HORESTES (A newe enterlude of vice)
by John Pikeryng 1567

Original spelling version (modified punctuation) --- Transcribed by Barboura Flues
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A NEWE
Enterlude of Vice Conteyninge, the
Historye of Horestes with the cruell
reuengment of his Fathers death,
uppon his one naturill Mother.
by John Pikeryng 1567

The Players Names

Vyce
Rusticus
Hodge
Horestes
Idumeus
Councell
Clytemnestra
Haultersycke
Hempstryng
Nestor
Menelaus
A woman
Sodyer
Nobelles
Nature
Provisyon
Harrauld
Sodyer
Truthe
Fame
Hermione
Dewty
Messenger
Egistus
Commons

The names devided for six to playe

1. Vyce, Nature, Dewtey
2. Rusticus, Idumeus, Sodyer, Menelaus, Nobulles
3. Hodge, Counsell, Messenger, Nestor, Commons
4. Horestes, a woman, Prologue
5. Haulltersicke, Sodyer, Egistus, Harrauld, Fame, Truth, Idleness
6. Hempstrynge, Clytemnestra, Provision, Hermione

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HORESTES
[Enter the Vyce.]

VYCE: A, syrra! nay, soft! What? let me see --
God morrowe to you, syr, how do you fare?
Sante amen! I thincke it wyll be
The next day in the morning, before I com thear.
Well, forwarde I wyll, for to prepare
Some weapons and armour the catives to quell:
Ille teache the hurchetes agayne to rebell.
Rebell? ye, syr, how saye you there to?
What? you had not beste their partes to take;
Houlde the content, foole, and do as I do,
Or elles me chaunce your pate for to ake.
Ye, and thats more, for feare thou shalt quake
Before Horestes, when in good sooth he
Shall arryve in this lande, revenged to bee.

Well, forwarde I wyll, thynges to pourvaye
In good south for the wares as I shall thincke good.
Farre well, good man dotterell, and marke what I saye
Or eles it may chaunce you to seke a new houd.
You would eat no more cakbread, I thinke then, by the roud.
If that that same poule from your shoulderes were hent;
You would think you were yll if so you were shent.

[Here entryth Rustycus and Hodge.]

RUSTICUS: Chyll never, nabore Hodge, have a glade harte
Tyll Egistous the kynge hath for his desarte
Received dew punnyshment, for this well I knowe:
Horrestes to Crete with Idumeous dyd go
When his father was slayne by his mother most yll:
And therefore I thincke that com heather he wyll,
And revenge the injurey of his mother most dyare,
Wastinge our land with zword and with vyare.

HODGE: Jesu, nabor, with vyar and zworde? zaye you zo?
By Gys, nabor, chyll zave one, I tro,
For icche have small good, by Gise, for to lose,
And therefore icche care not how ever it gose.
But chyll not be zlayne -- chyll love nothinge worse;
Chyll never be bournt for the mony in my purse.
Ichche have small rouddockes, and sodyers, I kno
Wyll robbe the riche chorles and let the poore knaves go.

VICE: A, syrre, nowe steye and pause their a whyle!
Be not to hastye, but take all the daye.
Be God, I am wearey with comming this myle,
And having no money my horse heyre to paye.
Who! how! I rode on my fete all the waye.
Jesu, what ground since yesterday at none
Have I gut thorow with this pare of shoune.

RUSTICUS: Nabor Hodge, be Goge, hatche none! I veare
That this lyttell hoursehet the devayaunce doth beare.
Come let us go and of him, in good south,
We woll conquear out the verey truth.
VYCE: Hurchyt! Goges oundes, gyppe with a wanyon!
Are you so loustey in fayth, good man clound?  
Oundes, hart, and nayles, this is a franion!
Ille teache you to floute me -- I hould you a pounde --
O, that it were not, in fayth, for my gound!
[Yet] wyll I be knoc um yet for all that. [Fight.]

HODGE: Hould, good master, you mare my new hat.

VYCE: Ha, ha, he! mar his hat, quoth he! Thear was all his thought!
Tout, tout, for the blose he set not a pyn!
That garment is dyer that with blose is bought.
Well, sieres, to intreat me, synth you begyn,
I am contentyd; my blade now shaull in.
But tell me, syeres, tell me [now]: wherefore of me,
The cause on this sort, your taullkynge should be?

RUSTICUS: By Gis, and iche chyll, master, for all my great payne,
Of this matter to you to tell the very playne:
My naybor Hodge and I, in good south,
Mot hear in the veldes -- I tell you the truth;
Now as we wear talkinge -- marke what I zaye --
You came in straight and of us crost the waye;
Which thinge for zartyn when I dyd espye,
This fancy ylounct in my head by and by
And to Hodge I zayde, that by Gys I dyd veare
That your masshyp, good master, the devyaunce doth beare;
And be cause you weare lyttell and of stature but smaull,
Your person a hourchet, in fayth, I dyd caull.
But, by Gis, be contentyd, vor chyll neaver more
Ovfend you a gaine, but cham zorey thearvore.

VYCE: Yf they weare not twayne, I cared not a poynt,
But two is to meyney, the proverbe douth tell;
Elles, be his oundes, I would jobard this joynt
And teache them agaynste me againe to rebell.
O that I weare abull the knaves vor to quell.
Then would I tryomphe passinge all measure.

HODGE: Zentyll man, zentyll man, at your owne pleasure
In fayth we be, and thearvore we praye,
What they name is to us vor to saye.

VYCE: My name would ye kno? Marrey, you shaull,
Harke, frynde, fourst to the I wyll it declare:
Master Pacience, Master Pacience, many on doth me caull.
But com heather, nabor Hodge, thou must have a share.
By Gys, unto the I wyll not spare
The same for to showe, whearfore, my frend,
My name is Pacience, if thou it perpend.


VYCE: Tell a mare a tal and shyell gerd out a fart. Se how the [ass] my wordes douth mystake! Would it not anger a saynt at the hart To se what a scoffe of my name he douth make? Oundes of me, as still as a stake He standith, nought caring what of him maye be tyde. Be his woundes, I wod have a arme or a syde! [100]

Sought! Let me se -- it is best to be styll: 'Good slepinge in a hole skynne,' ould foulkes do saye. Not withstanding, iwis, Ill have myne owne wyll. Naye, I wyll be revenged, by his oundes, and I maye Syrra, you good man Rustycus, marke what I saye; Harke in thine eare, man, this dyd I see A hoge of thynye wearyd to be.

RUSTICUS: Godes gee, Maister Pacience, I praye you me tell, What horsen chorles doge my hogge so dyd quell? [110]
Iche zware by Gise and holye Zaynt Blyve Chyll bezwinghe him and ich be a lyve! By Godes de, cham angry and not well content. Chould ha wear hear -- could make him repent! Ich had rather gyven vore stryke of corne Then to had my hogge on this wyse forlorne. But if I knewe whous dogge, chould be Reverged well inough, iche warrent the!

VYCE: He, ha, he! by God, Rusticus, I maye saye in no game, I knowe the person whose dogge so did slaye [120]
Thy hogge. Fye, fye! man, it was a vearey shame For thy naybor Hodge to let it, by this daye. Well, I wyll go to him and se if I maye By aney meanes procure him to make the amendes; Ille do the best I can to make you both frendes.

RUSTICUS: Chyll be no frendes -- chad rather be hanged -- Tyll iche have that oulde karle wel and thryfteley hanged. And tweare not your masshyppye dyd me with hould, To swing the ourchet iche shoulde be boulde.

VYCE: Ha, ha, he! nay, nay, spare not for me! [130]
Go to it strayght, if thear to ye gre.

RUSTICUS: Hodge, I harde saye thou illy hast wrought,
For my hogge unto death with thi dog thou haste brought.
Iche byd the thy vaute to me to amend
Or chyll zwaddell the, iche zweare, in my bat end.

HODGE: Zwaddell me? Godes get! chyll care not a poynte;
Iche have a good bat, thy bones to a noynte.
Thou olde carle, I zaye thy hoge hurtyd me,
And therefore I wyll have a mendes now of the.
My rye and my otes, my beans and my pease
They have eaten up quight, but small for my ease
And therfore, iche zaye, all thy hogges kepe vaste
Or iche wyll them wearey as longe as they laste.
By Godes get! I can never come in my ground,
But that zame zwyne in my pease ich have founde.

VYCE: Tout, tout, Rusticus, these wordes be but wynd.
To him, man, to him, and swaddell him well!
Ye, neaver leave him as longe as thou can fynd
Him whot, but [teache] him a gaine to rebell.
What nedest thou to care, thou his wordes be so fell?
Tout, tout, tharte unwyse; and followe my mynde
And I warraunt the in end some ease thou shalt finde.

RUSTICUS: Godes gee, hourson Hoge, paye me for my zwine
Or eles larne to kepe that cockescome of thyne.
[Up with thy staf and be readye to smyte; but Hodge smit first.]

HODGE: Godes de, do thy worst -- I care not a poynte!
Chyll paye the none; chyll jobard a joynte.

VYCE: Nay, stand I styll? some what I wyll lend;
[And let the Vise thwacke them both and run out.]
Take this for a reward! Now a waye I must wend. [Exit.]

RUSTICUS: O Godes get, cham zwinged zo zore,
Iche thincke chaull neaver lyve one houre more.

HODGE: O godes ge, I thincke my bewnes will in zonder;
Yf ich get home, by Gis, ittes a wounder.
Farewell Rusticus, for by Gis iche chaull,
When I mete the againe, bezwinge the vor all.

RUSTICUS: Nay letes be frendes, and chyll in good part
Of browne ale at my house give the a whole whart.
What Hodge, shake hondes, mon; be merey and lauffe;
By Godes ge, iche had not the best end of the staffe.

HODGE: Cham contente, naybor Rusticus, shaull be ene so.
Come, to thy house I praye the let us go.
HORESTES: To caull to minde the crabyd rate of mothers ill attempt
Provokes me now all pyttie quight from me to be exempt;
Yet lo, Dame Nature teles me that I must with willing mind
Forgive the faulthe and to pytie some what to be inclynd;
But lo, be hould, thadulltres dame on hourdome morder vill
Hath heaped up, not contented her spousaule bed to fyll
With forrayne love, but sought also my fatal thred to share
As, erst before, my fathers fyll in sonder she dydpare.
O paterne love, why douste thou so of pytety me request,
Syth thou to me wast quit denyed, my mother being prest? [180]
When tender yeres this corps of mine did hould -- alas for wo --
When frend my mother shuld have bin, then was she chefe my fo.
Oh godes, therfore, sith you be just, unto whose poure and wyll
All thing in heaven and earth also obaye and sarve untyll,
Declare to me your gracious mind; shall I revenged be
Of good Kynge Agamemnones death? Ye godes declare to me!
Or shall I let the adulteres dame styll wallow in her sin?
Oh godes of war, gide me a right when I shall war begyn. [Enter Vyce.]

VYCE: Warre, quoth he? I, war in dede! And trye it by the sworde?
God save you, sir! The godes to ye have sent this kind of word: [190]
That in the hast you armour take, your fathers fose to slaye,
And I as gyde with you shall go to gyde you on the way.
By me (thy mind) ther wrathful dome shalbe performd in dede;
Therfore, Horestes, marke me well, and forward do procede
For to revenge thy fathers death, for this they all have ment;
Which thing for to demonstrat, lo, to the they have me sent.

HORESTES: As you, good syr, the messenger of gods, as you do saye?
Wil they in revenging this wrong I make not long delay?

VYCE: What nede you dout? I was in heaven when al the gods did gre
That you of Agamemnones death, for south, revengid should be. [200]
Tout, tout, put of that childish love! Couldst thou with a good wil
Contentyd be that one should so they father seme to kyll?
Why waylst thou, man? Leave of, I say! Plucke corrage unto the!
This lamentation sone shall fade, if thou imbrasydest me.

HORESTES: What is thy name, may I in quear? O sacrid wight, I pray
Declare to me, and with this feare do not my hart dismaye.

VYCE: Amonge the godes celestiall I Courrage called am;
You to assyste in vearrey truth from out the heavens I cam;
And not without god Marsis his leave I durst hear show my face,
Which thou shalt fele, if that ther gift thou dost forthwith imbrace. [210]

HORESTES: And sith it is thear gratious will, welcom thou art to me.
O holy wight, for this thear gyft I thanke them hartelley.
My thinkes I fele all feare to fley, all sorrow, griefe and payne.
My thinkes I fele corrage provokes my wil for ward againe
For to revenge my fathers death and infamey so great.
Oh, how my hart doth Boyle in dede, with firey perching heate.
Corrage, now welcom by the godes: I find thou art in dede
A messenger of heavenly gostes. Come, let us now procede
And take in hand to bringe to pas revengyd for to be
Of those which have my father slaine -- but soft, now let me se --
[Enter Idumeus and Councell.]
Idumeus, that worthy kinge, doth come into this place.
What saye you, Corrage, shal I now declare to him my case?

VYCE: Faull to it then and slacke no time, for 'tyme once past away
Doth cause repentence but to late to com,' old fouls do say.
When stede is stolen, to late it is to shyt the stable dore.
Take time, I say, while time doth give a leasure good therfore.

IDUMEUS: What ever he be that sceptar beares or rules in state full hie
Is sonest down through fortunes eyar and brought to myserey;
As of late yeares the worthy kinge, Agamemnon by name,
Whos prais throughout the world is bloun by golden trump of Fame,
His wel won fame in marshall stoure doth reache unto the sky;
Yet, lo! through Fortunes blind attempt he lo in earth doth lie.
He that had past the fate of war, where chaunce was equall set,
Through Fortunes spight is caught, alacke, within olde Meros net;
And he, which somtime did delight in clothed coat of maylle,
Is now constraynd in Carones bote over the brouke to saylle,
That flose upon the fatall bankes of Plutoes kingdome great
And that in shade of silent wodes and valeys greene do beate,
When soules of kinges and other wights a poyntyd are to be
In quiet state, there also is this worthey reall tree.

Of south, I joye for to behold Horestes actyve cheare,
The which in father sometime was, in son doth now apear.
But where is he, that all this day I neaver sawe his face?

HORESTES: [Knell downe.] hand, O kynge, thy servaynt is, which wisheth to thy grace
All hayl with happye fate certayne, with pleasures many fould.
But yet my lege, a sute I have if I might be so bold
To crave the same, my soferayn lord, wherby I might aspyer
Unto the thing [which] very much, O kynge, I do requier.

IDUMEUS: What thing is that? If we suppose it laufull for to be,
On prynces faith without delaye it shall be given the.

VYCE: Tout, let him alone now we may, in good south,
I was not so lustey my pourpose to get,
But now of my honesty, I tell you of truth,
In revenging the wronge his mynd he hath set.
It is not Idumeus that hath poure to let
Horestes fro sekinge his mother to kyll
Tout, let hym alone, hele have his owne wyll.

HORESTES: Sith that your grace hath willed me this my desiar to show,
Oh gratious kynge, this thing it is: I let your grace to know
That long I have request to vew my fathers kingley place;
And eke for to revenge the wrong done to my fathers grace
Is myne intent; wherefore, O kynge, graunt that without delaye
My earytage and honor eke atchyve agayne I maye.

IDUMEUS: Stey their a whyle, Horestes mine, tyll Councell do decree
The thing that shall unto your state most honorabell bee.
My counciler, how do you thinke? Let us your councell have.
How think you by this thing the which Horestes now doth crave?

COUNCELL: As I do thinke, my soferayne lord, it should be nothing ill,
A prynce for to revenged be on those which so dyd kyll
His fathers grace; but rather shall it be a feare to those
That to the lyke at anye time their crucell mindes dispose.
And also, as I thinke, it shall an honer be to ye,
To adjuvate and helpe him with some men revenged to be.
This do I thinke most fytttest for your state and his also.
Do as you lyst, sieth that your grace my mind herin doth kno.

IDUMEUS: Sith Councell thinkes it fytt in ded revenged for to be,
That you Horestes, in good south, for to revenge I gree;
And also to mayntaine your war I graunt you with good will
A thousand men of stomake bolde, your enimise to kyll.
Take them forth with and forward go; let slyp no time ne tyd,
For chaunce to leasure to be bound, I tell you, can not byd.
Go, therfore, straight provide your men, and like a manly knight
In place of stouer put forth thy selfe; assay with all thy might
To win the fame, for glorey none in chambering doth rest.
Marke what I saye: to get thy men I take it for [the] best.

VYCE: Com on, Horestes, sith thou hast obtayned thy desier.
Tout, tout, man, seke to dysytroye as doth the flaming fier,
Whose properte, thou knoest, doth gro as long as any thing
Is left wher by the same may seme som suckcor for to bring.

HORESTES: I thanke your grace, I shall sequest your gratius mind herin.
[Go out.]

VYCE: Se, se, I praye you, how he joyse that he must war begin!
[Go out.]

IDUMEUS: My councell, now declare to me, how think you by this wight?
Doth not he seme in south to be in tyme a manley knight?
By all the godes I thinke in south a man may easeley kno
Whose son he was, so right he doth his fathers steppes follow.

COUNCELL: Undoubtedly, my soferaynd lorde, he semeth unto me
Not to sequest his fathers steppes in feates of chevallrey,
But rather for to imitate the floure of Greation land:
I meane Achilles, that same knight, by whose one only hand
The Greakians have obtained at laingth the conquest of old Troy,
For which thei did holl ten yeres space their labor great imploy.

IDUMEUS: Syth he is gon for to purvaye such thinges as shall in dede
Suffise to sarve his tourn in wares, wherof he shal have nede,
Let us depart; and when he shall retourne heather a gayne,
To see the mustor of his men we wyll sure take the payne.
[Go out. (Haultersyke) entrithe and syngeth this song to the tune of 'Have over the water to Floride' or 'Sellengers Round'.]

The Songe

HUALTERSYCKE: Farre well, adew, that courtlycke lyfe,
To warre we tend to gowe,
It is good sport to se the stryfe
Of sodyers on a Rowe:
How mereley they forward march
These enemys to slaye,
With hey trym and tryxey to,
Their banners they dysplaye.

Now shaull we have the golden cheates,
When others want the same,
And sodyares have foull maney feates
Their enemys to tame:
With couckinge heare, and bomynge their,
They breake thear fose araye,
And loustey lades, amid the feldes,
Thear ensines do dysplaye.

The droum and flute playe lousteley.
The trompeet close a mayne,
And ventrous knightes corragiousley
Do march before thear trayne:
With speare in reste, so lyvely drest,
In armour bryghte and gaye,
With hey trym and tryxey to,
Thear banners they dysplaye.

[Hempstring commeth in and speaketh.]

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges oundes, Haultersycke, what makes thou heare?

HEMPSTRINGE: By his oundes! I have soughte the, some newse to tell.

HAULTERSYCKE: Godes bloud, what newse? Ist the devell in hell?

HEMPSTRINGE: In faythe, thou art mearey; but this is the matter:
Doust thou hear, Haltersicke, each man doth clatter
Of warres, ye of warres, for Horestes wyll go
His erytage to wyn. Boye, the truth is so.

HAULTERSYCKE: Nay, but Jacke Hempstringe, sease of this prate:
Yf thou caull me boye, then beware thy pate!

HEMPSTRINGE: What? Hould thy peace! As far as I se,                                    
We be boyse both -- thearfor let us gree.

HAULTERSYCKE: Boye? Naye, be God! though I be but smaull,
Yet, Jacke Hempstringe, a hart is worth all;
And have not I an hart that to warres dare go?
Yes, Hempstringe, I warrant the, and that thou shouldest know,
If Dycke Haltersyckes mynde thou move unto eyar,
Colles neaver bourne tyll they be set one fyare.

HEMPSTRINGE: Ye, but if they bourne so that they flame,
Yet water, Dycke Halltersycke, the bourning cane tame.
But, harke thee, my master will venter a joynt,
And me to wayte on him he all readye doth poynyt.
But, hearste thou? Thou knowest my master loves well
Now and then to be snappinge at some daynty mossell;
But, by Goges bloud, Halltersycke, if thou love me,
Take some prytey wenche our laundrar to be,
And, be Goges bloud, I am contentyd to beare
Halfe of her chargis, when that she comes thear.

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And, be Goges bloud, I am contentyd to beare
Halfe of her chargis, when that she comes thear.

HAULTERSYCKE: As fyt for the warre, Jacke Hempstringe, thou art,
In fayth, as a be is to drawe a carte.
He is lyke to be manned, that hath such a knight
Under his banner, I sweare, for to fight,
When Horestes in fight moste busiest shalbe,
Then with thy gynney we must seke the.

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges oundes, hart and nayles, you are a franion!
Come of, with a myschiefe, my gentell companion!
By your sleve, sire Haultersicke, I thine [think] that a be
As good a sodyer as ever was ye.

HAULTERSYCKE: He hath learned his lesson, but of south I feare
He hath quight forgotten the waye for to sweare.
Oundes, hart, and nayles! Marey, hes no lad;
And he be not hanged, he wyll be starke mad. [370]

HEMPSTRINGE: Hange me no hanginge; yf ye be so quicke,
Roube not to hard, lest Hempstringe do kycke!

HAULTERSYCKE: Had better be styll, and a sleepe in his head;
Yf a kycke me, me chaunce to breake his head!
[(Haultersycke) flort him.]

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges bloud, good man Haltersycke, begine you to flout me?

HAULTERSYCKE: No, not at all; he douth but lout ye.
What, Hempstringe, I saye, are you angred at jeste?
In fayth, Goodman Lobcocke, your handsomley drest!
[Flort him on the lipes.]

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges bloud, so to flout me, thou art muche to blame! [380]

HAULTERSYCKE: Why, all that I do, man, is but in game.

HEMPSTRINGE: Take thou that for they jeste, and flout me no more.
[Give him a box on the eare.]

HAULTERSYCKE: For that same on blowe, thou shalt have a score.
Draue thy sword, vylyne, yf thou be a man,
And then do the worst that ever thou can.

HEMPSTRINGE: Naye, set sword a syde, and at boffetes well trey,
Wheather of us both shal have the masterey.

HAULTERSYCKE: Goges oundes! thou art bygger, yet I care not a poynt,
Yf to be revenged I jobard a joynt.

HEMPSTRINGE: I have coylyd the well, but I holde the a grote,
Yf thou meddell with me, I wyll swinge thye cote. [390]
[Fyght at bofites with fystes.]

HAULTERSYCKE: Indede, I must saye, I have caught the worst,
but I wyll be revengd, or eles I shall bourste.
Yf tyme did not call me from hence to depart,
I should anger the, Hempstring, even at the hart.
Therefore farwell tyll an other daye,
But, hearste thou, take this to spend by the waye.
[Give him a box on the eare and go out.]

HEMPSTRINGE: Goges oundes, is he gon? Naye, after I wyll,
And of the slave, by his oundes, I wyll have my fyll.
[Go out.]

[Let the drum playe and Horestes enter with his men and lette him kneele downe and speake.]

HORESTES: Oh godes, be prosperous, I praye, and eke preserve my band
Show now that ye be gods in ded, stretch out your mighty hand
And give us hartes and willes also, where by we may prevayl,
And suffer not you godes, I praye, our courragis to fayll.
But let our hartes addytyd be for aye as we pretend,
And of that vile adultrers dame, oh gods, now make an end.
My hands do thryst her blod to have, nought can my mind content
Tyll that on her I have perfourmed, oh gods, your just judgment.

[(Enter Nature. Horestes) stand up.]

NATURE: Nay, stey, my child! From mothers bloud withdraw thy blody hand!

HORESTES: No, nought at all, oh Nature, can my purpose now withstand.
Shall I for give my fathers death? My hart can not agre,
My father slayne in such a sorte and unrevengyd to be.

NATURE: Consider first, Horestes myne, what payne for the she toke.


NATURE: I do confesse, a wycked facte it was; this is most playne;
Not withstanding, from mothers bloud thou must thy hands refrain.
Canst thou (a lacke, unhappey wight!) consent revenged to be
On her whose pappes, before this time, hath given foud to the?
In whom I, Nature, formyd the, as best I thought it good.
Oh now requight her for her pain; withdraw thy hands from bloud.

HORESTES: Who offendith the love of God, and eke mans love with willing hart,
Must by [that] love have punishement as dutey due for his desart.
For me therfor to punish hear, as law of gods and man doth wil,
Is not a crime, though that I do, as thou dost saie, my mother kil.

NATURE: The cruel beasts that raung in feldes, whose jause to blod ar whet,
Do not consent their mothers paunch in cruell wise to eate:
The tyger fierse doth not desire the ruine of his kinde;
And shall Dame Nature now in the such tyraney once finde
As not the cruell bestes voutsafe to do in aney case?
Leve now, I say, Horestes myne, and to my wordes give place,
Lest that of men this facte of thine may judged for to be
Ne lawe, in south, ne justys eke, but cruell tyraney.

HORESTES: Pythagoras doth thincke it, lo, no tyraney to be,
When that justyse is mynestroyd as lawe and godes decree.
If that the law doth her condemne as worthy death to have,
Oh Nature, woulst thou wil that I her life should seme to save?
To save her lyfe whom law doth slay, is not justise to do;
Therefore, I saye, I wyll not yeld they hestes to com unto.

NATURE: Yf Nature cannot brydell the, remember the decaye
Of those which hereto fore, in south, their parents sought to slay:
Oedippus fate caull thou to minde, that slew his father so,
And eke remember now what fame of him a brode doth go.

HORESTES: What fame doth blowe I forse not, I, ne yet what fame I have,
For this is true: that bloud for bloud my fathers deth doth crave,
And lawe of godes and lawe of man doth eke request the same.
Therefore, oh Nature, sease to praye; I forse not of my name.

NATURE: For to lament this heavey fate, I cannot other do.
A lacke, a lacke! that once my chyld should now consent unto
His mothers death; wherefore farewell -- I can no longer stey. [Go out.]

HORESTES: Farwel, Dame Nature. To my men I straight wil take my way.
[Go out. Enter Idumeus and Councell.]

IDUMEUS: To se this mouster let us go, for I suppose it tyme.
[Let the drum playe.]

COUNCELL: Oh soferayne lord, me thinkes I here him for to be at hand.
Yft please your grace, he is in sight even now with al his band.
[Let the drum play and enter Horestis with his band;a bout the stage.]

IDUMEUS: Com on, Horestes; we have stayd your mouster for to se.

HORESTES: And now at hand my men and I all redy armed be.
Lo, mighty kynge, this champions here agre with me to wende;
Oh gracious kynge, that they shall so, wylt please you condissend?

IDUMEUS: I do agree; and now awhyle give eare your king unto.
It doth behoufe corragious knightes on this wyse for to do:
That is to stryve for to obtayne the victorey and prayse.
That lasts for aye, when death shal end the [fine] of these our dais.
Wherefore be bold and feare no fate; the gods for you shall fight,
For they be just and will not se that you in case of right
Shall be desstrest; wherefore attend, and do your busey Payne,
The crabyd rage of enymyse by forse for to restrayne.
And, as to me your trusteynes hath here to fore be kowne,
So now to this Horestes here let eke the same be showne.
Be to his heastes obaydient; be stoute to take in hand
Such enterpryse which he shal thinke most for his state to stand;
Which if you do, the fame is youre; the glorey and renoune,
That shal arise of this your facts, throughout the world shal sound;
The which you may, I pray the godes your gydes here in to be.
And now farwell, but [note] that well that I have sayde to ye.

SODYERS: The godes preserve your grace for aye, and you defend from wo;
That we have don as you commaund, ful wel your grace shal kno.

IDUMEUS: Now harke, Horestes, sith thou must of men the gyder be,
And that the wyll of godes it is thou must now part from me,
Take yet my last commaundement, and beare it in thy minde:
Let now they men courragiousnes in the, their captayne, finde;
And as thou art courragious, so lyse wyse let their be
For safegard of thy men, a brayne well fraught with pollicye;
For over rashe in doinge ought doth often damage bringe;
Therfore take councell first, before thou dost anye thinge.
For councell, as Plaato doth tell, is sure a heavenly thinge;
And Socrates, a certaynte, doth say, councell doth brynge
Of thinges in dout; for Lyvy sayes, no man shall him repent
That hath, before he worked ought, his tyme in councell spent;
And be thou lybraull to thy men, and gentell be also,
For that way, at thy wil, thou mayst have them through fire to go;
And he that shall at any tyme deserve ought well of the,
Soffer him not for to depart, tyll well reward he be.
Thus have you hard, Horestes mine; remembar well the same;
In doing thus you shall pourchas to the immortaull fame,
The which I hope you wyll assaye for to atchife in dede.
The gods the blis, when in the war thou forward shalt procede.

HORESTES: I thanke your grace, and now of you my leave I here do take.

IDUMEUS; Farwell, my sonne Horestes, I thy partinge yll shall take;
Yet, eare thou go, let me imbrace the once, I the do praye.
Alacke, alacke, that now from me thou must nedes part away.
[Imbrace him.]
Yet whyell thou art in present place, receave of one this kys.
Farwell, good knight, for now I shal thy swete imbrasings mys. [Kys him.]

HORESTES: The sacred godes presarve and save thy state, oh kynge, I pray;
And send the helth, and after death to rayne with him for aye.
Come on my men, let us depart.

SODYERS: As please your grace, with all our hart. [March about and go out.]

IDUMEUS: Ah, ah, how grevous is his parting now, my Counccell, unto me.
The godes him bles and send him helth, I praye them hartele.
Wo worth the time, the day and hour! Now may Horestes wayle,
And Clytemnesteema may lament, that so she dyd assayle
His father deare; for now on bloud Horestes mind is set
And to revenge his fathers death, sure, nought their is can let.
In voyding of a mischefe smal they have wrought their decay.
For now nought elles in Horestes but sore reveng bears sway.

COUNCELL: For to causes, my soferayne lord, revengment ought to be. The on, least others be in fecte with that they shall se Their princes do; the other is, that those that now be yll May be revoked and may be taught for to subdew their wyll. Plato, a wyse phylosopher, dyd thynke it for to be A prynceley facte, when as a kynge shall punnishe seriousley Such persons as dyd trayne their lyfe to follow that was naught, [520] The which their prince at ani time shal by mischaunce have wroght. Protegeus, an evell kynge a carrayne lykenes to, Which all the place about the same to stinke causeth to do. Therefore, O kynge, if that her faute should unrevengyd be, A thousand evylles would insu their of, your grace should se. Her faute is great, and punnyshment it is worthy for to have, For by that meane the good, in south, from daungers may be saufe. For lo, the unyversaull scoll of all the world we knowe Is once the pallace of a kynge, where vyces chefe do flow And, as to waters from on head and fountayne oft do spring, [530] So vyce and vertue oft do flo from pallace of a kynge; Whereby the people, seeing that the kynge adycte to be, Toprosecute the lyke they all do labor, as we se. Therfore the gods have wylled thus, Horestes for to take His jorney, and to recompence for fathers death to make.

IDUMEUS: Sith gods have wild the same to be, good lucke the gods him send, Com on, my Councell; now from hence we purpose for to wend. [Go out.]

[Enter Egistus and Clytemnestra singinge this songe to the tune of 'King Salomon.']

EGISTUS: And was it not a worthy sight Of Venus childe, Kinge Priames sonne, To steale from Grece a ladye bryght, [540] For whom the wares of Troye begun? Naught fearinge daunger that might faull, Lady, ladie, From Grece to Troye he went with al, My deare lady.

CLYTEM: When Paris firste arrived there, Where as Dame Venus worshyp is, And bloustringe Fame abroade dyd beare His lyvely fame, she dyd not mys To Helena for to repayre, [550] Her for to tell Of prayse and shape so trym and fayre That dyd excell.
EGISTUS: Her beautie caused Paris payne,
And bare chiefe sweye with in his mynde.
No thinge was abell to restraine
His wyl, some waye fourth for to finde,
Whereby he might have his [desyare],
Lady, ladye,
So great in him was Cupids fyare,
My deare ladye.

CLYTEM: And eke as Paris dyd desyear
Fayre Helena for to possesse,
Her hart, inflamid with lyke fyear,
Of Paris love [desyard] no lesse,
And found occasion him to mete
In Cytheron,
Where each of them the other dyd grete
The feast uppon.

EGISTUS: Yf that in Paris Cupides shafte,
O Clytemnestræ, toke such place,
That tymne ne waye he never left
Tyll he had gotte her comley grace.
I thinke my chaunce not ill to be,
Ladye, ladye,
That ventryd lyfe to purchase ye,
My dere ladye.

CLYTEMHESTRA: Kynge Priames sonne loved not so sore
The Gretian dame [they brothers wyfe]
But she his person estemed more,
Not for his sake savinge her lyfe,
Which caused her people to be slayne
With him to flye
And he requight her love a gayne
Most faythfullye.

EGISTUS: And as he recompence agayne
The fayre Queen Hellyn for the same,
So whyle I lyve I wyll take payne
My wyll alwayes to yours to frame,
Syth that you have voutsafe to be,
Ladye, ladye,
A queene and ladye unto me,
My deare ladye.

CLYTEM: And as she lovyd him best whyle lyfe
Dyd last, so tend I you to do,
Yf that devoyd of warr and stryfe
The godes shall please to graunt us to;
Syeth you voutsafest me for to take,
O my good knyght,
And me thy ladye for to make,
My heartes delighete.

EGISTUS: As joyful as the warlyke god is Venus to behoulde;
So is my hart repleate with joye much more a thousand fould,
Oh lady deare, in that I do posses my hartes delighte.

What meanes this sound? for very much it doth my hart [afright].

CLYTEM: Feare nought at all, Egistus myne, no hourt it doth pretend.
But, lo, me thinkes a messenger to us heather doth wend.

MESS: The gods presarve your eaquall state and send you of their blys.

CLYTEM: Welcom, good messenger; what newese, I pray the, with the is?

MESS: Yf please your grace even now their is aryved in this land.
The mightey knight, Horestes, with a mightey pewsaunt band,
Who purposith for to invade this Mycoene citie stronge,
And, as he goese, he leyse both tower and castell all alonge.
It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld,
By sodyeres rage he straight is slayne in mydest of the felde. [Go out.]

CLYTEM: Ah, syr, is he come in dede? He is wellcom by this daye.
Egistus, now in south, with spede from hence take you your way
In to our realme and take up men, our tyghtull to defend.
Tyll your retourne this citie I to kepe do sure intend.
For all his strength he shall not get to enter once here in;
The walles be strong and for his forse I sure set not a pyn.

EGISTUS: Syth you be abell to defend this citie as you saye,
Farwell in south; to get me men I now wyll take my waye
And sone againe I wyll returne, his pamprid pryde to tame.

CLYTEM: Farwell, Egistus, and in south I strayght will do the same.
[Go out Clytemnestra and Egistus.
Enter a woman lyke a beger rounning before (the) sodier,
but let the sodier speke first; but let the woman crye first pitifulley.]

SODYER: Yeld the, I saye, and that by and bye,
Or with this sword, in fayth, thou shalt dye.

WOMAN: Oh with a good wyll I yeld me to the,
Good master sodier, have mercye on me!
My husband thou hast slayne in most cruell wyse,
Yet this my prayer do now not dyspyse.
SODYER: Come on then in hast; my prisoner thou art, 
Come, followe me, I saye, we must nedes depart. 
[Go a fore her and let her fal downe upon the (sodier)al to be beate him.]

WOMAN: A, horson slave, I wyl teach the in faye 
To handle a woman on an other waye! 
To put me in feare with out my dezarte -- 
I wyll teache the, in faye, to playe such a parte!

SODYER: Be contentyd, good woman, and thou shalt be 
Neaver heare after molysted for me.

WOMAN: Naye, vyllyn, slave! A mendes thou shalt make, [640] 
In that thou, be fore, me as prysinor dydest take. 
Now I have caught the, and my prisoner thou art; 
By his oundes, horson slave, this gose to they harte! 
[Take his weapons and let him ryse up and then go out both.]

SODYER: Naye, save my lyfe, for I wyll be 
Thy prisoner and, lo, I yelde me to the.

WOMAN: Come, wend thou with me, and they wepon thou shalt have, 
Syth that thou voutsafyste my lyfe for to save. 

[Enter the Vyce synginge this song to the tune of 'The Paynter'.]

VYCE: Stand backe, ye slepinge jackes at home, 
And let me go. 
You lye, syr knave, am I a mome? [650] 
Why saye you so? 
Tout, tout, you dare not come in felde 
For feare you shoulde the goste up yelde. 
With blose he gose, the gunne shot flye, 
It feares, it seares, and their doth lye.

