth by R.S. of
the Inner Temple
Gentleman.

Imprinted at London, by

John Iackfon.

1 5 9 3



This Booke containeth these 14. most
speciall and woorthie
workes.

- 1 The dead mans Right.
- 2 An excellent Elegie, with two speciall
Epitaphes vpon the death of sir Phillip
Sydney, pag. 1.
- 3 The praise of Chastitie, 12
- 4 A Dialogue betweene Constance and
Inconstancie, 16
- 5 A Garden plot, 21
- 6 A Dream of Ladies & their Riddles, 23
- 7 The Chesse play, 28
- 8 Another rare Dreame, 31
- 9 An excellent Passion, 63
- 10 A notable description of the World, 77
- 11 A Counterloue, 80
- 12 A description of Loue, 90
- 13 A description of Lealoufe, 91
- 14 The praise of Virginitie, 93

With other excellent and rare

Ditties.

A 2



A Preface to the Reader vpon
the dead mans
Right.



Write not (gentle Reader) to flatter, for the dead are not vainglorious: nor to gain, they reward not trauels: for pride lesse, they are other mens vertues not mine owne that I publish: for malice leaft of all, becaufe I fee how ill it becomes them to whom I write. But I write to admonish, and (if it might be) to amend vile and enuious tooings: if not, I seeke no other hire nor glorie than the satisfacion of mine owne conscience, by discharging the dutie of a Christian. So fare you well.



The Phoenix nest.
The deadmans Right.

Written vpon the death of the Right Honorable the Earle of Leicester.



It is not vnknowne how wicked Libellers haue most odiously fought the slander of our wife, graue, and Honorable superiours: diuulging detamatorie Libels, so full of immodest railings and audacious lies, as no indifferent Reader but may easily discover their enmie, and iudge of the veritie: The Authors whereof, though in the qualitie of their offence (tending whole to sedition) they haue worthily deserued death, yet the substance of their Pamphlets haue not merited answer.

For want whereof some as euill affected as themselves, to whose hands mostly such bookes haue come, are flattered with a poore aduantage, imputing the wife and silent digesting of such inhonest and scurilous cartels to their guiltinesse: when (simple as they are) who is else so foolish as knoweth not if all diuulged were true, how easily Authoritie might excuse them, hauing pens and Puffles at commandement, and power to patronize: Much more when so true as themselves ashamed of their fallhoodes, dare not auouch them vnder their owne names being without reach and feare of Authoritie.

Amongst others, whose Honors these intemperate railors haue fought to scandalize, none haue more vildly bin slandered than the late deceased Earle, the godly, loiall, wife, and graue Earle of Leicester: Against whom (void of all iust touch of

The Phoenix nest.

of dishonor) they forged millions of impieties, abusing the people by their diucliff fictions, and wicked wringing of his actions, all to bring his vertues & persion in popular hatred.

Which though he during his life meekely bare as a man vntouched, without publishing defence of his innocence. Yet because the tooings of men irritated to enuie by the instruments of those libellers, being without feare of controument, fith his death are become ouer scandalous and at too much libertie. It shall not be amitte to pertrayde more modestie and pietie of speech.

And for as much as I perceiue the greatest and most general obiection they haue to blemish his honor, is but an opinion of his ambition and aspiring minde, wherewith the capitall and cardinall Libellor of them all hath cunninglie infected the ignorant that knew not the fate of his honors: Let vs see how he may iustly be touched.

Did he euer assume vnto himselfe anie vaine or vnlawfull tytle, or was vnlatiate of rule? Did he purchase his honors otherwife than by his vertues, or were they so extraordinary, as now or in times past they haue not bene equaled in others inferior vnto him in condition of birth, and more in defart? If not? I maruell the father of this pestilent inuented bluffs not as red as his cap, and his children be not ashamed of his falsehood.

Admit this woorthie Earles and our most gracious Souerigne who wisely iudged of his vertues, and worthily rewarded his loialtie and paines, did honor him with titles about others of his time: (in humble and seemely sort, I speake it without comparifon) who euery way was more fit for the dignitie he bare, and more complet to accomplish them: whereof the Libellor could not be ignorant, but that too much yeelding to his malice, he fought to flaunder this notable testimonie of his Excellence.

Such rather woude I iudge ambitious, as for promotions whether Ecclesiasticall or Temporall, hauing once conceined a hope of greatnesse, without regard of confidence or Countrie, with voluntarie hazarde of all things pursue the fame,

The Phoenix nest.

fame, by shamefull, traiterous, and vngodlie meanes, exalperating their naturall Prince and superiour Magistrates by rebellious and seditious Libels. These be the true tokens of an aspiring minde, whole nature is to hinder by malice, where it can not hurt by power.

But leauing further pursute of their malice, I will remember this Earles woorthinesse. For the first and principall vertue of his vertues, his Religion, it shall be needlesse to speake much, fith all Christendome knows he professed one Faith, and worshipped one onely God, whom he serued in vprightnes of life, and defended with hazard thereof in armes and action against his enimies. How he succoured and relieved distressed members of the Church, I leaue to those that haue made prooffe, who ought in dutie to make relation thereof.

Next I thinke there is none that will dare, or can impeach his loialtie, either in fact or faith, sufficiently testified by his Maiesties gracious loue to whom that belonged, as also by his dutifull and carefull seruice vnto hir. So as further narration thereof shall not neede.

His wisdome by the grauitie of his place, the causes he managed, and the cariage of his persion, is approved not onely vnto vs, but to most nations of the world.

Lastlie of his valour and affection to his Countries peace, no honest minde but is fatisfied: whereof what greater testimonie can we require than the trauels his aged bodie vnder-tooke, and dangers the fame was subiect vnto in the warres of the Low Countries, where he voluntarily offered his persion in combate against the deuoted enimies of this state and hir Maiestie. Leauing his Wife, possessions, and home, not regarding his safetie, riches, and ease, in respect of the godly, honourable, and louing care he bare the common quiet.

All which the vngratefull Malecontents of this time, on whome any thing is ill bestowed (much more the trauels of fo memorable a Noble) spard not to reproch: Hyring the tooings of runawais and roges, such as neither feare God nor the diuell, or are woorth a home, to proclaime hatefull and enuious lies against him, in alehouses, faires, markets, and

The Phoenix nest.

and such assemblies.

At whose returne when his dealings were truly discus-
fed, and truth overcame their flanders, this was the refuge of
their whispering malice: His greatnesse and smooth tong
(saie they) beares it awaie: as if Honor once lost in act, could
be hidden by greatnes, or recovered by grace and eloquence
of speech. Both which taken away by his happie death, and
our unhappie losse, he is fithene more cleared than before.

Maruell not then at their enuie, fith, *Virtus comes inuidia*,
but detest the enuious, that thus blasphem the vertues, whom
(for mine owne part) as I see measure their rage, so will I
iudge of their affection to the state: for vndoubtedly none
but the discontented with the time, or such as he hath iustlie
punished for their lewdnesse, will thus calumnioussie inter-
pret his proceedings.

If I meant to write a discourse of this Earles life, or an
Apologie in his defence, I would proceede more orderly in
repetition of his vertues, and more effectually in answer of
their poisoned Libels: But as mine intent at first was onelie
to admonish loose tooings (such as mine cares haue glowd
to heare of) and forewarne the ouer credulous that are easly
abused, hauing finished my purpose, if it effects amendment,
I shall be glad, if not, their flames be on their owne heads.

Beteeching God this Realme feele not the want of him al-
readie dead, and greater iudgements inlue for our vnthank-
fulnesse.

LEICESTER he liu'd, of all the world admir'd,
Not as a man, though he in shape exceld:
But as a God, whose heauenlie wit inspir'd,
Wrought hie effects, yet vertues courses held,
His wildome honored his Countries name,
His valure was the vangard of the fame.

[8]

The Phoenix nest.

An Elegie, or friends passion, for
his Atrophill.

*Written vpon the death of the right Honorable Sir Phillip
Sidney knight, Lord gouernor of
Flushing.*

S then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude, accloid the aire,
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected Phoebus golden haire,
The garnisht tree, no pendant thurd,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
So was Acreons horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,
With Loue iuce stained the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the Poets braine,
And Phillis phibert there away,
Compared with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With flately height threatening the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull Ebonie,
All in a circle compar't were,
Like to an Amphitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The aire winged people sat,

[9]

Distinguished

2 The Phoenix nest.

Distinguished in od degrees,
One fort in this, another that,
Here Philomell, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

5

The skie bred Egle roiall bird,
Percht there vpon an oke aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer fird,
Example of immortall loue.

10

The swan that sings about to dy,
Leauing Meander flood thereby.

And that which was of woonder moft,

The Phoenix left sweete Arabie:
And on a Cædar in this coast,
Built vp hir tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the fame,
Preparde to take hir dying flame.

15

In midft and center of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the graffe:
A man or stone, I knew not that,
No stone, of man the figure was,

20

And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceiue him reare
His bodie on his elbow end:
Earthly and pale with gaffly cheare,
Vpon his knees he ypward tend,

25

Seeming like one in vncouth ffound,
To be ascending out the ground.

30

A greuous figh foorthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall stringes,
Then downe his cheekes the teares fo flowes,
As doth the streame of many springes.

So

[10]

The Phoenix nest. 3

So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent with trembling found,
He woefully gan to complaine,

5

Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine,
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heauily he gan to say.

10

O sunne (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star is false, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eie,

Shine vpon thofe possesse delight,
And let me liue in endlesse night.

15

O grieue that liest vpon my soule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Comfort me quickly with the dead,
Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,
Di'de in the brest of Athrophill.

20

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts and thadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to know,
What be the forrowes me agreu's,
Liffen ye then to that infu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

25

You knew, who knew not Athrophill,
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession fill)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit fuch,
I cannot say, you heare too much.

30

B 2

Within

[11]

4 The Phoenix nest.

Within these woods of Arcadie,
He cheefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Vpon the chryfall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him eu'ry day,
That taught him fings, to write, and fay.

When he descended downe the mount,
His personage seemed most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerefull eie,
To heare him speake and sweetely smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweete attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell books,
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was neuer eie, did see that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
Was neuer minde, did minde his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long,
But eies, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a woorthy man,
In whom so rare defarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wiff for him in vaine,
O could the flars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed fit.

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to loue,

[12]

The Phoenix nest.

That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue,
As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heauenly blis,
The highest in his fancie flood,
And she could well demerite this,
Tis likely they acquainted soone,
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our Atrophill did Stella loue,
O Stella vaunt of Atrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou finde an Atrophill,
The rofe and lillie haue their prime,
And fo hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe excede,
In common sight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and iudgement too,
Sees more than any other doe.

Then Atrophill hath honored thee,
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue,
To short liude beautie aye to liue.

Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approoued in his song,
That loue and honor might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong,

[13]

Sweete

6 The Phoenix nest.

Sweete faints it is no finne nor blame,
 To loue a man of vertuous name.
 Did neuer loue fo sweetly breath
 In any mortall breft before,
 Did neuer mufe inspire beneath,
 A Poets braine with finer flore:
 He wrote of loue with high conceit,
 And beautie reard aboute hir height.
 Then Pallas afterward attyrde,
 Our Aftrophill with hir deuice,
 Whom in his armor heauen admyrde,
 As of the nation of the skies,
 He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
 As he were dight with ferie ftarrs.
 The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
 (An enuious eie doth fee afar)
 Such maietie (quoth he) is feeld,
 Such maietie my mart may mar,
 Perhaps this may a futer be,
 To fet Mars by his deitie.
 In this furnize he made with fpeece,
 An iron cane wherein he put,
 The thunder that in cloudes do breede,
 The flame and bolt together shut.
 With priue force burft out againe,
 And fo our Aftrophill was flaine.
 This word (was flaine) ftraightway did moue,
 And natures inward life ftirring twitch,
 The skie immediately aboute,
 Was dimnd with hideous clouds of pitch,
 The wruffling winds from out the ground,
 Fild all the aire with rattling found.

[14]

The

The Phoenix nest.

The bending trees expret a grone,
 And figh'd the forow of his fall,
 The forrest beafts made ruthfull mone,
 The birds did tune their mourning call,
 And Philomell for Aftrophill,
 Vnto hir notes annex a phill.
 The turtle doue with tunes of ruthe,
 Shewd feeling paffion of his death,
 Me thought the faid I tell thee truthe,
 Was neuer he that drew in breath,
 Vnto his loue more truftie found,
 Than he for whom our griefs abound.
 The fwan that was in prefence heere,
 Began his funerall dirge to fing,
 Good things (quoth he) may fearce appeere,
 But paffe away with speedie wing.
 This mortall life as death is tride,
 And death giues life, and fo he di'de.
 The generall forrow that was made,
 Among the creatures of kinde,
 Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
 Hir alhes flying with the winde,
 So as I might with reafon fee,
 That fuch a Phoenix nere fhould bee.
 Haply the cinders driven about,
 May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
 But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
 It cannot finke into my minde,
 That vnder branches ere can bee,
 Of worth and value as the tree.
 The Eagle markt with pearcing fight,
 The mournfull habite of the place,

[15]

And

8 The Phoenix nest.

And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signify to Loue the case,
What forow nature doth sustaine,
For Aftrophill by ennie flaine. 5

And while I followed with mine eie,
The flight the Eagle vppward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And difappered from my looke,
The trees, beafts, birds, and groue was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone. 10

This fpectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my fpright,
My molting hart iflud me thought,
In ftreames foorth at mine eies aright,
And heere my pen is for to fhinke,
My teares difcollors fo mine inke. 15

An Epitaph vpon the right Honorable

fir Philip Sidney knight: Lord
gouernor of Flushing. 20

TO praife thy life, or waile thy woorthe death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care oblcourde in feeret brest,
And loue that ennie in thy life fuppreft,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more. 25

And I, that in thy time and liuing ftate,
Did onely praife thy vertues in my thought,
As one that feeld the rifing funne hath fought,
With words and teares now waile thy timeleffe fate. 30

Drawne

[16]

The Phoenix nest. 9

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor leffe than fuch, (by gifts that nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,)
Doth vertue fhew, and princely linage fhine. 5

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly minde,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
For this bafe world, and hath reuinde it neere,
To fit in skies, and fort with powres diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made hafte, & flaide nor yeeres, nor time,
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy firft prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words, the feales of truth. 10

Great gifts and wifedome rare implouide thee thence,
To treat from kings, with thofe more great than kings,
Such hope men had to lay the highft things,
On thy wife youth, to be tranfported hence. 15

Hence to fharppe wars fweete honor did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:
Of woorthy men, the marks, the lines and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all. 20

There didft thou vanquifh fhame and tedious age,
Griefe, forow, ficknes, and bafe fortunes might:
Thy rifing day, faw neuer wofull night,
But patft with praife, from of this worldly ftage. 25

Backe to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
Firft thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the foldiers, the proud Caftilians flames;
Vertue expref, and honor truly taught.

What hath he loft, that fuch great grace hath woon,
Yoong yeeres, for endless yeeres, and hope vnfhure,
C Of 30

[17]

10 The Phoenix nest.

Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that fill shall dure,
Oh happy race with fo great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the fame,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy forow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come,
In worthy harts forow hath made thy tombe,
Thy foule and fright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberrall hart imbalnd in gratefull teares.
Yong fighes, sweete fighes, sage fighes, bewaile thy fall,
Enuie hir sting, and spite hath left hir gall,
Malice hir selfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hamball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time,
Whose vertues wounded by my woorthles rime,
Let Angels speake, and heauens thy praises tell.

Another of the fame.

Excellently written by a most worthy Gentleman.

Silence augmenteth griefe, writing encrease th rage, (age,
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd, & loft, the wonder of our
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enrag'de I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I know not how. 25

Hard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares abound,
And enuie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault the found,
Knowledge hir light hath loft, valor hath flaine hir knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds delight.

Place penfure wailes his fall, whole preference was hir pride, 30
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come: his life was my spring tide,
Fame

[18]

The Phoenix nest.

Fame mournes in that she loft, the ground of hir reports,
Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in fundry fors.

He was (wo worth that word) to ech well thinking minde,
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue euer shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highst conceits, longest forfights, and deepest works of wit.

He onely like himselfe, was second vnto none,
Whose death (though life) we rue, & wrong, & al in vain do more,
Their losse, not him waile they, that fill the world with cries,
Death flue not him, but he made death his ladder to the skies. 10

Now sinke of forow I, who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whole thred is al to long,
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no reliefe,
Must spend my euer dying daies, in neuer ending griefe. 15

Harts ease and onely I, like parabes run on,
Whose equall length, keepe equall breath, & neuer meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my forowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking him fo well.

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking dreames,
Farewell sometimes enioied ioy, eclipsed are thy beames,
Farewell selfe pleading thoughts, which quietnes brings fourth,
And farewell friendships sacred league, vnting minds of woorth.

And farewell merry hart, the gift of guiltles mindes,
And all sports, which for liues restore, varietie affignes,
Let all that sweete is, voided in me no mirth may dwell,
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my liues content farewell. 25

Now time, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill, (kill,
And endless griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes not how to
Go seeke that haples tombe, which if ye hap to finde,
Salute the stoncs, that keepe the lims, that held fo good a minde. 30

C 2 The

[19]

12 The Phoenix nest.

The praise of Chastitie.