A houndreth in a moment be 
Disstroyed quyght. 
Syr suase, in fayth, yf you shoulde se 
The gonne shot lyght, 
To quake for feare you would not stynste, [660] 
When as by forse of gounshotes dynte 
the rankes in raye are tooke awaye, 
As pleaseth fortune oft to playe.

But in this stower who beares the fame 
But onely I? 
Revenge, Revenge, wyll have the name, 
Or he wyll dye.
I spare no wight, I feare none yll,
But with this blade I wyll them kyll,
For when myn eayre is set on fyare
I rap them, I snap them -- that is my desyare.  

Farwell, a dew, to wares I muste
In all the hast.
My cosen Cutpurse wyll, I truste,
Your pursse well tast.
But to it, man, and feare for nought;
Me saye to the, it is well fraught
Wyth ruddockes red. Be at a becke!
Beware the arse! breake not thy necke!
[Go out. Horestes entrith with his bande and marcheth about the stage.]

HORESTES: Come on my sodyers, for at home aryved their we be,
Where as we must have our desyare or els dye manfulley.
The walles be hye, yet I intend uppon them first to go
And, as I hope, you sodiers will your captayne eke follow.
Yf I for sake to go before, then sley you eke be hynde,
And as I am, so eke I trust my sodyers for to finde.
Come hether harauld; go proclame this mine intent straightway.
To yonder [citie] say that I am come to their decaye.
Unlesse they yeld, I will destroye both man, woman and childe,
And eke their towers that for the war so strongly they do bylde.
Byd them in hast to yeld to me, for nough I do a byde
But for their aunswear; or elles fourthwith for them and theres provid.

HARRAULD: Your gratious minde straight shalbe don. Cum, trompet, let us go.
That I have don your message wel, your grace ful wel shal kno.
[Let the trumpet go towards the citie and blowe.]

HORESTES: Hye the apase and let me have agayne an aunswear sone,
And then a non thou shalt well se what quickly shalbe done.
[Let the trumpet leave soundyng and let Harrauld speake, and speake over the wal.]

HARRAULD: How! [who] is their that kepes the gate? Give eare my words unto!

CLYTEM: What wouldst thou have? Harald, declare, what has thou her to do?

HARRAULD: My master bydes the, yeld to him this citie out of hande,
Or elles he will not leave on stone on other for to stand;
And all things elles within this towne he wil have at his wil,
As pleaseth him by any meanes to save or elles to spyll.
What you will now therfore declare, and aunswere to him send.

CLYTEM: This citie here against him and his I wyll defende.

HARRAULD: Then in his name I do defye both the and all with in.
CLYTEM: By him and his, tell him in south, we do not set a pyn.

HARRAULD: Yf it please your grace, this word she sends: she wil not yeld to ye.
But yf you com, unto your harme she sayes that it shalbe.
[Let the Haraulde go out here.]

HORESTES: Sith that my grace and eke good wil they on such sort dispise,
For to destroye both man and chyld I surely do devyse.
Com on, my men, bend now your forse this citie for to wyn;
Save no mans lyfe that once should make rysistaunce there within,
And when you shall posses the towne and have all things at wil,
Loke out my mother, but to her do ye no kynde of yll.
Let her not die, though that she would desiar the death to have,
For other wyse my fathers death revengement doth crave.

SODYER: We shall your hestes obaye with spede. Oh captayne, we desiar
That we were there, for to revenge our hartes are set on fyar.
[Enter Vyce.]

VYCE: Lyke men, by God I sweare, well sayd! Horestes, let us gow.
Nowe to thy men lyke manley hart I praye the for to showe,
And, as thou seiste, be firste the man that shall the citie wyn.
[720]

HORESTES: With lyvely hartes, my troumpeters, exault your tubal sound,
And now, my sodyers, in your harts let courrage eke be found.
Com, let us go! The godes for us shall make an easey waye;
Spare none a lyve, for I am bent to seke their great decaye.
[Go and make your lively battel, and let it be longe eare youwin the citie, and when you have
won it, let Horestes bringehis mother by the arme and let the droum sease playing andtrumpet
also. When she is taken, let her knele downe and speake.]

CLYTEM: A lack, what heaps of myschefes great me, selly wight, torment!
Now is the tyme falune me upon which I thought to prevent.
Yet, best I seke my lyfe to save; perhappes he will me here.
A lacke, revengement he dothe crave, for slaying his father dere.
Yf aney sparke of mothers bloud remaynd within thy breste,
Oh gratious child, let nowe thine eares unto my words be prest.
Pardon I crave, Horestes myne, save now my corpes from death;
Let no man saye that thou wast cause I yeldyd up my breath.
I have offendyd, I do confesse; yet save my lyfe, I praye,
And do they mother this request, O knight, do not denaye.

HORESTES: For to repent this facte of thyne, now that it is to late,
Can not be thought a recompence for kylling of thy mate.
Go, have [her] hence therfore with spede, and se her sureley kepte,
And, for that fact a fore thou dydest, thou surley shouldst have wept.
[Cltytemnestra go out with on of the sodiaries.]
VICE: Nay, far you wel. In fayth you have an aunswer: get you hence!
Oundes of me, I would not be in her cote for forty pence.
Nay, nay, a way, far well, a dew! now, now, it is to late
When stede is stollen, for you in south to shut the stable gate.
She should have wept when first she went the kynge about to slay.
It makes no matter; she foull well dyd brede her owne decaye.
[Let Horestes syth hard.]
Ounds of me, what meane you, man? Begyn you now to faynt?
Jesu, God! how styll he syttes; I thinke he be a saynt.
O, oo, oo! you care not for me. Nay, sone I have don, I warrant ye.
[(Vyce) wepe, but let Horestes ryse and bid him pease.]

HORESTES: By all the godes, my hart dyd fayle, my mother for to se
From hye estate for to be brought to so great mysery,
That all most I had graunted lyfe to her, had not this be
My fathers death, whose death, in south, chefe causer of was she.

VYCE: Even as you saye; but harke, at hand Egistus draweth nye,
Who purposieth the chaunce of war, Horestes for to trye.
[Let Egistus enter and set hys men in araye, and let the dromtyll Horestes speaketh.]

HORESTES: And, by the godes, I purpose eke my honour to defend.
Com on, my men, kepe your araye, for now we do pretend,
Eather to be the conquerer, or elles to dye in felde;
Lyft up your hartes, and let us se how ye your blose can yeld.

EGISTUS: Lyke manley men adresse your selves to get immortall fame.
Yf ye do flye, lo, what doth rest behynde but foull defame?
Strike up your drums, let trumpets sound, your baners eke display,
And I, my selfe, as captayne, to you wyll lead the waye.

HORESTES: Thou, traytor to my father dere, what makest the here in feld?
Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me strayght do yeld!

EGISTUS: Thou pryncoks boy and bastard slave! Thinks thou me to subdew?
It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou boye, I tell the trew;
But yf I take thy corpes, it shalbe a fode the byrdes to fede.
Stryke up your droums, and forward now, to wars let us prosede!
[Stryke up your drum, and fyght a good whil, and thensum of Egistus men flye, and then take hym and letdrau him vyolentlye, and let the drums sease.]

HORESTES: Oh vyllayne trayghtor! Now the gods ne mortall man shall save
Thy corpes from death, for blud for blud my fathers deth doth crave.
Oh tyraunt fyrse, couldest thou voutsafe my father so to slaye?
But now, no forse, for thou hast wrought at last thine one decay.

EGISTUS: A lacke, a lacke, yet spare my lyfe, Horestes, I the praye.
HORESTES: Thy lyfe? Naye, trayghtor vyle, that chefe I do denaye!
For as thou hast deservyd, so I shall thy facte requit,
That once couldst seme to me and mine for to work such dispight
Therfore com forth, and for thy facte receave dew punnishment.
Repent, I say, this former lyfe, for this is my judgment:
That for my fathers death, the which we finde [thee] chefe to be
The cause of, thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death may see;
And, as thou for my fathers death dew punnishment receive,
So shall my mother in lykewise, for that she gave the leave
Him for to slaye, and eke to it with good will condysende.
Therfore com of and some dyspatch, that we had made an end.

EGISTUS: Ah, heavey fate and chaunce most yll! Wo worth this hap of mine!
For give my faute, you sacryd godes, and to my wordes incline
Your gracious eare; for causes furst I was -- this is most plaine --
Of Agamemnons death, wherefore I must receave this paine.
Pardon I crave; voutsafe ye godes the same to graunt it me.
Now sodier worke thy wyll in hast, I praye the harteley!
[Flinb him of the lader, and then let on bringe in his mother,
but let her loke wher Egistus hangeth.]

CLYTEM: Ah heavey fate! Would God I had in tormoyle great byn slayne,
Syth nothing can Horestes hands from sheding bloud restraine.

VYCE: How chaunce you dyd not then lament, his father when you slew?
But now when death doth you prevent to late ites for to rew.

CLYTEM: Yet hope I that he will me graunt my lyfe that I should have.

VYCE: Even as much as thou voutsafest his fathers lyfe to save!
Therfore com of; we must not stey all daye to wayght on thee;
Lo, myghtye prince, for whom ye sent, lo, preasent her is she.

CLYTEM: Have mercy, sonne, and quight remitte this faute of mine, I praye.
Be mercyfull, Horestes myne, and do not me denaye.
Consider that in me thou hadest they hewmayne shape composid;
That thou shouldst slay thy mother, son, let it not be disclosyd.
Spare to perse her harte with sword; call eke unto thy mynd
Edypus fate, as Nero shoue not thy selfe unkynde.
[Take downe Egistus and bear him out.]

HORESTES: Lyke as a braunche, once set a fyare, doth cause the tree to bourne,
As Socrates supposeth, so a wicked wight doth tourne
Those that be good and cause them eke his evell to sequest;
Wherefore the poete Juvenal doth thinke it for the beste,
That those that lyve lycentiousley should brydlyd be with payne,
And so others, that elles would syn, therby they might restraine;
For thus he sayeth, that cities are well governed in dede,
Where punnishment for wycked ones by lawe is so decrede,
And not decrede, but exersyesd in punnyshinge of those
Which law ne pain from waloing still in vice their mind dispose.
And as thou hast byn chiefe cause of yelding up they breath,
So call to minde thou wast the cause of Agamemnons death;
For which, as death is recompence of death, so eke with the:
For kyllinge of my father thou now kyld eke shault be.
This thinge to se accomplyshed, Revenge with the shall go.
Now have her hence, sieth that you all my judgment here do kno.

CLYTEM: A lacke, a lack, with drawe thy hand, my son, from shedding bloud!

VYCE: Thou art a foule, thus for to prate; this doth Horestes good.
Com on, a way! thou doust no more but him with words molest,
A foulyshe foull, that thou wart ded, he takes it for the best.
[(Clytemnestra) knele downe.]

CLYTEM: Yf ever aney pytie was of mother plante in the,
Let it apeare, Horestes myne, and showe it unto me.

HORESTES: What pytie thou on father myne dydest cursedley bestowe,
The same to the, at this present, I purpose for to showe,
Therfore, Revenge, have her a way, and as I judgment gave,
So se that she, in order lyke, her punishment dew have.

VYCE: Let me alone! Com on, a way -- that thou weart out of sight!
A pestelaunce on the, crabyd queene! I thinke thou do delught
Him to molest. Com of, in hast, and troubell me no more.
Com on, com on, ites all in vaine, and get you on a fore.
[Let Clytmnestra wepe and go out, Reveng also.]

HORESTES: Now, syeth we have the conquest got of all our mortall fose,
Let us provide that occasion we do not chaunce to lose.
Stryke up your droummes, for enter now we wyll the citie gate;
For nowe resestaunce none there is, to let us in there at.
[Go out and let all the sodyers folow him in araye. Enter in Fame.]

FAME: As eache man bendes him selfe, so I report his fame in dede:
Yf yll, then yll through iarne trump his fame doth [straight] prosede,
Yf good, then good through golden trump I blo his lyveley fame;
Through heavens, through earth and surging sease, I bere abrod the same.
Perhaps, what wind me heather drives, within your minds you muse?
From Crete I com to you, my frends; I bring this kind of newse:
That Agamemnons brother is arivyd in this land,
And eke with him his ladey, fayre Quene Helen, understand;
Whom for to se, a great frequent of people their aryve.
This newse to shew at this present me heather now dyd drive.
[Enter the Vyce singing this songe.]

VYCE: A newe master, a new!
No lenger I maye
A byde: by this daye
Horestes now doth rew.

A new master, a new!
And was it not yll
His mother to kyll?
I pray you, how saye you?

A new master, a new!
Now ites to late
To shut the gate;
Horestes gines to rew.

FAME: Denique non parvas animo dati gloria vires
Et foecunda facit pectora laudis amor.
As Ovid sayth, I am in dede the spure to each estate
For by my troumpe I often cause the wicked man to hate
Is fylthey lyfe and eke I stoure the good more good to be,
So much the hart and will of man is lynked unto me.

VYCE: A new master, a new! Naye, I wyll go.
Tout tout! Horestes is be com a newe man
Now he sorroweth -- to bad that it is so
Yet I wyll dresse him, by his oundes, and I can.
Who! Saintie amen! God morrowe, Mystress Nan,
By his oundes, I am glad to se the so trycke;
Nay, may I be so bould at your lyppes to have a lycke?

Jesus, how coye do you make the same!
You neaver knew me afore, I dare saye.
In fayth, in fayth, I was to blame,
That I made no courchey to you by the waye.
Who! berladye, Nan, thou art tryme and gaye!
Woundes of me, she hath winges also!
Who, whother with a myschefe doust thou thinke for to go?
To heaven? or to hell? to pourgatorye? or Spayne?
To Venys? to Pourtugaull? or to the eylles Canarey?
Nay, stay a whyle! For a myle or twayne
I wyll go with the, I swere by Saynt Marey.
Wylt thou have a bote, Nan, over seay the to carey?
For yf it chaunce for to rayne, as the weathers not harde,
It may chaunce this tryme geare of thine to be marde.

FAME: Omnia si perdis famam servare memento
Quo semel amissa postia nullus eris
Above eache thinge, kepe well thy fame, what ever that thou lose,
For fame, once gone, thy memory with fame away it gose;
And it once lost, thou shalt in south accompyd lyke to be
A drope of rayne that faulyth in the bosom of the see.
Me, Fame, therfore, as Ovid thinkes, no man hath powre to hold;
To those with whom I please to dwell, I am more rich then gold.
What causid som for countris soyle them selves to perrell cast,
But that [they] knew that after death [that] fame of thers shall last?
Not on, but all do me desiare, both good and bad lykewyse,
As maye appeare yf we perpend of Nerose enterpryse,
Which first did cause his masters death, and eke wheras he laye,
In mothers wound to se, in south, his mother dyd straight slay.
With this Horestes eke takes place, whose father being slayn
through mothers gile, from mothers blod his hands could not refraine;
But, lyke as he revengyd the death of father in his eyare,
So fathers brother in lyke sort Revenge hath set on fyare,
For he is gon for to request the ayde of prynces great,
So sore his hart is set on fyare through raging rigorous heat.
What to determayne all the kynges of Grece aryved be
At Nestores towne, that Athens highte, their judgment to decre.

VYCE: Oundes, harte and nayles! naye, now I am drest.
Is the Kinge Menalause at Athenes aryved,
And I be hind? To be packinges the best,
Least the matter, in south, to sone be contryved:
Auxilia humilia firma consensus facit, this allwayes provided,
That consent maketh suckers most sure for to be.
Well, I wyl be their strayght wayse, you shall se. [Go out.]

FAME: As Publius doth well declare, we ought chefest to se
Unto our selves, that nought be don after extremite.
Ab alio expectes alteri quod feceris:
For loke, what mesure thou dost meate, the same againe shalbe
At other tyme, at others hand, repayde againe to the.
Therefore I wysh eache wight to do to others, as he would
That they in lyke occasion unto him offer should.
Wel, forth I must, som newse to heare, for Fame no where can stay;
But what she hears, throughout the world abrod she doth display.
[Go out. Enter Provision.]

PROVISION: Make roume and gyve place! stand backe, there a fore!
For all my speakinge, you presse styll the more!
Gyve rome, I saye, quickeley, and make no dalyaunce!
It is not now tyme to make aney taryaunce.
The kinges here do com, therefore give way,
Or elles, by the godes, I wyll make you, I saye,
[Enter Nestor, Horestes and Menalaus.]
Lo, where my lord Kynge Nestor doth com,
And Horestes with him, Agamemmons sonne,
Menelaus, a kyng lykewyse of great fame,
Make rome, I I saye, before their -- with shame!
NESTOR: Nowe syeth we be here, Kynge Menalaii,  
Unto us, we praye you, your matter to saye.  
For these prynces here, after they have perpendyd,  
If ought be amys, it shall be amendyd.  
But, syrra Provision, go in haste and fet Good Kynge Idumeus; tell him we are set.  

PROVISION: As your gracis have wylled, so tend I to do;  
I wyll fetch he strayght, and bringe him you to.  
[Go out. Pause a while till he be gon out, and then speak tretably.]  

HORESTES: If ought be amys, the same sone shall be,  
If I have commytted, amendyd of me.  
But, lo, Idumeus, the good kyng of Crete,  
Is come to this place, us for to mete.  
[Enter Idumiues, and Provision comming with his cap in hisafore him and making waye.]  

IDUMEUS: The gods presarve your gracis all, and send you health for aye.  

NESTOR: Well com, sier kinge; the same to ye contynewalley we pray.  

MENALAUS: Two things ther is, o kigs, that moves me thus your ayds to pray,  
And these be it, the which to you I purpose for to saye:  
The one is this, where with I fynde my selfe agrevid to be,  
That on such sort my systers slayne as all your gracis se;  
The other is that so her sonne without all kind of right  
Should to his mother in such case, I say, worke such dispight.  
These two be they; wherfore I drave your ayds, to joyn with me  
To the intent of such great ylles revengyd I may be.  
That thus he dyd, be hould the state of all my brothers land,  
And se, I pray you, in what place the same doth present stand.  
His crueltie is such, in south, as nether tower ne towne,  
That letted once his passage, but is brought unto the ground.  
The fatherles he pyttyed not, where as he ever went,  
The agyd wight whose yeres before their youthly poure had spent,  
The mayd whose parentes at the sege defending of their right  
Was slaine, the same this tyrant hath opressyd through his might.  
The widow, that through forrayne wars was left now confortles,  
He spared not, but them and theres he cruelly dyd dystres;  
Wherfore sith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can see,  
From Mycoene land we should provid him exylyd to be.  

HORESTES: Syth that you have accusyd me, I must my aunswere make,  
And here, before these kings of Grece, this for my aunswer take:  
Oounckel, that I never went revengment for to do  
On fathers fose, tyll by the godes I was comaund there to,  
Whose heastes no man dare once refuse, but wyllingly obaye;  
That I have slayne her wylfully, untruely you do saye.
I dyd but that I could not chuse; its hard for me to kycke,
Syth the gods commaund, as on would say, in fayth, against the prick.
In that you say I sparyd none, your grace full well may se
That lyttell mercy they supposyd, in south, to show to me,
When as they bad me do my worst, requesting them to yeld.
It is no jest when sodyares joyne to fight within a felde.
Thus, I suppose, sufficiently I aunswerd have to end
Your great complaynt, the which you so mightely did defend.

IDUMEUS: In dede, as Horestes doth declare no man can once estew
The judgment of God most just, that for his fautes is dew.
And as God is most mercyfull, so is he just lyke wyse,
And wyll correcte, most suerley, those that his heastes dispyse.

NESTOR: As you, good Kyng Idumeus, have sayd, so lykewise I
Do thinke it trew, therefore as nowe I do him here defye:
That one dare say that he hath wrought the thing that is not right,
Lo, here my glove to him I give, in pledge with him to fyght.
I promys here to prove there by Horestes nought dyd do,
But that was just, and that the gods commaundyd him there to;
That he is kinge of Mycoene land, who ever do deney
I offer here my glove, with him therfore to lyve and dye.

[Throws down glove.]

Yf none there be wyll under take his tyghtull to with saye,
Let us be frendes unto him nowe, my lordes, I do ye praye.
It was the parte of such a knyght revengyd for to be.
Should Horestes content him selfe his father slayne to se?
No, no, a ryghtuous facte I thinke the same to be in dede,
Syeth that it was accomplysht so as godes before decrede.

MENELAUS: In dede, I must confesse that I revengyd should have be,
If that my father had byn slayne with such great cruelte;
But yet I would for natures sake have spard my mothers lyfe,
O wretched man, o cruell beast, o mortall blade and knyfe!

IDUMEUS: Sease of, syr kyng, leave morning; lo, nought can it you avaylle.
Not with standing, be rulyd now, we pray, by our counsaylle.
Consider first your one estate; consider what maye be
A joyefull mene to end at leyngth this your calamytie.
Horestes, he is younge of yeares, and you are somwhat olde,
And sorrowe may your grace to sone within her net in folde,
Therefore ites best you do forget, so shall you be at ease,
Ad I am sure Horestes wyll indevor you to please.
So far as it for him may be with honor lefe to do,
He wyll not shrynke, but wyll consent your gracis bydding to.
For assurance of your good wyl, Horestes here doth crave
Your daughter, fayre Hermione, in maryage for to have
Thereby for to contynew styll true love and amytie
That ought, in sought, betwixte to such indefferent for to be.

MENALAUS: As for my frendshyp, he shall have; the godes his helper be!
But for my daughters maryage, I can not graunt to be.
She is but yong and much unfet such holy ryghtes to take;
Therefore, syr kyngs, at this present no aunswere I can make.

NESTOR: She is a dame of comly grace, therefore Kyng Menalaye,
Graunt this to us this stryfe to end; O kyng, we do the praye,
For eache of them a grede be, the other for to have.
Good syr, graunt this, that at thy handes so justley we do crave.

MENALAUS: O nobell kynge, what that it were I could not you denaye.
I must nedes graunt, when nought I have against you to repley.
Horestes, here before these kinges, my sonne I the do make.

HORESTES: And the, O kynge, whyle lyfe doth last, for father I do take.

NESTOR: Ryght joyfull is this thinge to us, and happey for your state;
Therfore with spede let us go hence, the maryage to seleybrate;
And all the godes, I praye, presarve and kepe you both from wo.
Com on, syr king, shall we from hence unto our pallace go?

MENALAUS: As it shall please your grace, in dede, so we consent to do.

IDUMEUS: And we lykewyse, oh gratious prynce, do condisend there to.
[Go out all. Vyce entrith with a staffe and a bottell or dyshewallet.]

VYCE: I woulde I were ded and layde in my grave.
Oundes of me, I am trymley promouted.
Ah, ah, oh! Well, now for my labor these trynketes I have.
Why, se you not, I praye you, how I am flouted?
A bagge and a bottell -- thus am I louted.
Eache knave, now a dayes, would make me his man,
But chyll master them, I, be his oundes, and I can!

A begginge, a begginge, nay, now I must go;
Horestes is maryed -- God send him much care --
And I, Revenge, am dryven him fro,
And then ites no marvayll though I be thus bare;
But peace! Who better then beggars doth fare --
For all they be beggares and have no great port --
Who is maryer then the pooryste sort?

What, shall I begge? Nay thates to bad!
Is their neare a man that a sarvaunt doth lacke?
Of myne honestye, gentle woman, I would be glad
You to sarve but for clothes to put on my backe.
A waye with these rages, from me the shall packe!
What, thinke you scorne, me your servaunt to make?
Another wyl have me yf you me for sake.
[Put of the beggares cote and all thy thynges.]

Parhappes you all mervayll of this sodayne mutation?
How [sone] I was downe from so hye a degre!
To satisfye your myndes, I wyl yuse a perswation:
This one thinge you knowe, that on caulyd Amyte
Is unto me, Revenge, most contrarey;
And we twayne to geather could not abyde,
Whych causyd me to sone from hye state to slyde.

Horestes and his ounckell, Kynge Menalaus,
Is made such sure frendes, without paradventure,
Through the pollycye of old Idumeus,
That, as far as I can se, it is to hard to enter;
Ye, and thates worsse, when I sought to venture,
I was dryven with out comfort awaye from their gate;
I was glad to be packinge for feare of my pate.

Yet before I went, my fancye to please,
The maryage selebratyd at the church I dyd se.
Wyllinge I was them all to dysease;
But I durst not be so bold, for Master Amyte
Sot by Menalaus and bore him companye;
On the other syde, Dewtey with Horestes boure swaye,
So that I could not enter by no kynde of waye.

Well, syeth from them both I am bannyshyd so,
I wyll seke a new master, yf I can him finde.
Yet I am in good comfort, for this well I knowe,
That the most parte of wemen to me be full kynde;
Yf they saye near a worde, yet I knowe their mynde.
Yf they have not all thinges when they do desiare,
They wyll be revengyd, or elles lye in the myare.

Nay, I knowe their quallytes, the lesse is my care,
As well as they do knowe Revengys operation.
Ye, faull to it, good wyves, and do them not spare!
Nay, Ille helpe you forward, yf you lacke but perswacion.
What man a moste is free from invasion?
For as playnely Socrates declareth unto us,
Wemen for the most part are borne malitious.

Perhappes you wyll saye, maney on, that I lye;
And other sume, I am sure, also wyll take my parte.
Not withstandinge what I have sayde [thy] wyll veryfye,
Ye, and do it, iwys, in spyght of thy hart.
Yf, therefore thou wilt lyve quyetlye, after their desart
Reward [them], so shalt thou brydell their affection.
And unto [thy] wyll shall have them in subjection.

In Athenes dwellyd Socrates, the phyllosopher dyvine,
Who had a wyfe namyd Exantyp, both develyshe and yll,
Which twayne, beenge faulne out uppon a tyme --
Perhappe cause Exantyp could not have her wyll --
He went out of dores, syttinge there styll;
She cround him with a pysspot and their he
Was wet to the skynne, moste pytifull to se.

I praye God that such dames be not in this place,
For then I might chaunce neare a mistres to get.
Nay, yf ye anger them, they wyll laye you on the face,
Or elles their nayles in your chekes they wyll set.
Nay, lyke a rasor some of their nayles are whet,
That not for to pare, but to cut to the bone,
I count him most happiest that medelles with none.

Well, far you well, for I must be packinge.
Remembar my wordes, and beare it in mynde:
What, suffer the myll a whyle to be clackinge,
Yf that you intend aney ease forto fynde;
Then wyll they be to you both lovinge and kinde.
Farwell, Cosen Cutpurss, and be ruled by me,
Or elles you may chaunce to end on a tre.
[Go out. Enter Horestes and Hermione, Nobilyte Cominyalte,
Truth and Dewty (bearing the crown).]

HORESTES: Syth that the gods have geven us grace this realme for to posses,
Which florysheth aboundauntlye with gold and great riches,
Let us now se, how much the [wills] and minde of all this land
Is unto us, and of their state lykewyse to understand.

HERMIONE: I deme of them, Horestes myne, that they contentyd be,
With humbell hart, for to submyte, O kyng, them selves to ye.
Wherefore my love, inquiare their state this preasante tyme,
And of their hartes good wyll to us, O kyngye, let them devyne.

HORESTES: As I do love the, laydye bright, so eke I thynke in dede
That love for love as equallye shalbe reward of mede [meed].
[Let Dewty and Truth take the crowne in their right hands.]

HERMIONE: The godes never prolonge my lyfe, that day I shall a peare
To breake my fayth, to the now plyght, my loving lord so dere.

HORESTES: Com on, my Lordes and Commons eke, let me now understand
Of all your mindes; for I desiare to know what case this land
Doth now consyst; [voutsafe] the same therfore to shew to me, 
And yf that ought be now a myse, amendyd it shalbe.

NOBELLES: Most regall prynce, we now are voyd of mortall wars vexation, 
And through your grace we ar joyned in love with every nation; 
So that your nobelles may now lyve in pleaasaunt state, sartaine, 
Devoyd of wars and civill stryfes, whyle that your grace doth raine; 
The which you may, I pray the god, with happy days and blys, 
And after death to send you there where joyse shall never mys. 
As syne of our obedyence, Io, Dewty doth the crownd 
And Truth also, which doth me bynd they subjecte to be found. 
[Let Truth and Dewty crowne Horestes.]

HORESTES: My Nobels all, I gyve you thankes for this now showed to me, 
And as you have, so eke wyll I the lyke show unto ye. 
My Commons, how gose it with you? Your state now let me know.

COMMONS: Where as such on as you do raine, there nedes must riches gro. 
We are, O kynge, easyd of the yoke, which we have so desiard. 
The state of this our common welth nede not to be inquiard; 
Peace, welth, joye and felycitie, O kynge, it is we have, 
And what thing is their, the which subjects ought more to crave?

HORESTES: Syeth al thinges is in so good state, my Commons, as you saye, 
That it may so contynew styll, the sacred godes I praye; 
And as to me your trusteynes shall anye wayes be found, 
So, styll to mayntayne your estate, I sureley shalbe bound; 
And for your faythfull harts, the which you graunted have to me, 
Both you, my Lordes and Commons eke, I thanke you hartele. 
Therfore, with time wil have an end, and now my mind you know, 
Let us give place to tyme, and to our pallase let us go.

NOBELLES: We both wil waight upon your grace, yft please you to depart.

COMMONS: Eeven when you please, to [waight] you on I shall with all my hart. 
[Go out all, and let Truth and Dewtye speake.]

TRUTH: A kyngdome kept in amyte and voyde of dissention, 
Ne devydyd in him selfe by aney kynde of waye, 
Neather provoked by wordes of reprehention, 
Must nedes long contynew, as Truth doth saye; 
For desention and stryfe is the path to decaye, 
And continuinge therein must of nesecitie 
Be quight ruinate and brought unto myserye.

DEWTEY: Where I, Dewtey, am necleted of aney estate, 
Their, stryfe and dyssention my place do supplye; 
Cankred mallyse, pryde and debate 
There fore to rest, all meanes do trye;
Then ruin comes after of their state, whereby
They are utterly extyngyushed, levinge nought behynde
Whereof so much as their name we maye fynde.

TRUTH: He that leadeth his lyfe as his phansey doth lyke,
Though for a whyle the same he maye hyde,
[Yet] Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wyll it seke,
And so in tyme it wyll be discryde,
Yet in such tyme as it can not be denyed,
But receave dew punnishment as God shall se
For the faute comytted most convenient to be;

As this storye here hath made open unto ye,
Which, yf it have byn marked, much prophet may aryse;
For, as Truth sayth, nothinges wryten be
But for our learninge, in anye kynde of wyse,
By which we may learne the yll to dispyse
And the truth to imitate -- thus Truth doth saye --
The which for to do, I besech God,we maye.

DEWTEY: For your gentle pacience we geve you thankes, hartely;
And therefore, our dewtew weyed, let us all praye
For Elyzabeth our Quene, whose gratious majestie
May rayne over us in helth for aye;
Lyke wyse for her Councell, that each of them maye
Have the spyrete of grace, their doinges to dyrecte.
In settinge up vertue and vyce to correcte.

TRUTH; For all the nobylytie and spiritualtie let us praye,
For judges, and head officers, what ever they be,
According to oure boundaunt dewties; espetially, I saye,
For my Lord Mayre, lyfetennaunt of this noble cytie,
And for all his brytherne, with the cominualtie,
That eache of them doinge their dewties a ryght
May, after death, posses heaven to their hartes delyght.

Finis quoth J. P.

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Go To Horestes Appendices and Glossary

GO BACK TO HOME PAGE
HORESTES (A newe enterlude of vice)
by John Pikeryng 1567
Original spelling version (modified punctuation) ---
Glossary and Appendices by Barboura Flues
APPENDIX I --- Glossary

added (a): Axton defines as "armed". The OED meaning "bound" or "addicted" seems applicable. Not in OED.

adjuvate (v): aid, assist. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes (not listed in OED). 1st OED citation 1599 A. M. Gabelhouer's Bk. Physic. Only 4 uses listed in OED, apparently then died out.

amain (adv, n): (1) at full speed, speed. FS (9-2H6, 3H6, LLL, Errors, Temp, Titus); Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Marlowe Massacre, Edw2; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Orl Fur; (anon.) True Trag, Locrine, Prison Pent, Weakest, Arden. (2) at full voice. FS (4-1H6, T&C, Edw3, V&A); Pickering Horestes; Devices; (anon.) Arden.

beswing (v): see "swing", below.

boot (v, n): help, relief. FS (many); Heywood Prov; Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Churchyard De Tristibus; Sundrie Flowers; Robinson Delights; Lyly Euphues Eng; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene G a G, Maiden's Dream; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh.

caitiff/caitive (n, a): wretch, sometimes prisoner. FS (13); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Cornelia; Greene James IV, Selimus; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Mucedorus; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

cake-bread (n): bread made in flattened cakes; or of the finer and more dainty quality of cake. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

cankered/cancred (a): corrupt. FS (6-John, R&J, 1H4, 2H4, Corio); Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Jocasta; Lyly Euphues Wit, Love Met; others.

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

chambering (n): OED (omitting Horestes) defines as sexual indulgence, lewdness; luxury, effeminacy. Axton's definition of self-indulgence seems closer to the mark (but the idea of staying at home rather than venturing into battle should be included). NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

cheat (n): booty, spoil. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Adlington Apuleius; Greene Cony.

cheer (n): expression. FS (5-1H6, Shrew, 1H4, Edw3); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Pickering Horestes; many others.

chill/chyll (v): rustic dialect -- I will/shall. Cf. Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith.
churl/carl/carlot (n): countryman, possibly slave; miser, churl, peasant; after 1500, fellow of low birth. FS (2-AsYou, Cymb); Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Bedingfield Cardanus; Greene Fr Bacon; (anon.) Arden; Nashe Summers.

cloth (n): skin, hide.

cocking (n): fighting, preparing to fire a gun. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

cockscomb (n): fool's cap. FS (MWW); Pickering Horestes; Oxford Interrogatory (1583); (anon.) Locrine, Dodypoll; Nashe Penniless, Strange News, Astrophel, Summers; Jonson Cynthia.

coil (v): beat, thrash. NFS. Cf. Udall Erasmus; Pickering Horestes; Preston Cambises.

commonality (n): common people. FS (Corio); Pickering Horestes.

curtsey (n): bow, gesture of respect, curtsey. FS (1H4, Ado, AWEW); Udall Royster; Pickering Horestes.

de (n): death.

descry (v): reveal, discover, perceive. FS (14); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Euphues Wit; Lodge Wounds; Greene Pandosto, James IV; Watson Tears; Nashe Saffron; Peele Wives; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Selimus, Ironside, Willobie, Penelope; Harvey Pierce's Super; Chapman Bl Beggar.

disease (n): distress. FS (1H6, 2H4); Golding Ovid; Greene Selimus. disease (v): distress. FS (2H4, Corio); Pickering Horestes; Brooke Romeus; Bedingfield Cardanus; Golding Abraham; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds.

dotterel (n): dotard, fool, simpleton; one easily caught in a trap. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Golding Calvin on Deut; Lyly Love's Met.


eke (adv): also. FS (7-H5, MND, MWW, AsYou, AWEW); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Gates Defence; Churchyard De Tristibus; (anon.) Locrine, Willobie, Leic Gh; Armin Quips.

ensign (n): (1) standard. FS (Edw3, V&A); Pickering Horestes; many others. (2) standard-bearer (n). FS (H5). (3) body of men serving under one banner; a company, troop. NFS. Cf. Gates Defence; Greene Alphonsus.

estew (v): eschew, avoid.

fell (a): savage, cruel, dire. FS (many, Q1); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Gascoigne Jocasta; Watson Hek, Tears; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Greene Selimus; Marlowe Edw2; Armin Quips; (anon) Leir, Locrine, Mucedorus, Woodstock, Penelope.
fet (v): fetch/fetched. FS (2H6, H5); Heywood Prov; Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Lodge Wounds; Greene Selimus.


fine (n): (1) conclusion, end. FS (Ado, AWEW); Devices. (2) purpose. NFS. Dekker Patient Grissel. (3) the fine of life: the end of life. FS (AWEW); Hall Chron (1548); Pickering Horestes. (4) in fine: in short. FS (Ham); Churchyard De Tristibus, (anon.) Leic Gh.

flirt/flurt (v): give a sudden sharp strike or blow. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes. Only OED citation until 1611: 1563-87 Foxe A. & M. (1631) III. xii. 881/1 Flirting him under the chin, and on the eares. flirt/flurt (n): (1) sharp tap or blow. NFS. Cf. Breton Flourish. (2) sudden jerk or movement; gust of wind. NFS. Cf. Greene Fr Bac (1st OED citation).

flort: see "flirt", above.

flout (n): mocking speech or action. FS (LLL): Lyly Euphues Eng, Whip. (v): mock, jest. FS (Shrew); Pickering Horestes; Armin Quips.

franion (n): gallant/fellow (n). NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith (1st OED citation); Greene Pandosto (name of character); Peele Wives. OED contemp citations: 1587 T Burberville Epitaphs & Sonn; 1589 (anon.) Rare Triumphs; Spenser FQ.

frequent (n): crowd. This meaning not in OED. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

gear/geere (n): clothes. FS (2-2H6, LLL); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr.

gip (int): expression of derision or contempt, "get out, go along with you." NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Greene Upst Court; Disp Cony; Heywod 1 EdwIV; Dekker Bach Banq.

gird/gyrd (v) : impel, release a blast. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

gise/gys: Jesus. Part of imprecation.

gynney: see jenny, below.

halter sycke/haulter sack (n): gallows bird. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes (OED missed this 1st citation); Florio, Capestro,

happest (a): probably "fortunate", from hap "luck, fortune". NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

hempstring (n): one who deserves the halter (hanging). NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Supposes (1st OED citation); Chapman d'Olive.

hent (v): (1) held, took, seized. FS (2-MM, WT); Cf. Brooke Romeus; Pickering Horestes.
hest (n): behest. FS (3-1H4, Temp); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Jocasta; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Locrine.

hight/hyght (v): (1) is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Pickering Horestes; Watson Hek; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; Nashe Summers; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

hourchet/hurchet (n): Axton suggests "boy"; not listed in OED but possibly a variation "hurcheon" - urchin. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

Idumeneus: King of Crete during the Trojan War. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

iwis/ywus (adv): surely. FS (4-Rich3, Shrew, MV, Pericles); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; many others.

jenny/gynney (n): wench. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes.

jopard/jobard (v, n): risk. NFS. Cf. Udall? Thersites; Pickering Horestes.

let (v): (1) hesitate. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic. (2) hinder, prevent. FS (Errors, Ham, Lucrece); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Churchyard De Tristibus; Pickering Horestes; Bedingfield Cardanus; Oxford letters; Robinson Delights; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Greene Selimus. Common.


list (v): choose. FS (many); Heywood Proverbs; Brooke Romeus; Pickering Horestes; Devices; Churchyard De Tristibus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Peele Phoenix; Lyly Euphues Eng; Lodge Wounds; Sidney Arcadia; Armin Quips; Chapman Bl Beggar; (anon.) Leir, Willobie, Leic Gh.

lobcock (n): country bumpkin, lout, clown, blundering fool. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Udall Roister; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Nashe Unf Trav; (anon.) Locrine.

lout (v): (1) make obeisance, bow. NFS. Cf. Spenser FQ; many earlier uses. (2) mock: almost certainly derived from the previous meaning. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes. (3) make a fool of. FS (1H6).

meed (n): (1) reward, prize. FS (19); Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Kyd Sp Tr; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe T1; Greene Card of Fancy; Pandosto; (anon.) Spenser FQ; Arden; Nobody/Somebody. (2) worth, merit. FS (3H6, Ham & Q2, not in Folio,).

mome (n): dolt, blockhead. FS (1-Errors); Pickering Horestes; Dekker Hornbook.

oundes/ounds: wounds. Usually short for "God's wounds".
out of hand (adv). suddenly, immediately. FS (4-1H6, 3H6, Titus, Edw3); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Holinshed; Lodge Wounds; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Alphonsus, James IV; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Leir, Yorkshire Tr.

masship/masshyp (n): mastership.

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

packing (n): order to send away. FS (5-1H6, 2H6, Rich3, 1H4, Ham, OED missed citations); Pickering Horestes; Bedingfield Cardanus; Nashe Unf. Trav.

peradventure (adv): by chance. FS (14); Q. Eliz. letters; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Gascoigne Supposes; Pasquil Return; Harvey 4 letters, Pierce’s Super; Nashe Unf Travl, Menaphon, Almond, Summers, Astrophel; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho; (anon.) Nobody/Somebody, Leic Gh.

perpend (v): weigh mentally, consider, investigate. FS (5-MWW, H5, AsYou, 12th, Ham); Pickering Horestes.

poll/poulle (n): head. FS (2H4, AWEW, Cor); Pickering Horestes.

port (n): (1) style of living. FS (Shrew); Pickering Horestes. (2) bearing, mien. FS (Shrew); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Devices; (anon.) Leic Gh. (3) dignity, worth. FS (MV); (4) city gate. FS (AWEW).

pressed (a): active, weighed down, present. FS (V&A); Pickering Horestes.

princox/princock (n): pert, forward, saucy boy or youth; conceited young fellow; a coxcomb. FS (1-R&J); Pickering Horestes; Underdowne History; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Absurdity, Penniless; (anon.) Locrine.

prosperous (a): favorable, auspicious, generous. FS (Timon); Pickering Horestes; Nashe Lenten Stuff.

puissant (a): powerful. FS (11); Golding Ovid; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Peele Phoenix; Munday Zelauto; Marlowe T1; Kyd Sp Tr; Nashe Unf Trav; (anon.) Woodstock, Mucedorus, Leic Gh.

reprehension (n): rebuke, censure. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes (OED missed this 4th citation); (anon.) Arden; Sidney Arcadia.

ruddock (n): (1) robin redbreast. FS (1-Cymb); Edwards Dam&Pith. (2) coin. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; Lyly Midas; Drayton et al Oldcastle. Not in OED.

ruinate (v): ruin, destroy. FS (3H6, Sonnet 10); Pickering Horestes. OED 2st citation: 1548 Hall Chron (missed Horestes).
Chron (missed Horestes).

sauce-box (n): person addicted to making saucy remarks. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; (anon.) Marprelate (1st OED citation), Locrine.

seely/sielie (a): silly, simple, innocent, vulnerable. FS (many); Brooke Romeus; Devices; Ovid Golding; Pickering Horestes; Churchyard De Tristibus; Bedingfield Cardanlus; many others.

sequest (v): follow. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes (only 2 OED citations).

shent (a): disgraced, ruined, reviled. FS (5-MWW, 12th, T&C, Ham, Corio); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid; Pickering Horestes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion; Greene Card of Fancy; (anon.) Penelope.

sooth (n): truth, faith, sometimes flattery. The meaning in Ironside may be, ironically, "untruths". FS (6-Rich2, H5, WT, 12th, AsYou, Pericles); Pickering Horestes; Devices; Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Endymion, Woman/Moon; Kyd Sol&Per, Cornelia; Marlowe/Nashe: Dido; Greene James IV; (anon.) Woodstock, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody; Drayton et al OIdcastle; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chapman D'Olive; Marston Malcontent.

sought: sooth, truth (see above.)

stomach/stomacke (n, v): (1) appetite for, inclination. FS (MV, Temp); Golding Ovid (used throughout); Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Dodypoll. (2) temper, pride. FS (3-Shrew, Rich2, H8); Painter Palace; Pickering Horestes; Golding Ovid; Devices; Lyly Endymion; Greene G a G; Alphonsus; (anon.) Marprelate, Ironside, Weakest; Spenser FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Sidney Antony. (3) disposition. FS (Lear, Ado); Golding Ovid.

stour (v): stir up. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes

stour/stowre/stoor (n): battle. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes; (anon.) Locrine.

stout (a): (1) bold, resolute. FS (3-2H6, 1H4, John); Brooke Romeus; Painter Palace; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Devices; Pickering Horestes; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon; Sidney Arcadia; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.


swing/swindge (v): beat, thrash. FS (2H4, John); Pickering Horestes; Lyly Bombie.


tretably (adv): Not in OED. Axton suggests "moderately".

trick (a): trim, neat, well adorned. FS (Ham); Pickering Horestes; Greene & Lodge Looking Gl; Sidney Arcadia.
tricksy (a): (1) artfully trimmed. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes. (2) clever. FS (MV, Temp); Marston Scourge; Dekker Honest Wh. tricksy (v) to make spruce, trim. Cf. Florio Nimfarsi.

trow (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Pickering Horestes; Churchyard De Tristibus; Devices; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds, Greene G a G, Alphonsus, James IV; Marlowe Jew/Malta, Edw2; (anon.) Woodstock, Marprelate, Ironside, Willobie; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Pasquil Apology; Phoenix; Chapman Bl Beggar.

trump/trompe (n): one who or that which proclaims, celebrates, or summons loudly like a trumpet; esp. in trump of fame and the like. NFS. Cf. Udall Eras; Brooke Romeus; Devices; Pickering Horestes.

tryccom (n): Not listed in OED. Axton suggests "trickery".

waniand/wanion (n): vengeance (refers to waning moon; use as an imprecation, with a waniand). FS (Per); Pickering Horestes; Peele Wives; Nashe Saffron.

wearied (ppa): worried, harassed.

whart (n): quart.

whether (n): which of the two. FS (AWEW); Pickering Horestes; Stubbes Anatomy.

wight (n): living being. FS (8-H5, LLL, MWW, Pericles, Oth); Brooke Romeus; Golding Ovid, Abraham; Oxford poem; Pickering Horestes; many others.

withsay (n): contradict, deny. NFS. Cf. Pickering Horestes. This is an early word, apparently dying out during this period. Last 2 OED citations: 1530 Palsgr. ; 1567 Turberv. Ovid's Ep.

Suggested Reading

George, Jodie Ann. "A pestelaunce on the crabyd queane: The Hybrid Nature of John Pikeryng's Horestes." Sederi: yearbook of the Spanish and Portuguese Society for English Renaissance Studies, No. 14 (2004). This article discusses the possibility that Horestes might be a commentary on the murder of Lord Darnley. Link on "Discargar Articulo" to download the article. (Thanks for Nina Green providing this information.)
http://dialnet.unirioja.es/servlet/listaarticulos?tipo_busqueda=ANUALIDAD&revista_busqueda=7539&clave_busqueda=200


APPENDIX II: Connections

Legal terms

Legal term: Break FAITH.

Pickering Horestes (1132-33) HER: The gods never prolong my life, that day I shall appear / To break my faith, to thee now plighted, my loving lord so dear.
Brooke Romeus (2029): Have kept my faith unbroke, steadfast unto my friend.
Golding Ovid Met (VII.1076): For breaking faith: and fretting at a vain surmised shame
MB Devices (67.16): For an example to the rest, if I shall break my faith.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.437) JOCASTA: Of friendly faith which never can be broke.
Shakes LLL (I.1) BIRON: If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
(IV.3) FERDINAND: You would for paradise break faith, and troth;
Rich3 (IV.4) Q ELIZ ... If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, / If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, / Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
Rich2 (III.2) RICHARD II: ... They break their faith to God as well as us:
Edw3 (II.1) WARWICK: That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
K. EDW.: (IV.4) Which if thyself without consent do break, / Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.
King John (II.1) BASTARD: ... That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith, / That daily break-vow, he that wins of all, ... / Since kings break faith upon commodity,
2H4 (4.2) ARCHB OF YORK: Will you thus break your faith?
MND (II.1) OBERON: And make him with fair AEgle break his faith,
MV (V.1) ANT: My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord / Will never more break faith advisedly.
T&C (V.3) HECTOR: I must not break my faith.
Pericles (I.2) PERICLES: I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Anon. Ironside (I.1.120): AYLWARD: Remember he hath often broke his faith
Willobie (XXXVII.2): Your words command the lawless rite, . Of Plato's laws that freedom gave, / That men and women for delight, / Might both in common freely have, / Yet God doth threaten cruel death, / To them that break their wedlock faith. [Note: In Plato his commonwealth all women were common, contrary to the commandment of God. Exod. 20, 14. Levit. 18. 20, 29.
(No Match)]
(LIII.2): Though some there be, that have done ill, / And for their fancy broke their faith:

Legal term: PARRICIDE; Prosecute ... revenge.
Pickering Horestes (420-431): HORESTES: Who offended the love of God, and eke man's love with willing heart / Must by [that] love have punishment as duty due for his dessert. / For me therefor to punish here, as law of gods and man doth will, / Is not a crime, though that I do, as thou dost say, my mother kill.

NATURE: The cruel beasts that range in fields, whose jaws to blood are wet, / Do not consent their mothers' paunch in cruel wise to eat: / The tiger fierce doth not desire the ruin of his kind; / And shall Dame Nature now in thee such tyranny once find / As not the cruel beasts vouchsafe to do in any case? / Leave now, I say, Horestes mine, and to my words give place, / Lest that of men this fact of thine may judged for to be / Ne law, in sooth, ne justice eke, but cruel tyranny.

Greene Orl Fur (IV.1.33) MANDRICARD: To prosecute revenge against Marsilius,

Selimus (II.1.127-34) SELIMUS: And yet I think, think other what they will, / That parricide, when death hath given them rest, / Shall have as good a part as have the best; / And that's just nothing: for as I suppose / In Death's void kingdom reigns eternal Night, / Secure of evil and secure of foes, / Where nothing doth the wicked man affright, / No more than him that dies in doing right.

See also 26.3-13.

Anon. Leir (22.103-108) CAMBRIA: But I will prove her title to be nought / But shame, and the reward of Parricide, / And make her an example to the world, / For after-ages to admire her penance. / This will I do, as I am Cambrian King, / Or lose my life, to prosecute revenge.

Disp. Greene's Groat: and as ye would deal with so many parricides, cast them into the fire; ...

Shakes Lear (II.1) EDMUND Persuade me to the murder of your lordship; / But that I told him, the revenging gods / 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;

(V.3) REGAN: [to Edmund] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Titus (IV.1) MARCUS: That we will prosecute by good advice / Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,

Bible 1 Tim 1.9 refers to parricides, "murtheners of fathers and mothers" (No Match).

Proverbs, Epigrams, Wit and Wisdom, Science and Natural History

Proverb: Of DELAY.

Heywood Proverbs, #7: He that will not when he may, / When he would he shall have nay. / But to that nay, nay I say: / If of my wife I delay, / To take shrewd words: yet that stay / Stayeth them not from me next day.

Pickering Horestes (197-98) HORESTES: As you, good sir, the messenger of gods, as you do say? / Will they in revenging this wrong I make not long delay?

Aesop Fable: The loiterer often blames delay on his more active friend.

Proverb: It is useless to KICK against the blows.

Heywood Proverbs, #254: Folly to spurn or kick against the hard wall. / Being shod with cakebred, that spurner marth all. ... Otherwise: Folly to spurn or kick against the hard wall, / But against soft walls spurners spurn and kick all.

Pickering Horestes (976-77) HORESTES: I did but that I could not choose; it's hard for me to kick, / Sith the gods command, as one would say, in faith, against the prick.

Oxford letter (1-3-76, to Lord Burghley): It is but vain calcitrare contra li buoi (it is useless to kick against the blows)

Anon. Pasquil Apology (para 24): What is this, I pray you, but to fall groveling to the earth in the questions and controversies scanned between us, and being down, to use the last refuge, to kick and spurn?

True Trag (1025) SHORE'S WIFE: by reason he knew it bootless to kick against the prick.
Shakes Errors (III.1.17): Marry, so it doth appear / By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear, / I
should kick, being kick'd; and being at the pass, / You would keep from my heels and beware of
an ass.
Bible Acts 9. 5 It is hard for thee to kick against pricks. 26.14.So when we were all fallen to the
earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why
persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against pricks. (No Match).

Proverb: Too LATE to shut the stable door when the steed/horse is stolen.
Pickering Horestes (225) VICE: When steed is stolen, to late it is to shut the stable door.
(742-43) VICE: it is too late / When steed is stolen, for you in sooth to shut the stable gate.
Lyly Euphues Wit: It is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen.
Pettie Palace (I.175-76): it is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen.
Underdowne History: This is when the steed is stolen, to shut the stable door.
See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #378.

Proverb: Give MEASURE for measure: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.
Bedingfield Cardanuus (III: 98b): Thereby we are taught to be mindful of another life, and that we
ought not to do that to another, which we would not have done to ourselves.
Pickering Horestes (920-21) FAME: For look, what measure thou dost meet, the same again
shall be / At other time, at other's hand, repaid again to thee.
Lyly Euphues Wit: I will pray that thou mayest be measured unto with the like measure that thou
hast meten unto another.
Pettie Palace: For it is God's word and will that such measure as is met met shall be measured
again. ... They which deal vigorously with other,shall be rudely dealt withal themselves.
Munday Zelauto (p. 71): If you knew what God is, you would then consider with yourselves, how
you should do to another man as you would be done to yourself.
(92) and work no worse to her, than you would to your own selves.
(175): seeing you should use to all men as you would be dealt withal.
Greene GaG (II.3.139-42): GEORGE: Why, my Lord, measure me but by yourself. / Had you a
man had served you long and heard your foe / misuse you behind your back, and would not
draw his sword / in your defense, you would cashier him.
Shakes 3H6 (II.6.55): Measure for measure must be answered.
MM (V.1.416): Like doth quite like, and Measure still for Measure.
Bible Matt. 7.2 (No Match).

Proverb: Take TIME in time ere time be taken.
Heywood Proverbs, #285: Take time when time cometh, we are oftimes told of it, / But when
time cometh, yet can we take no hold of it. ... Otherwise: Take time when time cometh, assay to
be bold of it, / But slipper[y] as an eel's tail is the hold of it. ... Otherwise: Take time when time
cometh, are we set time to take? / Beware time, in mean time, take not us in brake, ...
Otherwise: Take time when time cometh, when time cometh thou sayst well / But when cometh
good time to take, I cannot tell.
Pickering Horestes (226) VICE: Take time, I say, while time doth give a leisure good therefore.
Pettie Palace: Therefore to avoid inconveniences, take time in time.
Greene Alphonsus (IV.148-49) BELINUS:Let us make haste and take time while we may, / For
mickle danger hapneth through delay.
Farmer Madrigals: Take time while time doth last,
See Tilley Eliz. Proverb Lore.#629.
Proverb: TIME and tide tarry for no man.

Heywood Proverb, #170: The tide tarryeth no man. but here to scan, / Thou art tied so, that thou tarryest every man.

Gosson Abuse: They do but tarry the tide: watch opportunity, and wait for the reckoning,

Pickering Horestes (280): IDU: Take them forthwith and forward go; let slip no time ne tide, / For chance to leisure to be bound, I tell you, cannot bide.

Whetstone Devices (110.85): Think on thy end. the tide for none doth wait,
Anon. Pleasant Delights (Scoff of a Lady): The tide will not tarry, / All times it doth vary,
Lyly Euphues Eng: Euphues knowing the tide would tarry for no man ... 
Endimion (IV.2.9-12) EPITON: Why? You know it is said, the tide tarrieth no man. ... SAMIAS: True. ... EPITON: A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Munday Zelauto: the tide tarryth no man, and when we are assured of our wished Jewel: then may we defer the time as long as we list.

Lodge Wounds (V.5.326-28) SCILLA: My Flaccus, worldly joys and pleasures fade. / Inconstant time, like to the fleeting tide, / With endless course man's hopes doth overbear.

Rosalind: Til at last Ailena perceived time would tarry no man,

Shakes TGV: (III.3.39-41) PANTHINO: Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUNCE: It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.
Anon. Pasquil Counter (para 10): In the mean season, because the Wind and the Tide will stay for no Man,

See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #627; Howell English Proverbs, #7 and #10.

Proverb: TRUTH is the Daughter of Time.

Lempiere's Classical dictionary indicates that Veritas (truth) was considered the daughter of Saturn (time) -- the Greek equivalents would have been Chronos (or Kronos) and Aletheia -- though Lempiere doesn't so specifically state. His work is more Latinate than Greek in his references. But this had to have been a common Greek and Roman tradition -- and no doubt a commonplace in the renaissance.

Aulus Gellius (AD 130-180): Truth is the daughter of time

Another old poet: Truth is the daughter of Time.

Giordano Bruno:"For upholding this second view of science, Giordano Bruno was imprisoned for seven years and, when it was seen that in spite of the repeated tortures he would not agree even to a partial recantation was finally put to death. It must be kept in mind that in the famous passage in which Bruno sums up his cosmology with the motto veritas temporis filia (a motto that was later adopted by Galileo)..." (De immenso, VI, 19; Op. lat. I, 2, 229)

Irish coin (1553) VERITAS: TEMPORIS: FILIA: M:D:LIII

Pickering Horestes (1178) TRUTH: He that leadeth his life as his fancy doth like, / Though for a while the same he may hide, / [Yet] Truth, the daughter of Time, will it seek, / And so in time it will be descried,

Whitney Choice of Emblems 4 (1586) Veritas Filia Temporis

Bacon: Truth is the daughter of time, not of authority.

Note: Thanks to Andy Hanna, Robert Brazil, and Mark Alexander for classical background and citations.

Proverb: Rash Ventring/VENTURING.

Heywood Proverbs, #160: I will set all, even at syxe and at seven, / Ye, and repent all, betwene ten and eleven.
Ye, and thates worsse, when I sought to venture, / I was dryven with out comfort awaye from their gate; / I was glad to be packinge for feare of my pate.

See also: Heywood Prov. #77.

Proverb: WORDS are but wind.

Pickering Horestes (1070-72): Ye, and thates worsse, when I sought to venture, / I was dryven with out comfort awaye from their gate; / I was glad to be packinge for feare of my pate.

See also: Heywood Prov. #77.

Proverb: WORDS are but wind.

Pickering Horestes (146) VICE: Tout, tout, Rusticus, these words be but wind.

Hill Devices (68.5): But now I see, that words are nought but wind,

Gascoigne Supposes (II.8) SIENNESE: since I have received no greater injury than by words, let them pass like wind, I take them well in worth:

Jocasta (V.5.110) CREON: Thou doest but waste thy words amid the wind.

Lily Euphues Eng: ... that the painted words were but wind,

Woman/Moon (II.1.234) STESIAS: Her hardest words are but a gentle wind;

Pettie Palace: ... he shall find their words to be but wind, their faith forgery, ...

Greene Card (para 59): She that is won with a word will be lost with a wind;

Anon. Leir (3.40) GONORILL: Which cannot be in windy words rehearsed,

Ironside (III.1.29-30) CANTERBURY: Stay, York, and hear me speak. Thy puffy words, / thy windy threats, thy railing curses,

Arden (I.1.436-37) ALICE: ... oaths are words, and words is wind, / And wind is mutable.

Shakes Errors (III.1) DROMO/EPHESUS: A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind, / Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Ado (V.2) BEATRICE: A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind, / Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Lucrece (190): And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Pass Pilg (XXI): Words are easy, like the wind;

Nashe Summers (1489) SUMMER: Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists;

Munday Zelauto (p. 178): ... this is but a trifle, and your words are now to be esteemed as wind,

John a Kent (1.4) SIR GRIFFIN: Wind-breathed words are vainer than the wind;

Huntington (III.17) ROBIN: For the rough storm thy windy words hath raised

Chapman D'Olive (II.2.244-46) D'Olive: whether by answering a fool I should myself seem / no less; or by giving way to his wind (for words are but / wind) might betray the cause;

See Tilley, Eliz. Proverb Lore, #713.

Religious/Biblical

(MARKED means marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible)
(No Match means not marked in Oxford's copy of the Geneva Bible)

Sin: ADULTERY, PARRICIDE.

Pickering Horestes (187) HOR: Or shall I let the adultress dame still wallow in her sin?

Nashe Penniless: Clytemnestra, that slew her husband to enjoy the Adulterer Ægistus, and bathed herself in milk every day to make her young again, had a time when she was ashamed to view herself in a looking-Glass, and her body withered, her mind being green.

Shakes Edw3 (II.1) COUNTESS: In violating marriage sacred law, / You break a greater honor than yourself:

Anon. Willobie (XVIII.2): To seek to spoil his neighbor's wife,

(XXVI.5) No sin to break the wedlock faith?

(XXXVII.2): Your words command the lawless rite, / Of Plato's laws that freedom gave, / That men and women for delight, / Might both in common freely have, / Yet God doth threaten cruel
death, / To them that break their wedlock faith. / Note: In Plato his commonwealth all women were common, contrary to the commandment of God.
Disp. Greene's Groat: for my gluttony, I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adultery, ulcerous sores
Bible (No Match, passages that follow) Exod. 20.14 Thou shalt not commit adultery; 20.17 ... neither shalt thou covet thy neighbour's wife, ... nor anything that is thy neighbor's. Lev. 18.20,29. Deut. 5.18 Neither shalt thou commit adultery; 5.21 Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife, nor ought that is thy neighbor hath.

ALL HAIL ... Sovereign.
Pickering Horestes (244-45) HORESTES: At hand, O king, thy servant is, which wisheth to thy grace/ All hail with happy fate certain, with pleasures many fold.
Anon. Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESS: All hail, worthy shepherd. ... MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.
Lyly Campaspe (II.1.5) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Endymion (II.2.104) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!
(V.2.52) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign! ... STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say / 'all hail' and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed. ... EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
Leic Gh. (1904): Even they betrayed my life that cried all hail.
Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant / all harm.
Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? ... TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.
Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLS: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord.
Note: Shaheen points out that no English Bible translation uses the phrase 'all hail' and that Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play The Agony and the Betrayal. Note: If the authors of Mucedorus and Lyly use this phrase deliberately, it is with supreme irony; whereas the Leicester's Ghost phrase is very obviously meant to relate to the Biblical narration, but also with ironic overtones. Religious connotation in Horestes seems dubious.

Commandments: BLOOD for Blood; Eye for Eye, etc.
Golding Ovid Met (XV.194-95): Forbear (I speak by prophesy) your kinsfolks' ghosts to chase / By slaughter: neither nourish blood with blood in any case.
Pickering Horestes: (443) HOR: ... that blood for blood my father's death doth crave,
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.546-47) POLY: And who is he that seeks to have my blood, / And shall not shed his own as fast as mine?
(IV.1.253-54) CHORUS: Can flesh of flesh, alas can blood of blood, / So far forget itself, as slay itself?
(IV.1.334) CREON: Why should my blood be spilt for other's guilt?
Lodge Wounds (IV.1.301-02) CORNELIA: No, Marius, but for every drop of blood / And inch of wrong, he shall return thee two.
Marlowe T2 (IV.1.145) JERU: And with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.410-12) HIER: Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so; / For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge, / Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.
Greene Fr Bac (IV.3.51) SERLS: Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.
Shakes 1H6 (IV.6) TALBOT: And misbegotten blood I spill of thine, / Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
King John (I.1) KING: Here have we war for war and blood for blood,

(II.1) 1 CIT: Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows

R&J (III.1) LADY CAP: For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

Mac (III.4) MAC: It will have blood, they say. Blood will have blood.

Anon. True Trag (I.1) GHOST: Cresce cruor! Sanguis satietur sanguine! / Cresce, Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta! [ Increase, blood! Let blood be satiated by blood! Rise up that which I hope for, quickly! O quickly, quickly, revenge!]

Arden (V.5.10-11) ALICE: And let me meditate upon my Saviour Christ, / Whose blood must save me for the blood I shed.

Penelope (L.2): For blood shall I pay blood again.

Munday John a Kent (1.44) POWYS: but blood for blood shall duly be repaid.

Bible (No Match) Gen. 3.6 Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man. Num. 35. (27) And the revenger of blood find him without the borders of the city of his refuge, and the revenger of blood kill the slayer; he shall not be guilty of blood: (33) So ye shall not pollute the land wherein ye are: for blood it defileth the land: and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it. 1 Kings 21.19 Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine. Matt. 23.35 That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar.

FAME ... Valor ... Death.

Pickering Horestes (896-97) FAME: What caused some for country's soil themselves to peril cast, / But that they knew that after death that fame of theirs shall last?

Lodge Wounds (III.2.54) MARSIUS: Till they their shame, and I my fame attain by death.

Marlowe Edw2 (I.5.6-7) EDWARD: Give me my horse, and let's reinforce our troupes / And in this bed of honor die with fame.

Anon. True Trag (398) RICHARD: Valor brings fame, and fame conquers death.

Shakes Ado (V.3) Done to death by slanderous tongues / Was the Hero that here lies: / Death, in guerdon of her wrongs, / Gives her fame which never dies. / So the life that died with shame / Lives in death with glorious fame.

GOD ... Mighty hand.

Brooke Romeus (2905): Whose mighty hand doth wield them in their violent sway,

Pickering Horestes (401) HORESTES: Show now that ye be gods in deed, stretch out your mighty hand

Golding Ovid Met (II.626): But God almighty held his hand, and lifting both away

(V.465): And he that rules the powers on Earth obey thy mighty hand:

Watson Hek (LVII): Persuade yourselves, Love hath a mighty hand, (matches Deut. 7.8)

Marlowe T1 (II.5.4) TAM: Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,

(V.1) SULTAN: Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand

Note: Many lines seem to equate the power of Tamburlaine with that of God, using familiar Biblical allusions (including the phrase mighty arm twice in T1).

Anon. Woodstock (V.4.440-41) KING: and that almighty hand permits not / murder unreenged to stand.

Willobie (IX.2): On worldly fear, you think I stand, / Or fame that may my shame resound, / No Sir, I fear his mighty hand, / That will both you and me confound,

Bible Deut. 7.8 ... the Lord hath brought you out by a mighty hand and delivered you out of the house of bondage from the hand of Pharaoh King of Egypt (MARKED).
Deut. 4.34 ... and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, and by great fear, according unto all that the Lord your God did unto you in Egypt... (No Match, NEAR 4.31)

Deut. 19 2. The great temptations which thine eyes saw, ... and the mighty hand, ... so shall the LORD thy God do unto all the people of whom thou art afraid. (No Match)

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

GOD ... Sees/directs everything ... Sparrow.

Pickering Horestes (183-84) HORESTES: Oh gods, therefore, sith you be just, unto whose power and will / All thing in heaven and earth also obey and serve until,
Brooke Romeus (2187-88): Then go (quoth he) my child, I pray that God on high / Direct thy foot, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye [guide]:
(2872-73): That no respect of hours, ought justly to be had, / But at all times men have the choice of doing good or bad;

Gascoigne ... Jocasta (III.2.84) MENECEUS: But God it seeth that every secret seeth (III.2.164): Who thinks that Jove the maker of us all, / And he that tempers all in heaven on high, The sun, the moon, the stars celestial, / So that no leaf without his leaue can fall, / Hath not in him omnipotence also / To guide and govern all things here below?
Supposes (II.8) PHILOGANO: you should have feared the vengeance of God the supreme judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts)

Lyly Euphues Eng: Do you think Gentleman that the mind being created of God, can be ruled by man, or that anyone can move the way, but he that made the heart?
Greene James IV (II.I.28-29) IDA: God with a beck can change each worldly thing, / The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.

(III.3.68) SIR BARTRAM: God will conduct your steps and shield the right.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.12): ULF: Surely, my lord, you are highly favored / of God, who sees each human action, ...

Fair Em (V.1.198) EM: That pleaseth God, which all things doth dispose --
Leir (3.7) LEIR: None knows, but he, that knows my thoughts & secret deeds.
(19.138-43) LEIR: Is Queen of France, no thanks at all to me, / But unto God, who my injustice see. / If it be so, that she doth seek revenge, As with good reason she may justly do, / I will most willingly resign my life, / A sacrifice to mitigate her ire:
Cromwell (I.3) FRISKIBALL: For God doth know what to myself may fall.
Leic Gh. (166-68) For though he may delude the People's sight, / It is in vain before God to dissemble, / Whose power the devils know, and knowing tremble.
Shakes AsYou (2.3.43-44) ADAM: He that doth the ravens feed, / Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, ...

Hamlet (V.2.168-69) HAM: Not a wit, we defy Augury; there's a special / Providence in the fall of a sparrow. (Q2, lines 3518-19, substantially the same; Q1, lines 2058-59: there's a predestinate providence / in the fall of a sparrow:)
Bible Matt. 10.29 Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father? Luke 12.6: Are not five sparrows bought for two farthings, (No Match).

Proverb: It is useless to KICK against the blows. See Proverbs.

REPENT ... Late/too late.
Brooke Romeus (1137): And I that now too late my former fault repent,
(2582): To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late he doth repent. 
Picking Horestes (223-224) VYCE: Fall to it then and slack no time, for 'time once passed away / Doth cause repentance but too late to come,' old folks do say. 
Golding Ovid Met (Ep.74): Repentance when it is too late that all redress is past. 
(Ep.92): For fear that men too late to just repentance should be driven. 
(Ep.180): Repentance when it is too late for thinking things amiss. 
(II.770): Than all too late, alas too late gan Phebus to repent 
Oxford letter (1-3-76, to Lord Burghley): Wherefore for things passed amiss to repent them it is to late, to help them, which I cannot but ease them that I am determined to hope for anything I do not, but if anything do happen preter spem 
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (V.Ep.28) Who climbs too soon, he oft repents too late. 
Lyly Gallathea (III.1) EUROTA: Tush Ramia, 'tis too late to recall it, to repent it a shame. 
Anon. Ironside (III.2.34-35) HERALD: I fear your wills will put your wits to pain / and you repent it when it is too late. 
Weakest (I.66): MERCURY: And with repentant thoughts for what is past, 
Arden (V.5.18-19 ALICE: But now I find it, and repent too late. 
Willie (IV.1): Then to repent will be too late 
(XII.6): I was thy friend, but now thy foe, / Thou hadst my heart, but now my hate, / Refusing wealth, God send thee woe, / Repentance now will come too late, 
(XXX.5): Fond women oft repent too late. 
Shakes Lear (I.4): Woe, that too late repents, -- 
Pass.Pil. (19): And then too late she will repent 
Bible A number of verses combine the thought of repentance and time passing, including: Luke 10.13; Acts 3.10, 17.30; Eph. 5.15-16; and Rev. 2.5, 2.16 (both Rev. MARKED) 
Rev.2.21 (see below) conforms to the Willobie passages concerning impure women). 
Rev. 2.21 And I have her space to repent of her fornication, and she repented not (MARKED). 

TRUMPETS ... Blow. 
Picking Horestes (230) IDUMEUS: Whose praise throughout the world is blown by golden trump of Fame, 
(322-25) SONG: The drum and flute play lustily. / The trumpet blows amain, / And vent'rous knights courageously / Do march before thear train: 
Brooke Romeus (29): Whose praise with equal blast, fame in her trumpet blew: 
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (IV.1.47) NUNCUS: When dreadful blast of braying trumpets sound, 
(V.2.730 NUNCUS: So said Eteocles, and trumpets blown, 
Edwards Dam&Pith (708) PITHIAS: But hark! Methink I hear a trumpet blow. 
Sun Tsu Art of War: and a drunk military man should order gallons and put out more flags in order to increase his military splendor. 
Bible Matt. 6.2 The shalt not make a trumpet to be blown before thee, as the hypocrites do in the Synagogues, and in the streets, to be praised of men ... (MARKED). 

Inversions: VIRTUE ... Vice. 
Picking Horestes (530-31) COUNCIL: And, as to waters from one head and fountain oft do spring, / So vice and virtue oft do flow from palace of a king; 
(1196-98) DUTY: Likewise for her Council, that each of them may / Have the spirit of grace, their doings to direct. / In setting up virtue and vice to correct.
Golding Ovid Met (EP.562-64): To further or allure to vice: but rather this is meant, / That men beholding what they be when vice doth reign instead / Of virtue, should not let their lewd affections have the head.
Pref. (19): There was no virtue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mind
(Pref. 90): Decline from virtue unto vice and live disorderly,
(Pref.153): Each vice and virtue seems to speak and argue to our face,
Lyly Campaspe (II.2.19) ALEXANDER: Is love a vice? – HEPHESTION: ~~~ It is no virtue.
Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: And what was honored in fruits and flowers as a virtue, / to violate in a virgin as a vice?
MB (V.3) MEMPHIO: Well, patience is a virtue, but pinching is worse than any vice.
Love's Met. (I.2) NIOBE: Inconstancy is a vice which I will not swap for all the virtues.
(II.1) CERES: ... and though to love, it be no vice, yet spotless virginity is the only virtue.
Shakes Rich3 (III.5) GLOU: So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue, ...
LLL (V.2) PRINCESS: You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke; / For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
King John (II.1) BASTARD: And being rich, my virtue then shall be / To say there is no vice but beggary.
Merchant (III.2) BASSANIO: There is no vice so simple but assumes / Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
R&J (II.3) FRIAR LAURENCE: Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
Hamlet (III.4.158-60) HAM: ... Forgive me this my Virtue, / For in the fatness of this pursy times, / Virtue itself, of Vice must pardon beg, (Q2, lines 2351-53: substantially the same; not in Q1.)
Oth (II.3) IAGO: ... And give direction: and do but see his vice; / Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
Chettle Kind Hart: Everything hath in itself his virtue and his vice:
Anon. Willobie (I.18): Or virtue from a vice proceed?
(I.22): They find their vice by virtue crossed,
(XVIII.6): The time and place may not condemn, / The mind to vice that doth not sway, /But they that virtue do condemn, /By time and place, are led astray.
(XXVI.6): Your lewd examples will not serve, / To frame a virtue from a vice,
Leic Gh. (2236): He both in vice, and virtue, did excel.
Bible Wisd. of Salomon 5.13 ... and have showed no token of virtue, but are consumed in our own wickedness (MARKED). 7.30 ... but wickedness cannot overcome wisdom. (No Match)
See Shaheen, Comedies (191) ... re Measure for Measure, virtue, and Rom. 7.15, 19, 23 (No Match).