*Wherein is set forth by way of comparison, how great
is the conquest ouer our affections,*

*by G. P. Massier of
Arts.*

The noble Romans whilom woonted were,
For triumph of their conquered enimies,
The wreathes of Laurell, and of Palme to weare,
In honor of their famous victories,

And so in robes of gold, and purple dight,
Like bodies flirnde, in feates of Iuorie,
Their names renoumde for happines in fight,
They beare the guerdon of their chiuarie.

The valiant Greekes, for sacke of Priams towne,
A worke of manhood, matcht with policie,
Haue filld the world with bookes of their renouwe,
As much as erst the Romane emperie.

The Phrygian knights, that in the houle of fame,
Haue shining armes of endles memorie,
By hot and fierce repulle did win the fame,
Though Helens rape, hurt Paris progenie.

Thus strength hath guerdon, by the worlds award,
So praise we birth, and high nobilitie,
If then the minde, and bodie reape reward,
For natures dowre, conferred liberally.

Prefte then for praise, vnto the highest roome,
That art the highest of the gifts of heauen,
More beautifull by wildomes sacred doome,
Than Sol himselfe, amid the Planets fauen.

Queene

[20]

The Phoenix nest. 13

Queene of content, and temperate desires,
Choice nurse of health, thy name hight Chastitie,
A foweraigne powre to quench such climbing fires,
As choake the minde, with smoke of infamie.

Champion at armes, re'ncounter with thy foe,
An enimie fowle, and fearfull to behold,
If then stout captaines haue bene honor'd so,
Their names in bookes of memorie enrold,

For puiffant strength: ye Romane peeres retire,
And Greeks giue ground, more honor there is woun,
With chaffe rebukes to temper thy desire,
Than glory gaind the world to ouer run.

Than fierce Achilles got, by Hectors spoyle,
Than erst the mightie prince of Macedon,
King Philips impe, that put his foes to foyle,
And wisht more worlds to hold him plaie than one.

Beleeue me to contend 'gainst armies royall,
To tame wilde Panthers but by strength of hand,
To praise the triumph, not so speciall,
As ticing pleasures charmes for to withstand.

And for me list compare with men of war,
For honor of the field, I dare maintaine,
This victory exceedeth that as far,
As Phoebus chariot Vulcans forge doth staine.

Both noble, and triumphant in their kindes,
And matter woorthe queene Remembrance pen,
But that that tangles both our thoughts and mindes,
To matter that, is more than ouer men,

To make thy triumph. Sith to strength alone,
Of body it belongs, to bruze or wound,

But

[21]

14 The Phoenix nest.

But raging thoughts, to quell, or few, or none,
 Saue vertues imps, are able champions found.

Or those whom Loue hath lou'd? or noble of birth,
 So strong Alcyles, Ioues vnconquered son,
 Did lift Achelous bodie from the earth,
 To shew what deeds by vertues strength are don. 5

So him he foild, and put to sudden fight,
 By aime of wit, the foule Stimphalides?
 And while we fay he mastered men by might,
 Behold in perion of this Hercules. 10

It liketh me to figure Chastitie,
 His labor like that foule vncleane desire,
 That vnder guide of tickling fantasie, (fire.
 Would mar the minde, through pleasures forching 15

And who hath seene a faire alluring face,
 A lustie girle,yclad in quaint array,
 Whose daintie hand, makes musicke with hir lace,
 And tempts thy thoughts, and steales thy sence away.

Whose ticing haire, like nets of golden wyre,
 Enchaine thy hart, whose gate and voice diuine,
 Enflame thy blood, and kindle thy desire,
 Whose features wrap and dazle humane eie. 20

Who hath beheld faire Venus in hir pride,
 Of nakednes all Alablaster white,
 In luorie bed, frait laid by Mars his fide,
 And hath not bin enchanted with the fight, 25

To with, to dallie, and to offer game,
 To coy, to court, & cætera to doe:
 (Forgiue me Chastnes if in termes of flame,
 To thy renowne, I paint what longs thereto) 30

Who

[22]

The Phoenix nest. 15

Who hath not iud'd, and yett hath seene I say,
 That might offend chaste hearers to endure,
 Who hath bene haled on, to touch, and play,
 And yett not stowpt to pleasures wanton lure. 5

Crowne him with laurell, for his victorie,
 Clad him in purple, and in scarlet die?
 Enroll his name in bookes of memorie,
 Ne let the honor of his conquest die.

More roiall in his triumph, than the man,
 Whom tygres drew in coach of burnisht golde,
 In whom the Roman Monarchie began,
 Whose works of worth, no wit hath ert controlde. 10

Elysiun be his walke, high heauen his shrine,
 His drinke, sweete Nectar, and Ambrosia,
 The foode that makes immortall and diuine,
 Be his to taste, to make him liue for ay: 15

And that I may in brieft describe his due,
 What lasting honor vertues guerdon is,
 So much and more his iust desart pursue,
 Sith his desart awards it to be his. 20

LE N V O Y.

To thee in honor of whose gouernment,
 Entitled is this praise of Chastitie,
 My gentle friend, these hastie lines are ment,
 So flowreth vertue like the laurell tree, 25
 Immortall Greene, that euere eie may see,
 And well was Daphne turnd into the bay,
 Whose chastnes triumphes, growes, & liues for ay.

An

[23]

An excellent Dialogue betweene Constance
and Inconscience, as it was by speech presented

to hir Majesty, in the last Progresse at
sir Henrie Leignes house.

*Con-
stance.* Oft excellent: thall I say Lady,
or Goddesse? whom I should
emie to be but a Lady, and
can not denie to have the
power of a Goddesse? vouch-
safe to accept the humble
thankfulness of vs lately di-
stressed Ladies, the pride of
whole wits was iustly punish-
ed with the inconscience of our wits; wherby we
were carried to delight, as in nothing more than
to loue, so in nothing so much as to change louers;
which punishment, though it were onely due to our
dicents, yet did it light most heauily vpon those
knights, who following vs with the heate of their
affection, had neither grace to get vs, nor power to
leau vs. Now since by that more than mortall pow-
er of your more than humane wisedome, the en-
chanted tables are read, and both they and we re-
leafed, let vs be punished with more than inconfan-
cie, if we faile either to loue constantly, or to alie-
nize your memorie.

Inconscience. Not to be thankfull to so great a person,
for so great a benefite, might argue as little iudge-
ment, as ill nature: and therefore though it be my
place to speake after you, I will strive in thankfull-
nes to go before you, but yet rather for my libertie,
because I may be as I list, than for any minde I haue
to be more constant than I was.

Conſt. If you haue no minde to be constant, what is the
benefit of your deliuerance?

Inconſt.

[24]

Inconſt. As I tolde you before, my libertie, which I loue
better than my selfe; for though I loue inconscience
as my selfe, and had as leue not be, as not be vn-
constant; yet can I not but hate that which I loue;
but when I am enforced vnto it: and (by your leaue)
as dainie as you make of the matter, I am perswa-
ded that you would euen hate your selfe, if you
were but wedded vnto your selfe.

Conſt. Selfe loue is not the loue that we talke of, but ra-
ther the kinde of knitting of two harts in one, of
which fort if you had a faithfull louer, what shoulde
you loofe by being faithfull vnto him?

Inconſt. More than you shall get by being so.

Conſt. I seeke nothing but him to whom I am constant.

Inconſt. And euen him shall you loofe by being constant.

Conſt. What reason haue you for that?

Inconſt. No other reason than that which is drawn from
the common places of loue, which is for the most
part, reason beyond reason.

Conſt. You may rather call it reason without reason; if
they conclude that loue and faith, the more they
haue, the lesse they shall finde.

Inconſt. Will you beleue your owne experience?

Conſt. Farre beyond your reason.

Inconſt. Haue you not then found amongst your louers,
that they would flie you, if you do but follow them,
and follow you most, when you do most flie them?
Conſt. I graunt I haue found it too true in some, but I
now speake of a constant louer indeed.

Inconſt. You may better speake of him than finde him;
but the onely way to haue him, is, to be vnconstant.

Conſt. How so?

Inconſt. I haue heard Philosphers say, that *Inquisitio ter-
mino cessat motus*, there is no motion (and you know
loue is a motion) but it ceaseeth (or rather dieth)
when it hath gotten his end; and to say the truth,
loue hath no edge when it is assured, whose verie
D foode

[25]

18 The Phoenix nest.

foode and life is hope, and the hope of hauing, is
dull without the feare of loosing, where there are
no ryuals.

Consf. But the more constant he findes me, the more
carefull he will be to deserue well of me. 5

Inconsf. You deceiue your selfe with that conceite, and
giue him no small aduantage to range where he li-
feth, when you let him know you are at his deu-
tion, whom you shall be sure to haue at yours, if by
an indifferent carriage of your selfe, you breede an
emulation betwene him and others. 10

Consf. It were against nature for hir which is but one, to
loue more than one, and if it be a fault to beare a
double hart, what is it to diuide the hart among
many. 15

Inconsf. I aske no other iudge than nature, especially in
this matter of loue, than which there is nothing
more naturall, and surely for any thing that I can
fee, nature delighteth in nothing so much, as in va-
rieties; and it were hard, that since she hath appoin-
ted varietie of colours for the eie, varietie of sounds
for the eare, varietie of meates for the mouth, and
varietie of other things for euery other sense, she
should binde the hart (to which all the rest doe fer-
uice) to the loue of one any more, than she binde
the eie to one colour, the eare to one sound, or the
mouth to one kinde of meate.

Consf. Neither doth she deny the hart varietie of choyse,
she onely requires constancie when it hath chofen. 30

Inconsf. What if we commit an error in our choise?

Consf. It is no fault to choose where we like.
Inconsf. But if our liking varie, may we not be better ad-
uised?

Consf. When you haue once chofen, you must turne your
eyes inward, to looke onelie on him whom you
haue placed in your hart. 35

Inconsf. Why then I perceiue you haue not yet chofen,
for

[26]

The Phoenix nest. 19

for your eyes looke outward, but as long as your
eyes stand in your head as they doe, I doubt not but
to finde you inconstant.

Consf. I do not denie but I looke vpon others beside
him that I loue best, but they are all as dead pic-
tures vnto me, for any power they haue to touch
my hart. 5

Inconsf. If they were but (as you account them) dead pic-
tures, I do not doubt, but they would make an
other Pigmalion of you, rather than you would be
bound to the loue of one onely; but what if that
one prooue inconstant?

Consf. I had rather the fault should be his than mine.

Inconsf. It is a small comfort to say the fault is his, when
the losse is yours, but how can you auoid the fault,
who can helpe it and will not? 15

Consf. I fee no way to helpe it, but by breach of faith,
which I hold deerer then my life.

Inconsf. What is the band of your faith? 20

Consf. My worde.

Inconsf. Your word is but winde, and no sooner spoken
than gone.

Consf. Yet doth it binde, to see what is spoken, done.

Inconsf. You can do little, if you cannot master your
worde. 25

Consf. I should do lesse, if my word did not master me.

Inconsf. It masters you indeed, for it makes you a slave.

Consf. To none but one, whom I choose to serue.

Inconsf. It is basenes to serue, tho it be but one. 30

Consf. More base to difsemble with more than one.

Inconsf. When you loue all alike, you difsemble with
none.

Consf. But if I loue many, will any loue me?

Inconsf. No doubt there will, and so much the more, by
how much the more they are that strue for you. 35

Consf. But the hart that is euery where, is indeede no
where,

D 2 *Inconsf.*

[27]

Incomf. If you speake of a mans hart, I grant it to be true; but as for the hart of a woman, it is like a soule in a bodie; *Fata in toto, Et tota in qualibet parte:* that though you had as many louers, as you haue fingers and toes, you might be but one amongst them all, and yet wholly euery ones: but bicause I see you are peruerly deuoted to the cold sinceritie of imaginarie constancie, I leaue you to be as you may, and purpose my selfe to be as I list: Nevertheless, to your Maiestie, by whom I haue obtained this libertie, in token of my thankfulness, I offer this simple work of mine owne hands, which you may weare as you please, but I made it after mine owne minde to be worne loose.

Conf. And I who by your conning am not onely fet at libertie, but made partaker also of constancie, doe present you with as vnworthie a worke of mine owne hands, which yet I hope you will better accept, bicause it will serue to binde the looseness of that inconstant dames token.

Incomf. To binde the looseness, and that of an inconstant dame, say no more than you know, for you knowe not so much as I feele; well may we bewray our felues betweene our felues, as thinking we haue said nothing, vntill we haue saide all. But now, a greater power worketh in me, than your or my reason, which draweth me from the circle of my fancies, to the center of constant loue, there representing vnto me what contentment it is, to loue but one, and how desire is fatisfied with no number, when once it delighteth in more than one.

Conf. I am not, I cannot be as I was, the leaue that I did take of my selfe, is to leaue my selfe, and to change, or rather to be changed to that estate which admitteth no change: by the secret power of hir, which though she were content to let me be carried almost out of breath with the winde of inconstantie,

constancie, doth now in hir silence put me to silence, and by the glorie of hir countenance, which disperseth the flying cloudes of vaine conceits, commands me too with others, and to be my selfe as she is, *Semper eadem.*



The Preamble to N.B. his Garden plot.

SWeete fellow whom I ware, such sure affected loue,
As neither weale, nor woe, nor want can from my minde re-
To thee my fellow sweete, this wofull tale I tell, (moue: 10
To let thee see the darke distresse, wherein my minde doth dwell.

On loathed bed I lay, my luttelste lims to rest,
Where still I tumble to and fro, to seeke which side were best:
At last I catch a place, where long I cannot lie,
But strange conceits from quiet sleepes, do keep awake mine eie. 15

The time of yeere me feemes, doth bid me flouen rise,
And not from shew of sweete delight, to shut my sleepeie eyes:
But sorrow by and by, doth bid me flauie lie still,
And slug amongst the wretched soules, whom care doth seek to kil.

For forow is my spring, which brings forth bitter teares,
The fruits of friendship all forlorne, as feeble fancie feares. 20

A strange description of a rare Garden plot, Written by N.B. Gent.

MY garden ground of grieffe: where selfe wils seeds are sowne,
Whereof comes vp the weedes of wo, that ioies haue ouer- 25
With patience paled round, to keep in secret flight: (grown:
And quicker round about with care, to keepe out all delight,
Foure

22 The Phoenix nest.

Foure quarters squared out, I finde in fundrie fort;
 Whereof according to their kindes, I meane to make report:
 The first, the knot of loue, drawne euen by true desier,
 Like as it were two harts in one, and yet both would be nier. 5

 The herbe is calde Hop, the iuice of such a taste,
 As with the fowre, makes sweete conceits to flie away too fast:
 The borders round about, are fet with priuie sweete,
 Where neuer bird but nightingale, presume to fet hir feete.

 From this I stept aside, vnto the knot of care,
 Which so was croft with strange cōceits, as tong cannot declare:
 The herbe was called Time, which fet out all that knot:
 And like a Maze me thought it was, when in the crookes I got.

 The borders round about, are Sauerie vnswete:
 An herbe not much in my conceit, for such a knot vnmeete: 15
 From this to friendships knot, I stept and tooke the view,
 How it was drawne, and then againe, in order how it grew.

 The course was not vnlike, a kinde of hand in hand:
 But many fingers were away, that there should seeme to stand:
 The herbe that fet the knot, was Pennie Riall round: 20
 And as me seem'd, it grew full close, and nere vnto the ground.

 And parched heere and there, so that it seem'd not
 Full as it should haue been in deed, a perfect friendship knot:
 Heerat I pawld awhile, and tooke a little view
 Of an od quarter drawne in beds, where herbs and flowers grew. 25

 The flowers were buttons fine, for batchelers to beare,
 And by those flowers ther grew an herb, was called maiden hear.

 Amid this garden ground, a Condit strange I found,
 Which water fetcht from forows spring, to water al the ground:
 To this my heauie houle, the dungeon of distresse,
 Where fainting hart lies panting still, despairing of redresse. 30
 Whence

[30]

The Phoenix nest. 23

Whence from my window loe, this sad prospect I haue,
 A peece of ground wheron to gaze, would bring one to his graue:
 Lo thus the welcome spring, that others lends delight,
 Doth make me die, to thinke I lie, thus drowned in despight, 5

 That vp I cannot rise, and come abroad to thee,
 My fellow sweet, with whom God knowes, how oft I will to bee:
 And thus in haste adieu, my hart is growne so fore,
 And care so crookes my fingers ends, that I can write no more.



An excellent Dreame of Ladies and
their Riddles: by N.B. Gent. 10

IN Orchard grounds, where store of fruit trees grew,
 Me thought a Saint was walking all alone,
 Of euerie tree, she seemd to take hir view,
 But in the end, she plucked but of one: 15
 This fruit quoth she, doth like my fancie best:
 Sweetings are fruit, but let that apple rest.

 Such fruit (quoth I) shall fancie chiefly feede:
 Indeepe tis faire, God grant it prooue as good,
 But take good heede, leaft all to late it breede 20
 Ill humors such as may infect your blood:
 Yet take and taste, but looke you know the tree:
 Peace foole quoth she, and so awaked mee.

 What was this ground, wherein this dame did walke?
 And what was she, that romed to and fro? 25
 And what ment I, to vse such kinde of talke?
 And what ment she, to checke and snib me fo?
 But what meane I? alas, I was asleepe:
 Awake I sweare, I will more silence keepe.
 Well

[31]

24 The Phoenix nest.

Well thus I wakte and fell asleepe againe:
And then I fell into another vaine.