Authorship Considerations

Note: Within the eight entries, nineteen possible Biblical sources have been identified. Four are marked in Oxford's Geneva Bible, and one is very near a marked passage.
The De Vere Bible has 1063 marked verses [figures from Stritmatter].
Approximately 1,000 Biblical verses were used by Shakespeare.
Approximately 199 of the marked verses have been used by Shakespeare.
There are approximately 35,000 verses in the Bible [figures from Stritmatter].
Thus, roughly 1 in 5 of the verses marked in Oxford's Geneva Bible were used by Shakespeare.
Thus approximately 1 in 35 of all Biblical verses were used by Shakespeare.

Stritmatter waters down the Oxford factor somewhat by assuming that only 1/3 of the Biblical
verses are suitable for such references. Thus the favor of 1 in 35 would be reduced to approximately 1 in 10. The favored use of marked verses is still notable.

BF figures, including arguments and chapter heads, are similar but tilt slightly more toward the odds favoring use of marked passages.

The most "Shakespearean" of the texts on the elizabethanauthors site contain numerous passages that refer back to the Bible, showing heavy preference for the marked passages. Edmund Ironside in particular used many of the marked passages not used by texts of the acknowledged Shakespeare canon.

Note that 1 in 5 of the Biblical passages identified above, were marked in Oxford's Geneva Bible.

Functional Phrases, Imagery, Vocabulary, Other

BREATH ... Yield.
Pickering Horestes (733) CLYTEM: Let no man say that thou wast cause I yielded up my breath.
(815) HORESTES: And as thou hast been chiefest cause of yielding up thy breath,
Brooke Romeus (523): For pity and for dread well nigh to yield up breath.
(1057): Was wasted quite, and he thus yelding up his breath,
(1139): That soon my joyceless corps shall yield up banished breath,
(1172): Alas what cause hast thou thus soon to yield up living breath?
(1423): With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yield up his breath,
(1820): (Before his time, forced by his foe) did yield his living breath,
(2961): With Romeus' dagger drawn, her heart and yielded breath,
Golding Ovid Met. (III.137): The third did straight as much for him and made him yield the breath,
(X.203): Upon the ground, so Hyacinth in yielding of his breath
Shakes 1H6 (IV.7) TALBOT: Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Rich3 (V.3): Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

Due DESERT.
Golding Ovid Met (II.369): But put the case that my desert destruction duly crave,
(V.35): And which he hath by due desert of purchase dearly bought.
Pickering Horestes (421) HORESTES: Must by [that] love have punishment as duty due for his desert.
Hill Devices (36.3-4): To mortal creatures they assign / Their due deserts for recompense.
Heywood Devices (95.3): The doubtful hope, to reap my due desert,
Oxford poem (Cardanus): With due desert reward will never be.
Greene Pandosto (Para. 30): should have cause to think his rigor proceeded of due desert:
Disp. Greene's Groat (265): He simply gave to due desert her right,
Anon. True Trag (1468) CATESBY: else the due deserts of a traitor.
Willibobie (commendation): But rather strive by due desert for like renown,
(LI.2): Love oft doth spring from due desert,
(LVII.2): Whose eyes discern the due deserts,
Penelope (I.2): Of those whom due desert doth crown
(I.5): His perfect zeal by due desert
DEVOID of.
Pickering Horestes: (1141) NOBELLES: Devoid of wars and civil strifes, ...
Brooke Romeus (618): Think that the whilst fair Juliet is not devoid of care.
Edwards Dam&Pith (765) EUBULUS: They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound, ...
Watson Hek (!): My heart devoid of cares did bathe in bliss,
(XXXVII): And yet through love remain devoid of blame:
(LXXXII): The life I led in Love devoid of rest
Greene Pandosto (Para. 24): the King, who quite devoid of pity commanded that ...
Anon. Leir (13.6) CORDELLA: When as I was devoid of worldly friends,
(19.319) LEIR: Since the other two are quite devoid of love;
(23.48) LEIR: In a strange country, and devoid of friends,
(28.8) KING: Devoid of sense, new-waked from a dream,
(29.5) 1 CAP: We are betrayed, and quite devoid of hope,
(30.66) CORDELLA: Fie, shameless sister, so devoid of grace,
Willobie (I.35): That mounts aloft, devoid of crime;
(XIII.3): I love to live devoid of crime,
(LXXIV.6): Devoid of lust, and foolish care,
Locrine (I.2.16) BRUTUS: Devoid of strength and of their proper force,
Shakes Hamlet Q1 only (202-204) HAM: O God, a beast / Devoid of reason would not have made / Such speed:
Titus (V.3.) LUCIUS: Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

ELIZABETH (Queen) Identified.
Always the Same: Queen Elizabeth motto: semper eadem (always the same).
Pickering Horestes DUTY: For your gentle patience we geve you thanks, heartily; / And therefore, our duty weighed, let us all pray / For Elizabeth our Queen, whose gracious majesty / May reign over us in health for aye; / Likewise for her Council, that each of them may / Have the spirit of grace, their doings to direct. / In setting up virtue and vice to correct.
Sundrie Flowers (Ever/Never) Gascoigne's Passion (9): Always in one and evermore shall be,
Edwards Dam&Pith (1758-60) EUB: But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave / True friendship and true friends, full fraught with constant faith, / The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble Queen Elizabeth!
(1768-74) SONG: The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen Elizabeth! / Long may she govern in honor and wealth, / Void of all sickness, in most perfect health! / Which health to prolong, as true friends require, / God grant she may have her own heart's desire, / Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith. / The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queen Elizabeth!
Anon. True Trag (2265 ff.) QUEEN: Worthy Elizabeth, a mirror in her age, by whose / wise life and civil government, her country was defended from / the cruelty of famine, fire and sword, / war's fearful messengers. / This is that Queen, as writers truly say, / That God had marked down to live for aye. / Then happy England mongst thy neighbor isles, / For peace and plenty still attends on thee; / And all the favorable Planets smiles / To see thee live, in such prosperity. / She is that lamp that keeps fair England's light, / And through her faith her country lives in peace. / And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight, / And been the means that civil wars did cease. / Then England, kneel upon thy hairy knee, / And thank that God that still provides for thee. / The Turk admires to hear her government, / And babies in Jewry, sound her princely name, / All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent, / After her rule was rumored forth by fame. / The Turk hath sworn never to lift his hand, / To wrong the Princess of this blesséd land. / 'Twere vain to tell the care this Queen hath had, / In helping those that were oppressed by war,
And how her Majesty hath still been glad, / When she hath heard of peace, proclaim'd from far. / Geneva, France, and Flanders hath set down, / The good she hath done, since she came to the crown. / For which, if e'er her life be ta'en away, / God grant her soul may live in heaven for aye. / For if her Grace's days be brought to end, / Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend. Nashe Summers (132-38): SUMMER: And died I had indeed unto the earth, / But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen, / On whom all seasons prosperously attend, / Forbad the execution of my fate, / Until her joyful progress was expir'd. / For her doth Summer live, and linger here, / And wisheth long to live to her content; (1841-58) SUMMER: Unto Eliza, that most sacred Dame, / Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name, / All my fair days remaining I bequeath, ...To wait upon her till she be return'd. Anon. Villiobie Always the same/Avisa: (XXXII, XLII, XLIII, LXII, LXXII) Leic. Gh. Many.
Shakes Sonnet (76): ... Why write I still all one, ever the same, Chapman D'Olive (IV.2.59-61) D'OLIVE: They are deceived that think so; I must confess / it would make a fool proud, but for me, I am semper / idem.

FORTUNE ... Spite/friend. Brooke Romeus (2745): Where spiteful Fortune hath appointed thee to be, Golding Ovid Met (VII.580): But that there followed in the neck a piece of fortune's spite. Pickering Horestes (234) IDUMEUS: Through Fortune's spite is caught, alack, within old Meroe's net; Anon. E.S. Devices: (50.25-27): But such is Fortune's hate I say, / Such is her will on me to wreak: / Such spite she hath at me alway, 
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.43) CHORUS: That now complains of fortune's cruel spite. Supposes (II.3) DAMON: oh spiteful fortune, thou dost me wrong I think, Watson Hek (LXXXVII): My song shall be; Fortune hath spit her spite, 
Shakes 3H6 (IV.7): Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite AWEW (V.2): ... let the justices make you and fortune friends: Sonnet (37): So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite, Sonnet (90): Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow, Anon. True Trag (2003) KING: Daunted before by fortune's cruel spite, Locrine (II.4.41) ALBA: By Humber's treacheries and fortune's spites. Willibie (III.7): And fortune's friends, felt fortune's spite: Leic Gh. (1327): Received his deadly wound through fortune's spite; (1635): Even so, when Fortune, through my foes' despite,

PIN: worthless value of. Pickering Horestes (57) VYCE: Tut, tut, for the blows he set not a pin! (621) CLYTEM: The walls be strong and for his force I sure set not a pin. (705) CLYTEM: By him and his, tell him in sooth, we do set not a pin. Greene Alphonsus (I.1.160) ALPH: Whoere it be, I do not pass a pin, Lodge Rosalind: I'll count your power not worth a pin; 
Shakes TGV (II.7) LUCETTA: A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin, / Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
LLL (IV.3) BIRON: By the world, I would not care / a pin, if the other three were in.
MWW (I.1) Shallow: Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.
Hamlet (I.1.69) HAM: I do not set my life in a pin's fee. (Q1, line 447; Q2, line 671)
MM (II.2) LUCIO: if you should need a pin, / You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
(III.1) ISA: O, were it but my life, / I'd throw it down for your deliverance / As frankly as a pin.
Munday More HARRY: I'll not bate ye a pin on't Sir, for, by this cudgel tis true.

STATE ... Quiet.
Pickering Horestes (240) IDUMEUS: In quiet state, there also is this worthy real tree.
Golding Ovid Met (II.482-83): My lot (quoth he) hath had enough of this unquiet state / From first beginning of the world.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.460) CHORUS: What careful toil to quiet state it brings,
(II.2) CHORUS: Of our estate that erst in quiet stood.
(IV.1.317) CREON: A quiet end of her unquiet state.
Watson Hek I (XCVI): live secure and quiet in estate,
Lodge Wounds (I.1.10) SULPITIUS: Hath forced murders in a quiet state;
(II.1.131) ANTHONY: But seek not, Scilla, in this quiet state, / To work revenge upon an aged man,
(IV.1.113) OCTAVIUS: At not to boast their arms in quiet states.
Greene Selimus (8.3) ACOMAT: Hath changed his quiet to a soldier's state.
(21.13-14): CORCUT: But here no fear nor care is harbored / But a sweet calm of a most quiet state.
Anon. Ironside (I.1.28) CANUTUS: I plant you in your former quiet states.
Nashe Summers (1316) WINTER: But living loosely in a quiet state,

WILL ... Power.
Brooke Romeus (1658): And wisely by her princely power suppress rebelling will,
Pickering Horestes (183-84) HORESTES: Oh gods, therefore, sith you be just, unto whose power and will / All thing in heaven and earth also obey and serve until,
(255-57) VICE: It is not Idumeus that hath power to let / Horestes from seeking his mother to kill / Tut, let him alone, he'll have his own will.
Lyly Love's Met (III.2) MERCHANT: You are now mine, Protea. ... PROTEA: And mine own.
MERCHANT: In will, not power. ... PROTEA: In power, if I will.
Shakes LLL (II.1) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will; / Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills / It should none spare that come within his power
T&C (I.3) ULYSSES: Then every thing includes itself in power, / Power into will, will into appetite; / And appetite, an universal wolf, / So doubly seconded with will and powe
(II.2) PARIS: Were I alone to pass the difficulties / And had as ample power as I have will,
Pericles (II.2) SIMONIDES: Which shows that beauty hath his power and will, / Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
TNK (V.6.66) PIRITHOUS: and fell to what disorder / His power could give his will, bounds;
comes on end;
Anon. Leir (14.15) PERILLUS: To think your will should want the power to do.
Chapman D'Olive (IV.1.10-3) VANDOME: No will, nor power, can withstand policy.
Bible 1 Cor 7.37 ... Nevertheless he that standeth firm in his heart, that he hath no need, but hath power over his own will, & hath so decreed in his heart, that he will keep his virgin, he doeth well (No Match). Note: Biblical origin of this common thought is questionable.

WOE worth.
Pickering Horestes: (508): IDU: Woe worth the time, the day and hour! Now may Horestes wail,
(785) EGISTUS: Ah, heavy fate and chance most ill! Woe worth this hap of mine!
Edwards Devices (7.25-27): Woe worth the time that words, so slowly turn to deeds,
Woe worth the time, yet fair sweet flowers, are grown to rotten weeds.
But thrice woe worth the time, that truth, away is fled,
(66.4, 8, 12, 14-16): Woe worth the wily heads that seeks, the simple man's decay. ...
Woe worth the feigning looks, one favor that do wait,
Woe worth the feigned friendly heart, that harbors deep deceit:
Woe worth the Viper's brood, oh thrice woe worth I say,
Hill Devices (36.17): Therefore I cry woe worth the hour,
(97.130; My love is lost, woe worth in woe I die,
Oxford Devices (77.refrain): And sing Bis woe worth on me, forsaken man.
Edwards Dam&Pith (1075, refrain) MUSES Song: Woe worth the man which for his death hath
given us cause to cry!
Watson Hek (XCIII): MY love is past, woe worth the day and hour / When to such folly first I did incline,
Greene Alphonsus (I.1.87-88) ALBINIUS: Woe worth Albinius, / Whose babbling tongue hath caused his own anno.
Nashe Summers (1880)WOOD NYMPHS, Song: Trades cry, Woe worth that ever they were born;
Anon Willobie (LXIII.4): And if thou canst, woe worth the place, / Where first I saw that flattering face.
Penelope (VII.4) Woe worth the wretch that did bewray / My good Ulysses' wary wit,
Shakes TNK (III.6.249-250) EMILIA: Despise my cruelty and cry woe worth me, / Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
Bible (King James) Ezekiel 30.2 (No Match).
Note: The poetry of "RH" is attributed to Richard Hill, a contemporary of Edwards, Hunnis, Heywood, and others represented in this volume.
Note: Shakespeare's Two Noble Kinsmen is inevitably associated with Edwards, whose lost play Palamon and Arcite is believed to be the immediate source of TNK.
Note: Penelope's Complaint is associated with Willobie his Avisa: possibly as a response, possibly the work of the same author.

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation
Distinctive Words, Phrases:
Truth, the daughter of time (see Connections). "Slack" as a verb.

Favored Words, Phrases: heavy fate (3); heart and nails (4); gracious mind (4) bridle (3);
revenge the/my wrong (3); cruel beasts (3); in faith (13); brought to misery (3)

Compound Words: 8 words (3 nouns, 4 adj, 1 adv).
(nouns): bat-end, cake-bread, setting-up. (adj): cruel-wise, knock-um, over-rash, thousand-fold.
(adv): well-won.

Words beginning with "con": 20 words (12 verbs, 4 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).
nouns): conqueror, conquest, consent, contrary. (verbs): condemn, condescend, confess, conquer, consent, consider, consist, constrain, contain, content, continue, contrive. (adj):
content, contented, convenient. (adv): continually.
Words beginning with "dis": 8 words (7 verbs, 1 noun).
(noun): dissension. (verbs): disclose, disease, dismay, dispatch, display, dispose, distress.

Words beginning with "mis": 5 words (4 nouns, 1 verb).

Words beginning with "over": 1 word (adj): over-rash.

Words beginning with "pre": 7 words (1 noun, 5 verbs, 1 adj).

Words beginning with "re": 34 words (10 nouns, 20 verbs, 4 adj).

Words beginning with "in": 14 words (5 nouns, 4 verbs, 3 adj, 1 prep, 1 conj).

Words beginning with "un": 15 words (3 verbs, 6 adj, 2 adv, 2 prep, 2 conj).

Words ending with "able": 1 word (adj): honorable.

Words ending with "less": 3 words (2 adj, 1 conj).

Words ending with "ness": 4 words (nouns). courageousness, likeness, trustiness, wickedness.

APPENDIX IV: Sentence Construction

Grammatical inversions are notable in Horestes, in volume and complexity. Shown below are examples (updated spelling).

(9-14) VICE: What? you had not best their parts to take;
* * *
Or else me chance your pate for to ache.
* * *
Shall arrive in this land, revenged to be.
(59-60) VICE: Well, sirs, to entreat me, sith you begin, / I am contented; my blade now shall in.
(172) HORESTES: Provokes me now all pity quite from me to be exempt;
(183-84) HORESTES: Oh gods, therefore, sith you be just, unto whose power and will
All thing in heaven and earth also obey and serve until,
(199-200) VICE: What need you doubt? I was in heaven when all the gods did gree
That you of Agamemnon's death, for sooth, revenged should be.
VICE: Among the gods celestial I Courage called am;
You to assist in very truth from out the heavens I came;
IDUMEUS: And he, which sometime did delight in clothed coat of mail,
Is now constrained in Charon's boat over the brook to sail,
That flows upon the fatal banks of Pluto's kingdom great
And that in shade of silent woods and valleys green do beat,
When souls of kings and other wights appointed are to be
IDUMEUS: For chance to leisure to be bound, I tell you, cannot bide.
HEMPSTRING: By his ounds! I have sought thee, some news to tell.
HORESTES: To save her life whom law doth slay, is not justice to do;
Therefore, I say, I will not yield thy hests to come unto.
NATURE: If Nature cannot bridle thee, remember the decay
Of those which heretofore, in sooth, their parents sought to slay:
IDUMEUS: Come on, Horestes; we have stayed your muster for to see.
IDUMEUS: For counsel, as Plato doth tell, is sure a heavenly thing;
And Socrates, a certainty, doth say, counsel doth bring
Of things in doubt; for Livy says, no man shall him repent
That hath, before he worked ought, his time in counsel spent;
IDUMEUS: The gods thee bliss, when in the war thou forward shalt proceed.
HORESTES: The sacred gods preserve and save thy state, oh king, I pray;
And send thee health, and after death to reign with him for aye.
COUNSEL: Protegeus, an evil king a carrion likeness to,
Which all the place about the same to stink causeth to do.
CLYTEM: And found occasion him to meet
In Cytheron,
Where each of them the other did greet
The feast upon.
CLYTEM: Till your return this city I to keep do sure intend.
VYCE: For fear you should the ghost up yield.
THE FAMOVS VICTORIES of HENRY THE FIFTH
CONTAINING THE HONOURABLE BATTELL OF AGIN-COURT: AS IT WAS PLAIDE BY THE QUEENES MAIESTIES PLAYERS
LONDON: Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598<1> (anonymous)
Original Spelling
Transcribed by BF.

Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.
Run-ons (closing open ends) are indicated by ~~~

PERSONS OF THE PLAY <2>
The English Court, Officials:
Henry 5, Prince Henry
Henry 4, King Henry IV
York, Duke of York
Oxford, Earl of Oxford <3>
Exeter, Earl of Exeter
Archbishop, Archbishop of Canterbury
Secretary, Secretary to King Henry V
Mayor, Lord Mayor of London
Justice, Lord Chief Justice
Clerk, Clerk of the Office
Jailor, Jayler
Receivers, Two Receivers
Sheriff of London

English Citizens:
Knavish friends of Prince Henry
   Ned
   Tom
   Jockey (Sir John Old-castle)
   Theefe, a Thief (Cuthbert Cutter)
Dericke
   J. Cobler, John Cobler
Wife, Wife of John Cobler
Robin, Robbin Pewterer
Lawrence, Lawrence Costermonger
Boy, A Vintner's Boy
Soldier, an English Soldier

The French Court, Officials, Military:
Charles, King of France
Katharine, Princess of France
Dolphin, French Prince (Dauphin)
Archbishop, Archbishop of Burges
Burgundy, Duke of Burgondie
Constable, Lord High Constable of France
Messenger, Herald
French Soldiers:
   Frenchman, 1 Soldier, 2 Soldier, 3 Soldier
   Drummer, Jack Drummer
   Captain, a French Captain

1. This play is known to have been written before 1588, as an extant cast list shows that Richard Tarlton (Queenes Majesties Players), who died in 1588, played the part of "Dericke." See Appendix IV.

2. Cast list has been made uniform, as shown, and lines accordingly assigned within the text.

3. Proponents of the Oxfordian authorship theory note with unquiet satisfaction the unhistoric depiction of the Earl of Oxford as a primary counselor and valiant warrior in this play. In the Shakespeare plays his role was eliminated and his functions and lines assigned to other characters.

CONTENTS
Scene 1
[Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.]

HENRY 5: Come away Ned and Tom.
NED and TOM: Here my Lord.
HENRY 5: Come away my Lads:
Tell me sirs, how much gold have you got?
NED: Faith my Lord, I have got five hundred pound.
HENRY 5: But tell me Tom, how much hast thou got?
TOM: Faith my Lord, some four hundred pound.
HENRY 5: Four hundred pounds, brauely spoken Lads.
But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of
me to rob my fathers Receivers? ... [10]
NED: Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.
HENRY 5: Faith Ned thou sayest true.
But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we?
TOM: My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.
HENRY 5: But sirs, I marvell that sir John Old-castle
Comes not away: Sounds, see where he comes. [Enter Jockey i.e. Old-castle]
How now Jockey, what newes with thee?
JOCKEY: Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth,
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,
With hue and crie after your man, ... [20]
Which parted from vs the last night,
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.
HENRY 5: Sownes, the vilaine that was wont to spie
Out our booties.
JOCKEY: I my Lord, euen the very same.
HENRY 5: Now base minded rascal to rob a poore carrier,
Wel it skils not, ile saue the base vilaines life:
I, I may: but tel me Jockey, wherabout be the Receivers?
JOCKEY: Faith my Lord, they are hard by,
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a foote, ... [30]
So we may escape them.
HENRY 5: Wel, [f] the vilaines come, let me alone with them.
But tel me Jockey, how much gots thou from the knaues?
For I am sure I got something, for one of the vilaines
So belamd me about the shoulders,
As I shal feele it this month.

JOCKEY: Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound.
HENRY 5: A hundred pound, now brauely spoken Jockey:
But come sirs, laie al your money before me.
Now by heauen here is a braue shewe: ... [40]
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe
Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone. [Enters two Receiuers]

1 RECEIVER: Alas good fellow, what shal we do?
I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be hangd.
But looke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doo?
HENRY 5: How now you vilaines, what are you?
1 RECEIVER:. Speake you to him.
2 RECEIVER: No I pray, speake you to him.

HENRY 5: Why how now you rascals, why speak you not?
1 RECEIVER: Forsooth we be -- Pray speake you to him.
HENRY 5: Sowns, vilains speak, or ile cut off your heads.
2 RECEIVER: Forsooth he can tel the tale better then I.
1 RECEIVER: Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers.
HENRY 5: Are you my fathers Receiuers?
Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.
1 RECEIVER: Money, Alas sir we be robd.
HENRY 5: Robd, how many were there of them?
1 RECEIVER: Marry sir, there foure of them:
And one of them had sir John Old-Castles bay Hobbie, ... [60]
And your blacke Nag.
HENRY 5: Gogs wounds, how like you this, Jockey?
Blood, you vilaines: my father robd of his money abroad,
And we robd in our stables!
But tell me, how many were of them?
1 RECEIVER: If it please you, there were foure of them,
And there was one about the bignesse of you,
But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,
That he wil feele it this month.
HENRY 5: Gogs wounds you lamd them faierly, ... [70]
So that they haue carried away your money.
But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?
BOTH RECEIVERS: I beseech your grace, be good to vs.
NED: I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.
[HENRY 5:] Well, stand vp and get you gone,
And looke that you speake not a word of it,
For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin. [Exeunt Receiuers.]
Now sirs, how like you this?
Was not this brauely done?
For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it, ... [80]
I haue so feared them with words.
Now whither shall we goe?
ALL: Why, my Lord, you know our old hostes
At Feuersham.
HENRY 5: Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal we do there?
We haue a thousand pound about vs,
And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house.
No, no: you know the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape,
There is good wine: besides, there is a pretie wench
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their toongs,
As any part about them. ... [90]
ALL: We are readie to waite vpon your grace.
HENRY 5: Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,
We are all fellowes, I tell you siris, and the King
My father were dead, we would be all Kings,
Therefore come away.
NED: Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Harry.

Scene 2
[Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger.]
J. COBLER: All is well here, all is well maisters.
ROBIN: How say you neighbor John Cobler?
I thinke it best that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end, ... [100]
And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward,
How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this?
ROBIN [?]: Marry well neighbours:
I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end.
But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,
Make haste: and if I heare any ado about you,
I will come to you. [Exit Robin.]
LAWRENCE: Neighbour, what newes heare you of the young Prince?
J. COBLER: Marry neighbor, I heare say, he is a toward yoong Prince,
For if he met any by the hie way, ... [110]
He will not let to talke with him.
I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking fellowes.
LAWRENCE: Indeed neighbour I heare say he is as liuely
A young Prince as euer was.
J. COBLER: I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,
His father will cut him off from the Crowne:
But neighbour, say nothing of that.
LAWRENCE: No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.
J. COBLER: Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
If you will, we will sit down, ... [120]
For I thinke it is about midnight.
LAWRENCE: Marry content neighbour, let vs sleepe. [Enter Dericke rouing.]
DERICKE: Who, who there, who there? [Exit Dericke. Enter Robin.]
ROBIN: O neigbors, what meane you to sleepe,
And such ado in the streetes?
BOTH: How now, neighbor, whats the matter? [Enter Dericke againe.]
DERICKE: Who there, who there, who there?
J. COBLER: Why, what ailst thou? here is no horses.
DERICKE: O alas man, I am rob'd, who there, who there?
ROBIN: Hold him neighbor Cobler. ... [130]
ROBIN: Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.
DERICKE: Am I a clowne? sownes, maisters, Do Clownes go in silke apparell?I am sure all we
gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant go so
Well: Sownes, you know clownes very well:
Heare you, are you maister Constable? and you be, speake,
For I will not take it at his hands.
J. COBLER: Faith I am not maister Constable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.
DERICKE: Is not maister Constable here? ... [140]
Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.
J. COBLER: Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.
DERICKE: Well, you are one of his beastly officers.
J. COBLER: I am one of his bad officers.
DERICKE: Why then I charge thee looke to him.
J. COBLER: Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an honest
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night:
And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.
DERICKE: First, thou saiest true, I am an honest fellow, ... [150]
And a proper hansome fellow too,
And you seeme to be poore men, theryfore I care not greatly
Nay, I am quickly pacified:
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you laie hold on him.
ROBIN: Yes that we wil, I warrant you.
DERICKE: Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaue
Is, now I haue forguien him.
J. COBLER: Neighbors do ye looke about you. ... [160]
How now, who's there? [Enter the Theefe.]
THEEFE: Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the
Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?
DERICKE: Whoope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?
THEEFE: I know thee for an Asse.
DERICKE: And I know thee for a taking fellow,
Upon Gads hill in Kent:
A bots light vpon ye.
THEEFE: The whorson vilaine would be knockt.
DERICKE: Maisters, vilaine, and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you. ... [170]
J. COBLER: My friend, what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke now.
THEEFE: It is not too late for true men to walke.
LAWRENCE: We know thee not to be a true man.
THEEFE: Why, what do you meane to do with me?
Sownes, I am one of the kings liege people.
DERICKE: Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?
THEEFE: I marry am I sir, what say you to it?
DERICKE: Marry sir, I say you are one of the Kings filching people.
J. COBLER: Come, come, lets haue him away. ... [180]
THEEFE: Why what haue I done?
ROBIN: Thou has robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.
THEEFE: I neuer sawe him before.
DERICKE: Maisters who comes here? [Enter the Vintners boy.]
BOY: How now good man Cobler?
J. COBLER: How now Robin, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?
BOY: Marrie I haue been at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like. ... [190]
J. COBLER: What is that Robin, what is the matter?
BOY: Why this night about two houres ago, there came the
young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and
called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of
Musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre,
then whether their Musicke liked them not, or whether they
had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots
flue against the wals, and then they drew their swordes, and
went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part, &
some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre,
there was such a bloodie fray as passeth, and none coulde part ... [200]
them untill such time as the Mayor and Sheriffe were sent for,
and then at the last with much adoo, they tooke them, and so
the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about
one houre after, there came a Messenger from the Court in all
haste from the King, for my Lord Mayor and the Sheriffe,
but for what cause I know not.
J. COBLER: Here is newes indeede Robert.
LAWRENCE: Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, I
thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first. ... [210]
THEEFE: What meane you to doe with me?
J. COBLER: We mean to carry you to the prison, and there
to remaine till the Sessions day.
THEEFE: Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.
J. COBLER: Nay thou must go to the country prison, to Newgate,
Therefore come away.
THEEFE: I prethie be good to me honest fellow.
DERICKE: I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thee,
For I will neuer leaue thee, til I see thee on the Gallowes. ... [220]
Scene 3
[Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter and the Lord of Oxford.]
OXFORD: And please your Maiestie, heere is my Lord Mayor
and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie.
HENRY 4: Admit them to our presence. [Enter the Mayor and the Sheriffe.]
Now my good Lord Mayor of London,
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a
matter which I have learned of my Councell: Herein I understand, that you have committed my sonne to prison without our leave and license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to give occasion, yet you might have considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by every subject. ... [230]

MAYOR: May it please your Maiestie to give vs leave to tell our tale?

HENRY 4: Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an unequall Judge, having more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull judgement.

MAYOR Then I do not doubt but we shall rather deserve commendations at your Maiesties hands, then any anger.

HENRY 4: Go too, say on.

MAYOR: Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and three of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their Musick liked them not, or whether they were overcome with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords, and into the streete they went, and some tooke my Lord the yong Princes part, and some tooke the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloody fray for the space of halfe an houre, that neither watchmen nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much ado we stayed them, but it was long first, ... [250]

which was a great disquieting to all your louing suiciets thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would doo iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safeguard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maiesties sonne. And thus most humbly beseeching your Maiestie to think of our answere.

HENRY 4: Stand aside untill we have further deliberated on your answere. [Exit Mayor]

Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,
That hath gotten a sonne, which with greefe
Will end his fathers dayes.

Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince indeed,
And to deserve imprisonment,
And well haue they done, and like faithfull suiciets:
Discharge them and let them go.

EXETER: I beseech your Grace, be good to my Lord the yong Prince. ... [270]

HENRY 4: Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

OXFORD: Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriffe have bene too precise in this matter.
HENRY 4: No: they haue done like faithfull subiects: I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go. [Exit omnes]

Scene 4

[Enter Lord chiefe Justice, Clarke of the Office, Jayler, John Cobler, Dericke and the Theefe.]

JUSTICE: Jayler bring the prisoner to the barre.

DERICKE: Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner.

JUSTICE: Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

THEEFE: Here it is my Lord ... [280]

JUSTICE: Clearke of the Office, reade his inditement.

CLEARK: What is thy name?

THEEFE: My name was knowne before I came here, And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

JUSTICE: I, I thinke so, but we will know it better before you go.

DERICKE: Sownes and you do but send to the next Jaile, We are sure to know his name, For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

CLEERK: What is thy name? ... [290]

THEEFE: What need you to ask, and haue it in writing.

CLEERK: Is not thy name Cuthbert Cutter?

THEEFE: What the Diuell need you ask, and know it so well.

CLEERK: Why then Cuthbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Cuthbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him.

DERICKE: O maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, ... [300]

for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bouncing Besse with the iolly buttocks should haue had; that greeues me most.

JUSTICE: Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

THEEFE: Not guiltie, my Lord.

JUSTICE: By whom wilt thou be tride?

THEEFE: By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will. ... [310]

[Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.]

HENRY 5: Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what makes you heere? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

THEEFE: Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

HENRY 5: Haue they bound thee villain? why, how now my Lord?

JUSTICE: I am glad to see your grace in good health.
HENRY 5: Why my Lord, this is my man,  
Tis maruellig you knew him not long before this,  
I tell you he is a man of his hands. ... [320]
THEEEFE: I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.  
JUSTICE: Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging  
him to be your man.
HENRY 5: Why my Lord, what hath he done?  
JUSTICE: And it please your Maistie, he hath robbed a poore  
Carrier.
DERICKE: Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke,  
Goodman Hoblings man of Kent.  
HENRY 5: What, wast you butten-breech?  
Of my word my Lord, he did it but in iest.
DERICKE: Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks in ... [330]  
iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.
HENRY 5: Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my  
man?
JUSTICE: And please your grace, the law must passe on him,  
According to iustice, then he must be executed.
   [Bullough: the next 3 lines probably printed in error.]
DERICKE: Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality  
to rob folks in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest.
HENRY 5: Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?  
JUDGE. And please your grace the law must passe on him,  
According to iustice, then he must be executed.
HENRY 5: Why then belike you meane to hang my man? ... [340]
JUSTICE: I am sorrie that it falles out so.
HENRY 5: Why my Lord, I pray ye, who am I?  
JUSTICE: And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong  
Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our  
soueraigne Lord, King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt  
long to raigne.
HENRY 5: You say true, my Lord:  
And you will hang my man?  
JUSTICE: And like your grace, I must needs do iustice.
HENRY 5: Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man?  
JUSTICE: I cannot my Lord ... [350]
HENRY 5: But will you not let him go?  
JUSTICE: I am sorie that his case is so ill.
HENRY 5: Tush, case me no casings; shal I haue my man?  
JUSTICE: I cannot, nor I may not, my Lord. 
HENRY 5: Nay, and I shal not say, & then I am answered?  
JUSTICE: No.
HENRY 5: No: then I will haue him. [He giueth him a boxe on the eare.]
NED: Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?  
HENRY 5: No, I charge you draw not your swords,  
But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musitians, ... [360]  
Away, be gone. [Exit Ned and Tom]  
JUSTICE: Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.
HENRY 5: Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.
JUSTICE: Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?
HENRY 5: You, who knowes not you?
JUSTICE: Your Grace hath said truth, therfore in striking
me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely, but
also your father: whose liuely person here in this place I doo
represent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatiues
meane, I commit you to the Fleete, untill we haue spoken ... [370]
with your father.
HENRY 5: Why then belike you meane to send me to the Fleete?
JUSTICE: I indeed, and therefore carry him away. [Exeunt Henry 5 with the Officers.]
JUSTICE: Jayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe,
until the next sises.
JAYLER: At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done. [Exent Jayler and Theefe]
Scene 5
[Enter Dericke and John Cobler.]
DERICKE: Sownds maisters, heres adoo,
When Princes must go to prison:
Why John didst euer see the like?
J. COBLER: O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like. ... [380]
DERICKE: Why John thou maist see what princes be in choller.
A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tel thee John, O John,
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.
J. COBLER: No nor I, there had bene no way but one with vs,
We should haue bene hangde.
DERICKE: Faith John, Ile tel thee what, thou shalt be my
Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong prince, and hit thee a boxe on the eare,
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues
Meane, I commit you to the Fleete. ... [390]
J. COBLER: Come on, Ile be your Judge,
But thou shalt not hit me hard.
DERICKE: No, no.
J. COBLER: What hath he done?
DERICKE: Marry he hath robd Dericke.
J. COBLER: Why then I cannot let him go.
DERICKE: I must needs haue my man.
J. COBLER: You shall not haue him.
DERICKE: Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare:
How say you, shall I not haue my man? ... [400]
J. COBLER: No marry shall you not.
DERICKE: Shall I not, John?
J. COBLER: No Dericke.
DERICKE: Why then take you that till more come,
Sownes, shall I not haue him?
J. COBLER: Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you, who am I?
DERICKE: Who art thou, Sownds, doost not know thy self?
J. COBLER: No.
DERICKE: Now away simple fellow, ... [410]
Why man, thou art John the Cobler.
DERICKE: Oh John, Masse you saist true, thou art indeed.
J. COBLER: Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean
I commit you to the Fleete.
DERICKE: Wel I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue, Ile course you.
[Exit. And straight enters again.]
Oh John, Come, come out of thy chair, why what a clown
weart thou, to let me hit thee a box on the eare, and now
thou seest they will not take me to the Fleete. I thinke that
thou art one of these Worenday Clowns. ... [420]
J. COBLER: But I maruell what will become of thee?
DERICKE: Faith ile be no more a Carrier.
J. COBLER: What wilt thou doo then?
DERICKE: Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.
J. COBLER: With me? alasse I am not able to keepe thee,
Why, thou wilt eate me out of doores.
DERICKE: Oh John, no John, I am none of these great slouching
fellowes, that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and brewes,
 alassee a trifle serues me, a Woodcocke, a Chicken, or a Capons
legge, or any such little thing serues me. ... [430]
J. COBLER: A Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a
yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house,
for we Coblers be glad of a dish of rootes.
DERICKE: Rootes, why are you so good at rooting?
Nay, Cobler, weele haue you ringde.
J. COBLER: But Dericke, though we be so poore,
Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire,
With nut-browne Ale, that is full stale,
Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire.
DERICKE: A bots on you, and be -- ; but for your Ale, ... [440]
Ile dwell with you, come lets away as fast as we can. [Exeunt.]
Scene 6
[Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.]
HENRY 5: Come away, sirs, Gogs wounds Ned,
Didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare
I tooke my Lord chiefe Justice?
TOM: by gogs blood it did me good to see it,
It made his teeth iarre in his head.
[Enter sir John Old-Castle (Jockey).]
HENRY 5: How now sir John Old-Castle,
What newes with you
JOCKEY: I am glad to see your grace at libertie,
I was come, I, to visit you in prison. ... [450]
HENRY 5: To visit me? didst thou not know that I am a
Princes son, why tis inough for me to looke into a prison,
though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now
adayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the
diuel and all: but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will haue
no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father were
dead, we would be all kings.
JOCKEY: Hee is a good olde man, God take him to his
mercy, the sooner.
HENRY 5: But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing
I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chief Justice out of office, ... [460]
And thou shalt be my Lord chief Justice of England.
NED: Shall I be Lord chief Justice?
By gogs wounds, ile be the brauest Lord chief Justice
That euer was in England.
HENRY 5: Then Ned, ile turne all these prisons into fence
Schooles, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to
maintaine them withall: then I wil haue a bout with my Lord
chief Justice: thou shalt hang none but picke purses and
horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow
that will stand by the high way side courageously with his ... [470]
sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow giue him
commendations; beside that, send him to me and I will giue
him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine
him all the dayes of his life.
JOCKEY: Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a mery
world til the old king be dead.
NED: But whither are ye going now?
HENRY 5: To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies verie
sicke.
TOM: But I doubt he wil not die.
HENRY 5: Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shal be no
sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my ... [480]
head.
JOCKEY: Wil you goe to the Courte with that cloake so full
of needles?
HENRY 5: Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine
owne deuising, and therefore I wil weare it.
TOM: I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?
HENRY 5: Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til
the Crowne be on my head.
JOCKEY: Or that every needle might be a prick to their harts
that repine at your doings. ... [490]
HENRY 5: Thou saist true Jockey, but thers some wil say, the
yoong Prince will be a well toward yoong man and all this
geare, that I had as leeue they would breake my head with a
pot, as to say any such thing. But we stand prating here too
long. I must needs speake with my father, therefore come
away.
PORTER: What a rapping keep you at the Kings Court gate?
HENRY 5: Heres one that must speake with the King.
PORTER: The King is verie sick, and none must speak with him.
HENRY 5: No you rascal, do you not know me?
PORTER: You are my Lord the yong Prince. ... [500]
HENRY 5: Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.
NED: Shall I cut off his head?
HENRY 5: No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doo here, what you are in my fathers Court.
NED: I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Justice, I wil put him out of his Office. [The Trumpet sounds.]
HENRY 5: Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes, Lets all stand aside. [Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.]
HENRY 4: And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is alreadie sent to the Fleete? now truly that man is more fitter to rule ... [510] the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other. I had thought once, whiles I had liued to haue seene this noble Realme of England flourish by thee my sonne, but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie. [He wepeth. Enters Lord of Oxford]
OXFORD: And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne, That commeth to speake with you,
He saith, he must and wil speake with you ... [520]
HENRY 4: Who? my sonne Harry?
OXFORD: I and please your Maiestie.
HENRY 4: I know wherefore he commeth, But looke that none come with him.
OXFORD: A verie disordered company, and such as make Verie ill rule in your Maiesties house.
HENRY 4: Well, let him come, But looke that none come with him. ... [He goeth.]
OXFORD: And please your grace, My Lord the King sends for you.
HENRY 5: Come away sirs, lets go all togither.
OXFORD: And please your grace, none must go with you.
HENRY 5: Why I must needs haue them with me, Otherwise I can do my father no countenance, Therefore come away.
OXFORD: The King your father commaunds There should none come.
HENRY 5: Well sirs then be gone, And prouide me three Noyse of Musitians. [Exeunt knights.]
[Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.]
HENRY 4: Come my sonne, come on, a Gods name, ... [540] I know wherefore thy comming is, Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene, That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly: Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Wil end thy fathers dayes. [He weepes.]
I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence
of thy sick father, in that disguised sort. I tel thee my sonne,
that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but is a prick to my
heart, & neuer an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to my soule: and ... [550]
wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not,
but by coniecture. [He weeps.]
HENRY 5: My conscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,
and welbeloued father, to answere first to the last point, That
is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this dagger
shall be armde against your life: no, know my beloued father,
far be the thoughts of your sonne, -- sonne said I, an unworthie
sonne for so good a father: but farre be the thoughts
of any such pretended mischiefe: and I must humbly render
it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and soueraigne
for euer: and with your dagger arme show like vengeance ... [560]
upon the bodie of that -- your sonne, I was about say and
dare not, ah woe is me therefore, -- that your wilde slaue. Tis
not the Crowne that I come for, sweete father, because I am
unworthie, and those vilde & reprobate company I abandon,
& utterly abolish their company for euer. Pardon sweete
father, pardon: the least thing and most desir'd [desire, Q.]: and this
ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and sacrifice it
to the diuel, which is maister of al mischiefe: Pardon me,
sweet father, pardon me: good my Lord of Exeter speak for
me: pardon me, pardon good father. Not a word: ah he wil
not speak one word! A[h] Harry, now thrice unhappie Harry! ... [570]
But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some solitarie place,
and there lament my sinfull life, and when I haue done, I wil
laie me downe and die. [Exit.]
HENRY 4: Call him againe, call my sonne againe. [The Prince returns.]
HENRY 5: And doth my father call me again? now Harry,
Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.
HENRY 4: Stand vp my son, and do not think thy father,
But at the request of thee my sonne, I wil pardon thee,
And God blesse thee, and make thee his servaunt.
HENRY 5: Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but this day, ... [580]
Euen this day, I am borne new againe.
HENRY 4: Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands. [Exeunt omnes.]
Scene 7
[Enter Dericke.]
DERICKE: Thou art a stinking whore, & a whoreson stinking whore,
Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands? [Enter John Cobler running.]
J. COBLER: Dericke, D.D. Hearesta,
Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that.
Why, what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?
DERICKE: Shees an arrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe on you John.
J. COBLER: Why what hath she done? ... [590]
DERICKE: Marry marke thou John.
I wil prove it, that I wil.
J. COBLER: What wilt thou prove?
DERICKE: That she cald me in to dinner.
John, marke the tale wel John, and when I was set,
She brought me a dish of rootes, and a peece of
barrel butter therein: and she is a verie knaue.
And thou a drab if thou take her part.
J. COBLER: Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?
Nay, and it be no worse, we will go home againe, ...[600]
And all shall be amended.
DERICKE: Oh John, hearesta John, is all well?
J. COBLER: I, all is wel.
DERICKE: Then ile go home before, and breake all the glasse windowes.

THE FAMOVVS VICTORIES of HENRY THE FIFTH
(Section Two - Scenes 8-12)

Scene 8
[Enter the King with his Lords.]
HENRY 4: Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not to take any
phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world cannot cure me, no
not one. But good my Lords, remember my last wil and
Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my Lordes, I doo
not thinke but he wil prove as valiant and victorious a King, ...[610]
as euer raigned in England.
BOTH: Let heauen and earth be witnesse betweene vs, if
we accomplish not thy wil to the uttermost.
HENRY 4: I giue you the most unfained thanks, good my lords,
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe. [Exit Lords.]
[He sleepeith. Enter the Prince.]

HENRY 5: Ah Harry, thrice unhappie, that hath neglect so
long from visiting of thy sicke father, I will goe. Nay but why
do I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to comfort the
melancholy soule of his bodie: his soule said I, here is his ...[620]
bodie indeed, but his soule is whereas it needs no bodie. Now
thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much,
and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father, 
curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the 
houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal I do? if weeping 
tears which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected 
too soone, I wil wepe day and night until the 
fountaine be drie with weeping. [Exit.] 
[Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.] 
EXETER: Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King. 
HENRY 4: Now my Lords.
OXFORD: How doth your Grace feele your selfe? 
HENRY 4: Somewhat better after my sleepe, 
But good my Lords take off my Crowne, 
Remoue my chaire a little backe, and set me right. 
BOTH: And please your grace, the crown is taken away. 
HENRY 4: The Crowne taken away, 
Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed: 
No doubt tis some vile traitor that hath done it, 
To depriue my sonne, they that would do it now, 
Would seeke to scrape and scrawl for it after my death. 
[Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.] 
OXFORD: Here and please your Grace, ... [640] 
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne. 
HENRY 4: Why how now my sonne? 
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling, 
I had giuen you a lesson for all, 
And do you now begin againe? 
Why tel me my sonne, 
Doest thou thinke the time so long, 
that thou wouldest haue it before the 
Breath be out of my mouth? 
HENRY 5: Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloued father, ... [650] 
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy 
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time 
Past all recouerie, and dead to my thinking, 
God is my witnesse, and what should I doo, 
But with weeping tears lament the death of you my father, 
And after that, seeing the Crowne, I tooke it: 
And tel me my father, who might better take it then I, 
After your death? but seeing you liue, 
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands, 
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue: ... [660] 
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer. 
HENRY 4: Stand vp my sonne, 
Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares, 
For I must need confesse that I was in a very sound sleep, 
And altogethuer unmindful of thy comming: 
But come neare my sonne, 
And let me put thee in possession whilst I liue, 
That none depriue thee of it after my death.
HENRY 5: Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,  
But it shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father liues. ... [670]  
[He taketh the Crowne.]  
HENRY 4: God giue thee ioy my sonne,  
God blesse thee and make thee his seruant,  
And send thee a prosperous raigne,  
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,  
And how hardly I haue maintained it.  
HENRY 5: Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not,  
But now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:  
And he that seekes to take the Crowne from my head,  
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,  
Or I will pearce him to the heart,  
Were it harder then brasse or bollion.  
HENRY 4: Nobly spoken, and like a King.  
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne  
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,  
As euer raigned in England.  
BOTH LORDS: His former life shewes no lesse.  
HENRY 4: Wel my lords, I know not whether it be for sleep,  
Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,  
But I am verie much giuen to sleepe,  
Therefore good my Lords and my sonne, ... [690]  
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe. [Exit omnes. The King dieth.]  

Scene 9  
[Enter the Theefe.]  
THEEFE: Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird  
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,  
For so soone as my Lord chiefe Justice heard  
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,  
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:  
But here comes some of his companions,  
I wil see and I can get any thing of them,  
For old acquaintance. ... [700]  
[Enter Knights raunging.]  
TOM: Gogs wounds, the King is dead  
JOCKEY: Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings.  
NED: Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Justice  
Of England.  
TOM: Why how, are you broken out of prison?  

NED: Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkest.  
JOCKEY: Why what will become of thee now?  
Fie vpon him, how the rascall stinkest.  
THEEF Marry I wil go and serue my maister againe.  
TOM: Gogs blood, doost think that he will haue any such ... [710]  
Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man, he is a king now.
NED: Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,
And get thee gone, for the King wil not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter I wil tel the king of thee. [Exit Theefe.]

JOCKEY: Oh how it did me good, to see the king
When he was crowned:
Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,
And his person like unto a God.

NED: But who would haue thought, ... [720]
That the king would haue changde his countenance so?

JOCKEY: Did you not see with what grace
He sent his embassage into France? to tel the French king
That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,
And Harry of England wil haue it.

TOM: But twas but a litle to make the people beleue,
That he was sorie for his fathers death. [The Trumpet sounds.]

NED: Gogs wounds, the king comes,
Lets all stand aside. [Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of Oxford.]

JOCKEY: How do you do my Lord? ... [730]

NED: How now Harry?
Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,
You are a king, and all the realme is yours:
What man, do you not remember the old sayings?
You know I must be Lord chiefe Justice of England,
Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,
And tis but with a little sorrowing, to make folkes beleue
The death of your father greeues you,
And tis nothing so.

HENRY 5: I prethee Ned, mend thy manners, ... [740]
and be more modester in thy tearmes,
For my unfeined greefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering
And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed,
So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

JOCKEY: Gogs wounds how like you this?
Sownds tis not so sweete as Musicke.

TOM: I trust we haue not offended your grace no way.

HENRY 5: Ah Tom, your former life greeues me,
And makes me to abandon & abolish your company for euer ... [750]
And therfore not vpon pain of death to approch my presence
By ten miles space; then if I heare wel of you,
It may be I wil do somewhat for you,
Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands,
Then at any other mans: And therefore be gone,
We haue other matters to talke on. [Exeunt Knights]

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,
What say you to our Embassage into France?

ARCHBISHOP: Your right to the French Crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Izabel, ... [760]
Wife to King Edward the third,
And sister to Charles the French King.
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil,
Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right.
Let the usurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil not:
For your Country men are willing with purse and men,
To aide you.
Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne, ... [770]
That Scotland hath bene in league with France,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,
And then I thinke that you may go more easily into France:
And this is all that I can say, My good Lord.
HENRY 5: I thanke you, my good lord Archibishop of Canterbury,
What say you my good Lord of Oxford?
OXFORD: And please your Maiestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this:
He that wil Scotland win, must first with France begin. ... [780]
According to the old saying.
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to invade France,
For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,
And conquer France, and conquere both. [Enter Lord of Exeter.]
EXETER: And please your Maiestie,
My Lord Embassador is come out of France.
HENRY 5: Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resolue vs of our answere,
Commit him to our presence. ... [790]
[Enter Duke of Yorke.]
YORKE: God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the king.
HENRY 5: Now my good Lord the Duke of Yorke,
What newes from our brother the French King?
YORKE: And please your Maiestie,
I deliuered him my Embassage,
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,
But for the answere he hath sent,
My Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
To bring the Embassage. ... [800]
HENRY 5: Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges
Into our presence. [Enter Archbishop of Burges.]
Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,
We do learne by our Lord Embassador,
That you haue our message to do
From our brother the French King:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We giue you free libertie and license to speake.
ARCHBISHOP: God saue the mightie King of England! ... [810]
My Lord and maister, the most Christian king,
Charles the seventh, the great & mightie king of France,
As a most noble and Christian king,
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
To yeeld somewhat to your unreasonable demaunds,
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,
And some crownes which he may wel spare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yeeld so far to your unreasonable desire. ... [820]
HENRY 5: Why then belike your Lord and maister,
Thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere?
No, tell thy Lord and maister,
That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,
Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe:
And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.
ARCHBISHOP: And it please your Maiestie,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,
With this present. [He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.]
HENRY 5: What a guilded Tunne? ... [830]
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?
YORKE: And it please your Grace,
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.
HENRY 5: A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning therof be?
ARCHBISHOP: And it please you my Lord,
A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his message,
And specially an Embassador.
HENRY 5: But I know that you may declare your message ... [840]
To a king: the law of Armes allowes no lesse.
ARCHBISHOP: My Lord hearing of your wildnesse before your
Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.
HENRY 5: My lord prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me:
But tel him, that in steed of balles of leather,
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it, ... [850]
I, and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.
ARCHBISHOP: I beseech your grace, to deliuer me your safe
Conduct under your broad seale manual.
Therefore get thee hence, and tel him thy message quickly,
Least I be there before thee: Away, priest, be gone.
HENRY 5: Priest of Burges, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,
And instead of my hand and seale,
I will bring him my hand and sword:
And tel thy lord & maister, that I Harry of England said it, ... [860]
And I Harry of England wil performe it.
My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,
Under our broad seale manual. [Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.]
Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest
French man in all France, shall rue the time that eu-er
These Tennis balles were sent into England.
My Lord, I wil that there be prouided a great Naught of ships,
With all speed, at South-Hampton, ... [870]
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I would be there before him, if it were possible,
Therefore come, but staie,
I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chafing
With this French Embassador.
EXETER: Here is the King my Lord.
JUSTICE: God preserue your Maiestie.
HENRY 5: Why how now my lord, what is the matter?
JUSTICE: I would it were unknowne to your Maiestie.
HENRY 5: Why what aile[s] you? ... [880]
JUSTICE: Your Maiestie knoweth my grieue well.
HENRY 5: Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the
Fleeete, did you not?
JUSTICE: I trust your grace haue forgotten that.
HENRY 5: I truly my Lord, and for reuengement,
I haue chosen you to be my protector ouer my Raylme,
Until it shall please God to giue me speedie returne
Out of France.
JUSTICE: And if it please your Maiestie, I am far unworthie
Of so high a dignitie. ... [890]
HENRY 5: Tut my Lord, you are not unworthie,
Because I thinke you worthie:
For you that would not spare me,
I thinke wil not spare another,
It must needs be so, and therefore come,
Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse. [Exeunt omnes.]
Scene 10
[Enter a Captaine, John Cobler and his wife.]
CAPTAIN: Come, come, there's no remedie,
Thou must needs serue the King.
J. COBLER: Good maister Captaine let me go,
I am not able to go so farre. ... [900]
WIFE: I pray you good maister Captaine,
Be good to my husband.
CAPTAIN: Why I am sure he is not too good to serue the king.
J. COBLER: Alassse no: but a great deale too bad,
Therefore I pray you let me go.
CAPTAIN: No, no, thou shalt go.
J. COBLER: Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home to Cobble.
WIFE: I pray you let him go home againe.
CAPTAIN: Tush I care not, thou shalt go. ... [910]
J. COBLER: Oh wife, and you had beene a loving wife to me,
This had not bene, for I haue said many times,
That I would go away, and now I must go
Against my will. [He weepeth. Enters Dericke.]
DERICKE: How now ho, Basillus Manus, for an old codpeece.
Maister Captaine shall we away?
Sownds how now John, what a crying?
What make you and my dame there?
I manuell whose head you will throw the stooles at,
Now we are gone. ... [920]
WIFE: He tell you, come ye cloghead,
What do you with my potlid? heare you,
Will you haue it rapt about your pate? [She beateth him with her potlid.]
DERICKE: Oh good dame, [Here he shakes her.]
And I had my dagger here, I wold worie you al to peeces,
That I would.
WIFE: Would you so, Ile trie that. [She beateth him.]
DERICKE: Maister Captaine will ye suffer her?
Go too, dame, I will go backe as far as I can,
But and you come againe,
Ile clap the law on your backe thats flat:
Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall do:
Presse her for a soildier. I warrant you,
She will do as much good as her husband and I too. [Enters the Theefe.]
Sownes, who comes yonder?
CAPTAIN: How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister?
THEEFE: I truly sir.
CAPTAIN: Hold thee then, I presse thee for a soildier,
To serue the King in France.
DERICKE: How now Gads, what doest know vs, thinkest? ... [940]
THEEFE: I, I knew thee long ago.
DERICKE: Heare you maister Captaine?
CAPTAIN: What saist thou?
DERICKE: I pray you let me go home againe.
CAPTAIN: Why, what wouldst thou do at home?
DERICKE: Marry I haue brought two shirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,
For I am sure heele steale it from me,
He is such a filching fellow.
CAPTAIN: I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee, ... [950]
Come lets away.
DERICKE: Come maister Captaine lets away,
Come follow me.
J. COBLER: Come wife, lets part louingly.
WIFE: Farewell good husband.
DERICKE: Fie what a kissing and crying is here?
Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe?
Why John come away, doest thinke that we are so base
Minded to die among French men?
Sownes, we know not whether they will laie ... [960]
Us in their Church or no: Come M. Captain, lets away.
CAPTAIN: I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away. [Exeunt omnes.]

Scene 11
[Enter the King (of France), Prince Dolphin, and Lord high Constable of France.]
KING: Now my Lord high Constable,
What say you to our Embassage into England?
CONSTABLE: And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,
Until my Lords Embassadors be come home,
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,
To get your men in so good a readinesse,
For feare of the worst.
KING: I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse, ... [970]
But if the King of England make against vs,
We must haue thrice so many moe.
DOLPHIN: Tut my Lord, although the King of England
Be yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke he will be so
Unwise to make battell against the mightie King of France.
KING: Oh my sonne, although the King of England be
Yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rude
By his wise Councellors. [Enter Archbishop of Burges.]
ARCHBISHOP: God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king. ... [980]
KING: Now good Lord Archbishop of Burges,
What newes from our brother the English King?
ARCHBISHOP: And please your Maiestie,
He is so far from your expectation,
That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne
And kingdome it self, besides, he bad me haste quickly
Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare,
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie landed
At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuers of Sene,
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew. ... [990]
KING: You haue made great haste in the meane time,
Haue you not?
DOLPHIN: I pray you my Lord, how did the King of England
take my presents?
ARCHBISHOP: Truly my Lord, in verie ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tosse you balles of brasse and yron:
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon. ... [1000]
CONSTABLE: Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,
I warrant you. [Enters a Messenger.]
MESSENGER: God saue the mightie King of France.
KING: Now Messenger, what newes?
MESSENGER: And it please your Maiestie,
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew.
Which is so beset on every side,
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,
The Towne will be yeelded to the English King.
KING: Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still ... [1010]
Till our Country be spoyled under our noses?
My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies,
And Danes, be sent for with all speede:
And you my Lord High Constable, I make Generall
Ouer all my whole Armie.
Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Bows,
Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.
DOLPHIN: I trust your Maiestie will bestow,
Some part of the battell on me,
I hope not to present any otherwise then well. ... [1020]
KING: I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
and the English men to haue the victorie.
DOLPHIN: Why my Lord and father,
I would haue the pettie king of England to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.
KING: I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will haue it thus:
Therefore come away. [Exit omnes.] ... [1030]
Scene 12
Enter Henry the Fifth, with his Lords.]
HENRY 5: Come my Lords of England,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.
But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines
With all speed, to number the hoast of the French men,
And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell.
YORKE: And it please your Maiestie,
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,
And many of them die for want of victuals. ... [1040]
HENRY 5: And why did you not tell me of it before?
If we cannot haue it for money,
We will haue it by dint of sword,
The lawe of Armes allow no lesse.
OXFORD: I beseech your grace, to graunt me a boone.
HENRY 5: What is that my good Lord?
OXFORD: That your grace would giue me the
Euantgard in the battell.
HENRY 5: Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot:
For I haue alreadie giuen it to my unck[le] the Duke of York, ... [1050]
Yet I thanke you for your good will. [A Trumpet soundes.]
How now, what is that?
YORKE: I thinke it be some Herald of Armes. [Enters a Herald.]
HERALD: King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And others of the Noble men of France,
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,
They presently bid thee battell.
HENRY 5: Herald tell them that I defie them,
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me, ... [1060]
And as wron[g]full vsurpers of my right:
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell,
Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin
Here in battell.
HERALD: And it please your grace,
My Lord and King his father,
Will not let him come into the field.
HENRY 5: Why then he doth me great iniurie,
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis togethier, ... [1070]
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,
But other maner of ones then he sent me.
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I haue injured my hands with other kind of weapons
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he shall finde it ere it be long,
And so adue my friend:
And tell my Lord, that I am readie when he will. [Exit Herald.]
Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe. [Exeunt omnes.] ... [1080]

THE FAMOVS VICTORIES of HENRY THE FIFTH
(Section Three - Scenes 13 - 20)

Scene 13
[Enter French Souldiers.]
1 SOLDIER: Come away Jack Drummer, come away all,
and me will tel you what me wil doo,
Me wil tro one chance on the dice,
Who shall haue the king of England and his lords.
2 SOLD: Come away Jacke Drummer,
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.[Enter Drummer.]
DRUMMER: Oh the braue apparel that the English mans
Hay broth ouer, I wil tel you what
Me ha donne, me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes, ... [1090]
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.
1 SOLD: What do thou meane by trunkes?
2 SOLD: A shest man, a hundred shest.
1 SOLD: Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tel you what,
Me ha put fiue children out of my house,
And all too little to put the fine apparel of the
English mans in.
DRUMMER:. Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we shall
Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what me wil tro
At the kings Drummer and Fife, ... [1100]
Ha, me ha no good lucke: tro you.
3 SOLD: Faith me wil tro at the Earle of Northumberland
And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horse,
Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.
1 SOLD: Ha, bur Ladie you ha reasonable good lucke,
Now I wil tro at the king himselfe,
Ha, me haue no good lucke. [Enters a Captaine.]
CAPTAIN:. How now what make you here,
So farre from the Campe?
2 SOLD: Shal me tel our captain what we haue done here? ... [1110]
DRUMMER: Awee, awee. [Exeunt Drum, and one Soldier.]
2 SOLD: I wil tel you what whe haue doune,
We haue bene troing our shance on the Dice,
But none can win the king.
CAPTAIN:. I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,
And I haue set three or foure chaire-makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly
King of England in, that all the people may laugh
and scoffe at him.
2 SOLD: Oh braue Captaine. ... [1120]
CAPTAIN:. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pitie
To see the poore king:
Why who euer saw a more flouraing armie in France
In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Peeres of
France? Are not here the Normans with their firie hand-
Gunnes, and slaunching Curtleaxes?
Are not here the Barbarians with their hard horses,
And lanching speares?
Are not here Pickardes with their Crosbowes & piercing
Dartes. ... [1130]
The Henues with their cutting Glaues and sharpe
Carbuckles.
Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie?
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?
Why take an English man out of his warme bed
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,
And alas what wil become of him?
But giue the Frenchman a Reddish roote,
And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life. [Exit.]

2 SOLD: Oh the braue apparel that we shall haue of the English mans. ... [1140]

Scene 14
[Enters the king of England and his Lords.]
HENRY 5: Come my Lords and fellowes of armes,
What company is there of the French men?
OXFORD: And it please your Maiestie,
Our Captaines haue numbred them,
And so neare as they can iudge,
They are about threescore thousand horsemen,
And fortie thousand footemen.
HENRY 5: They threescore thousand,
And we but two thousand. ... [1150]
They threescore thousand footemen,
And we twelue thousand.
They are a hundred thousand,
And we fortie thousand, ten to one:
My Lords and louing Countrymen,
Though we be fewe and they many,
Feare not, your quarrel is good, and God will defend you:
Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue
A valiant victorie, or a honourable death.
Now my Lords, I wil that my uncle the Duke of Yorke, ... [1160]
Haue the auantgard in the battell.
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,
The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,
That they may come fresh vpon them.
And I my self with the Duke of Bedford,
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,
Wil be in the midst of the battell.
Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,
And the Earle of Northumberland, ... [1170]
With their troupes of horsmen, be continually running like
Wings on both sides of the army:
My Lord of Northumberland on the left wing,
Then I wil, that euery archer prouide him a stake of
A tree, and sharpe it at both endes,
And at the first encounter of the horsemens,
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them,
That they may gore themselues vpon them,
And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly altogither,
And so discomfit them. ... [1180]
OXFORD: And it please your Maiestie,
I will take that in charge, if your grace be therwith content.
HEN. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford:
And go and prouide quickly.
OXFORD: I thanke your highnesse. [Exit]
HENRY 5: Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,
And the French making of bonfires, and at their bankets,
But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them. [The Trumpet soundes.]
Soft, here comes some other French message. [Enters Herauld.]
HERALD: King of England, my Lord high Constable ... [1190]
And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate of thee
And thy poore Countrey men,
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?
Perhaps thou maist agree better cheape now,
Then when thou art conquered.
HENRY 5: Why then belike your high Constable
Sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome?
Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis bals
No, not so much as one poore tennis ball,
Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field, to feed crowes, ... [1200]
Then euer England shall pay one pennie ransome
For my bodie.
HERALD: A kingly resolution.
HENRY 5: No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,
And the resolution of a king:
Here take this for thy paines. ... [Exit Herald]
But stay my Lords, what time is it?
ALL: Prime my Lord.
HENRY 5: Then is it good time no doubt,
For all England praieth for vs: ... [1210]
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully vpon me?
Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,
With me throw vp your caps, and for England,
Cry S. George, and God and St. George helpe vs. [Strike Drummer. Exeunt omnes.]
[The French men crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount Joy, S. Dennis.]
[The Battell.]
Scene 15
[Enters King of England, and his Lords.]
HENRY 5: Come my Lords come, by this time our
Swords are almost drunke with French blood,
But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our
Army be slaine in the battell?
OXFORD: And it please your Maiestie,
There are of the French armie slaine, ... [1220]
Aboue ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners:
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners.
Of our Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the good
Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fiue or six and twentie
Commonouldiers.
HENRY 5: For the good Duke of Yorke, my unckle,
I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune,
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs,
Doth make me much reioyce. But staie, ... [1230]
Here comes another French message. [Sound Trumpet. Enters a Herald, kneels.]
HERALD: God saue the life of the most mightie Conqueror,
The honourable king of England.
HENRY 5: Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace for a
Herald to kneele to the king of England,
What is thy message?
HERALD: My Lord and maister, the conquered king of France,
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.
HENRY 5: Herald, his greetings are welcome, ... [1240]
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, say on.
HERALD: He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,
to giue him leaue to go into the field to view his poore
Country men, that they may all be honourably buried.
HENRY 5: Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister
Send to me to burie the dead?
Let him bury them, a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord hie Constable,
And those that would haue had my ransome? ... [1250]
HERALD: And it please your maiestie,
He was slaine in the battell.
HENRY 5: Why you may see, you will make your selues
Sure before the victorie be wonne, but Herald,
What Castle is this so neere adioyning to our Campe?
HERALD: And it please your Maiestie,
Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt.
HENRY 5: Well then my lords of England,
For the more honour of our English men,
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agincourt. ... [1260]
HERALD: And it please your Maiestie,
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.
HENRY 5: What is that Herald? say on.
HERALD: And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and maister,
Craues to parley with your Maiestie.
HENRY 5: With a good will, so some of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trecherie and treason.
HERALD: Your grace needs not to doubt that. ... [Exit Herald.]
HENRY 5: Well, tell him then, I will come.
Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe, ... [1270]
To view my Country men, and to haue them honourably
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in
Courtesie, whiles I am Harry King of England.
Come on my lords. [Exeunt omnes.]
Scene 16
[Enters John Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.]
ROBIN: Now, John Cobler,
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?
J. COBLER: But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie
The King had, to see how the French men were kild
With the stakes of the trees.
ROBIN: I John, there was a braue pollicie. ... [1280]
[Enters an English solldier, roming.]
SOLDIER: What are you my maisters?
BOTH Why, we be English men.
SOLDIER: Are you English men? then change your language
for all Kings Tents are set a fire,
and all they that speake English will be kild.
J. COBLER: What shall we do Robin? faith ile shift,
For I can speake broken French.
ROBIN: Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speak?
J. COBLER: Commodeuales Monsieur.
ROBIN: Thats well, come lets be gone. ... [1290]
[Drum and Trumpet sounds.]
Scene 17
[Enter Dericke roming, After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner.]
DERICKE: O good Mounsier.
FRENCHMAN: Come, come you villeaco.
DERICKE: O I will sir, I will.
FRENCHMAN: Come quickly you pesant.
DERICKE: I will sir, what shall I giue you?
FRENCHMAN: Marry thou shalt giue me,
One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes.
DERICKE: Nay sir, I will giue you more,
I will giue you as many crowns as wil lie on your sword.
FRENCHMAN: Wilt thou giue me as many crowns ... [1300]
As lie on my sword?
DERICKE: I marrie will I, I but you must lay downe your
Sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.
[Here the Frenchman laies downe his sword, and the clowne takes it vp,
and hurles him downe.]
DERICKE: Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?
FRENCHMAN: O good Mounsier comparteue.
Monsieur pardon me.
DERICKE: O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,
Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el?
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.
[Here whiles he turnes his backe, the French man runnes his wayes.]
What is he gone, masse I am glad of it, ... [1310]
For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again,
And then I should haue been spilt,
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.
Scene 18
[Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.]
HENRY 5: Now my good brother of France,
My comming into this land was not to shead blood,
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leave my siege,
And to depart out of your land.
CHARLES: What is it you demand,
My loving brother of England? ... [1320]
HENRY 5: My Secretary hath it written; read it.
SECRETARY: Item, that immediately Henry of England
Be crowned King of France.
CHARLES: A very hard sentence,
My good brother of England.
HENRY 5: No more but right, my good brother of France.
CHARLES: Well, read on.
SECRETARY: Item, that after the death of the said Henry,
The Crown remaine to him and his heires for ever.
CHARLES: Why then you do not only mean to ... [1330]
Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.
HENRY 5: Why my good brother of France,
You have had it long enough:
And as for Prince Dolphin,
It skils not though he sit beside the saddle:
Thus I have set it downe, and thus it shall be.
CHARLES: You are very peremptorie,
My good brother of England.
HENRY 5: And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.
CHARLES: Why then belike, all that I have here is yours. ... [1340]
HENRY 5: I even as far as the kingdom of France reaches.
CHARLES I for by this hot beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.
HENRY 5: It is as you please, here is my resolution.
CHARLES Well my brother of England,
If you will give me a coppie,
We will meete you againe to morrow.
HENRY 5: With a good will my good brother of France.
Secretary deliuer him a coppie. [Exit King of France and all their attendants.]
My lords of England go before, ... [1350]
And I will follow you. [Exeunt Lords. Henry speakes to himselfe.]
Ah Harry, thrice unhappie Harry,
Hast thou now conquered the French King,
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seek to gaine her loue,
Which hath sought to win her fathers Crowne?
Her fathers Crowne, said I: no it is mine owne:
I, but I loue her, and must craue her,
Nay I loue her and will haue her. [Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.]
But here she comes: ... [1360]
How now faire Ladie Katheren of France,
What newes?
KATHARINE: And it please your Maiestie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Unreasonable demands which you require.
HENRY 5: Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it
If it were possible:
But tell me sweet Kate, canst thou tell how to loue? ... [1370]
KATHARINE: I cannot hate, my good Lord,
Therefore far unfit were it for me to loue.
HENRY 5: Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou loue the King of England?
I cannot do as these Countries do,
That spend halfe their time in woing;
Tush, wench, I am none such,
But wilt thou go ouer to England?
KATHARINE: I would to God, that I had your Maiestie
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres, ... [1380]
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
Untill you had related all these unreasonable demands.
HENRY 5: Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse me so
Hardly: But tell me, canst thou loue the king of England?
KATHARINE: How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly
With my father.
HENRY 5: But Ile deale as easily with thee
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require.
How saist thou, what will it be?
KATHARINE: If I were of my owne direction, ... [1390]
I could giue you answere:
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,
I must first know his will.
HENRY 5: But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean season?
KATHARINE: Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,
I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.
HENRY 5: Now before God, it is a sweete wench.
[She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.]
KATHARINE:. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,
That is beloued of the mightie King of England.
HENRY 5: Well, Kate, are you at hoast with me? ... [1400]
Sweete Kate, tel thy father from me,
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to
If then thou, and so tel thy father from me.
KATHARINE:. God keepe your Maiestie in good health. ... [Exit Kat.]
HENRY 5: Farwel sweete Kate. In faith, it is a sweete wench,
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Upon his hands and knees. ... [Exit King]