Great wars me thought grew late by strange mislap,
Desire had stolne out of Dianaes traine,
Hir darling deere, and laid on Venus lap,
Who, Cupid fware should neuer backe againe.
Ere he would fo loofe all his harts delight,
He vow'd to die, wherewith began a fight.

Diana shot, and Cupid shot againe:
Fame founded out hir trumpe with heauenly cheare:
Hope was ill hurt, despite was onely flaine:
Diana fort in fine for to retire.
Cupid caught fame, and brought hir to his friend:
The trumpet ceast, and fo my dreame did end.

Thus scarce awake, I fell asleepe againe,
And then I was within a garden ground,
Beset with flowres, the allies euen and plaine:
And all the banks beset with roses round,
And fundrie flowres so super sweete of smell,
As there me thought it was a heauen to dwell.

Where walking long, anon I gan espie
Sweete pretie fowles, that pluckt ech one a flowre:
When from their fight I hid me by and by,
Behinde a banke within a brier bowre:
Where after walke, I saw them where they fat:
Beheld their hues, and heard their pretie chat:

Sister quoth one, how shall we spend this day?
Deuide (quoth she) some pretie merie iest:
Content quoth one, behrew them that say nay:
Some purpofes or riddles I thinke best:
Riddles cried all, and fo the sport begun:
Forret a fillop, she that first hath done.

Loe

[32]

The Phoenix nest. 25

Loe thus a while was curtesy to propound,
Yet in the end this order did they take,
By two and two, they should sit close and round;
And one begin, another answer make:
Whose ridling sports in order as I can,
I will recite, and thus the first began.

The first Riddle.

Within a gallant plot of ground,
There grows a flowre that hath no name,
The like whereof was neuer found,
And none but one can plucke the fame:
Now where this ground or flowre doth growe,
Or who that one, tis hard to knowe.

The Answer.

Sister (quoth she) if thou wouldst knowe
This ground, this flowre, and happie man,
Walke in this garden to and fro:
Here you shall see them now and than:
Which when you finde to your delight,
Then thinke I hit your riddle right.

The second Riddle.

Within a field there grows a flowre,
That decks the ground where as it grows,
It springs and falls both in an howre,
And but at certaine times it shoves:
It neuer dies, and seldom seene,
And tis a Nofegay for a Queene.

The Answer.

This field is fauor, Grace the ground,
Whence springs the flowre of curtesie,
E

Soone

[33]

26 The Phoenix nest.

Soone growne and gone though somtime found,
Not dead, but hid, from flatters eie,
That pickthanks may not plucke the fame:
Thus haue I red your riddle Dame.

5

The third Riddle.

Within a flowre a feede there growes,
Which somtime falls, but feldome springs,
And if it spring, it feldome blowes,
And if it blowe, no sweete it brings,
And therefore counted but a weede:
Now gefse the flowre, and what the feede.

10

The Answer.

In fancies flowre is forrowes feede,
Which somtimes falls, but springs but feeld,
And if it spring, tis but a weede,
Which doth no sweete, nor fauor yeeld,
And yet the flowre, both faire and sweete,
And for a Princes garden meete.

15

The fourth Riddle.

Within a feede doth poison lurke,
Which onely Spiders feede vpon,
And yet the Bee can wisely woorke,
To fucke out honie, poison gone:
Which honie, poison, Spider, Bee,
Are hard to gefse, yet eath to see.

25

The Answer.

In forrowes feede is secreet paine,
Which spite the Spider onely fuccks,
Which poison gone, then writte braine
The wile Bee, hir honie plucks,

30

And

[34]

The Phoenix nest. 27

And beares it to hir hie vnhurt,
When spider trod, dies in the durt.

Gramercie wench (quoth she) that first beegon,
Each one me seemes hath quit hir selfe right well,
And now since that our riddles all are doon,
Let vs go sing the flowre of sweetest smell:

5

Well may it fare, wherewith each tooke a part,
And thus they foong, all with a merie hart.

Blest be the ground that first brought forth the flowre,
Whole name vntolde, but vertues not vnkowne:

10

Happie the hand, whom God shall giue the powre,
To plucke this flowre, and take it for his owne:

Oh heauenly flinke, that flaines all where it growes:
From whom more sweet, than sweetest hony flowes.

15

Oh sweete of sweetes, the sweetest sweete that is:
Oh flowre of flowres, that yeelds so sweete a feat:
Oh sent so sweete, as when the head shall misse:
Oh heauens what hart but that will fore lament:

20

God let thee spring, and flourish so each flowre,
As that our sweetes may neuer turne to flowre.

For we with sweetes doe feede our fancies so,
With sweetes of fight, and sweetnes of conceit,
That we may with that it may euer groe,
Amid delights where we desire to wait,

25

Vpon the flowre that pleaseth euerie eie,
And glads each hart: God let it neuer die.

Wherewith me thought aloud I cride, Amen:
And therewithall I flarted out of sleepe:

30

Now what became of these faire Ladies then,
I cannot tell, in minde I onely keepe

These ridling toies which heere I doe recite:
He tell ye more perhaps another night.

The

E 2

[35]

28 The Phoenix nest.

The Chesse Play.

Very aptly devised by N.B. Gent.

Secret many yeeres vnseene,
In play at Chesse, who knows the game,
First of the King, and then the Queene,
Knight, Bishop, Rooke, and so by name,
Of euerie Pawne I will descrite,
The nature with the qualite.

The King.

The King himselfe is haughtie Care,
Which ouerlooketh all his men,
And when he feeth how they fare,
He steps among them now and then,
Whom, when his foe prelumnes to checke,
His seruants stand, to giue the necke.

The Queene.

The Queene is queint, and quicke Conceit,
Which makes hir walke which way she list,
And rootes them vp, that lie in wait
To worke hir treason, ere she wist:
Hir force is such againt hir foes,
That whom she meetes, she ouerthrowes.

The Knight.

The Knight is knowledge how to fight
Againt his Princes enimies,
He neuer makes his walke outright,
But leaps and skips, in wille wife,
To take by sleight a traitrous foe,
Might fillie seeke their ouerthrowe.

[36]

The Phoenix nest. 29

The Bishop.

The Bishop he is wittie braine,
That chooseth Croffest pathes to pace,
And euermore he pries with paine,
To see who seekes him most disgrace:
Such straglers when he findes astraine,
He takes them vp, and throws awaie.

The Rookes.

The Rookes are reason on both sides,
Which keepe the corner houses still,
And warily stand to watch their tides,
By secret art to worke their will,
To take sometime a theefe vnseene,
Might mischiefe meane to King or Queene.

The Pawns.

The Pawne before the king, is peace,
Which he desires to keepe at home,
Practise, the Queenes, which doth not cease
Amid the world abroad to roame,
To finde, and fall vpon each foe,
Whereas his mistres meanes to goe.

Before the knight, is perill platt,
Which he, by skipping ouergoes,
And yet that Pawne can worke a cast,
To ouerthrow his greatest foes;
The Bishops, prudence, prieng still,
Which way to worke his matters will.

The Rookes poore Pawns, are fillie swaines,
Which seeldome serue, except by hap,

[37]

And 30

30 The Phoenix nest.

And yet thofe Pawnes, can lay their traines,
To catch a great man, in a trap:
So that I fee, sometime a groomme
May not be fpared from his roome.

The nature of the Chelſſe men.

The King is flately, looking hie;
The Queene, doth beare like maieſtie:
The Knight, is hardie, yaliant, wife:
The Biſhop, prudent, and precise:
The Rookes, no raungers out of raie,
The Pawnes, the pages in the plaie.

L E N V O Y .

Then rule with care, and quicke conceit,
And fight with knowledge, as with force;
So beare a braine, to daſh deceit,
And worke with reaſon and remorde:
Forgiue a fault, when yooing men plaie,
So giue a mate, and go your way.
And when you plaie beware of Checke,
Know how to faue and giue a necke:
And with a Checke, beware of Mate;
But cheefe, ware had I with too late:
Looſe not the *Queenne*, for ten to one,
If the be loſt, the game is gone.



[38]

A

The Phoenix nest. 31

A moſt rare, and excellent Dreame, lear-
nedly ſet downe by a woorthy Gentleman,
a braue Scholler, and M. of Artes
in both Vniuerſities.

THe while we ſleepe, whereof may it proceed,
Our minde is led with dreames of diuers forts,
Some fearfull things, and discontentment breede,
Some merriment, and pretie idle ſports,
And ſome of future things prelage impors;
Some wounds the conſcience with the former gilt,
Of outrage, wrongs, and bloud vniuſtly ſpilt.

Some ſtrange effects if not impoſſible,
As to be caried in the emptie aire,
Of transformations ſome incredible,
From forme to forme, and of their backe repaire,
Some pleaſant ſhewes preſents, and ſome diſpaire:
Some grauer things a ſleeping can diſcuſſe:
And other, matters meere ridiculous.

Men diuerſly do argue of the cauſe
Of dreames: Some their occaſion thus recites,
The while the bodie takes his needfull pauſe,
In ſleepe to freſh and to reſtore the ſpites,
Decaid by labor, or the daies delites,
The minde, the cogitations of the day do keepe,
And run them ouer when we are aſleepe.

Others our meates do charge with thoſe effects
That indigeted in the ſtomacke lies:
Other celeftiall influence reſpects,
And fetch from them our ſleeping fantaſies;
The which they recommend as Prophecies:
For when our ſpites are firred with thoſe charms,
We are foretold of good or future harms.

But

[39]

32 The Phoenix nest.

But this coniecture cheefly I embrace,
 Euen as the sea enraged with the winde,
 After the storme alaid will mooue a space,
 The felse fame reason may be well assignde,
 Vnto the nightly labors of the minde:
 Who works in sleepe, our actions at a stay,
 Vpon th'occasions of the passed day.

Vpon a dreame I had, I this prefer,
 The which the sequell shall deliuer straiter:
 That Loue that first did make my reason erre,
 Straily one day commanded me to waite,
 On paine to pine, and perissh in conceite;
 Vpon my foueraigne, vnto whom I went,
 As dutie wild, and Loues commandement.

Mine eyes, the first intreating messengers,
 By signes of forrow openly did speake,
 After my tooing the humble suite prefers
 Of my poore hart, with torments like to breake:
 But little of my suffings doth she reake:
 Sooner the rocks their hardnes will forgo,
 Than she acknowledge that which she doth know.

In fine, vnto my chamber I retire,
 A thousand fancies hamring on my wits,
 Despaire, griefe, anguish, furie, and desire,
 Doe exercise in turne their Bedlem fits,
 Whereof to speake, or heare, best them bests,
 That now enioyeng, heretofore haue tride,
 The hell, and bitternes of Loue denide.
 By this the night doth through the skie display
 Hir fable robe, spangled with golden flars,
 And voicelesse silence gan to chace away
 Noyles and founds, with their molesting iars:
 And fo the place to needfull sleepe prepares;

Who

[40]

The Phoenix nest. 33

Who Motherlike, most tenderly affwages,
 The daies aggreuances and damages.
 Encumberd thus, I went vnto my bed,
 Loue knowes, with litle hope of taking rest,
 Fancie and frenzie worketh on my head,
 One while the one, then th'other gets the best:
 Now eithers faction egarly addrest;
 To hostile confict furiously descend,
 Of purpofe strait to make a finall end.

Extremitie proceeding on so far,
 When eithers forces equally were spent,
 They flinted of themselves this raging war,
 And left with victorie indifferent:
 Slumber that found the time conuenient,
 Seeing the slacknes of their wearied traine,
 Vpon th'aduantage sealed on my braine.

Who holding me vnder his shade wings,
 To mitigate the anguish of my thought,
 Presented me with diuers pleasant things,
 Amongst the rest, a Ladie faire he brought,
 Fró heauen no doubt those features there are wrought,
 Whose raies of beautie admirable bright,
 Filled my chamber with a Sunshine light.

Hir Amber tresses on hir shoulders lies,
 The which as she doth moue, diuided run,
 About hir bodie iust in circle wise,
 Like to the curious web Arachne spun;
 Or else to make a fit comparison,
 Like slender twit turned to shining fire,
 Or flames by woonder wrought into a wire.

The forehead that confines these burnisht haies,
 For whitenes striueth with vntouched snowe;

For

[41]

34 The Phoenix nest.

For smoothnes with the Luorie compares;
 And doth the Alablafers glistening flowe,
 Under this firmament you are to know,
 Two powerfull flars which at their pleasure moue,
 The variable effects that followes loue. 5

Hir cheekes relembleth right a garden plot,
 Of diuers forts of rare Carnation flowres,
 The which the scorching Sun offendeth not,
 Nor boyftrous winter with his rotting flowres;
 Vncertaine Iuno thereon neuer lowes: 10

Heere Venus with hir little louses repofes,
 Amongft the lillies and the damaske rofes.

Hir lips compares with the Vermilion morne,
 Hir equal teeth in femicirle wife,
 For orientnes felected pearle may fomme,
 What may I of hir iffuing breath deuife,
 That from this pearle and Synaber doth rife: 15

The francumfence and myrr; that Inde prelents,
 Within this aire leefe their extolled fents. 20

The nofe, the chin, the ftraight erected necke,
 Supporter to the head: next fhoulders flands,
 The which difcends into the arme direct,
 And terminates their length vpon the hands:
 At each of thefe my wits amafed flands: 25

For when I would their merits vtter fourth,
 I finde all words inferior to their woorth.

The garments wherewithall flie was attryde,
 But flender in account, and yet were more
 Than hir perfedions needfully requyryde,
 Whole euery part hath of contentment flore: 30

But as it was, thanks to my dreame therefore,
 Who cauld the apparition to be wrought,
 As all lay open to mine eyes or thought.

There

[42]

The Phoenix nest. 35

There was, as I obseru'd next to hir skin,
 A flowe white lawne, tranfparent as the aire,
 And ouer this a garment wondrous thin,
 Of networke, wrought in blacke, exceeding faire;
 Whofe masks were fmall, and thred as fine as haire, 5

Girt with a tawnie Cyprous were hir clothes,
 And thus attirde, this Angell woman goes.

Hir mouing brefts as equal Promontories,
 Divided by an Indraft from the maine,
 Doe imitate the gently moued Seas,
 That rifing fall, and falling rife againe:
 As they, fo did my life in euery vaine: 10

My fpirit iffued as they waxed hiet,
 And as they fetled, backe againe retir.

Next neighbor heerunto in due difcent,
 Hir bellie plaine, the bed of hamelefle bliffe,
 Wherein all things appeere about content,
 And paradife is nothing more than this: 15

In which Defire was mou'd to doe amiffe;
 For when his eyes vpon this tree was caft,
 O blame him not, if he requirde to tafte.

What followed this: I cannot well report:
 The tawnie Cyprous that forhanging fell,
 Refraind mine eyes in moft malicious fort,
 Which of themfelues were elfe affected well, 25

Although as witness nought thereof I tell:
 I doubt not thofe that fine conceited be,
 Sees fomewhat further, than mine eyes might fee.

But of hir praises thus in generall,
 Definde perfection fhewd in euerie part,
 Yet all appeerd in each one feuerall,
 Vnto the wonder of the eie and hart,
 Of euery priuate part to write apart. 30

F 2

Were

[43]

36 The Phoenix nest.

Were worke and argument for him that vles,
The daily conuerfation of the Mufes.

Who this fhould be, if any long to heare,
I fay it is the portraict of the Saint,

Which deepe ingraued in my hart I beare,
The Miftres of my hope, my feare, and plaint,
And thou that with hir praifes I acquaint,

If thou canft nothing elfe, yet with thou me,
Deliuerd of that beauties crueltie.

With vnperceiued motion drawing ny,
Vnto the bed of my diftrefte and feare,

She with hir hand doth put the curtaine by,
And fits hir downe vpon the one fide there:
My waffed fpirits quite amazed were,

To fee the fudden morning of thofe eyes,
Within the darke thus inexpected rife.

Being abrode (quoth he) I lately hard,
That you were faue into a fudden feuer,

And folitarie in your chamber bard,
From companie you did your felfe diffeuer,
To charitie it appertaineth euer,

In duties to our neighbors for to fticke,
And vifit the afflicted and the ficke.

Which Chrifitian office hither hath me led,
Wifhing I could recouerie to you bring,

Ladie (quoth I) as eally done as fed,
For you that haue my life in managing,
What need you wifh, when you may doe the thing:

For if you be difpofd to charitie,
Beflowe on me this wifht recouerie.

Is't in my garden that may doe thee good?
(Quoth he) or in my clofet of conlerues,

[44]

Or

The Phoenix nest. 37

Or may my kitchen any kinde of foode
Deuife, that to thy tafte and fancie ferues,

Ladie (faid I) no coolice, no conlerues,
No herbe, no potion commeth nie that part,
That fuffereth this anguifh and this fmart.

When further I would faine haue fpoken on,
With fearfullnes I felt my toong reftained,

And flamefaftnes with red Vermillion,
My fhallow cheekes and countenance diftained:
Now by this meanes my hart more deeply pained,
Sent out a flood of weeping to betoken,

The reft of that my toong had left vnfpoken.

As foone as fighes had ouerblowne my teares,
And teares allaid my fighings vehemence,

Audacitie expulfer of thofe feares,
Gaued to defire at laft preheminnence,
Who faw it now to be of conlequence;

Sauced his tale with dutie and refpect,
And thus began, or to the like effect.

It is no feuer (Ladie) in the vaines,
Nor in the blood, of humors the excefte,

Nor ftomacks vapor, that annoies the braines,
Nor ill contagion in the Arteries,

Nor any grieft that Phyficke remedies:
It is, &c. and heere my lips refufide to moue,
Stopping the fentence ere I came to Loue.

Haply (faid he) as I doe iudge thereon,
It is fome toy or fancie in your head,

Some ficknes groundd on opinion,
Or elfe fome error your conceit hath bred:
Then as fuppoze you to this anguifh led,
By mine aduice, if you lift ruled be,

For health fake doe fuppoze the contrarie.

[45]

Were

38 The Phoenix nest.

Were it within the compass of my wits,
 (Leader of my desires) thus I replide,
 To remedie the outrage of those fits,
 That from this bodie would my life divide,
 The rather should these cordials be applide,
 That I might keepe my life in health, to doe,
 The seruices that loue commands me to.

But out alas, that waied downe with paine,
 With hands erected vp, that I should crie,
 As doth the faylers blowne into the maine,
 After the flip that fore the winde doth flie,
 And yet in fight of helpe, must helpees die:
 So I, inere hir that can my woes appeafe,
 Doe perill like the outcast in the Seas.

15
 Are you the woofer that I am fo neere,
 The Ladie said, and I not thereof ware?
 Nay happie then (quoth I) that you are heere,
 And haples too, bicaufe you are fo farre:
 She aunfwered hereunto, these riddles are:
 Can neere be far, can happy haples be?
 As well (quoth I) as fee, and not to fee.

20
 What is he (Madame) that doth baite his eies,
 Be he of mortall or immortall kinde,
 Vpon the beauties which your visage dies,
 And drawes not present death into his minde,
 Vles your gracious lookes do prouoe fo kinde,
 As with a yeelding fauour to preuent,
 The dangers thereunto are incident.

25
 Can it be possible you should not knowe
 The powre and vertue of sweete beauties gift?
 Can heauen and nature meafures bestowe
 The things that you to Angels calling list?
 And you not vnderstand their purpoof'd drift?

30
 Might

[46]

The Phoenix nest. 39

Might they aduance yee to a Goddesse seate,
 And you be ignorant why they make yee great?

5
 If this were true, which you of me suppose,
 The praise of beautie, and commended parts,
 I see no reason to esteeme of those,
 That do complaine them of such pettie finarts,
 Not incident to men of valiant harts:

10
 The argument is dull, and nothing quicke,
 Bicaufe that I am faire, you should be sicke.

Suppose I haue those graces and those flowres,
 And all the vertues that you can recite,
 You looke, you like, and you must haue them yours;
 Forfooth, bicaufe they moue your appetite:
 I see no reason to impart my right,
 Before that God and men agreed be,
 To let all things run in communitie.

15
 An easie thing for you to ouercome,
 (Faire Ladie) him, that is so deepe your thrall:
 For every syllable from your lips that come,
 Bears wit, and weight, and vehemence withall:
 Vnder the which, my subiect spirits fall:
 If you do speake, or if you nought expresse,
 Your beautie of it selfe is Conquerresse.

20
 With fauour (Ladie) giue me leaue to speake,
 (If you will listen a condemneds tale)
 No pettie wound can make my hart stringes breake:
 Nor might a triffe worke this deadly bale:
 Your soueraigne beautie doth me hither hale:
 The stronger doth (euen by a common course)
 ouer the weaker exercise his force.

25
 Ladie, in condiscending vnto Loue,
 You do not flare nor yet your right forgo,

30
 In

[47]

40 The Phoenix nest.

In that you shall your seruants fate approue,
 And bleffe him with those fauors you can flowe,
 To higher place of dignitie you growe:
 The Sun were not in my opinion bright,
 If there were not eie witnes of his light.
 No abiect commons of those things he seekes,
 Nor any way doth labor to induce
 That liues to serue and honor hir he leekes,
 In hope at last to make an happy truce,
 And for this cause all other he refuse:
 To exercise those parts with ferious care,
 Which to his Mistres fancie pleasing are.
 But fir (quoth she) how can ye answere this?
 You men complaine, Loues torments to be great;
 Saying that he a mightie Tyrant is;
 Such one as putteth reason from hir feat;
 Why with ye to inshare me in this net?
 Better it is you suffer that you doe,
 Then such extreames should happen vpon two.
 When Loue (sweete Ladie) thorowly accords,
 The Louers and beloueds harts in one,
 This amitie a perfect heauen affords,
 Vpon the infant of this vnion:
 Banisht is thence all sorrow, care, and mone,
 For they which in conspiring Loue abide,
 Liue with continuall ioies, vnafatide.
 This is beleu'd and knowne by common brute,
 When of vs Dames ye hap to get a grant,
 You giue it to the cunning of your fate,
 Vsing with your companions thus to vaunt:
 These prettie fooles, tis nothing to enchaunt:
 As fishers vfe for fish, with fish to bait,
 These faire ones, fo, faire speeches catches trait.
 Let

[48]

The Phoenix nest. 41

Let not (sweete Loue) the fault of one or few,
 Or sinfler report of truthelesse fame,
 Endamage the desart of him can shew
 Many effects repugnant to the fame,
 Vnworthe he of life, or Louers name,
 Shall dare vnto hir honor, wrong, or feathe,
 Of whom both life, and happines he hathe.
 It is a prooffe (said she) of foolishnes,
 To fet that vpon chauce which may be sure,
 Exempt from Loue, I liue in happines,
 In which condition I will yet indure:
 Griues come apace, we neede not them procure:
 In the estate I liue, I am content,
 And minde not Loue, in dread of discontent.
 I know (quoth I) you can from Loue refraine,
 Bicause he holds his fate within your eyes:
 But I, the vassall of his hard disdain,
 Am so delected, as I cannot rise;
 Albeit my fate and seruice you dispiise,
 Yet giue me leaue to honor and admire,
 Your beautie which afflicth my desire.
 Ther's little reason (said she then) to like
 The thing which you affirme to rexe ye fo,
 If your desire such discontentment strike,
 Such war, such anguish, agonies, and woe,
 Let that fantastike I aduise ye goe:
 The man is much desirous of vntref,
 That home intreates a knowne disquiet guest.
 Excepting Loue, demaund you at my hand,
 What euer is in my abilitie:
 And may with vertue, and mine honor stand,
 Ladie (said I) Loue is the Maladie,
 And vnto Loue, Loue's th'onely remedie:
 G But

[49]

42 The Phoenix nest.

But fith you doe herein my fute deteft,
Then grant me this, the laft I fhall request.

When haples Loue hath brought me to the graue,
If fo at any time you paffe that way,
Where my confuming bones their buriall haue,
Vouchsafe yee then for pitties fake to fay,
As I remember, heere my feruant lay,
Long time a Louer in affection true,
Whom my difdaine and rigor ouerthrew.

Altho yee die (quoth she) I will not loue,
And for you will not loue (faid I) I die:
Then prefently my fpirits faild to moue,
Retiring backe themfelves fuceffueltie:
But when she did the figne of death efpie,
She puld, she halde, feruant (faid she) abide,
Let not thy miſtres be thy homicide.

If thy affections doe from Loue proceede,
How canſt thou die, and I thy lues life neere?
If thou dooft loue, and honor me indeede,
Why with this act doſt thou defame me heere?
If thou eſteemſt my Loue and honor deere,
O liue, and fee my rigour ouerthrowne,
And come and take poſſion of thine owne.

And then vnable weeping to withhold,
She fundrie meanes affaies to make me liue,
My breſts ſhe ſtrikes, ſhe rubs my temples colde,
And with ſuch vehemence of labours ſtrite,
As life vnto a Marble ſtone might giue:
My hand at laſt, ſhe amouuſly doth ſtraine,
And with a kiſſe drew vp my life againe.

This new fprong ioy conceiued in my hart,
Of Loues affurance vnder hand and feale,

[50]

Dilated

The Phoenix nest. 43

Dilated thence abroad to euery part,
Telling how graciouſſie my loue did deale,
My foule and ſpirit ſwelling with this zeale,
So rowed ſleepe, that he his holde forſooke,
And I through ſurfeit of the ioy awooke.

Awaked thus, I preſently percei'd,
The vanitie and fallhood of theſe ioyes;
Finding that fond illuſions had decei'd
My ouerwatched braine with idle toyes;
Then I that freely felt my firſt annoyes,
Their woonted rage within my thoughts to keepe,
Gan thus expoſtulate the cauſe with ſleepe.

Thou eate of harts, with burth'nous woes oppreſt,
Thou picter of the cares of buſie daie,
Thou friend to louers in their deepe vnrreſt,
Turning their anguiſhes another waie,
Why may not I continue with thee aie,
Sith that my deſlinie is fo extreame,
As not to haue my good, but in a dreame.

Why art thou not (O dreame) the fame you ſeeme?
Seeing thy viſions our contentment brings;
Or doe we of their woorthinges miſdeeme?
To call them ſhadowes that are reall things?
And fallſie attribute their due to wakings?
O doe but then perpetuate thy flight,
And I will ſweare, thou workeſt not by deceit.

And now the Morning entering at the glaſſe,
Made of theſe thoughts ſome intermiſſion:
Thus haue I tolde what things in dreame did paffe,
Vpon the former daies occaſion;
And whence they come in mine opinion;
But whether they tell truth, or nothing leſſe,
I ſhall reſolue, vpon my dreames ſuceſſe.

[51]

Excellent



Excellent Dittries of diuers kinds, and

rare invention : written by
Jundry Gentlemen.

WEepe you my lines for forrow whilst I write
For you alone may manifest my griefe,
Your numbers muft my endles woes recite,

Such woes as wound my foule without reliefe,
Such bitter woes,as who fo would diclofe them,
Muft cease to talke, for hart can feare fuppose them. 10

My restles braines deuour'd by many thoughts,
Disclainging ioies doth make a heauen of hell,
An Idoll of millikes, a God of noughts,
Contrarious passions on my braine doth dwell,
They would haue ease,yet seeke for ceaselesse strife,
And make their cause of death, their meanes of life. 15

Mine eyes are dim'd by two diuine delights,
And through their sight,my hart hath caught a wound:
Their lids were shut amidst the lingring nights:
Their yeelding fountaines watering of the ground,
Doe ceasles run,and shroud their shining ioy,
And drowne Content in riuers of annoy. 20

I faine to smile, when as I faint for feare:
I dreame on ioy, when as I doubt of woe:
I burne in fire,yet fill approach it neare:
I like of mirth,yet will no solace knowe:
I see content,yet neuer cease to fight:
I liue secure,yet danger passeth nigh. 25

[52]

I

I catch at hope,yet ouerrake it neuer:
I feede on thought,yet thought doth force my end:
I craue repose,yet finde disquiet euer:
I scorne aduice,yet counsell is my friend:
I will be free,yet feede on thraldome fill:
I honor wit,yet feede on foolish will. 5

Mine eyes complaine the follies of my hart:
My hart laments the errors of mine eie:
My thoughts would burie endles things in art:
Mine eie,my hart,my thoughts,wend all awrie:
Yet of my harmes (ye heauens)the worst is this;
I cannot censure what my forrow is. 10

My life is death,for no delights are in it:
My mufke none,and yet I neuer leaue it:
My fuccour hope,yet can I neuer win it:
My gaines report,yet will I not perceiue it:
My foode suspect,and yet I cannot flie it:
My foe neglect,and yet I meane to trie it. 15

By day I freeze,I frie, I wilh,I wait:
By night I loath my rest, and wilh for day:
Both day and night,my hart with doubts I bait:
Weying delight from cause of my decaye:
The Vultures that consume my tender breast,
Is sweete desire,the cause of my vnrest. 25

Now what I am,my forie cheekes disclofe:
Once what I was, my smiling eies bewraid:
Now what I want,coniecture by my woes:
Once what I forrind, hath now my hart betraid:
Who's me,my want of helpe doth well approue,
The paines I feele,is euen the pangs of Loue. 30

Well,be it paine, Loues torments let it be:
Let endles thoughts consume my restles braines:
Let

[53]

46 The Phoenix nest.

Let teares fo choake mine eyes, I may not fee:
 Let tooing be mute, for to disclose my paines:
 Let ioyes, let hope, let all contents flourish,
 Thefe bitter plagues, my fancies fhall increafe. 5

No paine, no fortune fhall my Loue confound:
 My footles faith, my fimple truth fhall proue,
 That I my liking on no errors ground:
 Thus will I liue, thus will I paffe my Loue:
 Repulfe, contempt, can neuer alter kinde;
 Loues triumph doth confift in conftant minde. 10

With conftant minde the poore remainder gift,
 That Loue amongst his many fpoyles hath left me,
 Is that which to the heauens my face fhall lift,
 Though other hope by fortune be bereft me;
 And if I die, this praife fhall me await,
 My Loue was endleffe, void of all deceit. 15

F I N I S.

MVes helpe me, forrow fwarmeth,
 Eyes are fraught with teares of languifh,
 Haples hope my folace harmeth:
 Mindes repaft is bitter anguifh.
 Eye of daie regarded neuer,
 Certaine truth in world vntruftie,
 Flattering hope beguileth euer:
 Wearie olde, and wanton luftie. 25

Dawne of day, beholdes in throned,
 Fortunes darling proud and dreadles:
 Darkfome night doth heare him moned,
 Who before was rich and needles. 30

Rob the fpheare of lines united;
 Make a fudden void in nature:

[54]

Force

The Phoenix nest. 47

Force the day to be benighted;
 Reaue the caufe of time, and creature.
 Ere the world will ceafe to varie:
 This I weepe for, this I forrow:
 Mufes if you pleafe to tarie,
 Further helpe I meane to borrow.
 Courted once by fortunes fauor,
 Compaft now with enuies curfes:
 All my thoughts of forrowes fauor,
 Hopes run fleeing like the Sourfes. 10

Ay me wanton fcorne hath maimed
 All the ioyes my hart enioied:
 Thoughts their thinking haue difclaimed,
 Hate my hopes haue quite annoyed. 15

Scant regard my weale hath fcanted:
 Looking coie hath forft my lowring:
 Nothing likte, where nothing wanted,
 Weds mine eyes to ceafles flowring.
 Former Loue was once admired,
 Prefent fauor is efranged:
 Loath'd the pleasure long defired;
 Thus both men and thoughts are changed. 20

Louely Swaine with luckie feeding,
 Once (but now no more) fo frended:
 Thon my flocks haft had in feeding,
 From the morne, till day was ended.
 Drink and fodder, foode and folding,
 Had my lambes and ewes together:
 I with them was fill beholding,
 Both in warmth, and winter weather. 30

[55]

Now

48 The Phoenix nest.

Now they languish since refused,
Ewes and lambs are pained with pining:
I with ewes and lambs confused,
All vnto our deathes declining.

5

Silence leaue thy caue obfured,
Daine a dolefull Swaine to tender,
Though diddaines I haue endured,
Yet I am no depepe offender.

10

Phillips fonne can with his finger,
Hide his fear, it is fo little:
Little finne a day to linger,
Wife men wander in a tittle.

15

Triffes yet my Swaine haue turned,
Tho my fonne he neuer fhoweth:
Tho I weepe, I am not mourned,
Tho I want, no pitie groweth.

20

Yet for pitie loue my mufes,
Gentle filence be their couer,
They muft leaue their wanted vfes,
Since I leaue to be a Louer.

They fhall liue with thee inclofed,
I will loath my pen and paper:
Art fhall neuer be fuppoled,
Sloth fhall quench the watching taper.

25

Kiffe them filence, kiffe them kindly,
Tho I leaue them, yet I loue them:
Tho my wit haue led them blindly,
Yet my Swaine did once approue them.

I will trauell foiles remoued,
Night and morning neuer merie,

30

[56]

Thou

The Phoenix nest.

49

Thou fhalt harbor that I loued,
I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchance the Shepherd fraieth,
In thy walks and fhades vnhaunted,
Tell the Tenee my hart betraieeth,
How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

5

T. L. Gent.

Strive no more,
Forfoken ioyes to fpring:
Since care hath clipt thy wing:

10

But floope thofe lammes before:
That nurft thee vp at firft, with friendly fmiles,
And now through fcornes thy truth beguiles.

Pine away,

15

That pining you may pleafe;
For death betides you eafe:

Oh sweete and kinde decay;
To pine and die, whilst Loue gives looking on,
And pines to fee your pining mone.

20

Dying ioyes,
Your fhrine is conftant hart,
That glories in his fmart:

Your Tropheis are annoyes,
And on your tombe, by Loue thefe lines are plafted,
Loe heere they lie, whom fcorne defafted.

25

T. L. Gent.

Of ceafles thoughts my mind hath fram'd his wings,
Wherewith he foares and climbs above conceit,
And midft his flight for endles ioy he fings,
To fpie thofe double lammes, whole sweete receit

30

H

Must

[57]

50 The Phoenix nest.

Muft be the heauen where as my foule fhall reft,
Though by their fhine my bodie be depreft.

Hir eyes fhrowd pitie, pietie, and pure,
Hir face fhields Rofes, Lillies, and delight,
Hir hand hath powre, to conquere and allure,
Hir hart, holds honor, loue, remorce, and right,
Hir minde is fraught, with wifdome, faith, and loue,
All what is hers, is borrowed from aboue.

Then mount my minde, and feare no future fall,
Exceed conceit, for fhew exceeds conceit:
Burne louely lamps, to whom my looks are thrall,
My foule fhall glorie in fo fweete receit,
Tho in your flames my corfe to cinders wend,
Yet am I proud to gaine a Phoenix end.