Scene 19
[Enters Dericke, with his girdle full of shooes.]
DERICKE: How now? Sownes it did me good to see how ... [1410]
I did triumph ouer the French men.
[Enter John Cobler rousing, with a packe full of apparell.]
J. COBLER: Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?
DERICKE: What John, Comed euales, alie ye.
J. COBLER: I promise thee Dericke, I scapte hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.
DERICKE: Were you so?
J. COBLER: I trust me, I had like bene slaine.
DERICKE: But once kild, why it is nothing,
I was foure or fiue times slaine.
J. COBLER: Foure or fiue times slaine? ... [1420]
Why, how couldst thou haue been alieue now?
DERICKE: O John, neuer say so,
For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all.
J. COBLER: Why, what didst thou?
DERICKE: Why, I will tell thee, John,
Every day when I went into the field,
I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose.
And make my nose bleed, and then I wold go into the field,
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,
Peace! a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside, ... [1430]
Whereof I was glad:
But marke the chance, John.
I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then John.
I thought I had beene safe, but on a sodaine,
There steps to me a lustie tall French man,
Now he drew, and I drew,
Now I lay here, and he lay there,
Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,
And skipped quite ouer a hedge,
And he saw me no more there that day, ... [1440]
And was not this well done John?
J. COBLER: Masse Dericke, thou hast a witty head.
DERICKE: I John, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my counsel,
But what hast thou there?
I thynke thou hast bene robbing the French men.
J. COBLER: I' faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell
To carry home to my wyfe.
DERICKE: And I haue got some shooes,
~~~ For Ie tel thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all their shooes. ... [1450]
J. COBLER: I but Dericke, how shall we get home?
DERICKE: Nay sownds, and they take thee,
They will hang thee.
O John, neuer do so: if it be thy fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou doest.
J. COBLER: Why Dericke the warres is done,
We may go home now.
DERICKE: I but you may not go before you aske the king leaue,
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue.
J. COBLER: How is that, Dericke?  ... [1460]
DERICKE: Why John, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?
J. COBLER: I that I do.
DERICKE: Why then thou knowest weege go with it.
J. COBLER: I but Dericke, how shall we do for to meet them?
DERICKE: Sownds if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.
Sirra, thou knowest that in euery Towne there wil Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,
Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well, ... [1470]
And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake, then Ile ring, And thou shalt say, Oh this fellow keepes a good stint, And then I will go drinke to thee all the way:
But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home, Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog By the way?
J. COBLER: Why, what shall we do Dericke?
DERICKE: Why John, Ile go before and call my dame whore, And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house, We may do it John, for Ile proue it, ... [1480]
Because we be souldiers.
[The Trumpets sound.]
J. COBLER: Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes. [Exeunt.] Scene 20
[Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.]
HENRY 5: Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answere?
CHARLES: I my welbeloued brother of England,
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you should be crowned
King of France.
HENRY 5: What, not King of France? then nothing.
I must be King: but my louing brother of France, ... [1490]
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,
When I came last to parley,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed.
CHARLES: I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie
In this matter.
But if this please you, that immediately you be ... [1500]
Proclaimed and crowned heire and Regent of France,
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.
HENRY 5: Heire and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I must haue.
CHARLES: The rest my secretary hath in writing.
SECRETARY: Item, that Henry, King of England,
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,
The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heires for euer. ... [1510]
HENRY 5: Well my good brother of France,
There is one thing I must needs desire.
CHARLES: What is that my good brother of England?
HENRY 5: That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.
CHARLES: Whereas they haue not sticke with greater
Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle.
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.
HENRY 5: Come my Lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath vpon my sword. ... [1520]
BURGUNDY: I Philip Duke of Burgondie,
Sweare to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power
Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires,
Then I the said Philip to send him word,
And aide him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath. [He kisseth the sword.]
HENRY 5: Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too. [He kisseth the sword.]
Well my brother of France, ... [1530]
There is one thing more I must needs require of you.
CHARLES: Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Maiestie?
HENRY 5: A trifle my good brother of France.
I meane to make your daughter Queene of England,
If she be willing, and you therewith content:
How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?
KATHARINE: How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy?
HENRY 5: Tut, stand not vpon these points,
Tis you must make vs friends:
I know Kate, thou are not a little proud that I loue thee: ... [1540]
What, wench, the King of England?
CHARLES: Daughter, let nothing stand betwixt the
King of England and thee, agree to it.
KATHARINE: I had best whilst he is willing,
Least when I would, he will not:
I rest at your Maiesties commaund.
HENRY 5: Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of France,
What say you to it?

CHARLES: With al my heart I like it,
But when shall be your wedding day? ... [1550]
HENRY 5: The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.
[Sound Trumpets.Exeunt omnes.]
THE FAMOUS VICTORIES
of HENRY THE FIFTH

APPENDICES
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Appendix I

Length: 12,452 words

Glossary

and (ye be): if.

angel (n): gold coin worth about ten shillings. FS (8-John, Errors, MWW, Ado, Caesar, Mac)
Common.

bad (a): unfortunate. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam. Vic.
barrel butter (n): old salt butter. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Famous Victories

Basillus Manus: Besa las manos. Kiss hands; goodbye! (Spanish). Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic; Kyd Sol&Per.

belamed (v): lammed, beat. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

bollion/bullion (n): bullion, any metal in a lump. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

boot (v): help. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart;(anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh.

bols (n): horse-disease, caused by parasitical flies or maggots. (3-1H4, Shrew, Pericles); Lyly Endymion, Midas, Bombie; (anon.) Mucedorus, Fam Vic; (disp.) Oldcastle.

brave (a): splendid, abundant. FS (MND, 1H4, Temp); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Fam Vic, Woodstock; Marlowe T1.

brewis/brewes (n): meat broth. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Mucedorus, Fam Vic, Ironside; Munday More.

buckler (n): support. FS (Shrew). buckler (n): shield. (4-1H4, Ado); Lyly Midas; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Fam Vic, Woodstock, Ironside . Common.

carbuckle (n): pointed spike carried in the center of the shield. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

carpet-knight (n): one who earns honors at court rather than in battle. FS (1-12th); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington.

cheap [better cheap] (adv): at a better rate. NFS. Cf. Fam Vic; Nashe Summers.


compartieue: compatez vous (Fr.); have compassion. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

costermonger (n): fruit vender. FS (1-2H4, as an adj); (anon.) Fam Vic; Greene Cony, Fr Bac; Nashe Almond.

Counter: office, court, or hall of justice of a mayor; the prison attached to such a city court; the name of certain prisons for debtors, etc. in London, Southwark, and some other cities and boroughs. FS (1-MWW); Harvey 3d Letter (connects Thos Churchyard to the Counter) (anon.) Fam Vic, Marprelate, Arden, Nobody/Somebody; More; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho.

curtel/curtle (n): cutlas, short sword. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic, Locrine; Marlowe T1.

cutter (n): one eager to fight, bully, bravo, also cutthroat, highway robber. NFS. Cf. Lyly Pap; (anon.) Fam Vic-as a last name, Arden, Willobie, Penelope.
dart (n): spear, javelin. FS (Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willibie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntington.

drab (n): slut, prostitute. FS (8); (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironsode, Yorkshire Tr; Pasquil Return; (disp.) Cromwell; Oldcastle; Marston Malcontent.

embassage/ambassage (n): message, messenger, mission. FS (7-Rich3, LLL, Rich2, Ado, Edw3, Sonnet 26); Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe T1; Greene Orl Fur; Chapman d'Olive; (anon.) Fam Vic, Dr. Dodypoll, Leic Gh.

fence (n): fencing, fighting skill. FS (many); Golding Abraham, Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willibie, Arden.

filching (n, a): stealing. FS (3-H5, MWW, Sonnet 75); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Fam Vic, Arden; Greene Black Book, Cony, James IV.

Fleet: prison near a ditch running between Ludgat Hill and Fleet Street; associated with the Court of Star Chamber, contained many prisoners committed by Monarch's decree. Apparently Gabriel Harvey spent time in the Fleet. Cf. Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Fam Vic. Marprelate; Harvey Sonnet (Apology), 3d Letter; Nashe Saffron.

gear (n): device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington.

glaves (n): swords. FS (1-Edw3); (anon.) Fam Vic; Arden, Locrine.

gogs wounds: oath. FS (Shrew); Holinshed Murder of Arden; (anon.) Fam Vic; Greene Fr Bac.

hoast/host [at host] (a): at home, in accord. FS (1-Errors); (anon.) Fam Vic.

ilat-holes (n): eyelet-holes. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

lanching (a): old form of lancing, piercing. FS (1-Lear); (anon.) Fam Vic.

let to talk (v): hesitate. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

man of his hands (n): man of valor; may also be a reference to skill as a highwayman. FS 1-(MWW); (anon.) Fam Vic.

Newgate: London's chief criminal prison. FS (1-1H4); Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Fam Vic, Marprelate, Arden; Harvey Pierce's Super; (disp.) Oldcastle; Munday More, Huntington.

noise/noyse [of musicians] (n): company or band of musicians. FS (2H4); (anon.) Fam Vic; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1558 in Nichols Progr. Q. Eliz. I. 39 Nere unto Fanchurch was erected a scaffolde richely furnished, whereon stode a noyes of instrumentes.

policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon.) Woodstock, Locrine, Fam Vic, Ironside,
Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

precise (a): guided by Puritan precepts; code word for Puritan. FS (9-1H6, TGV, MWW, AWEW, Ham, MM); Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Midas, Whip; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene James IV; (anon.) Fam Vic. Blast of Retreat, Willobie, Leic Gh.

rase (n): raze, root. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.
relate (v): rebate. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.
ringde/ringed (a): like a pig, through the nose. Cf. Fam Vic.
roving (v): wandering aimlessly. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.
scab (n): scurvy knave. FS (5-2H4, H5, 12th, T&C, Corio); (anon.) Fam Vic; Greene Fr Bac.
shift (v): manage. FS (4-2H4, MWW, Cymb, Temp); (anon.) Fam Vic.

skills (v): matters, cares. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

slaunching (a): slashing obliquely. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic. Not in OED, but "slaunchways" means obliquely.
stale (a): old and strong. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic; Pasquil Countere.
villeaco: villanaccio (Ital.): rustic, clown.
what you are: because.
wilde (a): vilde, vile.
worenday (a): workaday, ordinary. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

Glossary: Place Names (nonclassical)
Agincourt: town near N. coast of France. FS (H5); (anon.) Fam Vic.
Billingsgate ward, Pudding lane end: between Eastcheap and the river. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic, Arden; Pasquil Countercuff.

Detfort: Deptford, S. of the Thames, near Greenwich. Site of murder of Christopher Marlowe.

Eastcheap: N. of the Thames, in the City near London Bridge. Later legend calls the tavern the Boar's Head. In H2,4 (II.2.149) Bardolph calls it 'the old place ... in Eastcheap'.

Feversham: Faversham, seven miles from Canterbury near the main London road. (Site of the famous real-life murder of Arden).

Gads Hill: A hill two miles from Rochester on the London-Dover road. Also scene of robbery of courier carrying Ridolphi correspondence, Oxford robbery of Burghley couriers.

Harfleur: port at the mouth of the Seine, NW France. FS (H5); (anon.) Fam Vic.

Sources
Holinshed, Chronicles (1587)

Suggested Reading

Appendix II: Connections

Precise: a code-word for "Puritan"
Lyly Campaspe (Pro.): although there be in your precise judgments an universal dislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a general silence.
Gallathea (III.1) TELUSA: And can there in years so young, in education so precise, in vows so holy, and in a heart so chaste,
Sapho (Pro.): yielding rather ourselves to the courtesy which we have ever found, than to the preciseness which we ought to fear.
Midas (I.1.) MARTIUS: Those that call conquerors ambitious are like those that term thrift covetousness, cleanliness pride, honesty preciseness.
Woman/Moon (III.2.1) VENUS: Phoebus, away. Thou mak'st her too precise.
Shakes 1H6 (V.4)WARWICK: The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought: Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
TGV (IV.4.5-6) LANCE: I have taught him (his dog), even as one would say precisely, MWW (I.1) EVANS: (to Slender) Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?
(II.2) FALSTAFF: it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise: ...
2H4 (II.3.40) LADY PERCY: To hold your honor more precise and nice (IV.1.203) ARCH/YORK: He cannot so precisely weed this land
HAMLET (IV.4) ... Now, whether it be / Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event, / A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward, Of thinking too precisely on the event, ...
AWEW (II.2.12) CLOWN: such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court.
MM (I.272-74) LUCIO: ... and he (Claudio) was ever precise in promise-keepimg.
(I.3.50) DUKE: Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
(Il.1.51-52) ELBOW: I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure
In the speeches of Lance and Falstaff there is a good deal of humor directed at the Puritans; the
excesses of Angelo (Measure for Measure) are viewed in a more critical light.
Greene James 4 (II.2.159) ATEUKIN: She's holy-wise and too precise for me.
Anon. Fam Vic. (272) OXFORD: Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriff
have been too precise in this matter.
Willobie (IV.1): You show yourself so fool-precise, / That I can hardly think you wise.
(IV.5): But her thy folly may appear, / Art thou preciser than a Queen;
(V.4): If death be due to every sin, / How can I then be too precise?
(XXV.5): You talk of sin, and who doth live / Whose daily steps slide not awry?
But too precise doth deadly grieve / The heart that yields not yet to die:
L Gh. (174-75): And many though me a Precisian, / But God doth know, I never was precise;

Past all recovery
Oxford poem: Fram'd in the front of forlorn hope, past all recovery
Anon. Locrine (II.v5.68) ALBANACT: My self with wounds past all recovery
Fam Vic (650) HENRY 5: Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking
Shakes 2H6 (I.1) WARWICK: For grief that they are past recovery:
Edwards D&P (796-97) DAMON: ... whereas no truth my innocent life can save,
But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,
(1472) EUBULUS: Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.
Kyd Sp Tr (II.2.784-85) HIER: A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove, / In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him / In boiling lead and blood of innocents.
Shakes 1H6 (V.iv.44): Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents.
Rich3 (I.2.63) O earth! Which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Anon. Woodstock (V.1) LAPOOLE: ... and my sad conscience bids the contrary
and tells me that his innocent blood thus spilt heaven will revenge.
Fam Vic. (814) ARCH: Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
Ironside (V.1.70) EDR: thirst not to drink the blood of innocents.
(V.2.159) EDR: and made a sea with blood of innocents; innocent blood:
Willobie (IX.5): A guilty conscience always bleeds
(XIII.2): I rather choose a quiet mind, / A conscience clear from bloody sins,
Oldcastle (I.1) SHERIFF: my Lord Powesse is gone Past all recovery.
Innocent/Guilty blood ... Drink blood
Geneva Bible Deut. 21.9: The cry of innocent blood.; Deut. 32.35
Jer. 2.34: In thy wings is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents.
Genesis 4.11: which hath opened thy mouth to receive thy brother's blood ... .
Rom. 12.19, 13.4

Knight ... Carpet, Trencher
Golding Ovid Met. (XII.673): Was by that coward carpet knight bereaved of his lyfe, ...
(XIII.123): Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght
Edwards Dam&Pith (46) Aristippus: The king feeds you often from his own trencher.
Anon Fam. Vic. (844-45)ARCH: Meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis court
Than a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the camp.
Mucedorus (Epi.): And weighting with a Trencher at his back,
Ironside (III.6.5): come on, / I say, ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag / carriers, ye sword and buckler carriers,
Penelope (XXX.3): These trencher flies me tempt each day,
XXXV.5: Than taking down such trencher-knights.
Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) SUFFOLK: Obscure and lowly swain, ...
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.
TGV(IV.4) LAUNCE: ... and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:
LLL (V.2) BIRON: ... Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, / That smiles his cheek in years ... 
... Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
Much Ado (V.2) BENEDICK: ... Troilus the first employer of panders, and / a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, ...
12th (III.4) SIR TOBY: He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on / carpet consideration;
... Tempest (II.2) CALIBAN: ... Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ...
R&J (I.5) First Servant: Where's Potpan, ... He / shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!
Timon (I.1) Old Athenian: And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.
(III.6) TIMON: ... You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, ...
A&C (III.13) ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment / Of Cneius Pompey's; ...
Coriolanus (IV.5) CORIO: Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!
Nashe Summers (793): take / not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my Lord's trencher.
Munday Huntington (XIII.246) LEICESTER: This carpet knight sits carping at our scars, And jests at those most glorious well-fought wars.

To be hanged in a strange country:
Anon. Fam Vic (1451-55) DERICKE: Nay sounds, and they take thee, / They will hang thee.
O John, never do so. If it be thy fortune to be hanged,
Be hanged in thy own language whatsoever thou doest.
Greene James IV (V.2.24) JAQUES: Est ce donc a tel point votre etat?
Faith then, adieu Scotland, adieu Signior Ateukin; me will homa to France and no be hanged in a strange country.

Repent ... Folly:
Edwards Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.
Kyd Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;
Greene Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,
Anon. Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,
Nashe Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,
Shakes H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

To be hanged in a strange country:
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O John, never do so. If it be thy fortune to be hanged,
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Appendix III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Distinctive Words, Phrases: gog's wounds; weeping tears

Compound Words: 16 words (10 nouns, 6 adj).
ale-house (n), base-minded (a), button-breech (n), chair-makers (n), dagger-arm (n); gray-beard (a), hand-gun (n), high-minded (a), horse-stealers (n), ilat-hole (n), liege-man (n), liege-people (n), nut-brown (a), pick-purses (n), well-beloved (a); wild-headed (a)

Words beginning with "con": 14 words (4 verbs, 6 nouns, 3 adv, 1 prep).
concerning (prep), conduct (n), confess (v), conjecture (n, v), conquer (v), conquered (a), conquering (n), conquered (a), conqueror (n), conscience (n), considering (v), constable (n), content (a), continually (adv)

Words beginning with "dis": 10 words (3 verbs, 2 nouns, 5 adj).
discharge (v), discomfit (v), diseased (a), disgrace (n), disguised (a), disordered (a), dispossess (v), disquieting (n), dissembling (a), distressed (a)

Words beginning with "mis": 2 words (all nouns).
mischief (n), misfortune (n)

Words beginning with "over": 1 words -- overcome (v).

Words beginning with "pre": 8 words (2 verbs, 5 nouns, 2 adj, 1 adv).
precise (a), predecessors (n), prerogatives (n), presence (n), present (n, a, v), presently (adv), preserve (v), pretended (n)

Words beginning with "re": 20 words (11 verbs, 8 nouns, 1 adj).
receivers (n), recoil (v), recovery (n), regent (n), rejoice (v), related (v), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (v), remove (v), reparrel (n), repine (v), represent (v), reprobate (a), request (v), require (v), resolution (n), resolve (v), return (n), revengement (n)

Words beginning with "un","in": 23 words (10/11/2). (4 verbs, 3 nouns, 10 adv, 5 prep, 1 conj).
indeed (conj), indict (v), indictment (n), injured (v), injury (n), innocence (n), innocent (a), instead (prep), into (prep), invade (v)
unequal (a), unfeigned (a), unfit (a), unhappy (a), unknown (a), unmindful (a), unreasonable (a), until (prep), unto (prep), unwise (a), unworthy (a)
under (prep), understand (v)

Words ending with "able": 4 words (all adj).
charitable (a), honorable (a), reasonable (a), unreasonable (a)
Appendix IV: Anecdote from Tarltons Jests
Tarlton, Richard. Anecdote from Tarltons Jests.

At the Bull [Inn] at Bishops-gate was a play of Henry the fift, wherein the judge was to take a box on the eare; and because he was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himselfe, ever forward to please, tooke upon him to play the same judge, besides his own part of the clown: and Knel, then playing Henry the fift, hit Tarlton a sound blow indeed, which made the people laugh the more because it was he. But anon the judge goes in, and immediately Tarlton in his clownes cloathes comes out, and askes the actors, 'What newes?' 'O,' saith one, 'hadst thou been here, thou shouldest have seene Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the ear.' 'What, man!' said Tarlton, 'strike a judge!' 'It is true, yfaith,' said the other. 'No other like,' said Tarlton; 'and it could not be but terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me that me thinkes the blow remaines stil on my cheeke that it burnes againe!' The people laught at this mightily.
The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll

From the First Quarto edition of 1600
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Edited and designed for the web by Robert Brazil
Spelling in speech designations has been standardized.
Items defined in the glossary are underlined.

The VVisdome of Doctor Dodypoll.

As it hath bene sundrie times Acted
by the children of Powles

L O N D O N
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Oliue, dwelling in Long Lane.
1600

CHARACTERS

Earle Lassinbergh, nephew of Katherine
Earl Cassimere
Doctor Dodypoll
ACTUS PRIMA.

Scene I.1

[A Curtaine drawne, Earle Lassinbergh is discovered (like a Painter) painting Lucilia, who sits working on a piece of Cushion worke.]

LASSIN: Welcome, bright Morne, that with thy golden rayes Reveal'st the variant colours of the world, 
Looke here and see if thou canst finde disper'st 
The glorious parts of faire Lucilia: 
Take them and joyne them in the heavenly Spheares, 
And fixe them there as an eternall light 
For lovers to adore and wonder at: 
And this (long since) the high Gods would have done, 
But that they could not bring it back againe, 
When they had lost so great divinitie. ... [I.1.10]

LUCILIA: You paint your flattering words Lassinbergh, 
Making a curious pencill of your tongue;
And that faire artificall hand of yours,
Were fitter to have painted heaven's faire storie,
Then here to worke on Antickes and on me:
Thus for my sake, you (of a noble Earle)
Are glad to be a mercinary Painter.

LASSIN: A Painter faire Lucia ? why the world
With all her beautie was by painting made.
Looke on the heavens colour'd with golden starres, ... [I.1.20]
The firmamentall ground of it, all blew.
Looke on the ayre, where with a hundred changes
The watry Rain-bow doth imbrace the earth.
Looke on the sommer fields adorn'd with flowers,
How much is natures painting honour'd there?
Looke in the Mynes, and on the Easterne shore,
Where all our Mettalls and deare Jems are drawne;
Thogh faire themselves made better by their foiles.
Looke on that little world, the twofold man,
Whose fairer parcell is the weaker still: ... [I.1.30]
And see what azure vaines in stream-like forme
Divide the Rosie beautie of the skin.
I speake not of the sundry shapes of beasts,
The severall colours of the Elements:
Whose mixture shapes the worlds varietie,
In making all things by their colours knowne.
And to conclude, Nature, her selfe divine,
In all things she hath made, is a meere painter.
[She kisses her hand.]

LUCILIA: Now by this kisse, th' admirer of thy skill,
Thou art well worthie th' onor thou hast given ... [I.1.40]
(With so sweet words) to thy eye-ravishing Art,
Of which my beauties can deserve no part.

LASSIN: From these base Anticks where my hand hath spearst
Thy severall parts: if I uniting all,
Had figur'd there the true Lucilia,
Then might'st thou justly wonder at mine Art,
And devout people would from farre repaire,
Like Pilgrims, with their dutuous sacrifice,
Adorning thee as Regent of their loves;
Here, in the Center of this Mary-gold, ... [I.1.50]
Like a bright Diamond I enchast thine eye.
Here underneath this little Rosie bush
Thy crimson cheekes peers forth more faire then it.
Here, Cupid (hanging downe his wings) doth sit,
Comparing Cherries to thy Ruby lippes:
Here is thy browe, thy haire, thy neck, thy hand,
Of purpose all in severall shrowds dispers't:
Least, ravisht, I should dote on mine owne worke,
Or Envy-burning eyes should malice it.

LUCILIA: No more my Lord: see, here comes Haunce our man. ... [I.1.60]
[Enter Haunce.]

HAUNCE: We have the finest Painter here at boord
wages that ever made Flowerdelice, and the best
bed-fellow too; for I may lie all night tryumphing
from corner to corner, while he goes to see the Fayries:
but I for my part, see nothing; but here a strange
noyse sometimes. Well, I am glad we are haunted so
with Fairies: For I cannot set a cleane pump down,
but I find a dollar in it in the morning. See, my Mis-
tresse Lucilia, shee's never from him: I pray God he
paints no pictures with her: But I hope my fellowe ... [I.1.70]
hireling will not be so sawcie. But we have such a
wench a comming for you (Lordings) with her woers:
A, the finest wench: wink, wink, deare people,
and you be wise: and shut; O shut your weeping
eyes.

[Enter Cornelia sola, looking upon the picture of Alberdure in aJewell and singing. Enter the
Doctor and the Merchant following,hearkening to her.]

The Song

What thing is love? for sure I am it is a thing,
It is a prick, it is a thing, it is a prettie, prettie thing.
It is a fire, it is a coale, whose flame creeps in at every hoale.
And as my wits do best devise, ... [I.1.80]
Loves dwelling is in Ladies eies.

HAUNCE: O rare wench!

CORNELIA: Faire Prince, thy picture is not here imprest,
With such perfection as within my brest.

MERCHANT: Soft maister Doctor.

DOCTOR: Cornelia, by garr dis paltry marshan be too
bold, is too sawcie by garr: Foole, holde off hand
foole. Let de Doctor speake.

HAUNCE: Now my brave wooers, how they strive for a Jewes Trump.

DOCTOR: Madam me love you: me desire to marry you, ... [I.1.90]
Me pray you not to say no.
CORNELIA: Maister Doctor, I think you do not love me: I am sure you shall not marry me, And (in good sadnes) I must needs say no.

MERCHANT: What say you to this, maister Doctor? Mistresse let me speake. That I do love you, I dare not say, least I should offend you: that I would marry you, I had rather you should conceive, thn I should utter: And I do live or die upon your Monasible, I, or no. ... [I.1.100]

DOCTOR: By garr, if you will se de Marshan hang himselfe say no: a good shesse by garr.

HAUNCE: A filthy French jest, as I am a dutch gentleman.

MERCHANT: Mistresse, Ile bring you from Arabia, Turckie, and India, where the Sunne doth rise, Miraculous Jemmes, rare stuffes of pretious worke, To beautifie you more then all the paintings Of women with their coullour fading cheekes.

DOCTOR: You bring stuffe for her? you bring pudding. Me vit one, two tree pence more den de price, ... [I.1.110] Buy it from dee and her too by garr: By garr dow fella’ dy fader for two pence more: Madam me gieve you restoratife Me give you tings (but toush you) make you faire: Me gieve you tings make you strong: Me make you live six, seaven, tree hundra yeere: You no point so Marshan. Marshan run from you two, tree, foure yere together, Who shal kisse you dan? who shal embrace you dan? Who shall toush your fine hand? O shall, O sweete, ... [I.1.120] By garr.

MERCHANT: Indeed M. Doctor your commodities are rare, A guard of Urinals in the morning; A plaguie fellow at midnight; A fustie Potticarie ever at hand with his fustian drugges, attending your pispot worship.

DOCTOR: By garr scurvy marshan, me beat dee starck dead, and make dee live againe for sav’a de law.

HAUNCE: A plaguie marshan by gar, make the doctor angre.

DOCTOR: Now, madam, by my trot you be very faire. ... [I.1.130]
CORNELIA: You mock me, M. Doct. I know the contrary.

DOCTOR: Know? what you know? you no see your selfe, by garr me see you; me speake vatt me see; You no point speak so.

HAUNCE: Peace Doctor, I vise you, do not court in my maisters hearing, you were best. [Enter Flores.]

FLORES: Where are these wooers heere? poore sillie men, Highly deceiv'd to gape for marriage heere: Onely for gaine, I have another reache, More high then their base spirits can aspire: ... [I.1.140]
Yet must I use this Doctor's secret aide, That hath alreadie promist me a drug Whose vertue shall effect my whole desires.

DOCTOR: O Mounsieur Flores, mee be your worships servant: Mee lay my hand under your Lordships foote by my trot.

FLORES: O maister Doctor, you are welcome to us, And you Albertus. It doth please me much, To see you vowed rivalls thus agree.

DOCTOR: Agree? by my trot she'll not have him. ... [I.1.150]

MERCHANT: You finde not that in your urins, M. Doctor.

DOCTOR: Mounsieur Flores come hedder pray.

FLORES: What sayes maister Doctor, Have you remembred me?

DOCTOR: I by garr: heere be de powdra: you give de halfe at once.

FLORES: But are you sure it will worke the effect?

DOCTOR: Me be sure? by garr she no sooner drinke but shee hang your neck about; she stroake your beard; she nippe your sheeke, she busse your lippe [I.1.160] by garr.

FLORES: What wilt thou eate me Doctor?

DOCTOR: By garr, mee must shew you de vertue by plaine demonstration.
FLORES: Well, tell me, is it best in wine or no?

DOCTOR: By garr de Marshan, de Marshan, I tinkle he kisse my sweete mistresse.

FLORES: Nay pray thee Doctor speake; is't best in wine or no?

DOCTOR: O, good Lort in vyne, vat else I pray you? ... [I.1.170] You give de vench to loove vatra?
By garre me be ashamed of you.

FLORES: Well; thankes gentle Doctor. And now (my friends) I looke to day for strangers of great state, And must crave libertie to provide for them: Painter goe; leave your worke, and you, Lucilia, Kepe you (I charge you) in your chamber close. [Exeunt Cassimere and Lucilia.]

HAUNCE: One of your Haultboyes (sir) is out of tune.

FLORES: Out of tune villaine? which way?

HAUNCE: Drunk (sir) ant please you.

FLORES: Ist night with him alreadie?
Well get other Musicke.

HAUNCE: So we had need, in truth sir. [Exit Haunce.]

DOCTOR: Me no trouble you by my fait, me take my leave: see de unmannerlie Marshan, staie by garre. [Exit.]

MERCHANT: Sir, with your leave, ... [I.1.190] Ile choose some other time, When I may lesse offend you with my staie.[Exit.]

FLORES: Albertus, welcome: and now Cornelia, Are we alone? looke first; I, all is safe. Daughter, I charge thee now, even by that love In which we have been partiall towards thee, (Above thy sister, blest with bewties gifts,) Receive this vertuous powder at my hands, And (having mixt it in a bowle of Wine) Give it unto the Prince in his carouse. ... [I.1.200]
I meane no villainie heerein to him,
But love to thee, wrought by that charmed cup.
We are (by birth) more noble then our fortunes,
Why should we then, shun any meanes we can,
To raise us to our auncient states againe?
Thou art my eldest care, thou best deserv'est
To have thy imperfections helpt by love.

CORNELIA: Then father, shall we seeke sinister meanes,
Forbidden by the lawes of God and men?
Can that love prosper which is not begun ...
By the direction of some heavenly fate?

FLORES: I know not; I was nere made Bishop yet:
I must provide for mine, and still preferre
(Above all these) the honour of my house:
Come therfore, no words but performe my charge.

CORNELIA: If you wil have it so, I must consent. [Exeunt.]

Scene I.2
[Enter Alberdure, Hyanthe, Leander and Motto.]

ALBERDURE: My deere Hyanthe; my content; my life;
Let no new fancie change thee from my love:
And for my rivall, (whom I must not wrong)
(Because he is my father and my Prince)
Give thou him honour; but give me thy love.
O that my rivall bound me not in dutie
To favour him: then could I tell Hyanthe,
That he alreadie (with importun'd suite)
Hath to the Brunswick Dutchesse vow'd himselfe,
That his desires are carelesse, and his thoughts ...
Too fickle and imperious for love;
But I am silent, dutie ties my tongue.

HYANTHE: Why? thinks my joy, my princely Alberdure
Hyanthes faith stands on so weake a ground?
That it will fall or bend with everie winde?
No stormes or lingring miseries shall shake it,
Much lesse, vaine titles of commaundung love.

MOTTO: Madam dispatch him then; rid him out of
this earthlie purgatorie; for I have such a coile with
him a nights; grunting and groaning in his sleepe; ...
with O Hyanthe; my deare Hyanthe; and then hee
throbs me in his armes, as if he had gotten a great
jewell by the eare.
ALBERDURE: Away you wag: and tel me now my love,
What is the cause Earle Cassimere (your father)
Hath beene so long importunate with me,
To visit Flores the brave Jeweller?

HYANTHE: My father doth so dote on him my Lord,
That he thinkes he doth honour every man,
Whom he acquaints with his perfections; ... [I.2.30]
Therefore (in any wise), prepare your selfe
To grace and sooth his great conceit of him:
For everie gesture, every word he speakes,
Seemes to my father admirablie good.

LEANDER: Indeed my Lord, his high conceit of him,
Is more then any man alive deserves.
He thinkes the Jeweller made all of Jewels:
Who though he be a man of gallant spirit,
Faire spoken, and well-furnisht with good parts,
Yet not so peerlesslie to be admir'd. [Enter Cassimere.] ... [I.2.40]

CASSIMERE: Come, shall we go (my Lord) I dare assure you,
You shall beholde so excellent a man,
For his behaviour, for his sweete discourse,
His sight in Musick, and in heavenlie Arts,
Besides the cunning judgement of his eie,
In the rare secrets of all precious Jemmes,
That you will sorrow you have staide so long.

ALBERDURE: Alas, whie would not then your lordships favor,
Hasten me sooner? for I long to see him,