F. L. Gent.

When Pirtha made hir miracle of ftones,
The bafet fort of fhintie molde fhew fram'd,
Whofe courfe compact conceald all at once,
All what in nature could imperfect be,
So but imperfect perfect, was the fhape,
And minde euen with the metall did agree.

The finer formes of Diamonds fhew made,
A peeresle fubftance matches for the molde,
Whence grew fuch fhapes that heauen his pure for-
To frame a minde agreeing to the forme. (fook, 25

This by my prooffe, I finde for certaine true,
For why my mitres matches in hir fhape,
For bodie farre exceeds my bafe report,
For minde, no minde can craue more rare fupplies,
And laft I fpie the Saphirs in hir eyes, 30

F. L. Gent.

All

[58]

The Phoenix nest. 51

All day I weepe my wearie woes,
Then when that night approcheth neere,
And euery one his eyes doth clofe,
And paffed paines no more appeere,
I change my cheere,

And in the weepings of mine eye,
Loue bathes his wings, and from my hart
Drawes fire his furie to fupplie,
And on my bones doth whet his dart:
Oh bitter fmart. 10

My fighes within their clouds obfcure,
Would blinde mine eyes, they might not fee,
Thofe cruell pleafant lamps that lure:
My reafon faime would fet me free,
Which may not be. 15

The dried ftrawe will take the fire;
The trained brache will follow game:
The idle thought doth ftill defire:
Fond will is hardly brought in frame:
The more my blame. 20

Thus fee I how the ftormes doe growe,
And yet the paine I ftill approue:
I leaue my weale, I follow woe,
I fee the rocke, yet will remouue:
Oh fhew me Loue: 25

Then midft the ftormes I fhall prevent,
And by foresight my troubles ceafe:
And by my reafon fhun repent;
Thus fhall I ioye, if Loue decreafe:
And liue in peace. 30

F. L. Gent.

H 2

My

[59]

52 The Phoenix nest.

MY fraile and earthly barke by reason guide,
 (Which holds the helme, whilst will doth yield the
 By my defires the windes of bad betide,
 (faile)
 Hath faild these worldly feaſ with ſmall awaile,
 5 Vaine obieſts ferue for dreadfull rocks to quaile,
 My brittle boate, from hauen of life that flies,
 To haunt the Sea of Mundane miſeries.

My foule that drawes impreſſions from above,
 And viewes my courſe, and fees the windes aſpire,
 10 Bids reaſon watch to ſcape the ſhoales of Loue,
 But lawles will enflamde with endles ire,
 Doth ſeere in poope whilst reaſon doth retire:
 The ſtorms increaſe, my barke loues billowes fill;
 Thus are they wrackt, that guide their courſe by will. 15

T. L. Gem.

Midſt laſting griefes, to haue but ſhort repoſe,
 In little eaſe, to feede on loath'd ſuſpect,
 Through deepe deſpite, aſſured loue to loſe,
 20 In ſnew to like, in ſubſtance to neglect:

To laugh an howre, to weepe an age of woe,
 From true miſhap to gather falſe delight,
 To freeze in feare, in inward hart to glowe:
 To read my loſſe within a ruthles fight:

To ſeeke my weale, and wot not where it lies,
 25 In hidden fraud, an open wrong to finde,
 Of ancient thoughts, new fables to deuife,
 Delightfull ſmiles, but yet a ſcornfull minde:

Theſe are the meanes that murder my releefe,
 And end my doubtfull hope with certaine greefe.

T. L. Gem.

Oh

[60]

The Phoenix nest. 53

OH woods vnto your walks my bodie hies,
 To looke the traitrous bonds of ticing Loue,
 Where trees, where herbes, where flowres,
 Their native moiſture powres,
 5 From forth their tender ſtalks to helpe mine eies,
 Yet their vniued teares may nothing moue.

When I beheld the faire adorned tree,
 Which lightnings force and winters froſts reſiſts,
 Then Daphnes ill betide,
 10 And Phebus lawles pride,
 And Phebus lawles pride,
 Enforce me ſay euen ſuch my ſorrowes be,
 For ſelſe diſdaine in Phebes hart conſiſts.

If I beheld the flowres by morning teares,
 Looke louely ſweete, ah then forlorne I crie:
 Sweete flowres for Mennon ſhed,
 15 All flowres by you are fed:
 Whereas my pitious plaint that ſill appeares,
 Yeelds vigor to hir ſcornes and makes me die.

When I regard the pretie greeffull burd,
 With tearfull (yet delightfull) notes complaine,
 I yeeld a tenor with my teares,
 20 And whilst hir muſicke wounds mine eares,
 Alas ſay I, why nill my notes affoord
 Such like remorce, who ſill beweepe my paine.

When I beheld vpon the leauelous bow,
 The haples bird lament hir Loues depart,
 I drawe hir biding nigh,
 25 And fitting downe I ſigh,
 And ſighing ſay alas, that birds auow
 A fetled faith, where Phebe ſcornes my ſmart.

Thus wearie in my walks, and woefull too,
 I ſpend the day foreſpent with daily griefe:

Each

[61]

54 The Phoenix nest.

Each object of distresse,
My sorrow doth expresse:
I doate on that which doth my hart vndoe,
And honor hir that scornes to yeeld reliefe.

T. L. Gent.

5

Accurt be loue and they that trust his traines;
He tastes the fruite, whilst others toyle:
He brings the lampe, we lend the oyle:
He lowes distres, we yeeld him foyle:
He wageth warre, we bid the foyle:

10

Accurt be Loue, and thofe that trust his traines:
He laies the trap, we seeke the snare:
He threatneth death, we speake him faire:
He coyres deceits, we foster care:
He fauoreth pride, we count it rare.

15

Accurt be Loue, and thofe that trust his traines,
He seemeth blinde, yet wounds with Art:
He vowes content, he paies with smart:
He sweares reliefe, yet kills the hart:
He calt for truth, yet scornes defart.
Accurt be loue, and thofe that trust his traines,
Whofe heauen, is hell; whole perfect ioyes, are paines.

20

T. L. Gent.

Now I finde, thy lookes were fained,
Quickly lost, and quicklie gained:
Soft thy skin, like wooll of Wethers,
Hart vntruffable, light as feathers:
Toong vntruffie, subtrill fighred:
Wanton will with change delighted,
Sirene pleafant, foe to reason:
Cupid plague thee, for this treason.

25

30

[62]

Of

The Phoenix nest.

55

Of thine eyes I made my myrror;
From thy beautie came mine error:
All thy words I counted wittie:
All thy fnyles I deemed pittie:
Thy false teares that me agreened,
First of all my trust deceiued.

5

Sirene pleafant, &c.
Fain'd acceptance when I asked,
Lovely words with cunning masked;
Holie vowes, but hart vnholie:
Wretched man my trust was follie:
Lillie white, and pretie wincking,
Solemne vowes, but forie thinking.

10

Sirene pleafant, &c.
Now I see, O seemely cruell,
Others warme them at my fuell:
Wit shall guide me in this durance,
Since in Loue is no assurance:
Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure,
Beautie is a fading treasure,

15

20

Sirene pleafant, &c.
Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make white these tresses yelow:
Wrinkled face, for lookes delightfull,
Shall acquaint the dame despitefull:
And when time shall date thy glorie,
Then too late thou wilt be forie.

25

T. L. Gent.

30

The fatall starre that at my birthday shined,
Were it of Loue, or Venus in hir brightness,
All fad effects, fowre fruits of loue dinied,
In my Loues lightnes,

Light

[63]

56 The Phoenix nest.

Light was my Loue, that all too light beleued:
Heauens ruthe to dwell in faire alluring faces,
That loue, that hope, that damned, and reproued,
To all disgraces. 5

Loue that miled, hope that deceiu'd my feeling:
Loue hope no more, mockt with deluding object:
Sight full of forow, that denies the being,
Vnto the subiect. 10

Soul leaue the feat, wher thoughts with endles swelling,
Change into teares and words of no persuasion:
Teares turne to tonggs, and spend your tunes in telling,
Sorowes inuasion. 15

Wonder vaine world at beauties proud refusal:
Wonder in vaine at Loues vnkinde deniall,
Why Loue thus loftie is, that doth abuse all:
And makes no triall. 20

Teares, words, and tunes, all signifie my fadnes:
My speechles griefe, looke pale without difsembling:
Sorow fit mute, and tell thy torments madnes,
With true hartes trembling. 25

And if pure voves, or hands heau'd vp to heauen,
May moue the Gods to rue my wretched blindness,
My plaints shall make my ioyes in measure even,
With hir vnkindnes. 30

That she whom my true hart hath found to cruell,
Mourning all mirthles may purchase the pleasure,
That scornes hir labors: poore in hir ioyes iowell,
And earthly treasure. 35

T. L. Genr. 30

Faine

[64]

The Phoenix nest. 57

Faine to content, I bend my selfe to write,
But what to write, my minde can scarce conceiue:
Your radiant eies craue objects of delight,
My hart no glad impressions can receiue: 5
To write of griefe, is but a tedious thing:
And wofull men, of woe must needly sing.

To write the truce, the wars, the strife, the peace,
That Loue once wrought in my distempred hart:
Were but to cause my woonted woes encrease,
And yeeld new life to my concealed smart: 10
Who tempts the care with tedious lines of griefe,
That waits for ioy, complains without reliefe.

To write what paines supplanteth others ioy,
For thy is folly in the greatest wit,
Who feelles, may best decipher the annoy,
Who knowes the griefe, but he that tasteth it? 15

Who writes of woe, must needes be woe begone,
And writing feele, and feeling write of mone.

To write the temper of my last desire,
That likes me best, and appertains you most:
You are the Pharos whereto now retire,
My thoughts long wandring in a forren coast, 20
In you they liue, to other ioyes they die,
And liuing draw their foode from your faire eie.

Enfort by Loue, and that effectuall fire,
That springs from you to quicken loiall hartes:
I write in part the prime of my desire,
My faith, my feare, that springs from your defarts; 25
My faith, whose firmnes neuer slummeth triall,
My feare, the dread and danger of deniall.

To write in brieue, a legend in a line,
My hart hath vow'd to draw his life from yours;
I My

[65]

58 The Phoenix nest.

My lookes haue made a Sunne of your sweete eie,
 My foule doth drawe his essence from your powres:
 And what I am, in fortune or in loue,
 All those haue sworne, to serue for your beloue.

My fences fucke their comforts from your sweete,
 My inward minde, your outward faire admires;
 My hope lies prostrate at your pities feete,
 My hart, lookes, foule, fence, minde, and hope desires;
 Beleefe, and fauour, in your louely fight,
 Els all will cease to liue, and pen to write.

T. L. Gent.

FVII fraught with vnrecomptles sweete,
 Of your faire face that stole mine eie,
 No gladsome day my lookes did greete,
 Wherein I wilt not willingly;
 Mine eies were shut I might not see,
 A Ladie of lesse maiestie.

What most I like, I neuer minde,
 And so on you haue fixt my thoughts,
 That others fights doe make me blinde,
 And what I see but you is noughts;
 By vfe and custome thus you see,
 Another nature liues in mee.

The more I looke, the more I loue,
 The more I thinke, the more I thrive,
 No object can my looke renoue,
 No thought can better thoughts reuiue,
 For what I see or thinke, I finde,
 Exceedeth fight or thought of minde.

Since then your lookes, haue stohne mine eies,
 And eies content to nourish loue,

[66]

The Phoenix nest. 59

And loue doth make my thoughts arise,
 And thoughts are firme, and will not moue,
 Vouchsafe to knit by powre vnknowne,
 Our eies, our loues, our thoughts in one.

T. L. Gent.

Like desert woods, with darksome shades obscured,
 Where dreadful beasts, wher hateful horror raigned
 Such is my wounded hart whom sorrow paineth.

The trees, are fatall shafts, to death inured,
 That cruell Loue within my breast maintaineth,
 To whet my grieffe, when as my sorrow waineth.

The gattly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
 Which wage me warre, whilst hart no succor gaineth,
 With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning fighes by cares procured,
 Which forth I send, whilst weeping eie complaineth,
 To coole the heate, the helpes hart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, fighes, horrors vnrecured,
 Were nought esteemde, if for these paines awarded,
 My faithfull Loue by you might be rewarded.

T. L. Gent.

FOR pittie pretie eies surcease,
 To giue me warre, and graunt me peace,
 Triumphant eies, why beare you Armes,
 Against a hart that thinks no harmes.

A hart alreadie quite appalde,
 A hart that yeelds, and is enthrald,
 Kill Rebels proudly that resist,
 Not those that in true faith persist.

[67]

60 The Phoenix nest.

And conquered ferue your Deities,
Will you alas commaund me die?
Then die I yours, and death my crosse,
But vnto you pertains the losse.

5

F. L. Gent.

MY bonie Lasse thine eie,
So flie,

Hath made me forrowe fo:

Thy Crimlen cheekes my deere,

So cleere,

Haue so much wrought my woe.

10

Thy pleasing smiles and grace,

Thy face,

Haue rauisht fo my sprights:

That life is growne to nought,

Through thought,

Of Loue which me affrights.

15

For fancies flames of fire,

Afaine,

Vnto such furious powre:

As but the teares I shed,

Make dead,

The brands would me deuoure.

20

I should confume to nought,

Through thought,

Of thy faire shining eie:

Thy cheekes, thy pleasing smiles,

The wiles,

That forft my hart to die.

30

Thy grace, thy face, the part,

Where art,

Stands

[68]

The Phoenix nest. 61

Stands gazing fill to see:
The wondrous gifts and powre,
Each howre,
That hath bewitched me.

5

F. L. Gent.

As my hart, mine eie hath wronged thee,
Presumptious eie, to gaze on Phillis face:

Whose heavenly eie, no mortall man may see,

But he must die, or purchase Phillis grace;

Poore Coridon, the Nymph whose eie doth moue

(thee, 10

Doth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

Hir beautie, Natures pride, and Shepherds praife,

Hir eie, the heavenly Planet of my life,

Hir matches wit, and grace, hir fame displaies,

As if that loue had made hir for his wife;

Onely hir eyes shoote fire darts to kill,

Yet is hir hart, as cold as Caucaie hill.

15

My wings too weak, to flie against the Sunne,

Mine eyes vnable to sustaine hir light,

My hart doth yeeld, that I am quite vndoone,

Thus hath faire Phillis flaine me with hir fight:

My bud is blasted, withered is my leafe,

And all my corne is rotted in the sheafe.

20

Phillis, the golden fetter of my minde,

My fancies Idoll, and my vitall powre;

Goddesse of Nymphes, and honor of thy kinde,

This Ages Phenix, Beauties brauest bowre;

Poore Coridon for loue of thee must die,

Thy Beauties thrall, and conquest of thine eie.

30

Leaue Coridon, to plough the barren feeld,

Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace;

For

[69]

62 The Phoenix nest.

For Phillis lookes, no harrie loue doe yeeld,
 Nor can the loue, for all hir lovely face,
 Die Coridon, the foyle of Phillis eie,
 She can not loue, and therefore thou muft die.

5

WHat cunning can expresse
 The fauor of hir face,

To whom in this distrefse,
 I doe appeale for grace,
 A thouland Cupids tie,
 About hir gentle eie.

10

From whence each throws a dart,
 That kindleth foft sweete fier:
 Within my fighting hart,
 Possessed by defier:
 No sweeter life I trie,
 Than in hir loue to die.

15

The Lillie in the felde,
 That glories in his white:
 For purenes now muft yeelde,
 And render vp his right:
 Heau'n pictur'de in hir face,
 Doth promise ioy and grace.

20

Faire Cinthias flouer light,
 That beates on running streames;
 Compares not with hir white,
 Whose haire are all funbeames;
 Hir vertues fo doe shine,
 As daie vnto mine eie.

25

With this there is a Red,
 Exceeds the Damask Rose;
 Which in hir cheekes is spread;

30

[70]

Whence

The Phoenix nest. 63

Whence euery fauor groes,
 In skie there is no flarre,
 That the furrmounts not farre.

5

When Phoebus from the bed,
 Of Thetis doth arise,
 The morning blushing red,
 In faire carnation wife,
 He shewes it in hir face,
 As Queene of euery grace.

10

This pleasant Lillie white,
 This taint of roseat red,
 This Cinthias flouer light,
 This sweete faire Dea spread,
 These funbeames in mine eie,
 These beauties make me die.

15

E. O.

A most excellent passion fet downe
by N. B. Gent.

COm yonglings com, that seem to make such mone,
 About a thing of nothing God he knowes:
 With sighes and fobs, and many a greuous grone,
 And trickling teares, that secret forow shoves,
 Leaue, leaue to faine, and here behold indeed,
 The onely man, may make your harts to bleed.
 Whose fate to tell; no, neuer tooing can tell:
 Whose woes are such; oh no, there are none such:
 Whose hap so hard: nay rather halfe a hell:
 Whose grieffe so much: yea God he knowes too much:
 Whose wofull fate, and greuous hap (alas,)
 The world may see, is such as neuer was.