On your judicall commendation. ... [I.2.50]

CASSIMERE: Come, lets away then; go you in Hyanthe,
And if my Lord the Duke come in my absence,
See him (I pray) with honour entertain'd. [Exeunt.]

HYANTHE: I will my Lord.

LEANDER: I will accompany your Ladiship,
If you vouchsafe it.

HYANTHE: Come good Leander. [Exeunt.]

Scene I.3
[Enter Constantine, Katherine, Itc, Vndercleeve, with others.]

CONST: Lord Vnderclevee, go Lord Ambassadour
From us, to the renownmed Duke of Saxon,
And know his highnesse reason and intent,
While being (of late) with such importunate suite,
Betroth'd to our faire sister Dowager
Of this our Dukedome; he doth now protract
The time he urged with such speede of late
His honourd nuptiall rites to celebrate.

KATHERINE: But good my Lord, temper your Ambassie
With such respective termes to my renowne, ...[I.3.10
That I be cleer'd of all immodest haste,
To have our promist nuptials consumate
For his affects (perhaps) follow the season,
Hot with the summer then, now colde with winter.
And Dames (though nere so forward in desire)
Must suffer men to blowe the nuptiall fire.

VANDER: Madam, your name (in urging his intent)
Shall not be usd, but your right-princelie brothers,
Who knowing it may breede in vulgar braines
(That shall give note to this protraction) ...[I.3.20
Unjust suspition of your sacred vertues,
And other reasons touching the estate
Of both their famous Dukedomes, sendeth mee
To be resolv'd of his integritie.

CONST: To that end go, my honourable Lord:
Commend me and my sister to his love,
(If you perceive not he neglects our owne)
And bring his princelie resolution.

KATHERINE: Commend not me by any meanes my lord,
Unlesse your speedie graunted audience, ...[I.3.30
And kind entreatie make it requisite,
For honour rules my nuptiall appetite. [Exeunt]

Finis Actus Primi.
ACTVS SECVNDVS.
Scene II.1
[Enter Haunce, Lassinbergh and others following, serving in a Banket.]

HAUNCE: Come sir, it is not your painting alone,
Makes your absolute man; ther's as fine a hand
To be requir'd in carrying a dish,
As sweete art to be shew'd in't
As in any maister peece whatsoever;
Better then as you painted the Doctor eene now,
With his nose in an Urinall.

LASSIN: Be quiet sir, or Ile paint you by and by,
eating my maisters comfets. [Exit]
[Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Alberdure, Cornelia, and Motto.]

FLORES: Prince Alberdure, my great desire to answere ... [II.1.10]
The greatnes of your birth, and high deserts,
With entertainment fitting to your state,
Makes althings seem too humble for your presence.

ALBERDURE: Courteous S. Flores, your kinde welcome is
Worthy the presence of the greatest Prince;
And I am bound to good Earle Cassimeere,
For honouring me with your desierd acquaintance.

CASSIMERE: Wilt please you therefore to draw neere my lord?

FLORES: Wilt please your grace to sit?

ALBERDURE: No good S. Flores, I am heere admireing ... [II.1.20]
The cunning strangenes of your antick work:  
For though the generall tract of it be rough,  
Yet is it sprinkled with rare flowers of Art.  
See what a livelie piercing eye is here;  
Marke the conveiance of this lovelie hand;  
Where are the other parts of this rare cheeke?  
Is it not pitty that they should be hid?

FLORES: More pity 'tis (my lord) that such rare art  
Should be obscur'd by needie povertie,  
Hee's but a simple man kept in my house. ... [II.1.30]

ALBERDURE: Come sirra, you are a practitioner,  
Lets have your judgement here.

HAUNCE: Will you have a stoole sir?

MOTTO: I, and I thank you too sir.

FLORES: Hath this young Gentleman such skill in drawing?

ALBERDURE: Many great maisters thinke him  
(for his yeares) exceeding cunning.

CASSIMERE: Now sir, what thinke you?

MOTTO: My Lord, I thinke more Art is shaddowed heere,  
Then any man in Germanie can shew, ... [II.1.40]  
Except Earle Lassinbergh; and (in my conceipt)  
This worke was never wrought without his hand.

FLORES: Earle Lassinbergh? aye me, my jealous thoughts  
Suspect a mischiefe, which I must prevent.  
Haunce, call Lucilia and the Painter strait,  
Bid them come both t'attend us at our feast:  
Is not your Grace yet wearie of this object?  
Ile shew your Lordship things more woorth the sight,  
Both for their substance, and their curious Art.

ALBERT: Thankes good sir Flores. ... [II.1.50]

FLORES: See, then (my Lord) this Aggat that contains  
The image of that Goddesse and her sonne:  
Whom aunclents held the Soveraignes of Love,  
See naturally wrought out of the stone,  
(Besides the perfect shape of every limme;  
Besides the wondrous life of her bright haire,)  
A waving mantle of celestiall blew,  
Imbroydering it selfe with flaming Starres.
ALBERDURE: Most excellent: and see besides (my Lords)
How Cupid's wings do spring out of the stone, ... [II.1.60]
As if they needed not the helpe of Art.

FLORES: My Lord, you see all sorts of Jewels heere,
I will not tire your grace with view of them;
Ile only shew you one faire Aggate more,
Commended chiefly for the workmanship.

ALBERDURE: O excellent; this is the very face
Of Cassimeere: by viewing both at once,
Either I thinke that both of them do live,
Or both of them are Images and dead.

FLORES: My Lord, I feare I trouble you too long, ... [II.1.70]
Wilt please your Lordships taste this homely cates?

CORNELIA: First, (if it please you) give me leave to greete
Your Princely hand with this unworthy gift:
Yet woorthy, since it represents your selfe.

ALBERDURE: What? my selfe Lady? trust me it is pittie
So faire a Jemme should hold so rude a picture.

CORNELIA: My Lord 'tis made a Jewell in your picture,
Which otherwise had not deserv'd the name.

ALBERDURE: Kinde mistresse, kindly I accept your favour.
[Enter Lassinbergh, Haunce, and Lucilia.]

FLORES: Heere you young gentlemen; do you know this man? ... [II.1.80]
[Exit Haunce.]

MOTTO. Yes signior Flores, 'tis Earle Lassinbergh.
My lord what meane you to come thus disguisd?

LASSIN: The foolish boye is mad, I am Cornelius;
Earle Lassinbergh; I never heard of him.

FLORES: O Lassingbergh, we know your villainie,
And thy dishonour (fond Lucilia).
Asse that I was, dull, sencelesse, grosse-braynd foole,
That dayly saw so many evident signes
Of their close dealings, winckings, becks and touches, ... [II.1.90]
And what not? to enforce me to discerne,
Had I not beene effatuate even by Fate:
Your presence noble Lords (in my disgrace)
Doth deepely moove mee: and I heere protest
Most solemnly (in sight of heaven and you)
That if Earle Lassingbergh this day refuse,
To make faire mends for this fowle trespasse done,
I will revenge me on his treacherous heart,
Though I sustaine for him a thousand deaths.

CASSIMERE: This action (traitour Lassingbergh) deserves ... [II.1.100]
Great satisfaction, or else great revenge.

ALBERDURE: Beleeve me gallant Earle your choice is faire,
And worthy your most honourable love.

LASSIN: My Lord, it greeves me to be thus unmaskt,
And made ridiculous in the stealth of love:
But (for Lucilias honor) I protest,
(Not for the desperate vowe that Flores made)
She was my wife before she knew my love
By secret promise, made in sight of heaven.
The marriage which he urgeth, I accept, ... [II.1.110]
But this compulsion and unkinde disgrace,
Hath altered the condition of my love,
And filde my heart with yrksome discontent.

FLORES: My Lord, I must preferre mine honor still,
Before the pleasure of the greatest Monarch;
Which since your Lordship seekes to gratifie
With just and friendly satisfaction;
I will endevour to redeeme the thought
Of your affection, and lost love to us:
Wilt please you therefore now to associate ... [II.1.120]
This woorthy Prince, at this unwoorthy banquet?

ALBERDURE: My Lord let me intreate your company.

LASSIN: Hold mee excusd faire Prince; my grieved thoughts
Are farre unmeete for festivall delights:
Heere will I sit and feede on melancholie,
A humour (now) most pleasing to my taste.

FLORES: Lucilia, waite the pleasure of your love:
My Lord, now to the banquet,
Daughter commaund us a carowse of wine.
[Musick sounds a while; and they sing, Boire a le Fountaine.]
My Lord; I greete you with this first carowse, ... [II.1.130]
And as this wine (the Elements sweete soule)
Shall growe in me to bloud and vitall spirit,
So shall your love and honor growe in me.
ALBERDURE: I pledge you sir.

CASSIMERE: ~~~ How like you him, my Lord?

ALBERDURE: Exceeding well. [Sing Boyre a le fountaine.]

FLORES: Cornelia, do you serve the Prince with wine? [Shee puts the powder into the Cup and gives it the Prince.]

ALBERDURE: I thanke you Lady. [Sing Boyr a &c.]
Earle Cassimeere, I greete you; and remember
Your fair Hyanthe. ... [II.1.140]

CASSIMERE: I thanke your honour. [Sing Boyrr a &c.]

ALBERDURE: Fill my Lord Cassimere his right of wine.

CASSIMERE: Cornelia, I give you this dead carowse.

CORNELIA: I thanke your Lordship. [Sing Boir a &c.]


CASSIMERE: What meanes your honour?

ALBERDURE: Powder, powder, Etna, Sulphure, fier:
quench it, quench it.

FLORES: I feare the medicine hath distemper'd him.
O villain Doctor.

ALBERDURE: Downe with the battlements, powre water on,
I burne, I burne; O give me leave to flie
Out of these flames; these fiers that compasse me. [Exit.]

CASSIMERE: What an unheard of accident is this?
Would God, friend Flores, t'had not happen'd heere.

FLORES: My Lord, 'tis sure some Planet striketh him,
No doubt the furie will away againe.

CASSIMERE: Ile follow him. [Exit.]

LASSIN: What hellish spright ordain'd this hateful feast,
That ends with horror thus and discontent? ... [II.1.160]

FLORES: I hope no daunger will succeede therein:
How ever, I resolve me to conceale it.
My Lord, wilt please you now to change this habit.
And deck your selfe with ornaments more fit
For celebration of your marriage.

LASSIN: I, I, put on me what attire you will;
My discontent, that dwels within me still. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.2
[Enter Haunce solus.]

A servant? no: a bedfellowe? no:
For seeming for to see, it falls out right,
All day a Painter, and an Earle at night. [Enter Doctor.]

DOCTOR: Ho Zaccharee, bid Ursula brush my two, tree,
fine Damaske gowne; spread de rishe coverlet on de
faire bed; vashe de fine plate; smoake all de shamble
vit de sweete perfume.

HAUNCE: Here's the Doctor, what a gaping his wisedom
keepes i' the streete? ... [II.2.10]
As if he could not have spoken all this within.

DOCTOR: Ho, Zaccharee; if de grand patient come,
tou finde me signior Flores.

HAUNCE: By your leave maister Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hans my very speciall friend; fait and trot,
Me be right glad for see you veale.

HAUNCE: What do you make a Calfe of me, M. Doctor?

DOCTOR: O no; pardona moy; I say vell, be glad for see
you vell, in good health.

HAUNCE: O but I am sick M. Doctor; very exceeding sick sir. ... [II.2.20]

DOCTOR: Sick? tella me by garr; me cure you presently.

HAUNCE: A dead palsy, M. Doctor, a dead palsy.

DOCTOR: Verae? Veare?

HAUNCE: Heere M. Doctor, I cannot feele, I cannot feele.

DOCTOR: By garr, you be de brave merry man;
De fine proper man; de very fine, brave, little,
Propta sweet Jack man: by garr me loove’a you,  
Me honour you, me kisse’a your foote.

HAUNCe: You shall not stoope so lowe good M. Doctor,  
Kisse higher if it please you. ... [II.2.30]

DOCTOR: In my trot me honour you.

HAUNCe: I but you give me nothing sir.

DOCTOR: No? by garr me giv’a de high commendation,  
Passe all de gold, precious pearle in all de vorld.

HAUNCe: Aye sir, passe by it, you meane so sir.  
Well I shall have your good word, I see M. Doctor.

DOCTOR: I fayt.

HAUNCe: But not a rag of money.

DOCTOR: No, by wy [my?] trot: no point money; me gieve de  
beggra de money: no point de brave man. ... [II.2.40]

HAUNCe: Would I were not so brave in your mouth:  
But I can tell you news maister Doctor.

DOCTOR: Vat be dat?

HAUNCe: The young Prince hath drunke himselfe mad  
at my maisters to day.

DOCTOR: By garr; drunke I tinck.

HAUNCe: No sir, starke mad; he cryes out as if the towne  
were a fier.

DOCTOR: By garr me suspect a ting.

HAUNCe: Nay, I can tell you more newes yet. ... [II.2.40]

DOCTOR: Vat newes?

HAUNCe: If your cap be of capacitie to conceive it now  
So it is. Ile deale with you by way of Interrogation:  
Who is it must marry with Lucilia bright?  
All day a Painter, and an Earle at night.

DOCTOR: By garr me no conceive vatt you say.
HAUNCE: Let wisdome answer: I aske what is man?  
A Pancake tost in Fortunes frying pan.

DOCTOR: Vat frying pan? by garr, I tinck  
De foolish petite Jack is madd. ... [II.2.60]

HAUNCE: For as an Asse may weare a Lyons skinne,  
So noble Earles have sometimes Painters binne.

DOCTOR: Garrs blurr he ryme de grand Rats from my house  
Me no stay, me go seek'a my faire Cornelia. [Exit.]

HAUNCE: Farewell, Doctor Doddy, in minde & in body,  
An excellent Noddy:  
A Cock[s]comb in cony, but that he wants money,  
To give legem pone. O what a pitifull case is this? what  
might I have done with this wit, if my friends had bestowed  
learning upon me? well, when all's don, a naturall ... [II.2.70]  
guilt is woroth all. [Exit.]

Scene II.3  
[Enter Alphonso, Hardenbergh, Hoscherman, with others. &c.]

HARDEN: The Ambassador of Brunswick (good my lord)  
Begins to murmure at his long delayes.

HOSCH: Twere requisite your highnes would dismisse him.


HARDEN: My Lord, you know, his message is more great  
Then to depart so slightly without answer,  
Urging the marriage that your grace late sought  
With Katherine, sister to the Saxon Duke.

HOSCH: Whom if your highnes should so much neglect,  
As to forsake his sister and delude him, ... [II.3.10]  
Considering already your olde jarre,  
With the stoute Lantsgrave,  
What harmes might ensue?

ALPHONSO: How am I crost? Hyanthe 'tis for thee,  
That I neglect the Duchesse and my vowes.

HARDEN: My Lord, 'twere speciallie convenient  
Your Grace would satisfie th'emissador.

ALPHONSO: Well, call him in.
HOSCH: But will your Highnes then forsake Hyanthe?

ALPHONSO: Nothing lesse, Hoscherman. ... [II.3.20]

HOSCH: How will you then content th'embassador?

ALPHONSO: I will delaie him with some kinde excuse.

HARDEN: What kinde excuse my Lord?

ALPHONSO: For that let me alone: do thou but soothe,
What I my selfe will presently devise,
And I will send him satisfied away.

HARDEN: Be sure (my Lord) ile soothe what ere you say.

ALPHONSO: Then let him come, we are provided for them.
[Enter Vandercleeve the Ambassador attended.]
My lord Ambassador, we are right sorrie
Our urgent causes have deferd you thus: ... [II.3.30]
In the dispatch of that we most desire.
But for your answer: Know I am deterr'd
By many late prodigious ostents,
From present consumation of the nuptials,
Vowd twixt your beautious Dutchesse and our selfe.
O what colde feare mens jealous stomacks feele
In that they most desire: suspsecting still,
'Tis eyther too too sweete to take effect,
Or (in th' effect) must meete with some harshe chaunce
To intervent the joye of the successe. ... [II.3.40]
The same wisht day (my Lord) you heere arriv'd,
I bad Lord Hardenbergh commaund two horse,
Should privately be brought for me and him,
To meete you on the waye for honours sake,
And to expresse my joye of your repaire:
When (loe) the horse I usd to ride upon,
(That would be gently backt at other times)
Now offring but to mount him; stood aloft,
Flinging and bound: you know, Lord Hardenbergh.

HARDEN: Yes my good Lord. ... [II.3.50]

ALPHONSO: And was so strangely out of wonted rule,
That I could hardlie back him.

HARDEN: True, my liege: I stood amaz'd at it.

ALPHONSO: Well, yet I did;
And riding (not a furlong), downe he fell.
HARDEN: That never heeretofore would trip with him,

ALPHONSO: Yet would I forward needs: but Hardenbergh
More timorous then wise, as I supposed,
(For love so hardned me, feare was my slave)
Did ominate such likelie ill to me ... [II.3.60]
If I went forward, that with much enforcement
Of what might chance, he drove me to retreat,
Didst thou not Hardenbergh?

HARDEN: I did my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Yet all the events & reasons urgd, thou sawest,
Would scarcelie worke on me a mightie while.

HARDEN: Tis true my Lord.

ALPHONSO: I warrant thou wilt say,
Thou never yet saw'st any man so loathe
To be perswaded ill of so ill signes. ... [II.3.70]

HARDEN: Never in all my life.

ALPHONSO: Thou wonderst at it?

HARDEN: I did indeed my liege, not without cause.

ALPHONSO: O blame not Hardenbergh: for thou dost know
How sharpe my heart was set, to entertaine
The Lord of this Ambassage so lovingly.

HARDEN: True my good Lord.

ALPHONSO: But (comming back) how gently the Jade went,
Did he not Hardenbergh?

HARDEN: As any horse on earth could do my Lord. ... [II.3.80]

ALPHONSO: Well sir, this drew me into deep conceit,
And to recomfort me, I did commaund
Lord Hardenbergh should ope a Cabanet,
Of choice Jewels, and to bring me thence
A ring: a riche and Violet Hiacinthe,
Whose sacred vertue is to cheere the heart,
And to excite our heavie spirits to mirthe,
Which, putting on my finger swift, did breake,
Now this indeed did much discomfort me:
And heavie to the death, I went to bed, ... [II.3.90]
Where in a slumber I did strongly thinke,
I should be married to the beautious Dutchesse:
And comming to my Chappell, to that end,
Duke Constantine her brother with his Lords
And all our peeres (me thought) attending us,
Forth comes my princelie Katherine, led by death,
Who threatning me, stood close unto her side,
Urging by those most horrible portents,
That wedding her, I married mine owne death:
I frighted in my sleepe, strugled and sweat. ... [II.3.100]
And in the violence of my thoughts, cryed out
So lowde, that Hardenbergh awakt, and rose.
Didst thou not Hardenbergh?

HARDEN: I felt I did, for never yet (my Lord)
Was I in heart and soule so much dismaide.

ALPHONSO: Why thus you see (my Lord) how your delaies,
Were mightilie, & with huge cause enforste.

AMBASSADOR: But dreames (my lord) you know growe by the humors
Of the moist night, which store of vapours lending
Unto our stomaches when we are in sleepe, ... [II.3.110]
And to the bodis supreame parts ascending,
And thence sent back by coldnesse of the braine,
And these present our idle phantasies
With nothing true, but what our labouring soules
Without their active organs, falselie worke.

ALPHONSO: My lord, know you, there are two sorts of dreams,
One sort whereof are onely phisicall,
And such are they whereof your Lordship speakes,
The other Hiper-phisicall: that is,
Dreames sent from heaven, or from the wicked fiends,
Which nature doth not forme of her owne power,
But are intrinsecate, by marvaile wrought,
And such was mine: yet notwithstanding this,
I hope fresh starres will governe in the spring,
And then assure our princely friend your maister,
Our promise in all honour shall be kept:
Returne this answere Lord Ambassador,
And recommend me to my sacred love.

AMBASSADOR: I will my lord: but how it will be accepted
I know not yet, your selfe shall shortly heare. ... [II.1.130]
[Exeunt all but Alph. (and Hardenbergh).]

ALPHONSO: Lords some of you associate him, ha, ha,
Come Hardenbergh, was this not well devis'd?
HARDEN: Exceeding well, and gravelie good my lord.

ALPHONSO: Come lets go and visit my Hianthe,
She whose perfections, are of power to moove
The thoughts of Caesar (did he live) to love. [Exeunt.]

Finis Actus secundus

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Webmaster contact: robertbrazil@juno.com

The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll

From the First Quarto edition of 1600
Original Spelling. Edited by B.F. copyright © 2002, all rights reserved
Spelling in speech designations has been standardized.
Items defined in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.

Act 3

ACTUS TERTIUS.
Scene III.1
[Enter Flores, Cassimeere, Lassinbergh, Lucilia, Cornelia, Haunce & Doctor.]

HAUNCE: Well mistr. god give you more joy of your husband
Then your husband has of you.

DOCTOR: Fie, too too bad by my fait, vat, my Lord
melancholie, and ha de sweete Bride, de faire Bride, de verie
fine Bride, o monsieur, one, two, tree, voure, vive, with
de brave capra, heigh.

HAUNCE: O the Doctor would make a fine frisking
Usher in a dauncing-schoole.

DOCTOR: O by garr, you must daunce de brave galliarr,
A pox of dis melancholie. ... [III.1.10]

CASSIMERE: My Lord, your humors are most strange to us,
The humble fortune of a servants life,
Should in your carelesse estate so much displease.

LASSIN: Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acrius urit.

FLORES: Could my child's beautie, moove you so my lord,
When Lawe and dutie held it in restraint,
And now (they both allowe it) be neglected?

LASSIN: I cannot relish joyes that are enforst,
For, were I shut in Paradice it selfe,
I should as from a prison strive t'escape. ... [III.1.20]

LUCILIA: Haplesse Lucia, worst in her best estate.

LASSIN: Ile seeke me out some unfrequented place,
Free from these importunities of love,
And onelie love what mine owne fancie likes.

LUCILIA: O staie my Lord.

FLORES: What meanes Earle Lassinbergh?

CASSIMERE: Sweete Earle be kinder.

LASSIN: Let me go I pray.

DOCTOR: Vat you go leave a de Bride, tis no point good
fashion; you must stay be garr. ... [III.1.30]

LASSIN: Must I stay sir?

DOCTOR: I spit your nose and yet it is no violence, I will
give a de prove a dee good reason, reguard, Monsieur,
you no point eate a de meate to daie, you be de empty,
be gar you be emptie, you be no point vel, you no point
vel, be garr you be vere sicke, you no point leave a de
provision, be garr you stay, spit your nose.
LASSIN: All staies have strength like to thy arguments.

CASSIMERE: Staie Lassenbergh.

LUCILIA: Deare Lord. ... [III.1.40]

FLORES: Most honord Earle.

LASSIN: Nothing shall hinder my resolved intent,
But I will restlesse wander from the world,
Till I have shaken off these chaines from me. [Exit Lassinbergh.]

LUCILIA: And I will never cease to follow thee,
Till I have wonne thee from these unkinde thoughts. [Exit Lucilia.]

CASSIMERE: Haplesse Lucilia.

FLORES: Unkinde Lassinbergh.

DOCTOR: Be garr, dis Earle be de chollericke complection;
almost skipshack, be garr: he no point staie for one place. ... [III.1.50]
Madam me be no so laxative: mee be bound for no point
moove. sixe, seven, five hundra yeare, from you sweete
sidea: be garr me be es de fine Curianet about your vite
neck: my harte be close tie to you as your fine Buske, or
de fine Gartra bout your fine legge.

HAUNCE: A good sensible Doctor. how feelinglie he talkes.

DOCTOR: A plage a de Marshan, blowe wine.

HAUNCE: You need not curse him sir, he has the stormes
at Sea by this time.

DOCTOR: O forte bien, a good Sea-sick jeast, by this faire ... [I.1.60]
hand: blowe winde for mee: puh he no come heere Madame.

FLORES: Come noble Earle, let your kind presence grace
Our feast prepard, for this obdurate Lord,
And give some comfort to his sorrowfull bride,
Who in her pitteous teares swims after him.

DOCTOR: Me beare you company, signior Flores.

FLORES: It shall not need sir.

DOCTOR: Be garr dis be de sweete haven for me for anchor.

FLORES: You are a sweet smell-feast, Doctor that I see,
Ile no such tub-hunters use my house: ... [III.1.70]
Therefore be gone our marriage feast is dasht.

DOCTOR: Vat speak a me de feast: me spurne a me kick a
De feast, be garr me tell a,
Me do de grand grace, de favor, for suppa, for dina,
For eata with dee, be garrs blur,
We have at home de restorative de quintessence,
De pure destill goulde, de Nector
De Ambrosia, Zacharee, make ready de fine
Partriche depaste de grand Otamon?

HAUNCE: Zachary is not heere sir, but Ile do it for you: ... [III.1.80]
What is that Otamon, sir?

DOCTOR: O, de grand Bayaret de Mahomet,
De grand Turgur be garr.

HAUNCE: O a Turkie, sir, you would have rosted would you?
Call you him an Otamon?

DOCTOR: Have de whole ayre of Fowle at commaund.

FLORES: You have the foole at command sir,
You might have bestowed your selfe better:
Wilt please you walke M. Doct. Dodypoll.
[Exeunt all but the Doctor.]

DOCTOR: How Doddie poole? garrs blurr, ... [III.1.90]
Doctor Doddie, no point poole,
You be paltrie Jack knave by garr
De Doctor is nicast, the Doctor is rage,
De Doctor is furie be gar. the Doctor is
Horrible, terrible furie: Vell derre
Be a ting me tinke, be gars blur me know,
Me be revenge, me tella de Duke,
Vell me say no more: choke a de selfe foule churle,
Fowle horrible, terrible pigge pye cod. [Exit.]

Scene III.2
[Enter Leander and Hyanthe.]

LEANDER: I wonder what variety of sights,
Retaines your father, and the prince so long
With signior Flores?

HYANTHE: O signior Flores, is a man so ample
In every complement of entertainment,
That guests with him, are as in Bowers enchanted,
Reft of all power, and thought of their returne?
[Enter the Duke and Hardenbergh.]

LEANDER: Be silent, heere's the Duke.

ALPHONSO: Aye me, beholde,
Your sonne Lord Hardenbergh, ... [III.2.10]
Courting Hyanthe.

HARDEN: If he be courting: tis for you my liege.

ALPHONSO: No Hardenbergh; he loves my sonne too well,
To be my spokes man in the rights of love.
My faire Hyanthe, what discourse is it
Wherewith Leander holdes you this attentive?
Would I could thinke upon the like for you.

HYANTHE: You should but speake, & passe the time my lord.

ALPHONSO: Passe-time that pleaseth you: is the use of time,
Had I the ordering of his winged wheele, ... [III.2.20]
It onely should serve your desires and mine,
What should it do, if you did governe it?

HYANTHE: It should go backe againe, and make you yong.

ALPHONSO: Swounds Hardenbergh.
: ~~~ To her againe my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Hyanthe, wouldst thou love me, I would use thee
So kindlie, that nothing should take thee from me.

HYANTHE: But time would soone take you from me my lord.

ALPHONSO: Spite on my soule: why talke I more of time?
Shee's too good for me at time, by heaven.

HARDEN: I and place too (my Lord) I warrant her. ... [III.2.30]

OMNES: Stop, stop, stop.
[Enter Albeydure mad, Motto, and others following him.]

MOTTO: O stay my Lord.

ALBERDURE: Hyanthe, Hyanthe, O me my love.

LEANDER: Heer's the Duke his father, heele marr all.

ALBERDURE: O villaine, he that lockt her in his arms,
And through the river swims along with her,
Stay traiterous Nessus, give me bowe and shafts.
Whirre, I have strooke him under the shorte ribs,
I come Hyanthe, O peace, weepe no more. [Exit.]

ALPHONSO: Meanes he not me by Nessus, Hardenbergh? ... [III.2.40]

HARDEN: My lord he is surelie mad.
: ~~~ Hyanthe loves him.
See how she trembles, and how pale she lookes,
She hath enchanted my deere Alderbure,
With crafts and treasons, and most villanous Arts,
Are meanes by which she seekes to murder him,
Hardenbergh, take her, and imprison her,
Within thy house, I will not loose my sonne,
For all the wealth, the Loves of heaven embrace.

HYANTHE: What means your grace by this?

ALPHONSO: Away with her. ... [III.2.50]

HYANTHE: You offer me intollerable wrong.

ALPHONSO: Away with her I say.

HARDEN: Come Lady feare not, Ile entreate you well.

HYANTHE: What injurie is this. [Exit Hardenbergh with Hyanthe.]

ALPHONSO: So now I have obtainde what I desired,
And I shall easilie worke her to my will,
For she is in the hands of Hardenbergh,
Who will continually be pleading for me. [Enter Doctor.]

DOCTOR: Roome, a hall, a hall, be garr vere is de Duke?

ALPHONSO: Heere maister Doctor. ... [III.2.60]

DOCTOR: O me have grand important matter for tella
your grace, how de know de cause, for de wish cause
your sonne is da madman. [Enter Alberdure running.]

ALBERDURE: What art thou here?
Sweet Clio: come, be brief,
Take me thy Timbrell and Tobaccho pipe,
And give Hyanthe musicke at her windowe.

DOCTOR: Garrs blurr, my cap, my cap, cost me de deale
a French crowne.
ALBERDURE: But Ile crowne thee, with a cod of Muske, ... [III.2.70]
Insteed of Lawrell, and a Pomander:
But thou must write Acrostignes first my girle.

DOCTOR: Garzowne, what a pox do you stand heere for
de grand pultrone pezant: and see de Doctor be dus.

ALBERDURE: Aye me, what Demon was it gulde me thus?
This is Melpomene that Scottish witch,
Whom I will scratche like to some villanous gibb, and.

DOCTOR: O garzowne, la diabole, la pestilence, gars blur.

ALPHONSO: Lay holde upon him, helpe the Doctor there!

ALBERDURE: Then reason's fled to animals I see, ... [III.2.80]
And Ile vanish like tobaccho smoake. [Exit.]

DOCTOR: A grand pestilence a dis furie.

ALPHONSO: Follow him sirs, Leander, good Leander:
But Doctor, canst thou tell us the true cause,
Of this his suddaine frenzie?

DOCTOR: O by garr, please your grace hear de long tale
de short tale?

ALPHONSO: Briefe as you can good Doctor.

DOCTOR: Faite, and trot, briefe den, very briefe, very
laccingue, de prince your sonne, feast with de knave
Jeweller Flores, and he for make-a prince, love a de foule
croope-shouldra daughter Cornelia, give a de prince a
de love poudra which my selfe give for the wenche a,
before, and make him starke madde be garr, because he
drinke a too much a.

ALPHONSO: How know you this?

DOCTOR: Experience teach her by garr. de poudra have
grand force for enflama de bloud, too much make a de
rage and de present furie: be garr I feare de mad man
as de devilla, garr bless a. [Enter Hardenbergh.] ... [III.2.100]

ALPHONSO: How now sweete Hardenbergh?

HARDEN: The prince my Lord in going down the staires
Hath forste an Ape [Axe] from one of the Trevants,
And with it (as he runnes) makes such cleare way,  
As no man dare oppose him to his furie.

ALPHONSO: Aye me, what may I do? heere are such newes to  
As never could have entred our free eares,  
But that their sharpnesse do enforce a passage,  
Follow us Doctor; ‘tis Flores trecherie  
That thus hath wrought my sonnes distemperature.

HARDEN: Flores the Jeweler? [Exit (Alphonso).]

DOCTOR: I he, dat fine precious-stone knave, by garr  
I tinke I shall hit upon hir skirt till be thred bare new.  
[Exit (Doctor with, Hardenbergh).]

Scene III.3  
[Musickke playing within. Enter a Peasant.]

PEASANT: Tis night, and good faith I am out of my way,  
O harke, what brave musick is this under the green hill?  
[Enter Fairies bringing in a banquet.]  
O daintie, O rare, a banquet, would to Christ,  
I were one of their guests. Gods ad, a fine little  
Dapper fellow has spied me: what will he doo?  
He comes to make me drinke. I thanke you sir.  
Some of your victuals I pray sir, nay now keepe your meate,  
I have enough I; the cup I faith. [Exit.]

[Enter [t]he spirit with banqueting stuffe,& missing the Pesantup & downe for him, the rest  
wondring at him; tothemthe Enchanter.]

ENCHANTER: Where is my precious cup you Antique flames,  
Tis thou that hast convaide it from my bowre, ... [III.3.10]  
And I will binde thee in some hellish cave,  
Till thou recover it againe for me.  
You that are bodyes made of lightest ayre,  
To let a Pesant mounted on a Jade  
Coozen your curtesies, and run away  
With such a Jewell: worthy are to endure,  
Eternall penance in the lake of fier.  
[Enter Lassinbergh & Lucilia.]

LASSIN: Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still,  
Should I entreatee thee to attend me thus,  
Then thou wouldst pant and rest; then your soft feete, ... [III.3.20]  
Would be repining at these niggard stones:  
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like winde,  
No tedious space of time, nor storme can tire thee,  
But I will seeke out some high sliperie close,
Where every step shall reache the gate of death,
That feare may make thee cease to follow me.

LUCILIA: There will I bodilesse be, when you are there,
For love despiseth death, and scorneth feare.

LASSIN: Ile wander where some boysterous river parts
This solid continent, and swim from thee. ... [III.3.30]

LUCILIA: And there Ile follow, though I drowne for thee.

LASSIN: But I forbid thee.
: ~~~ I desire thee more.

LASSIN: Art thou so obstinate?
I: ~~ You taught me so.

LASSIN: I see thou lovost me not.
: ~~~ I know I doo.

LASSIN: Do all I bid thee then.
: ~~~ Bid then, as I may doo.

LASSIN: I bid thee leave mee.
: ~~~ That I cannot doo.

LASSIN: My hate.
: ~~~ My love.
: ~~~~~~~ My torment.
: ~~~~~~~~~ My delight.

LASSIN: Why do I straine to weary thee with words?
Speech makes thee live; Ile then with silence kill thee:
Henceforth be deafe to thy words, ... [III.3.40]
And dumbe to thy minde.

ENCHANTER: What rock hath bred this savage minded man?
That such true love, in such rare beautie shines,
Long since I pittied her: pittie breeds love;
And love commaunds th'assistance of my Art,
T'enclude them in the bounds of my commaund.
Heere stay your wandring steps: clime [chime] silver strings,
Chime hollow caves; and chime, you whistling reedes;
For musick is the sweetest chime for love:
Spirits, binde him, and let me leave my love. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.4
[Enter Alberdure at one doore, and meetes with the Pesant at the other doore.]
ALBERDURE: Hyanthe. o sweet Hyanthe, have I met thee? 
How is thy beautie changed since our departure! 
A beard Hyanthe? o tis growne with griefe, 
But now this love shall teare thy griefe from thee.

PEASANT: A pox on you: what are you? 
Swounds, I thinke I am haunted with spirits.

ALBERDURE: Weepe not Hyanthe; Ile weepe for thee: 
Lend me thy eyes, no, villaine thou art he 
That in the top of Ervines hill: 
Daunst with the Moone, and eate up all the starres, ... [III.4.10] 
Which make thee like Hyanthe shine so faire, 
But villaine, I will rip them out of thee. [Enter Motto and others.]

PEASANT: Slid holde your hands.

ALBERDURE: I come with thunder.

PEASANT: Come and you dare.

MOTTO: Holde villaine, tis the young prince Alberdure.

PEASANT: Let the young Prince hold then, slid, I have no starres 
in my bellie, I, let him seeke his Hyanthe where he will.

ALBERDURE: O this way by the glimmering of the Sunne, 
And the legierite of her sweete feete, ... [III.4.20] 
Shee scowted on, and I will follow her, 
I see her like a goulden spangle sit, 
Upon the curled branche of yonder tree, 
Sit still Hyanthe, I will flie to thee. [Exit.]

MOTTO: Follow, follow, follow. 
[Exeunt all but Peasant. Enter Flores and Homer (Haunce).]

PEASANT: Together and be hanged. O 
Heere comes more, pray God I have better lucke with these two. 
By your leave sir, do you know one Maist. Flores I pray?

FLORES: What wouldst thou have with him?

PEASANT: Faith sir, I am directed to you by Lady Fortune ... [III.4.30] 
with a piece of plate: I doe hope you will use plaine dealing, 
being a Jeweller.

FLORES: Where hadst thou this?

PEASANT: In a very strange place sir.
HAUNECE: He stole it sir I warrant you.

FLORES: I never saw a Jemme so precious:
So wonderfull in substance and in Art:
Fellow confesse preciselie, where thou hadst it.

PEASANT: Faith sir, I had it in a cave in the bottome of a
fine greene hill where I found a company of Fairies, I thinke ... [III.4.40]
they call them.

FLORES: Sawst thou any more such furniture there?

PEASANT: Store sir, store.

FLORES: And canst thou bring me thither?

PEASANT: With a wet finger sir.

HAUNECE: And ha' they good cheere too?

PEASANT: Excellent.

HAUNECE: O sweete theefe.

FLORES: Tis sure some place enchanted, which this ring
Will soone dissolve, and guard me free from feare: ... [III.4.50]
Heeres for the cup; come, guide me quickly thither.
Ah, could I be possest of more such Jemmes,
I were the wealthiest Jeweller on earth. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.5
[Enter Enchanter, leading Lucilia & Lassinbergh, bound by spirits, who
being laid down on a green banck, the spirits fetch in a banquet.]

The Song

Oh princely face and fayre, that lightens all the ayre,
Would God my eyes kinde fire, might life and soule inspire:
To thy riche beauty shining in my hearts treasure,
The unperfect words refining, for perfect pleasure.

ENCHANTER: Lie there, and lose the memorie of her,
Who likewise hath forgot the thought of thee
By my enchantments: come sit downe faire Nimphe
And taste the sweetnesse of these heavenly cates,
Whilst from the hollow craines of this rocke,
Musick shall sound to recreate my love. ... [III.5.10]
But tell me had you ever lover yet?
LUCILIA: I had a lover, I think, but who it was
Or where, or how long since, aye me, I know not:
Yet beat my timerous thoughts on such a thing,
I feele a passionate heate, but finde no flame:
Thinke what I know not, nor know what I thinke.

ENCHANTER: Hast thou forgot me then? I am thy love,
Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertaine,
With lookes, with vows of love, with amorous kisses,
Lookst thou so strange, doost thou not know me yet? ... [III.5.20]

LUCILIA: Sure I should know you.

ENCHANTER: Why, love, doubt you that?
Twas I that lead you through the painted meades,
When the light Fairies daunst upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leafe an orient pearle,
Which stroocke together with the silver winde,
Of their loose mantels, made a silver chime.
'Twas I that winding my shrill bugle horne,
Made a guilt pallace breake out of the hill,
Filled suddenly with troopes of knights and dames, ... [III.5.30]
Who daunst and reveld whilste we sweetly slept,
Upon a bed of Roses wrapt all in goulde.
Doost thou not know me yet?

LUCILIA: Yes now I know you.

ENCHANTER: Come then confirme thy knowledge with a kis.