25

30

Good

[71]

64 The Phoenix nest.

Good nature weepes to see hir selfe abused;
 Ill fortune shewes hir furie in hir face:
 Poore reason pines to see hir selfe refused:
 And dutie dies, to see his fore disgrace.
 Hope hangs the head, to see dispaire so neere;
 And what but death can end this heauie cheere?
 Oh curted cares, that neuer can be knowne:
 Dole, worfe than death, when neuer tong can tell it:
 The hurt is hid, although the sorow showne,
 Such is my paine, no pleasure can expell it.
 In summe I see, I am ordained I:
 To liue in dole, and so in sorow die.
 Behold each teare, no token of a toy:
 But tormentes such, as teare my hart afunder:
 Each sobbing sigh, a signe of such annoy;
 That how I liue, belecue me 'tis a wonder.
 Each grone, a gripe, that makes me gaspe for breath:
 And euerie straine, a bitter pang of death.
 Loe thus I liue, but looking still to die:
 And still I looke, but still I see in vaine:
 And still in vaine, alas, I lie and crie:
 And still I crie, but haue no ease of paine.
 So still in paine, I liue, looke, lie, and crie:
 When hope would helpe, or death would let me die.
 Sometime I sleepe, a slumber, not a sleepe:
 And then I dreame (God knowes) of no delight,
 But of such woes, as makes me lie and weepe
 Vntill I wake, in such a pitious plight;
 As who beheld me sleeping or awaking,
 Would say my hart were in a heauie taking.
 Looke as the dew doth lie vpon the ground,
 So fits the sweate of sorow on my face:

Oh

[72]

The Phoenix nest. 65

Oh deadly dart, that strooke so deepe a wound,
 Oh hatefull hap, to hit in such a place:
 The hart is hurt, and bleedes the bodie ouer:
 Yet cannot die, nor euer health recouer.
 Then he or she, that hath a happie hand,
 To helpe a hart, that hath no hope to liue:
 Come, come with speede, and do not stayning stand:
 But if no one can any comfort giue,
 Run to the Church, and bid the Sexton toulde
 A solemne knell, yet for a filie foule.
 Harke how it founds, that forrow lasteth long:
 Long, long: long long: long long, and longer yet:
 Oh cruell death: thou doost me double wrong,
 To let me lie so long in such a fit:
 Yet when I die, write neighbors where I lie;
 Long was I dead, ere death would let me die.
THese lines I send by waues of woe,
 And bale becomes my boate:
 Which sighes of sorowes still shall keepe,
 On floods of feare asfoate.
 My sighes shall serue me still for winde,
 My lading is my smart:
 And true report my pilot is,
 My haue is thy hart.
 My keele is fram'd of crabb'd care,
 My ribs are all of ruth:
 My planks are nothing else but plants,
 With treenales ioinde with truth.
 My maine mast made of nought but mone,
 My tackling trickling teares:
 K

And

[73]

66 The Phoenix nest.

And Topyard like a troubled minde,
A flagee of follie beares.

My Cable is a constant hart,
My Anchor luckles Loue:
Which Reason Capstones from the ground,
Of griefe can not remoue.

My Decks are all of deepe disgrace,
My Compass discontent;
And perill is my Northern Pole,
And death my Orient.

My Saylers are my forwing thoughts,
The Boateswane bitter fence:
The Master, miserie; his mate
Is dolefull diligence.

FEde fill thy selfe, thou fondling with beliefe,
Go hunt thy hope, that neuer tooke effect,
Accuse the wrongs that oft hath wrought thy griefe,
And reckon sure where reason would suspect.

Dwell in the dreames of with and vaine desire,
Pursue the faith that flies and seekes to new,
Run after hopes that mocke thee with retire,
And looke for loue where liking neuer grew.

Deuise conceits to ease thy carefull hart,
Trust vpon times and daies of grace behinde,
Presume the rights of promise and desert,
And measure loue by thy beleuing minde.

Force thy affects that spite doth daily chace,
Winke at the wrongs with wilfull ouersight,

[74]

See

30

The Phoenix nest. 67

See not the ioyle and staine of thy disgrace,
Nor recke disdaine, to deate on thy delite.

And when thou seest the end of thy reward,
And these effects ensue of thine assault,
When rashnes rues, that reason should regard,
Yet still accuse thy fortune for the fault.

And crye, O Loue, O death, O vaine desire,
When thou complainst the heate, & feeds the fire.

MY first borne loue vnhappily conceined,
Brought forth in paine, & christened with a curse
Die in your Infancie, of life bereaued,
By your cruell nurse.

Restlesse desire, from my Loue that proceeded,
Leaue to be, and seeke your heauen by dieng.
Since you, O you? your owne hope haue exceeded,
By too hie flieing.

And you my words, my harts faithfull expounders,
No more offer your Lewell, vnesteemed,
Since those eies my Loues life and liues confounders,
Your woorth middeemed.

Loue leaue to desire, words leaue it to vtter,
Swell on my thoughts, till you breake that contains you
My complaints in those deafe eares no more mutter,
That so disdaines you.

And you careles of me, that without feeling,
With drie eies, behold my Tragedie smiling, (yeelding
Decke your proude triumphes with your poore flaues
To his owne spoyling.

But if that wrong, or holy truth disguised,
To iust reuenge, the heauens euer moued,

[75]

K 2

So

30

68 The Phoenix nest.

So let hir loue, and so be fill denied,
Who she so loued.

THe brainfcke race that wanton youth eniues,
Without regard to grounded wildomes lore,
5

As often as I thinke thereon, renues
The fresh remembrance of an ancient fore:
Renouing to my penfue thoughts at last,
The worlds of wickeenes that I haue past.

10

And though experience bids me bite on bit,
And champe the bridle of a better smacke,
Yet costly is the price of after wit,
Which brings so cold repentance at hir backe:
And skill that's with so many losses bought,
Men say is little better worth than nought.

15

And yet this fruit I must confesse doth growe
Of folles fcouge: that though I now complaine
Of error past, yet henceforth I may knowe
To shun the whip that threatens the like againe:
For wise men though they smart a while, had leuer
To learne experience at the last, than neuer.

20

THole eies which fet my fancie on a fire,
Thofe cripped haire, which hold my hart in chains,
Thofe daintie hands, which conquer'd my desire,
That wit, which of my thoughts doth hold the rains.

25

Thofe eies for cleernes doe the farrs turpas,
Thofe haire obscure the brightnes of the Sunne,
Thofe hands more white, than euer Iuorie was,
That wit euen to the skies hath glorie woon.

30

O eies that pearce our harts without remorie,
O haire of night that weares a roiall crowne,

O

[76]

The Phoenix nest. 69

O hands that conquer more than Cæsars force,
O wit that turns huge kingdoms vsfide downe.

Then Loue be Iudge, what hart may thee withstand:
Such eies, such haire, such wit, and such a hand.

5

Praisd be Dianas faire and harmles light,
Praisd be the dewes, wherwith the moist the ground;
Praisd be hir beames, the glorie of the night,
Praisd be hir powre, by which all powres abound.

10

Praisd be hir Nymphs, with whom she decks the woods,
Praisd be hir knights, in whom true honor liues,
Praisd be that force, by which she moues the floods,
Let that Diana shine, which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the spheares,
In ay she Mistres like makes all things pure,
Eternitie in hir oft change she beares,
She beautie is, by hir the faire endure.

15

Time weares hir not, she doth his chariot guide,
Mortallitie belowe hir orbe is plaste,
By hir the vertue of the farrs downe slide,
In hir is vertues perfect image cast.

20

A knowledge pure it is hir worth to kno,
With Circes let them dwell that thinke not so.

Like to a Hermite poore in place obscure,
I meane to spend my daies of endless doubt,
To waille such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but Loue shall euer finde me out.

25

My foode shall be of care and sorow made,
My drink nought else but teares false from mine eies,
And

[77]

70 The Phoenix nest.

And for my light in such obscured shade,
The flames shall serve, which from my hart arise.

A gowne of graie, my bodie shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon Ile staie,
Of late repentance linckt with long desire,
The couch is fram'de whereon my limbes Ile lay,

And at my gate dispaire shall linger still,
To let in death when Loue and Fortune will.

Ike truthles dreames, fo are my ioyes expired,
And past returre, are all my dandled daies:
My loue mist, and fancie quite retired,
Of all which past, the forow onely staies.

My lost delights, now cleane from sight of land,
Haue left me all alone in vnknowne waies:
My minde to woe, my life in fortunes hand,
Of all which past, the forow onely staies.

As in a countrey strange without companion,
I onely waile the wrong of deaths delaies,
Whose sweete spring spent, whose sommer wel nie don,
Of all which past, the forow onely staies.

Whom care forewarnes, ere age and winter colde,
To haste me hence, to finde my fortunes folde.

A Secret murder hath bene done of late,
Vnkindnes founde, to be the bloudie knife,
And thee that did the deede a dame of state,
Faie, gracious, wife, as any beareth life.

To quite hir selfe, this answere did she make,
Mistrust (quoth she) hath brought him to his end,
Which

[78]

The Phoenix nest. 71

Which makes the man so much himselfe mistake,
To lay the guilt vnto his guiltles friend.

Ladie not fo, not feard I found my death,
For no desart thus murdered is my minde,
And yet before I yeeld my fainting breath,
I quite the killer, tho I blame the kinde.

You kill vnkinde, I die, and yet am true,
For at your sight, my wound doth bleede anew.

Sought by the world, and hath the world dildain'd,
Is she, my hart, for whom thou doost endure,
Vnto whose grace, fith Kings haue not obtained,
Sweete is thy choise, though losse of life be fowre:

Yet to the man, whose youth such pains must proue,
No better end, than that which comes by Loue.

Steere then thy course vnto the port of death,
Sith thy hard hap no better hap may finde,
Where when thou shalt vnlade thy latest breath,
Ennie hir selfe shall swim to saue thy minde,
Whose bodie funke in search to gaine that shore,
Where many a Prince had perished before.

And yet my hart it might haue been foreseene,
Sith skilfull medcins mends each kinde of grieffe,
Then in my breast full safely hadst thou beene,
But thou my hart wouldst neuer me beleene,
Who tolde thee true, when first thou didst aspire,
Death was the end of euery such desire.

Hir face, Hir tonge, Hir wit,
So faie, So sweete, So sharpe,
First bent, Then drew, Then hit,
Mine eie, Mine eare, My hart.

Mine

[79]

72 The Phoenix nest.

Mine eie, To like, Hir face, Doth lead,	Mine eare, To learne, Hir tong, doth teach,	My hart, To loue, Hir wit, Doth moue.	5
Oh face, With frownes, Wrong not, Mine eie,	Oh tong, With checke, Vexe not, Mine eare,	Oh wit, With smart, Wound not, My hart.	
Mine eie, To learne, Hir face, Doth lead,	Mine eare, To knowe, Hir tong, Doth teach,	My hart, To feare, Hir wit, Doth sweare.	10

Calling to minde mine eie long went about,
T^entice my hart to seeke to leaue my brest,

All in a rage I thought to pull it out,
By whose deuice I hit'd in such vnrrest,
What could it fay to purchase fo my grace?
Forfooth that it had leene my Mistris face.

Another time I likewife call to minde,
My hart was he that all my woe had wrought,
For he my brest the fort of Loue refigne,
When of such warts my fancie neuer thought,
What could it fay, when I would him haue flaine?
But he was yours, and had forgone me cleane.

At length when I perceiu'd both eie and hart,
Excusde themselues, as guiltles of mine ill,
I found my felfe was caufe of all my smart,
And tolde my felfe, my felfe now flay I will:
But when I found my felfe to you was true,
I lou'd my felfe, bicaufe my felfe lou'd you.

[80]

The Phoenix nest. 73

What elfe is hell, but losse of blisfull heauen?
What darknes elfe, but lacke of light some day?
What elfe is death, but things of life bereauen?
What winter elfe, but pleasant springes decay?

Vnrrest what elfe, but fancies hot desire,
Fed with delay, and followed with dispaire?
What elfe mishap, but longing to aspire,
To strue againt, earth, water, fire and aire?

Heauen were my fate, and happie Sunnesline day,
And life most blest, to ioy one howres desire,
Hap, blisse, and rest, and sweete springtime of May,
Were to behold my faire consuming fire.

But loe, I feele, by abfence from your fight,
Mishap, vnrrest, death, winter, hell, darke night.

Would I were chaung'd into that golden shewe,
That fo dimely streamed from the skies,
To fall in drops vpon the daintie floore,
Where in hir bed, the folitarie lies,
Then would I hope such shewes as richly shine,
Would pearce more deepe than these walt teares of
(mine.

Or would I were that plumed Swan, showe white,
Vnder whose forme, was hidden heauenly power,
Then in that river would I most delite,
Whose waues doe beate, againt hir fately bower,
And in those banks, fo tune my dying song,
That hir deaf eares, would think my plaint too long.

Elle would I were, Narcissus, that sweete boy,
And the hir felfe, the faced fountaine cleere,
Who rauisht with the pride of his owne ioy,
Drenched his lims, with gazing ouer neere:
L So

[81]

74 The Phoenix nest.

So should I bring, my foule to happie rest,
To end my life, in that I loued best.

WHO plucks thee down fro hie desire poor hart?
Who comforts thee in depth of thy distresse?
Care. 5

Amid contents, who breeds thy secret smart?
Who feeskes the meane, thy sorrowes may be left?
Care.

Who calls thy wits together to their worke:
Who warnes thy will, to follow warie wit?
Care.

Who lets thee see in loue what sorrowes lurke?
Who makes thee feele the force of fancies fit?
Care. 10

Who taught thee first to trie before thou trust?
Who bids thee keepe a faithfull tried friend?
Care.

Who wis thees fay, loue wantons he that lust?
Who winnes the wih, that hath a happie end?
Care. 15

Care then to keepe, that faithfull friend in store,
Whole loue commands, that thou that care no more.

THose eies that holds the hand of euery hart,
Those hands that holds the hart of euery eie,
20

That wit that goes beyond all natures Art,
That fence too deepe, for widome to discerie,
25

That eie, that hand, that wit, that heauenly fence,
All these doth flow my Mistres Excellence.

Oh eies that perce into the purest hart,
Oh hands that hold, the highest harts in thrall,
25

Oh wit that weyes the deapth of all desart,
Oh fence that howes, the secret sweets of all, (thee,
30

The heauen of heuens, with heuenly powrs preferue
Loue but thy selfe, and giue me leaue to serue thee.

To serue, to liue, to looke vpon those eies,
To looke, to liue, to kisse that heauenly hand,
30

[82]

To

30

The Phoenix nest. 75

To found that wit, that doth amaze the wife,
To know that fence, no fence can vnderstand,
To vnderstande that all the world may know,
Such wit, such fence, eies, hands, there are no moe.
5

WHO list to heare the sum of sorrowes fate,
The depth of dole, wherein a minde may dwell,
15

The loathed life, that happie harts may hate,
The faddest tale, that euer toong could tell,
10

But reade this verse, and say who wrote the fame,
Doth onely dwell, where comfort neuer came.

A carefull head, first croft with crooked hap,
A wofull wit, bewicht with wretched will,
15

A clyning hart, false downe from Fortunes lap,
A bodie borne, to loofe his labour still,
20

A mourning minde, fore mated with despite,
May serue to shewe, the lacke of my delite.

Yet more than this, a hope still founde in vaine,
A vile dispaire, that speakes but of distresse,
20

A fort content, to suffer deadly paine,
A paine so great, as can not get redresse,
25

Will all affinne, my sum of sorrow such,
As neuer man, that euer knew so much.

AS rare to heare, as seldome to be seene,
It can not be, nor euer yet hath bene,
25

That fire should burne, with perfect heate and flame,
Without some matter for to yeeld the fame.

A stranger case, yet true by prooffe I knowe,
A man in ioye, that liued still in woe,
30

Burnt with desire, and doth posses at will,
Enjoying all, yet all desiring still.

[83]

L 2

Who

30

76 The Phoenix nest.

Who hath ynough, yet thinks he liues without,
To want no loue, and yet to stand in doubt,
What discontent, to liue in such desire,
To haue his will, yet euer to require.

5

THe time, when first I fell in Loue,
Which now I must lament,
The yeere, wherein I lost such time,
to compassse my content.

10

The day, wherein I sawe too late,
The follies of a Louer,
The hower, wherein I found such losse,
As care cannot recover.

15

And last, the minute of misnap,
Which makes me thus to plaine,
The dolefull fruits of Louers futes,
Which labor losse in vaine:

20

Doth make me solemnly protest,
As I with paine doe proue,
There is no time, yeere, day, nor howre,
Nor minute, good to loue.

25

When day is gone, and darknes come,
The toying tired wight,
Doth vsfe to ease his wearie bones,
By rest in quiet night.

When storme is raised, and harbor woon,
The Sea man fet on shore,
With comfort doth requite the care,
Of perils past before.

When

[84]

The Phoenix nest. 77

When Loue hath woon, where it did woo,
And light where it delites,
Contented minde, thenceforth forgets,
The frowne of former spites.

5

THough neither tears nor torments can be thought,
Nor death it selfe too deere to be sustaind,
To win those ioyes so woorthie to be fought,
So rare to reach, so sweete to be obtaind.

10

Yet earnest Loue, with longing to aspire,
To that which hope holds in so high regarde,
Makes time delaid, a torment to desire,
When Loue with hope forbeares his iust rewarde.

Then blessed hope haste on thy happie daies,
Saue my desire, by shortning thy delaies.

15

A notable description of the World.

OF thick and thin, light, heauie, dark and cleere,
White, black, & blew, red, green, & purple die:
Gold, Silver, Braffe, Lead, Iron, Tin, and Copper,
Moist aire, hot fire, cold water, earth full drie:
Blood, Choler, Flegme, and Melancholie by,
A mixed masse, a Chaos all confusde,
Such was the world, till God diuision vsde.

The

30

In franning heau'n and earth, God did diuide,
The first daies light, and darkth, to night and day. 1 25
The second, he a firmament applide, 2
Third, fruitfull earth appeerd, Seas tooke their way, 3
Fourth, Sun and Moone, with Stars in skies he fixt, 4
Fift, Fish and Foule, the Sea and land posselt, 5
And God made Man, like to himselfe, the fixt: 6

[85]

78 The Phoenix nest.

7 The feauenth day, when all things he had blest:
He hallowed that, and therein tooke his rest.

W. S. Genl.

BY wracke late driven on shoare, from Cupids Crare, 5
Whose failes of error, fighes of hope and feare,
Conueied through fears of teares, and sands of care,
Tyll rocks of high diddaine, hir fides did teare,
I write a dirge, for dolefull doves to sing,
With felfe fame quill, I pluckt from Cupids wing. 10

Farewell vnkinde, by whom I fare so ill,
Whole looks bewicht my thoughts with falfe surmise,
Till forced reason did vnbinde my will,
And flewed my hart, the follie of mine eyes,
And faide, attending where I should attaine,
Twixt with and want, was but a pleasing paine. 15

Farewell vnkinde, my floate is at an ebbe,
My troubled thoughts, are turnd to quiet wars,
My fancies hope hath spun and spent hir webbe,
My former wounds, are clofed vp with skars,
As alhes lie, longe fince confunde with fire,
So is my loue, fo now is my defire. 20

Farewell vnkinde, my firft and fnall loue,
Whole coie contempt, it bootes not heere to name,
But gods are iust, and euery star aboute,
Doth threat reuenge, where faith's reward is blame,
And I may liue, though your despised thrall,
By fond michoyce, to see your fortunes fall. 25

Farewell vnkinde, most cruell of your kinde,
By whom my worth, is drowned in difdaines,
As was my loue, fo is your iudgement blinde,
My fortune ill, and fuch hath bene my gaines,
But

[86]

The Phoenix nest. 79

But this for all, I list no more to saie,
Farewell faire proude, not lifes, but loues decaie.

THe gentle fealon of the yeere,
Hath made my blooming branch appeere,
And beautified the land with flowres,
The aire doth fauor with delight,
The heauens doe smile, to see the fight,
And yet mine eyes, augments their flowres. 5

The meades are mantled all with greene,
The trembling leaues, haue cloth'd the treene,
The birds with feathers new doe sing,
But I poore foule, when wrong doth wrack,
Attyres my felfe in mourning black,
Whose leafe doth fall amid his spring. 15

And as you see the skarlet Rose,
In his sweete prime, his buds disclofe,
Whose hewe is with the Sun reuined,
So in the Aprill of mine age,
My liuely colours doe asfwage,
Because my Sun-shine is deprived. 20

My hart that wonted was of yore,
Light as the winde abroad to fore,
Amongst the buds when beautie springs,
Now onely hovers ouer you,
As doth the birde thats taken new,
And mourns when all hir neighbours sings. 25

When euery man is bent to sport,
Then penfise I alone resort,
Into some solitarie walke,
As doth the dolefull Turtle doue,
Who hauing lost hir faithfull loue,
Sits mourning on some withered stalke. 30

There

[87]

80 The Phoenix nest.

There to my selfe, I doe recount,
 How far my woes, my ioyes surmount,
 How Loue requirerh me with hate:
 How all my pleasures end in paine,
 How hate doth lay, my hope is vaine,
 How fortune frownes ypon my fate.
 And in this moode, charg'd with despaire,
 With vapored fighes, I dim the aire,
 And to the Gods make this request:
 That by the ending of my life,
 I may haue truce with this strange trife,
 And bring my foule to better rest.

A Counterloue.

DEclare O minde, from fond desires excluded,
 That thou didst find erewhile, by Loue deluded. 15
 An eie, the plot, whereon Loue sets his gin,
 Beautie, the trap, wherein the heedles fall,
 A snile, the traine, that drawes the simple in,
 Sweete words, the wile instrument of all, 20
 Intreaties posfs, faire promises are charmes,
 Writing, the messenger, that woos our harmes.
 Mistresse, and seruant, titles of mischaunce:
 Commandments done, the act of flauerie,
 Their coulors worne, a clownish cognifaunce, 25
 And double dutie, pettie drudgerie,
 And when the twines and dallies with thy locks,
 Thy freedom then is brought into the flocks.
 To touch hir hand, hir hand bindes thy desire,
 To weare hir ring, hir ring is Nessus gift, 30
 To feele hir breft, hir breft doth blowe the fire,
 To see hir bare, hir bare a balefull drift,
 To

[88]

The Phoenix nest. 81

To baite thine eies thereon, is losse of fight,
 To thinke of it, confounds thy senses quite.
 Kisses the keies, to sweete confuming sin,
 Clofings, Cleopatras adders at thy breft,
 Fained resistance then she will begin,
 And yet vnfiatiable in all the rest,
 And when thou doost vnto the act proceede,
 The bed doth grone, and tremble at the deede.
 Beautie, a siluer dew that falls in May,
 Loue is an Eghnell, with that humor filld,
 Desire, a winged boy, comming that way,
 Delights and dallies with it in the field,
 The fire Sun, drawes vp the shell on hie,
 Beautie decays, Loue dies, desire doth flie. 15
 Vnharmd giue care, that thing is hap'ly caught,
 That cost some deere, if thou maist ha't for naught.

AS ioy of ioyes, and neuer drying blis,
 Is to behold that mightie powre diuine,
 Nor may we craue more blessednes than this,
 With face to face, to see his glorie shine, 20
 So heere on earth, the onely good I finde
 Is your sweete sight, my whole content of minde.
 If to the hart, mine eie doth truthe impart,
 More faire of late, than erst before you seeme,
 Which beautie, though it breede my endless smart, 25
 Yet still I loue and worthily esteeme,
 And if those beames, would shine vpon me still,
 Then had I heauen, and happines at will.
 Some things by smelling liue, as fame report,
 And some the water ioy, to their desire, 30
 M

[89]

The

The subtle ayre, contents another fort,
 And other some by taste and touch of fire,
 If such can live with things of small delight,
 Much more should I enjoying of your fight.

5

S Et me where Phoebus heate, the flowers flaieth,
 Or where continuall snowe withstands his forces,
 Set me where he his temprate raies displaiech,
 Or where he comes, or where he neuer courses.

10

Set me in Fortunes grace, or else discharged,
 In sweete and pleasant aire, or darke and glooming,
 Where daies and nights, are lesser, or enlarged,
 In yeeres of strength, in failing age, or blooming.

15

Set me in heauen, or earth, or in the center,
 Lowe in a vale, or on a mountaine placed,
 Set me to daunger, perill, and adventure,
 Graced by Fame, or infamie disgraced.

Set me to thefe, or anie other triall,
 Except my Miftres anger and deniall.

20

I I awe the eyes, that haue my seeing bounde,
 Hir wit, my thoughts did captiue and confounde,
 And with hir graces, drew my life away,
 Vnto hir life, in whom my fences lyes,
 My spirit vp himselfe, for tribute giues.

25

She faue mine eyes, and they recouer'd light,
 She spake to me, and I had powre to speake,
 She freed me, and I regained spright,
 She freed my hart, that readie was to breake,
 My life, that erst beginning had in me,
 Now by hir being, doth begin to be.

30

Mine

[90]

Mine eyes, behold the beautie raignes in hir,
 Speake toong of hir, that nothing is but wonder,
 To honor hir, my spirits onely fir,
 Serue hir my hart, or hart deuide asunder:

5

And life, liue in the fauor she hath showane,
 Whereby thou hast more strength than was thine
 Miftres, this grace, vnto your seruant giue,
 Thus for to liue, or not at all to liue.

10

N Arciffus neuer by desire distressed,
 Elect for the solace of his dwelling,
 The diuers coulterd Medowe linely dressed,
 And fed with currant fresh, of waters swelling.

15

The while he liues in libertie, thrife blessed,
 Loue sees, and enuieth his life excelling,
 And in the waters freight, a shape expreffed,
 The poyson of his life, and freedomes quelling.

So carelesse I, that romed forth vnarmed,
 Not dreading Loue, who watches rebels narrow,
 No sooner sawe hir eyes, than inlie warmed,
 With vnperceiued flames within the marrow.

20

And yet of both, my selfe most deeply harmed,
 With waters hee? I with a burning arrow,
 He drown'd in waues, the which his teares did cherish,
 I liue in fire, and die; and yet not perill.

25

T He firmament, with golden flars adorned,
 The Saylers watchfull eyes, full well contenteth,
 And afterward with tempest ouerriped,
 The absent lights of heauen, he fore lamenteth.

Your face, the firmament of my repose,
 Long time haue kept, my waking thoughts delighted,

30

M 2

But

[91]

But now the clouds of sorrow ouergoes
Your glorious skies, wherewith I am affrighted.

For I that haue my life and fortunes placed,
Within the ship, that by those planets faileth,
By enuious chaunce, am ouermuch disgraced,
Seeing the Loadstar of my courtes faileth. 5

And yet content to drowne, without repining,
To haue my fears affoord the world their flining.

Cease restless thoughts, surcharg'd with heauines,
Loue, fortune, and disdaine, with their endeuer,
The forces of my life will soone disseuer,
Without the sting of your vniquietnes. 10

And thou oh hart, guiltie of my distresse,
To harbor these faire foes, dooft still perseuer,
Wherby thou shewst false traitor, thou hadst leuer
Their conquest, than mine ease and happines. 15

In thee, Loues messengers haue taken dwelling,
Fortune in thee, hir pompe triumphant spreadeth,
Disdaine hath spent on thee, hir bitter twelling,
Thus thou the root, from whence my woes proceedeth. 20

Cease then vain thoughts, no more my sorrows double.
Loue, fortune, and disdaine, ynough of trouble.

Thinking ypon the name, by Loue engraued,
Within my hart, to be my liues director,
The value of the whole entirely faued,
I reade ypon the fillables this lecter, 25

Maruell, the first into my spirits foundeth,
And marrelling at hir, the maruell woundeth.

I

[92]

I seeke to Gaine, as by the second's ment,
An interest in this admired maruaille,
But cannot finde a meane sufficient,
So hie a rated Gem to counteruaille, 5
There is no weight in fire ordaind to shine,
Nor counterworth of any thing diuine.

The last doth giue me counsell to Retire,
And rest content, that Loue hath blest my fight,
And toucht my fancie with th'immortall fire, 10
Of this diuine, and precious Margaret,
And thanke my fortune of exceeding fauour,
As to be thralld to so sweete behaviour.

O See my hart, vncertaine what effect,
Shall finally ensue so high a scope, 15
See what it is, a Master to neglect,
To haue a Mistres entertaind on hope,
He whom it was thy fortune first to serue,
As she doth now, could neuer see thee sterue.

There meanly lodg'd, yet mery were thy daies,
Here, high conceited intermixt with feare,
There, words and works all one, here great delaires,
There, things were in their kinde, here as they were, 20
Thy hopes there small, but yet assured Loue,
And here though great, God knowes if any proue. 25

Yet must I not discourage thine intent,
All paines and torments suffred for hir sake,
May be in fine well answerd by euent,
If so thy fute in time effect may take, 30
But tell hir what thy former Master faies,
Curled is he that dieth through delaires.

To make a truce, sweete Mistres with your eies,
How often haue I proffred you my hart, 35
Which

[93]

86 The Phoenix nest.

Which prefers vntseemed you despise,
 As far to meane, to equal your desart,
 Your minde wherein, all hie perfections flowe,
 Deignes not the thought, of things that are so lowe. 5

To strive to alter his desires, were vaine,
 Whose vowed hart, affects no other place,
 The which since you despise, I doe disdaine,
 To count it mine, as erst before it was:
 For that is mine, which you alone allow,
 As I am yours, and onely liue for you. 10

Now if I him forsake, and he not finde,
 His wretched exile, succord by your eyes,
 He can not yeeld, to serue anothers minde,
 Nor liue alone, for nature that denies,
 Then die he must, for other choise is none,
 But liue in you, or me, or die alone. 15

Whose haples death, when Fame abroad hath blowne,
 Blame and reproch, procures vnto vs both,
 I, as vnkinde, forsaking fo mine owne,
 But you much more, from whom the rigour groweth,
 And so much more, will your dishonor be,
 By how much more, it loued you than me. 20

Sweete Ladie then, the harts misfortune rue,
 Whose loue and seruice evermore was true. 25

Seeing those eyes, that with the Sun contendeth,
 For maiestie of light, and excellence,
 A quickning pleasure secretly descendeth
 Into my hart, by subttill influence.

Not seeing them, horror my blisse deprineth,
 And I, as one, by publike lawe conuicted,

[94]

Whom

30

The Phoenix nest. 87

Whom rigoroullie, the hedman onward driueth
 To shamefull death, most heauily afflicted.

I onely liue, when I behold your shining,
 Bright flars, rare lights, sweete authors of my gladnes,
 Absent from you, my hart in sorrow pining,
 Doth feede on teares, on anguish, griefe, and sadnes. 5

Then maruell not, if I desire acceptie,
 Vnto the fountaine of my happines.

To shun the death, my rare and chosen luell,
 That couertly, within your eyes so I ourneth,
 I flie, and flying feele the fire, more cruell,
 Wherewith offended, loue my spirits burneth.

A death most painfull, and the paine more bitter,
 Then I returne, resolued in opinion,
 Since I must die, neere, or farre of, tys fitter,
 To end my life, within hir eyes dominion. 15

O then displaie (faire Eyes) your influence,
 That I, into the deeper flames ascending,
 Fall soone to ashes, by hir excellence,
 And better be contented with my ending.

And all remoued, that my quiet hinders,
 Rake vp both loue, and life, within those cinders. 20

Of all the woes my penfull hart endureth,
 It greues me most, when I my sorrowes frame,
 I knowe not what, this wretchednes procureth,
 Nor whereupon I am to cast the blame.

The fault is not in hir, for well I see,
 I am vnworthy of hir grace, in this,

[95]

Nor

25

20

88 The Phoenix nest.

Nor yet in loue, who hath vouchsafed me,
To knowe within this life fo rare a blisse.

To grieue me of my fight, then comes to minde,
As head and author of my haples woes:
But better afterward aduifde, I finde,
That onely from hir lookes, all sweetnes floes.

And when iust caufe of forrowing doth faile,
I waile in fine, bicaufe I cannot waile.

Duide my times, and rate my wretched howres,
From day to month, from month to many yeeres,
And then compare my sweetest to my fowres,
To see which more in equal view appeeres,
And iudge, if for my daies and yeeres of care,
I haue but howres of comfort to compare.

Iust and not much, it were in these extreemes,
So hard a touch, and torment of the thought,
For any minde, that any right eefeenes,
To yeeld fo small delite, fo deerely bought,
But he that liues but in his owne despite,
Is not to finde his fortune by his right.

The life that fill runs forth hir wearie waies,
With fowre to fawce the dainties of delite,
And care to choake the pleasure of hir daies,
And no rewarde, those many wrongs to quite,
No blame to holde such irksome time in hate,
As but to loffe, prolongs a wretched state.

And fo I loath, even to behold the light,
That shines without all pleasure to mine eies,
With greedie wilh, I wait fill for the night,
Yet neither this I finde, that may suffice,

[96]

Not

30

The Phoenix nest. 89

Not that I holde, the day in more delight,
But that alike, I loath both day and night.

The day I see, yeelds but increafe to care,
The night that should, by nature ferre to rest,
Against hir kinde, denies such ease to spare,
As pitie would afford the soule opprest,
And broken sleepes oft times present in fight,
A dreaming wilh, beguild with false delight.

The sleepe, or else what so for sweete appeeres,
Is vnto me but pleasure in despite,
The flowre of age, the name of yonger yeeres,
Doe but vsurpe the title of delite,
For carefull thought, and forrow sundry waies,
Consumes my youth, before my aged daies.

The touch, the sting, the torment of desire,
To strue beyond the compas of restraint,
Kept from the reach whereto it would aspire,
Gives cause (God knowes) too iust to my complaint,
Besides the wrongs, which now with my distresse,
My meaning is, in silence to suppress.

Oft with my selfe, I enter in deuice,
To reconcile these wearie thoughts to peace,
I treat for truce, I flatter and entice,
My wrangling wits, to worke for their releafe,
But all in vaine, I seeke the meanes to finde,
That might appeare, the discord of my minde.

For when I force a fained mirth in floe,
And would forget, and so beguile my greefe,
I cannot rid my selfe of forrow so,
Altho I feede vpon a false beleefe,
For inward touch of vncontented minde,
Returns my cares, by course vnto their kinde.

[97]

N

Wainde

30

90 The Phoenix nest.

Waunde from my will, and thus by trial caught,
 How for to holde, all fortune in regard,
 Though heere I boast, a knowledge deere bought,
 Yet this poore gaine, I reape for my reward,
 I learne hereby, to harden and prepare,
 A readie minde, for all assaults of care.
 Whereto, as one, euen from my cradle borne,
 And not to looke for better to ensue,
 I yeeld my selfe, and with these times outworne,
 That but remaine, my torment to renewe,
 And leaue to those, these daies of my despite,
 Whose better hap, may liue to more delite.

A description of Loue.

Now what is Loue, I praise thee tell,
 It is that fountaine and that well,
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
 It is perhaps that fauncing bell,
 That tols all in to heauen or hell,
 And this is Loue as I heare tell.

Yet what is Loue, I praise thee faie?
 It is a worke, on holle daie,
 It is December matcht with Maie,
 When lustie blouds in fresh araie,
 Heare ten months after of the plaie,
 And this is Loue as I heare faie.

Yet what is Loue, I praise thee faine?
 It is a Sunshine mixt with raine,
 It is a tooth ache, or like paine,
 It is a game, where none doth gaine,
 The Laffe faith no, and would full faine,
 And this is Loue, as I heare faine.

[98]

Yet

The Phoenix nest. 91

Yet what is Loue, I pray thee say,
 It is a yea, it is a nay,
 A pretie kinde of sporting fray,
 It is a thing will soone away:
 Then take the vantage while you may,
 And this is Loue, as I heare say.
 Yet what is Loue I pray thee shoue,
 A thing that creepes, it cannot goe,
 A prize that passeth to and fro,
 A thing for one, a thing for mo,
 And he that proues must finde it so,
 And this is Loue (sweet friend) I troe.

The description of Lealoufe.

A Seeing friend, yet enemie to rest,
 A wrangling passion, yet a glad from thought,
 A bad companion, yet a welcom guest,
 A knowledge wisht, yet found too soone vnought,
 From heauen supposde, yet sure condemn'd to hell,
 Is Lealoufe, and there forlorne doth dwell.

And thence doth fend fond feare and false suspect,
 To haunt our thoughts bewitched with mistrust,
 Which breedes in vs the issue and effect,
 Both of conceits and actions far vnjust,
 The grieffe, the shame, the smart, wherof doth proue,
 That Lealoufe's both death and hell to Loue.

For what but hell moues in the iealous hart,
 Where restles feare works out all wanton ioyes,
 Which doth both quench and kill the louing part,
 And cloies the minde with worfe than knowne annoyes,
 Whose preffure far exceeds hells deepe extremes,
 Such life leads Loue entangled with midleemes.

[99]

N 2

Ah

92 The Phoenix nest.

AH poore Conceit, delite is dead,
Thy pleasant daies are doon,
The shade dales muſt be his walke,
That cannot ſee the funne.

5

The world I now to winnes call,
The heauens my records be:
If euer I were falſe to Loue,
Or Loue were true to me.

10

I knowe it now, I knew it not,
But all too late I rew it,
I rew not that I knew it not,
But that I euer knew it.

15

My care is not a fond conceit,
That breedes a fained ſmart,
My griefes doe gripe me at the gall,
And gnaw me at the hart.
My teares are not thoſe fained drops,
That fall from fancies eies,
But bitter ſreams of ſtrange diſtreſſe,
Wherein diſcomfort lies.

20

My ſighes are not thoſe heauie ſighes,
That ſhowes a ſickly breath,
My paſſions are the perfect ſighes,
And very paines of death.

25

In ſum to make a dolefull end,
To ſee my death ſo nie,
That ſorrow bids me ſing my laſt,
And ſo my ſenſes die.

Short is my reſt, whoſe toile is ouerlong,
My ioyes are darke, but cleere I ſee my woe,

[100]

My

30

The Phoenix nest. 93

My ſafetie ſmall: great wracks I bide by wrong,
Whoſe time is ſwift, and yet my hap but ſloe,
Each griefe and wound, in my poore hart appeeres,
That laugheth howres, and weepeth many yeeres.

5

Deedes of the day, are fables for the night,
Sighes of deſire, are ſmoakes of thoughtfull teares,
My ſteps are falſe, although my paths be right,
Diſgrace is bolde, and fauor full of feares,
Diſquiet ſleepe, keepes audit of my life,
Where rare content, doth make diſpleaſure riſe.

10

The dolefull bell, that is the voice of time,
Cals on my end, before my haps be ſcene,
Thus falſ my hopes, whoſe harmes haue power to clime,
Not come to haue that long in wilh hath bene,
I ſeeke your loue, and feare not others hate,
Be you with me, and I haue Caſars ſtate.

15



The praife of Virginitie.

Virginitie reſembleth right the Roſe,
That gallantly within the garden growes,
Whilt in the mothers bodie it doth ſtand,
Of nibling ſheep vntoucht, or ſhepherds hand.
The aire thereon, and ruddle morne doth ſmile,
The earth and waters, fauours it that while,
Braue luſtie youth, and the inamord Dame,
Euen ſo doth age, and temples craue the ſame.
But when from naturall ſtallke, it is remou'd,
And place where it, ſo highly was belou'd,
The grace that earth, and heauen thereon did caſt,
With beautie, fauor, loue, and all, is paſt.

20

25

30

Euen

[101]

Euen fo the Maid, when once hir flowre is loft,
 More deere than eie, or life, or what is moft,
 The loue and liking which she had before,
 Forgoeth quite, and she esteem'd no more.

Ladies Lenuoy to you that haue this prize,
 I need ye hold your owne, if you be wife.

O Night, O ielious night, repugnant to my pleasures,
 O night fo long desir'd, yet croffe to my content,
 Ther's none but onely thou that can performe my pleasures,
 Yet none but onely thou that hindereth my intent.

Thy beams, thy spiteful beams, thy lamps that burn to brightly,
 Discouer all my traines, and naked lay my drifts,
 That night by night I hope, yet faile my purpose nightly,
 Thy eniuous glaring gleame deteateh to my shifts.

Sweet night withhold thy beams, withhold them til to morrow,
 Whole ioyes in lack fo long, a hell of tormentes breedes,
 Sweete night, sweete gentle night, doe not prolong my forow,
 Desire is guide to me, and Loue no Loadstar needes.

Let Sailers gaze on stars and Moone fo freshly shining,
 Let them that miffe the way be guided by the light,
 I knowe my Ladies bowre, there needes no more dining,
 Affection fees in darke, and Loue harsh eyes by night.

Dame Cinthia couch awhile, holde in thy hornes fo shining,
 And glad not lowring night, with thy too glorious raies,
 But be the dim and darke, tempectuous and repining,
 That in hir spite, my sport may worke thy endles praise.

And when my will is wrought, then Cinthia fine good Ladie,
 All other nights and daies, in honour of that night,
 That happie heauenly night, that night fo darke and shade,
 Wherein my Loue had eyes, that lighted my delight.

[102]

Sweete

Sweete Violets (Loues paradise) that spread
 Your gracious odours, which you couched beare,
 Within your palie faces,
 Vpon the gentle wing of some calme breathing winde,
 That plaies amidst the plaine,

If by the fauour of propitious stars you gaine,
 Such grace as in my Ladies boosome place to finde,

Be proud to touch those places,
 And whē hir warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
 Whereby hir daintie parts are sweetly fed,
 Your honors of the flowrie meads I pray,

You pretie daughters of the earth and Sun,
 With milde and seemly breathing straight display,
 My bitter sighes that haue my hart vndoon.

Vermilion Roses that with new daies rife,
 Display your Crimfen folds fresh looking faire,
 Whose radiant bright, disgraces

The rich adorned raies of Roseat rising morne,
 (Ah) if hir virgins hand
 Doe pluck your pure, ere Phoebus view the land,
 And vaile your gracious pomp in lonely natures scorne,

If chauce my Mistres traces,
 Fast by your flowres to take the Sommers aire,
 Then wofull blushing tempt hir glorious eyes,
 To spread their tears Adonis death reporting,

And tell Loues tormentes forowing for hir friend,
 Whole drops of blood within your leaues coforting
 Report faire Venus mones withouten end.

Then may remorse (in pitying of my smart)
 Drie vp my teares, and dwell within hir hart.

Avora now, began to rife againe,
 From watie couch, and from old Tritons side,
 In hope to kisse vpon Actean plaine,
 Yong Cephalus, and through the golden glide,

On

[103]

96 The Phoenix nest.

On Easterne coast, she cast to great a light,
 That Phoebus thought it time to make retire,
 From Thetis Bowre, wherein he spent the night,
 To ligh t the world againe with heaucheny fire. 5

Nor sooner gan his winged ffeedes to chale,
 The Stigian night, mantled with duskie vale,
 But poore Amyntas, hasteth him apace,
 In defarts thus, to wepe a wo full tale.

Now silent shades, and all that dwell therein,
 As Birds, or Beasts, or Wormes that creepe on grounde,
 Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin,
 To rew the grieffe, of mine eternall wounde.

And dolefull ghosts, whole nature flies the light,
 Come feate your selues with me on eu ry side,
 And whilst I die for want of my delight,
 Lament the woes that Fancie me betide. 15

Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
 My cause of loue, and shipwracke of my ioyes,
 Phillis is gone, that set my hart on fire,
 That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes. 20

Phillis is fled, and bides I wot not where,
 Phillis (alas) the praise of woman kinde,
 Phillis the Sun of this our hemisphere,
 Whose beames made me and many others blinde. 25

But blinded me (poore man) aboute the rest,
 That like olde Oedipus, I liue in thrall,
 Still feele the worlf, and neuer hope the best,
 My mirth in mone, my honie drown d in gall.

Hir faire, but cruell eyes, bewicht my fight,
 Hir tweete, but fading speech, enthrald my thought,
 And 30

[104]

The Phoenix nest. 97

And in hir deeds, I reaped such delight,
 As brought both will, and libertie to nought.

Therefore all hope of happines adue,
 Adue desire the fource of all my care,
 Dispaire me tels my weale will nere renue,
 Till this my foule, doth passe in Charons Craie. 5

Meane time my minde muft suffer Fortunes skorne,
 My thoughts fill wound, like wounds that fill are green
 My weakned Iym, be laide on beds of thorne,
 My life decayes, although my death forefene. 10

Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but seas of teares,
 Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest,
 Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope, and feares,
 (I faie) desire, the author of vnrest. 15

And (would to gods) Phillis where ere thou be,
 Thy foule did see, the fowre of mine estate,
 My ioyes eclipsd, for onely want of thee,
 My being with my selfe at foule debate. 20

My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe,
 My fobs, and sighes, my everwatching eyes,
 My plain tife teares, my wandering to and froe,
 My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries.

No doubt but then, thy sorrows would perwade,
 The doome of death, to cut my vitall twife,
 That I with thee, amidst th' infernal shade,
 And thou with me, might sport vs as we list. 25

O if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine,
 And heareth Orpheus, neere th' Elysian fringes,
 Entreat thy Queene, to free thee thence againe,
 And let the Thracian guide thee with his fringes. 30

T. W. Gent.
 O

Away

[105]

98 The Phoenix nest.

Way dispaire, the death of hopes harts,
A For hope and truth, assure me long agoe,
 That pleasure is the end of lingring smart,
 When time, with iust content, rewardeth woe. 5

Sweete vertues throne is built in labours towre,
 Where Lawrell wreath's are twitt for them alone,
 Whose gals are burtt with often taste of iowre,
 Whose blis from bale is sprong, whose mirth fró none.

I therefore strive by toyles, to raise my name,
 And Iason like, to gaine a golden fleece,
 The end of eu'ry worke doth crowne the fame,
 As witness well, the happie harness of Greece:
 For if the Greekes, had soone got Pyrans feat,
 The glory of their paines, had not been great. 15

T. W. Gent.

Hope and feare, that for my weale or woe,
I That heau'nly lampe, which yeelds both heat & light,
 To make a throne, for gods on earth belowe,
 Is cut in twaine, and fixt in my delight,
 Which two faire hemypheres, through light & heat,
 Planting desire, drive reason from hir feate.

No, no, my too forgetfull toong blasphemmes,
 I should haue saide, that where these hemypheres,
 In harts, through eies, fixe hot and light some beames,
 There reason works desire, and hopes breed feares,
 Onely obiect, for an Eagles eie,
 Whose light, and heate, make men to liue and die.

Twixt these, a daintie paradise doth lie,
 As sweete as in the Sunne the Phenix Bowre,
 As white as snowe, as smooth as Iuorie,

[106]

As

The Phoenix nest. 99

As faire, as Pnyches bosome, in that howre,
 When the disclode the boxe of Beauties Queene,
 All this and more, is in Sibilla feene. 5

T. W. Gent.

Sir painter, are thy colours redie fet,
 My Mistresse can not be with thee to day,
 Shee's gone into the field to gather May,
 The timely Prymrose, and the Violet:
 Yet that thou maist, not disappointed bee,
 Come draw hir picture by my fantasiae. 10

And well for thee, to paint hir by thine care,
 For should thine eie, ynto that office ferre,
 Thine Eie, and Hand, thy Art, & Hart, would swerue,
 Such maiestie hir countenance doth beare,
 And where thou wert Appelles thought before,
 For failing so, thou shouldst be praisd no more. 15

Drawe first hir Front, a perfect Iuorie white,
 Hie, spacious, round, and smooth on either side,
 Hir temples brancht with vains, blew, opening wide.
 As in the Map, Danubius runs in light:
 Colour hir fennicircled browes with iet,
 The throne where Loue triumphantly doth fet.

Regard hir Eie, hir eie, a woondrous part,
 It woundeth deepe, and cureth by and by,
 It drives away, and draweth curteously,
 It breeds and calmes, the tempest of the hart,
 And what to lightning Loue, belongeth too,
 The fame hir looks, with more effect can doe.

Hir Cheeke, resembbleth euerie kinde of way,
 The Lillie stainde, with sweete Adonis blood,
 As wounded he fraid' yp and downe the wood,
 For whome faire Venus languisht many a day,

[107]

O 2

Or

100 The Phoenix nest.

Or plainly more to answer your demaune,
 Hir cheekes are Roses, ouercast with lawne.
 Hir louely Lip, doth others all excell,
 On whom it please (ay me) a kisse bestoe,
 He neuer tasteth afterward of woe,
 Such speciall vertue in the touch doth dwell:
 The colour tempred of the morning red,
 Wherewith Aurora doth adorne hir head.
 Hir ample Cheft, an heauenly plot of ground,
 The space betweene, a Paradise at least,
 Parnassus like, hir twifolde mounting breast,
 Hir heauenly graces, heapingly abound,
 Loue spreads his conquering colours in this field,
 Whereto the race of Gods and men doe yeeld. 15
 The other parts, which custom doth conceale,
 Within a farcenet vaile thou must conuay,
 So due proportion well discernes I may,
 What though the garment doe not all reueale,
 The shadow of a naked thigh may fraight,
 His head brim full, hath any fine conceit.
 Before hir Feete, vpon a Marble stone,
 Inflamed with the Sunbeames of hir eye,
 Depaint my hart that burneth passionately,
 And if thy penfill can fet downe such mone,
 Thy picture selfe, will teeling semblance make,
 Of ruth and pittie for my torments fake.
 How now Appelles, are thy senses tane?
 Haft drawne a picture, or drawne out thy hart?
 Wilt thou be held a Master of thine art,
 And temper colours tending to thy bane?
 Happie my hart, that in hir Sunshin fries,
 Above thy hap that in hir shadow dies.

[108]

1

The Phoenix nest.

101

Pray thee Loue, say, whither is this posting,
 Since with thy deitie first I was acquainted,
 I neuer saw thee thus distracted coasting,
 With countenance tainted. 5
 Thy conquering arrows broken in thy quiver,
 Thy brands that wont the inward marrow sunder,
 Fireles and forceles, all a peeces shiner,
 With mickle wonder.
 That maketh next my staylesse thoughts to houer,
 I cannot found this vncouth cause of being,
 The vaile is torne that did thy visage couer,
 And thou art seeing.
 A stranger, one (quoth Loue) of good demerit,
 Did fute and seruice to his Soueraine proffer,
 In any case she would not seeme to heare it,
 But found the offer.
 And very now vpon this Maying morrow,
 By breake of day, he found me at my harbour,
 I went with him, to vnderstand his sorrow,
 Vnto hir Arbour. 20
 Where he Loue torments dolefully vnfolded,
 With words, that might a Tigers hart haue charmed,
 His sighes and teares, the mountaine yee had moulded,
 And the not warned. 25
 Hir great disdain against hir Louer proued,
 Kindled my brand, that to hir breast I feated,
 The flame betweene hir paps, them often moued.
 Nor burnt, nor heated.
 My arrowes keene I afterward assaid,
 Which from hir breast without effect rebounded.
 And 30

[109]

102 The Phoenix nest.

And as a ball, on Marble floore they played,
With force confounded.

The brand that burnt, old Pryams Towne to ashes,
Now first his operation, wants it than,
The darts that Emerald skies in peeces dashes,
Skornd by a woman. 5

Thus while I faide, she toward me arrivd,
And with a tutch of triumph, neuer doubted,
To teare the vaile, that vfe of fight bereavd,
So Loue was Iouted. 10

The vaile of error, from mine eyes bereavd,
I sawe heauens hope, and earth hir treaſurie,
Well maint thou erre said I, I am deceived,
Bent to pleasure thee. 15

Ceafe haples man, my succors to importune,
Shee onely thee, my stratagemes repelleth,
Vainly endeuor I, to tempt hir Fortune,
That fo excelleth.

Content thee man, that thou didst see and suffer,
And be content, to suffer, see, and die, 20
And die content, bicause thou once didst mooue hir,
She displeas'd thereby.

And herewithall I left the man a dyeng,
For by his passions I perceiv'd none other,
I hie me thus alham'd with freedie flyeng,
To tell my Mother. 25

F I N I S.