LUCILIA: Nay stay, you are not he, how strange is this.

ENCHANTER: Thou art growne passing strange my love,
To him that made thee so long since his bride.

LUCILIA: O, was it you? come then, o stay a while,
I know not what I am, nor where I am, ... [III.5.40]
Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.
[Enter Flores with Haunce and the Peasant.]

PEASANT: This is the greene Sir where I had the Cup,
And this the bottome of a falling hill,
This way I went following the sound:
And see.

HAUNCE: O see, and seeing eate withall.

FLORES: What Lassinbergh laid bound, and fond Lucilia
Wantonly feasting by a strangers side,  
Peasant be gone, Haunce, stand you there and stir not,  
Now sparckle forth thy beams, thou vertuous Jemme, ... [III.5.50]  
And lose these strong enchauntments.

ENCHANTER: Stay, aye me:  
We are betrai'd, haste spirits and remove  
This table and these cups remove I say,  
Our incantations strangely are dissolv'd.  
[Exeunt Enchanter, with spirits and banquets.]

HAUNCE: O spiteful churles, have they caried away all?  
has haste made no waste?

LUCILIA: My Lord Earle Lassinbergh, o pardon me.

LASSIN: Away from me.

LUCILIA: O can I in these bands, forget the ... [III.5.60]  
Dutie of my love to you? were they  
Of Iron, or strong Adamant, my hands  
Should teare them from my wronged Lord.

FLORES: O Lassinbergh, to what undoubted perrill,  
Of life and honour had you brought your selfe,  
By obstinacie of your froward minde?  
Had not my fortune brought me to this place,  
To lose the enchantment, which enthralled you both,  
By hidden vertue of this precious ring.  
Come therefore friendly, and imbrace at last ... [III.5.70]  
The living partner of your strange mishaps,  
Justly pursuing you for flying her.

LASSIN: Leave me I say, I can endure no more.

LUCILIA: Ah, have I loos'd thee then, to flie from mee?

LASSIN: Leave. [Exit]  
: ~~~~ Ile follow thee.  
: ~~~~~~Tarrie Lucilia.

LUCILIA: Deare father pardon mee.

FLORES: Sirah, attend her poore wretch,  
I feare this too much love in thee, is fatall to thee:  
Up, sirrah, follow your mistresse.

HAUNCE: I sir, I go, my mistresse dogs the banket, ... [III.5.80]  
And I dog her. [Exeunt.]
Finis. ACTUS TERTII.

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The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll

From the First Quarto edition of 1600
Original Spelling. Edited by B.F. copyright © 2002, all rights reserved
Spelling in speech designations has been standardized.
Items defined in the glossary are underlined.
Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Act 4

Actus Quartus.
Scene IV.1
[Enter Motto, Raphe bringing in Alberdure.]

MOTTO: So sir, lay even downe your handie worke.

RAPHE: Nay sir, your handie worke, for you were the cause of his drowning.

MOTTO: I, I defie thee: wert not thou next him when he leapt into the River?

RAPHE: O monstrous lyar.

MOTTO: Lye, you peasant, go too, Ile go tell the Duke.
RAPHE: I sir, Ile go with you I warrant you. [Exeunt.]

ALBERDURE: What sodain cold is this that makes me shake, 
Whose veines even now were fill'd with raging fire? ... [IV.1.10]
How am I thus all wet, what water's this, 
That lies so ycelike, freezing in my blood? 
I thynke the cold of it hath cur'd my heate, 
For I am better tempred then before. 
But in what unacquainted place am I? 
O where is my Hyanthe, where's Leander? 
What all alone? nothing but woods and streames, 
I cannot guesse whence these events should grow. [Enter Peasant.]

PEASANT: O that I could lose my way for another cup now, 
I was well paid for it yfaith. ... [IV.1.20]

ALBERDURE: Yonder is one, Ile inquire of him. 
Fellow, ho? Peasant?

PEASANT: Aie me, the mad man againe, the mad man.

ALBERDURE: Say, whither fliest thou?

PEASANT: Pray let me go sir, I am not Hyanthie, 
In truth I am not sir.

ALBERDURE: Hyanthie villaine, wherfore namest thou her?

PEASANT: If I have any scarres in my belly, 
Pray God I starve sir.

ALBERDURE: The wretch is mad I thinke. ... [IV.1.30]

PEASANT: Not I sir, but you be not madde, 
You are well amended sir.

ALBERDURE: Why tellest thou me of madnesse?

PEASANT: You were little better then mad even now sir, 
When you gave me such a twitch by the beard.

ALBERDURE: I can remember no such thing, my friend.

PEASANT: No sir, but if you had a beard your self you wold.

ALBERDURE: What place is this? how ar am I from court?

PEASANT: Some two myles, and a wye byt sir.
ALBERDURE: I wonder much my friends have left me thus, ... [IV.1.40]
Peazant; I pray thee change apparrell with mee.

PEASANT: Change apparrell, I'faith you wil lose by that sir.

ALBERDURE: I care not: Come I pray thee, letts change.

PEASANT: With all my heart sir, I thanke you, too.
Sblood y'are very moist sir, did you sweat al this, I pray?
You have not the disease I hope?

ALBERDURE: No I warrant thee.

PEASANT: At a venture sir Ile change.
Nothing venter, nothing enter.

ALBERDURE: Come letts be gone. ... [IV.1.50]

PEASANT: Backe sir I pray. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.2
[Enter Hardenbergh with a guard, bringing in Cassimere, Flores, Doctor, Marchant, Cornelia, Motto, & Raphe.]

HARDEN: Thus Flores you apparantly perceive
How vaine was your ambition, and
What dangers, all unexpected fall upon your head,
Povertie, exile, guiltinesse of heart,
And endlesse miserie to you and yours,
Your goods are seized alreadie for the Duke.
And if Prince Alberdure be found deceast,
The least thou canst expect is banishment.
Earle Cassimere I rake [take] your word of pledge
Of his appearance, Pages of the Prince ... [IV.2.10]
Come guide me straight where his drownd bodie lies,
Drownes his father in eternall teares.

MOTTO: Drownes him, and will hang us. [Exit cum servis, manet Al.]

MERCHANT: Good signior Flores, I am sory for you.

DOCTOR: Marshan, parle vu peu, Be garr, me vor grand
love, me beare de good Mershans, vor de grand worte,
be garr, and de grand deserte me see in you: de bravea
mershan, me no point, Rivall, you have Cornelia alone,
by my trot, ha, ha, ha.

MERCHANT: M. Doctor Doddy, surnamed the Amorous'de, ... [IV.2.20]
I will overcome you in curtesie, your selfe shall have her.
DOCTOR: No by garr Marshan: you bring de fine tings
From de strange land: vere de Sunne do rise,
De jewell, de fine stuffe vor de brave gowne,
Me no point: Come, by garr, you have Corvet.

CASSIMERE: Hands off base Doctor, shee despiseth thee,
Too good for thee to touch, or looke upon.

FLORES: What wretched state is this Earle Cassimere,
That I, and my unhappie progenie
Stand subject to the scornes of such as these? ... [IV.2.30]

CASSIMERE: Grieve not deare friends, these are but casuall darts
That wanton Fortune daily casts at those
In whose true bosomes perfect honour growes.
Now Dodypoll to you: you here refuse
Cornelias marriage, yow'le none of her?

DOCTOR: Be garr you be de prophet, not I by my trot.

CASSIMERE: Nor you, maste merchant? shee's too poore for you?

MERCHANT: Not so sir, but yet I am content to let fall my suite.

CASSIMERE: Cornelia, both dissembled they wold have you:
Which like you best? ... [IV.2.40]

CORNELIA: My Lord, my fortunes are no chusers now,
Nor yet accepters of discurtesies.

CASSIMERE: You must chuse one here needs.

DOCTOR: By garr no chuse mee, me clime to heaven,
Me sinke to hell, me goe here, me go dare, me no point
deere by garr.

CASSIMERE: If you will none: whose judgement are too
base to censure true desert, your betters will.

FLORES: What meanes Lord Cassimere by these strange words?

CASSIMERE: I mean to take Cornelia to my wife. ... [IV.2.50]

FLORES: Will you then in my miserie mock me too?

CASSIMERE: I mock my friend in misery? heavens scorne such,
Halfe my estate, and halfe my life is thine,
The rest shall be Cornelias and mine.
DOCTOR: O bitter shesse be garr.

FLORES: My Lord, I know your noble love to me,
And do so highly your deserts esteeme,
That I will never yeeld to such a match,
Choose you a beautious dame of high degree,
And leave Cornelia to my fate and mee. ... [IV.2.60]

CASSIMERE: Ah Flores, Flores, were not I assured,
Both of thy noblenesse, thy birth and merite:
Yet my affection vow'd with friendships toong,
In spight of all base changes of the world,
That tread on noblest head once stoopt by fortune,
Should love and grace thee to my utmost power,
Cornelia is my wife, what sayes my love?
Cannot thy fathers friend entreat so much?

CORNELIA: My humble minde can nere presume,
To dreame in such high grace, to my lowe seate. ... [IV.2.70]

CASSIMERE: My graces are not ordered in my words,
Come love, come friend, for friendship now and love,
Shall both be joynde in one eternall league.

FLORES: O me, yet happy in so true a friend. [Exeunt.]

DOCTOR: Est possible, by garr, de foole Earle drinke my
powder, I tinke Mershan tella mee.

MERCHANT: What maister Doctor Doddy?

DOCTOR: Hab you de blew, and de yellow Velvet ha?

MERCHANT: What of that sir?

DOCTOR: Be garr me buy too, three peece vor make de ... [IV.2.80]
Cockes-combe pur de foole Earle, ha, ha, ha. [Exit.]

MERCHANT: Fortune fights lowe,
When such triumpe on Earles. [Exit.]

Scene IV.3
[Enter Lassenbergh singing, Lucilla following; after the Song he speakes.]

LASSIN: O wearie of the way and of my life,
Where shall I rest my sorrowed tired limmes?

LUCILIA: Rest in my bosome, rest you here my Lord,
A place securer you can no where finde.

LASSIN: Nor more unfit, for my unpleased minde:
A heaie slumber calles me to the earth;
Heere will I sleepe, if sleepe will harbour heere.

LUCILIA: Unhealthfull is the melancholie earth,
O let my Lord rest on Lucilia's lappe,
Ile helpe to shield you from the searching ayre, ... [IV.3.10]
And keepe the colde dampes from your gentle bloud.

LASSIN: Pray thee away; for whilst thou art so neere,
No sleepe will seaze on my suspiscious eyes.

LUCILIA: Sleepe then, and I am pleazd far to sit
Like to a poore and forlorne Sentinell,
Watching the unthankfull sleepe that severs me,
From my due part of rest deere love with thee.
[Shee sits farre off from him.]
[Enter Constantine, Dutchesse with a willowe Garland, cum aliis.]

CONST: Now are we neere the court of Saxonie:
Where the duke dreams such tragicall ostents.

AMBASSADOR: I wonder we now treading on his soile, ... [IV.3.20]
See none of his strange apparitions.

KATHERINE: We are not worthy of such meanes divine,
Nor hath heaven care of our poore lives like his,
I must endure the end, and show I live,
Though this same plaintiffe wreath doth shewe
Me forsaken: Come let us foorth.

CONST: Stay sister, what faire sight,
Sits mourning in this desolate abode.

DUCHESS: Faire sight indeed, it is ymuch too faire,
To sit so sad and solitarie there. ... [IV.3.30]

CONST: But what is he that Cur-like sleepes alone?

DUCHESS: Looke is it not my Nephew Lassinbergh?

AMBASSADOR: Madame 'tis hee.

DUCHESS: Ile sure learne more of this. --
Lady, if strangers that wish you well,
My be so bould to aske, pray whats the cause
That you more then strangely sit alone?
LUCILIA: Madam, thus must forsaken creatures sit,
Whose merits cannot make their loves consort them.

DUCHESS: What a poore fellow in my miserie? ... [IV.3.40]
Welcome sweet partner, and of favour tell me,
Is this some friend of yours that slumbers heere?

LUCILIA: My husband (madame) and my selfe his friend,
But he of late unfriendly is to me.

CONST: Sister lets wake her friend.

DUCHESS: No, let him sleepe: and gentle dame, if you
Will be rulde by me, Ile teach you how to rule
Your friend in love: nor doubt you our acquaintance,
For the man whom you so much affect,
Is friend to us. [Shee riseth.] ... [IV.3.50]

LUCILIA: Pardon me Madame, now I know your grace.

DUCHESS: Then knowst thou one in fortune like thy selfe,
And one that tenders thy state as her owne.
Come let our Nephew Lassinbergh sleepe there;
And gentle Neece come you to court with us,
If you dare mixe your loves successe with mine,
I warrant you I counsell for the best.

LUCILIA: I must not leave him now (madame) alone,
Whom thus long I have followed with such care.

DUCHESS: You wearie him with too much curtesie: ... [IV.3.60]
Leave him a little and heele follow you.

LUCILIA: I know not what to doo.
: ~~~ Come, come with us.

CONST: Dame never feare; get you a Willow wreathe,
The Dutchesse (doubt not) can advise you well.

LUCILIA: Lets wake him then, and let him go with us.

DUCHESS: That's not so good, I pray be rulde by me.

LUCILIA: Sleep then deare love, & let sleep that doth binde
Thy sense so gently, make thee more kinde. [Exeunt.]
[Enter Hance in the Princes apparrrell, and the Peasant.]

PEASANT: Come sirra, money for your gentlemens apparel,
You promist me money sir, but I perceive you forget your selfe. ... [IV.3.70]

HAUNCE: True, pride makes a man forget himselfe,  
And I have quite forgot that I owe thee any.

PEASANT: But Ile put you in minde sir, if there me any  
sergeants in Saxonie, I thinke I meane not to loose so much  
by you.

HAUNCE: Why I have lost a maister and a mistresse,  
And yet I aske thee no money for them.

PEASANT: I bought them not of your sir, therefore pay me  
my money.

HAUNCE: I will pay thee morningly every morning, ... [IV.3.80]  
as long as thou livest, looke in thy right shooe and thou  
shalt finde sixe pence.

PEASANT: What a fowle knave and fairie: well use thy  
conscience. I thanke God I stand in neede of no such trifles.  
I have another jewell heere, which I found in the Princes  
pocket when I chang'd apparrrell with him, that will I make  
money of, and go to the jeweler that bought the cup of mee.  
Farewell, if God put in thy minde to pay me, so: if not, so. [Exit.]

HAUNCE: O brave free harted slave: he has the laske of  
minde upon him. ... [IV.3.90]

LASSIN: What speech is this that interrupts my rest?  
Who have we heere?

HAUNCE: Sometime a servingman, and so were yee,  
Both now jolly gentlemen you see.

LASSIN: What sir, how came you thus gallant I beseech you?

HAUNCE: I turn'd the spit in Fortunes wheele sir.

LASSIN: But stay, where is Lucillia?

HAUNCE: Marry where say you sir?

LASSIN: Villaine, looke for her, call her, seeke her out:  
Lucillia? where's my love? o where's Lucillia? ... [IV.3.100]  
Aye me, I feare my barbarous rudenesse to her,  
Hath driven her to some desperate exigent,  
Who would have tempted her (true love) so farre,  
The gentlest minds with injuries overcome,
Growe most impatient, o Lucillia,
Thy absence strikes a loving feare in me,
Which from what cause so ever it proceedes,
Would God I had beene kinder to thy love.
[Enter Hardenbergh, with a guarde, Motto, Raphe.]

HARDEN: Slaves, can yee not direct us to the place?

MOTTO: Yes sir, heer's the place we left him in. ... [IV.3.110]

RAPHE: O see (my lord) heer's one weares his apparrrell.

HARDEN: But wher's he? stay sirra, what are you
That jet thus in the garments of the Prince?

HAUNCE: Bought and sold sir, in the open market sir,
Aske my maister.

HARDEN: Earle Lassinbergh, where is the Princes body?

LASSIN: Why aske you me my Lord?

HARDEN: Since you are in the place where he was drownd,
And this your hinde here, hath his garments on.

LASSIN: Enquire of him then. ... [IV.3.120]

HARDEN: Ile enquire of you, and of your gallant too.
Guard apprehend them, and bring them
Presentlie to court with us.

LASSIN: What means Lord Hardenbergh
To entreate me thus?

HARDEN: That you shall know anon, bring them away. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.4
[Enter Leander and Hyanthe.]

LEANDER: O Madam, never were our teares bestowed
Of one whose death was worthier to be mon'd.
Deere Alberdure, why parted I from thee?
And did not like the faithfull Pylades
Attend my deere Orestes in his rage.

HYANTHE: O my sweete love, O princelie Alberdure,
Would God the river where thy corse lay drownde,
Were double-deepe in me, and turned to teares,
That it might be consumde for swallowing thee.
[Enter Alberdure with a basket of Apricocks disguised.]

ALBERDURE: In this disguise, I'll secretly enquire ... [IV.4.10]
Why I was so forsaken of my friend,
And left to danger of my lunacie:
Here is the man, that most I blame for this,
Whose vowed friendship promised greater care:
But he, it seems enamour'd of my love;
Was glad of that occasion, and I fear:
Hath turned her womanish conceit from me,
I'll prove them both. Master wilt please you
Buie a basket of well riped Apricocks?

LEANDER: I pray thee keepe thy dainties; I am full ... [IV.4.20]
Of bitter sorrowes, as my hart can holde.

ALBERDURE: It may be master your faire Lady will?

HYANTHE: No friend, my stomack is more full then his.

LEANDER: Where dwellest thou friend?

ALBERDURE: Not farre from hence my Lord.

LEANDER: Then thou knowest well which was the fatal stream
Wherein the young prince Alberdure was drownd?

ALBERDURE: I know not he was drownd: but oft have seen
The pittious manner of his lunacie.
In depth whereof he still would echo forth,
A Ladies name that I have often heard,
 Beautious Hyante, but in such sad sort,
 As if his frenzie felt some secret touch,
 Of her unkindnesse and inconstancie:
 And when his passions somewhat were appeaz'd,
 Afferording him (it seemed) some truer sense
 Of his estate; left in his fittes alone:
 Then would he wring his hands, extremly weeping,
 Exclaiming on the name of one Leander,
 Calling him Traitor and unworthy friend, ... [IV.4.40]
 So to forsake him in his misery.

LEANDER: Accursed I, o thou hast mooved me more
Then if a thousand shewers of venom'd darts,
With severall paines at once had prickt my soule.

HYANTHE: O thou ordaind, to beare swords in thy toung,
Dead thou hast struck me, and I live no more.
ALBERDURE: It seemes your honoures loved him tenderly.

LEANER: O my good friend, knewst thou how deer I loved him.

HYANTHE: Nay knewst thou honest friend, How deere I loved him. ... [IV.4.50]

ALBERDURE: I see then, you would rejoyce at his health.

LEANER: As at my life, were it revived from death.

HYANTHE: As at my soule, were it preserv'd from hell.

ALBERDURE: Be then from death and hell recovered both, As I am now by your firme loves to me: Admire me not, I am that Alberdure Whom you thought drownd, That friend, that love, am I.

LEANER: Pardon sweete friend.

HYANTHE: Pardon my princely love. ... [IV.4.60]

ALBERDURE: Deare love, no further gratulations now, Least I be seene, and knowne: but sweete Leander, Do you conceale me in thy father's house, That I may now remaine with my Hyanthie, And at our pleasures safely joy each other's love

LEANER: I will (deare friend) and blesse my happy stars, That give me meanes to so desir'de a deed.

Finis Actus quarti.

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ACTUS QUINTUS.
Scene V.1
[Enter Cassimeere, Flores with the Cup, Pesant, and the Marchant.]

MERCHANT: See signior Flores, 
A Pesant that I met with neere your house: 
Where since he found you not 
He asked of me the place of your abode, 
And heere I have brought him.

FLORES: I thanke you sir: my good lord Cassimeere, 
This is the man that brought this cup to me, 
Which for my ransome, we go now to offer 
To my good lord the Duke.

CASSIMERE: What brings he now? ... [V.1.10]

FLORES: That will we know: come hither honest friend, 
What wished occasion brings thee now to me?

PEASANT: This occasion sir, what will ye give me for it?

FLORES: Thou art a luckie fellow, let us see: 
Lord Cassimere, this is the haplesse Jewell, 
That represents the forme of Alberdure, 
Given by Cornelia at our fatall feast, 
Where hadst thou this, my good and happy friend?

PEASANT: Faith sir, I met with the young Prince all wet, 
who lookt as if he had beene a quarter of a yeare drowned, ... [V.1.20] 
yet prettelie come to himselfe, saving that he was so madde 
to change apparell with me: in the pocket whereof sir, 
I found this Jewell.

FLORES: O tell me trulie, lives prince Alberdure?
PEASANT: He lives a my word sir, but very poorelie now, 
God helpe him.

CASSIMERE: Is he recovered of his Lunacie?

PEASANT: I by my faith, hee's tame inough now 
Ile warrant him.

FLORES: And where is he? ... [V.1.30]

PEASANT: Naie that I cannot tell.

CASSIMERE: Come Flores hast we quicklie to the Court, 
With this most happie newes.

FLORES: Come happie friend, 
The most auspitious messenger to me, 
That ever greeted me in Pesants weeds.  
[Exeunt. Enter Doctor.]

MERCHANT: I would I could meet M. Doctor Doddie,  
I have a tricke to gull the Asse withall,  
I christned him right Doctor Dodipole. 
Heere he comes passing luckely, Ile counterfeit ... [V.1.40] 
Businesse with him in all poste haste possible: 
Maister Doctor, maister Doctor?

DOCTOR: Shesue vat ayle de man?

MERCHANT: I love you maister Doctor, and therefore 
with all the speed I could possiblie, I sought you out.

DOCTOR: Vell, vat?

MERCHANT: This sir, the marriage which we thought made 
even now, betweene Earle Cassimere and Cornelia, was but a 
jest onely to drawe you to marrie her, for she doth exceedinglie 
dote upon you: and Flores her father hath invented, that ... [V.1.50] 
you are betrothed to her, and is gone with a supplication to 
the Duke, to enforce you to marrie her.

DOCTOR: Be garr me thought no lesse, O knave Jeweller,  
O vile begger, be me trot Marshan, me studdie, me beat my 
braine, me invent, me dreame upon such a ting.

MERCHANT: I know sir your wit would foresee it.

DOCTOR: O by garr, tree, four, five monthe agoe.
MERCHANT: Well sir, y'ave a perilous wit, God blesse me out of the swinge of it: but you had best looke to it betimes; for Earl Cassimere hath made great friends against you. ... [V.1.60]

DOCTOR: Marshan, me love, me embrace, me kisse de will be my trot.

MERCHANT: Well sir, make haste to prevent the worste.

DOCTOR: I flie Marshan, spit de Earle, spit de wenche, spit all bee garre, See dis Marshan, de brave Braine be garre. [Exit.]

MERCHANT: De brave braine by garre, not a whit of the flower of wit in it. Ile to the Courte after him, and see how he abuses the Dukes patience. [Exit.]

Scene V.2
[Enter Alphonso, Hardenbergh, Lassinbergh, Leander, Stro., Hosherman, Motto, and Raphe.]

ALPHONSO: Aye me, what hard extremitie is this? Nor quick nor dead, can I beholde my sonne. [Enter Hance in the Princes apparrell.]

HAUNCE: Beholde your sonne: Blessing noble Father.

HARDEN: Malapart knave, art thou the Princes sonne?

HAUNCE: Aye sir, apparrell makes the man.

ALPHONSO: Unhappy man, would God I had my sonne, So he had his Hyanthe, or my life.

LEANDER: Should he enjoy Hyanthe my Lord? Would you forsake your love, so he did live? ... [V.2.10]

ALPHONSO: My love and life, did my deere sonne survive.

LEANDER: But were he found, or should he live my Lord, Although Hyanthes love were the chiefe cause Of his mishap, and amourous lunacie, I hope your highnesse loves him over well To let him repossesse his wits with her.

ALPHONSO: My love is dead, in sorrow for his death, His life and wits, should ransome worlds from me.
LEANDER: My Lord, I had a vision this last night,
Wherein me thought I saw the prince your sonne, ... [V.2.20]
Sit in my fathers garden with Hyanthe,
Under the shadoow of the Lawrell tree.
With anger therefore, you should be so wrongde,
I wakt, but then contemned it as a dreame,
Yet since my minde beates on it mightelie,
And though I thinke it vaine, if you vouchsafe,
Ile make a triall of the truthe hereof. [Exit.]

ALPHONSO: Do good Leander: Hardenbergh your sonne
Perhaps deludes me with a visition,
To mocke my vision that deferde the Dutchesse, ... [V.2.30]
And with Hyanthe closlie keepes my sonne.

HARDEN: Your sonne was madde, and drownd,
This cannot bee.

ALPHONSO: But yet this circumventing speech,
Offered suspition of such event.

STRO.: My Lord, most fortunate were that event,
That would restore your sonne from death to life.

HARDEN: As though a vision should do such a deed.

ALPHONSO: No, no, the boyes young brain was humorous,
His servant and his Page did see him drown'd. [V.2.40]
[Enter Leander, Alberdure, Hyanthe,seeming fearefull to come forward.]

LEANDER: Come on sweet friend, I warrant thee thy love.
Shun not they fathers sight that longs for thee.

ALBERDURE: Go then before, and we will follow straight.

LEANDER: Comfort my Lord, my vision proov'd most true,
Even in that place, under the Lawrell shade,
I found them sitting just, as I beheld them
In my late vision: see sir where they come.

ALPHONSO: Am I enchanted? or see I my sonne?
I, I, the boy hath plaide the traytor with me:
Ô you young villaine, trust you with my love, ... [V.2.50]
How smoothe the cunning treacher lookt on it.

HARDEN: But sirra can this be?

LEANDER: You knew him to be mad, these thought him drownd.
My Lord, take you no more delight to see your sonne,
Recovered of his life and wits?

ALPHONSO: See, see, how boldly the young pollytician
Can urge his practise: Sirra you shall know,
Ile not be over-reacht with your young braine:
All have agreed I see to cozen me,
But all shall faile: come Ladie, Ile have you ... [V.2.60]
Spight of all: and sonne learne you
Hereafter, to use more reverend meanes,
To obtaine of me what you desire:
I have no joy to see thee raiz'd,
From a deluding death.

HYANTHE: My Lord, 'tis tyrannie t'enforce my love.

LEANDER: I hope your Highnesse will maintaine your word.

ALPHONSO: Doost thou speake Traitor?
Straight Ile have you safe:
For daring to delude me in my love.

ALBERDURE: O friend, thou hast betraide my love in vaine,
Now am I worse, then eyther mad or drown'd:
Now have I onely wits to know my griefes,
And life to feele them.

HYANTHE: Let me go to him.

ALPHONSO: Thou shalt not have thy will,
Nor he his Love:
Neither of both know what is fit for you.
I love with judgement, and upon cold bloud,
He with youths furie, without reason's stay: ... [V.2.80]
And this shall time, and my kinde usage of thee,
Make thee discerne, meane time consider this;
That I neglect for thee a beautious Dutchesse,
Who next to thee is fairest in the world. [Enter Messenger.]

MESSENGER: My Lord, the Duke of Brunswick, and his sister
The beautious Dutchesse are arrived here.

ALPHONSO: What's that the Dutchesse?
: ~~~ Even her grace my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Why Hardenbergh ha,
Is the Dutchesse come?

HARDEN: I know not my good Lord. ... [V.2.90]
Where is the Dutchesse?
MESSENGER: Hard by my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Sounes, I am not here; go tell her so:
Or let her come, my choice is free in love.
Come my Hyanthie, stand thou close to me.

MESSENGER: My Lord, the Duke himselfe has come to urge
Your promise to him, which you must not breake.

HOSCH: Nor will you wish to breake it good my lord?
I am assur'd, when you shall see the Dutchesse,
Whose matchlesse beauties will renew the minde, ... [V.2.100]
Of her rare entertainment, and her presence,
Put all new thoughts of love out of your minde.

ALPHONSO: Well I do see 'tis best, my sweete Hyanthie,
That thou stand further.
: ~~~ Ile be gone my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Not gone, but mixe thy selfe among the rest,
What a spight is this:
Counsell me Hardenbergh.

HARDEN: The Dutchesse comes my Lord.

ALPHONSO: Out of my life, how shall I looke on her?

[Enter Constantine, Katherine, Lassenbergh, Lucilia, Cassimere,, Ite, a Songe: after the
Dutchesse speakes.]

KATHERINE: How now my Lord, you looke as one dismaid, ... [V.2.110]
Have any visions troubled you of late?

ALPHONSO: Your grace, & your most princely brother here,
Are highlie welcome to the Saxon Court.

KATHERINE: O you dissemble sir:
Nor are we come in hope of welcome,
But with this poore head-peece,
To beare the brunt of all discurtesies.

CONST: My Lorde, wee come not now to urge the marriage
You sought with such hot suite, of my faire Sister;
But to resolve our selves, and all the world, ... [V.2.120]
Why you retained such meane conceipt of us,
To slight so solemnne and so high a contract,
With vaine pretext of visions or of dreames.
ALPHONSO: My Lord, I heare protest by earth and heaven, 
I holde your state right mightie and renowned, 
And your faire sisters beauties and deserts, 
To be most worthy the greatest king alive, 
Only an ominous vision troubled me, 
And hindered the wisht speede I would have made, 
Not to dissolve it, though it were deferd, ... [V.2.130] 
By such portents (as least you thinke I feigne) 
Lord Hardenbergh can witnesse is most true.

HARDEN: Most true my Lord, and most prodigious.

ALPHONSO: Yet Ile contemne them with my life and all, 
Ere Ile offend your grace or breed suspect 
Of my firme faith, in my most honoured love.

KATHERINE: No, no, my Lord, this is your vision, 
That hath not frighted but enamoured you.

ALPHONSO: O Madame, thinke you so, by heaven I sweare, 
Shee's my sonnes love: sirra take her to you, ... [V.2.140] 
Have I had all this care to do her grace, 
To proove her vertues, and her love to thee, 
And standst thou fearefull now? take her I say.

LEANDER: My Lord, he feares you will be angry with him.

ALPHONSO: You play the villaine, wherefore should he feare? 
I onely proved her vertues for his sake, 
And now you talke of anger, aye me wretche, 
That ever I should live to be thus shamed?

ALBERDURE: Madame, I sweare, the Ladie is my love, 
Therefore your highnesse cannot charge my father, ... [V.2.150] 
With any wrong to your high woorth in her.

CONST: Sister, you see we utterly mistake the kinde 
And princelie dealing of the Duke: 
Therefore without more ceremonious doubts, 
Lets reconfirme the contract and his love.

KATHERINE: I warrant you, my Lord the Duke dissembles.

ALPHONSO: Heere on my knees, at the Alter of those feete, 
I offer up in pure and sacred breath, 
The true speech of my hart, and hart it selfe. 
Require no more, if thou be princelie borne, ... [V.2.160] 
And not of Rockes, or ruthellesse Tygers bred.
KATHERINE: My Lord, I kindlie cry you mercy now,
Ashamed that you should injurie your estate,
To kneele to me: and vowe before these Lords
To make you all amends you can desire.

FLORES: Madame, in admiration of your Grace
And princelie wisedom: and to gratifie
The long wisht joye, done to my Lord the Duke,
I here present your highnesse with this Cup,
Wrought admirablie by th' art of Spirits, ... [V.2.170]
Of substance faire, more riche then earthly Jemmes,
Whose valew no mans judgement can esteeme.

ALPHONSO: Flores, Ile interrupt the Dutchesse thankes
And for the present thou hast given to her,
To strengthen her consent to my desires,
I recompense thee with a free release,
Of all offenses twixt thy selfe and me.

FLORES: I humblie thanke your Excellence.

KATHERINE: But where is now unkinde Earle Lassinbergh?
That injuries his faire love, and makes her weare ... [V.2.180]
This worthlesse garland: come sir make amends,
Or we will heere awarde you worthie penance.

LASSIN: Madame, since her departure I have done
More hartie penance then hart could wish,
And vowe hereafter to live ever hers.

KATHERINE: Then let us cast aside these forlorne wreathes,
And with our better fortunes change our habits.
[Enter Doctor in poste, the Marchant following him.]

DOCTOR: O stay, my Lorte, me pray you on knee, vor staie.

ALPHONSO: What's the matter Doctor?

DOCTOR: O me brete garr, for haste. ... [V.2.190]

CONST: What ayles the hastie Doctor?

DOCTOR: My Lorte be garr he lyes falslie in his troate;
Me proove by the duell dat he be the fallce knave.

ALPHONSO: Who is it man, with whom thou art so bold?

DOCTOR: My Lorte, if me make my contrack of marriage,
if me be not as loose as de vide worlde, if me doe not alleadge.
ALPHONSO: I praiе thee man what meanest thou?

DOCTOR: Be garr enforme your grace vat he dare, I will proove by good argument and raison, dat he is de falce beggerlie Jeweller, dat I no point marrie Cornelia; vat say ... [V.2.200] you now?

CASSIMERE: My Lord, no doubt some man hath guld the Doctor, supposing he should be enforste to wed her that is my wife, and ever scorned him.

DOCTOR: Vat you say? de Marshan tell a me I marrie Cornelia spit my Nose.

ALPHONSO: The Marchant I perceive hath trimde you Doctor, And comb'd you smoothelie: Faithe I can him thanke, That thus revives our meeting with such mirth. .... [V.2.210]

DOCTOR: O be bright de heaven, est a possible, and by heaven I be revenge dat vile Marshen, me make de medicine drie up de Sea, seven tousand, tousand million d'stloe, fife hundred, hundred dram Suffian, Marquesite, Ballestiae, Hematete, Cortemedian, Churcacholl, Pantasite, Petrofidem, Hynape, and by garr de hot Pepre; me make de vinde, de greate collicke puffe, blowe, by garr, teare de Sayle, beate de maste, cracke de Ship in tousand tousand peeces. [Exit.]

ALPHONSO: Farewell gentle Doctor Dodipoll: And now deere Ladie, let us celebrate ... [V.2.220] Our happie royall nuptials and my sonnes, With this our sweete and generall amitie, Which heaven smile on with his goulden eye.

Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.

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1600

[Addition following V.2.156, not in Malone, or first (and only) Quarto.]

It is not love doth speak, for such strong terms Hath ever love. Dear Sister, do but note
The fruit tree giveth not that is not pruned,
For nature teacheth us th' extravagance
Of outward show doth sap the inward stock
In substance and of worth. It is love
That like the gentle drop of rain speaks not
Its name unto the earth, yet calls from forth
The ground the weary seed. (Nor yet the voice
Of angels can amaze the knotted bud ... [V.2. additions.10]
As doth a single drop of rain from heaven.)
And so true love should do, for that speaks not
That does in deeds what words may never do.

Anonymous Plays: Edmund Ironside
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Run-on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

EDMUND IRONSIDE
A true Chronicle History called
    War hath made all friends

[Believed to have been performed circa 1590]

Persons Represented
English
Edmund Ironside, King of the Saxons, son of Ethelred the Unready
Alfric, his general
Officers
Ulfkettle
Godwin
Aylward
Gunthranus
Archbishop of York
Emma, widow of Ethelred, Stepmother of Edmund
Her sons
Alfred
Edward (later the Confessor)
Two hostages, Sons of Leofric and Turkillus
Edrick, a poor man
His Wife, mother of Edricus
Stitch, her son by Edrick

Danes
Canutus, Prince of Denmark, son of King Sveyn Forkbeard
Officers
Uskataulf
Swetho

English Renegades
Leofric, Earl of Chester
Turkillus, Duke of Norfolk
Earl of Southampton, ally of Canute
Egina, his daughter, later wife of Canute
Edricus, Earl of Mercia
Archbishop of Canterbury
Chorus
Messengers, Herald, Danish and English Soldiers, Poor Danes, Bailiffs, Bluecoats

Scene: England, 1016

ACT 1
Scene I.I: Southampton
[Enter Canutus, Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl of Southampton, Edricus, Leofric, Turkillus, Uskataulf and Swetho. They sit at a table.]
CANUTUS: Archbishop and you other English peers
I hear how Ethelredus late your king
my tributary, is departed life
and how his son prince Edmund wears the crown
without the notice of your free consent
or homage unto me, his sovereign.
Yourselves, lords spiritual and temporal,
besides the due my father's conquest claims
have chosen me,
and by a universal sound decree ... [I.1.10]
have solemnly throughout this little world
proclaimed me heir-apparent to the crown
when Ethelredus lived.
Then let not this young upstart prince of prates [He riseth.]
curb your proceedings with untutored words
but finish boldly what you have begun:
resist his private coronation
and put not up this vild dishonor done
unto you, chief commanders of the realm,
as though you were not worth the sending-for. ... [I.1.20]

CANTERBURY: Indeed his rashness is unportable
and merely nothing but a proud contempt
against us of the clergy and the rest
that have for public profit of the realm
for peace, for quiet and utility
elected prince Canutus for our king,
whose valor we have proved unto our cost,
whose love unto the church we need not doubt,
whose care for all we may rely upon,
and whose true bounty is so notable ... [I.1.30]
that even his foes admire and honor him,
when th' other what he is I need not tell
'tis too well known. I would I could say well;
but this I say and swear -- were I myself [He riseth.]
professed a soldier or a man at arms,
as I am one deprived from the world
and from my cradle called to serve the Lord,
I would with lance approve his title naught
and plead your coronation with my sword.

CANUTUS: Stout-hearted bishop, spoken like a man! ... [I.1.40]
Would all the English lords were of thy mind.

SOUTHAMPTON: Am I not ready to defend your right
with force of arms as doth become a knight?

LEOFRIC: I ne'er was slack or hindmost of the rest,
but ever first and foremost with the best.

EDRICUS: Had I not been a help unto your father
whenas he first arrived in Albion,
you ne'er had stood in question for the crown
nor had your father's wars so prospered.
'Twas I that first did counsel Ethelred ... [I.1.50]
to pay you tribute and to buy your league,
whereby we emptied all the treasury;
and had not gold failed, you had ne'er been king.
I had a navy once (the time when 'twas
in Ethelredus' days, your father living),
with which I should have met you on the sea
within the straits of England, and Iwis
had then no little vantage on your ships;
yet I as favoring your party most,
gave way and let you land without resistance, ... [I.1.60]
and for that fact rest fouly scandalized.
Was it not I that gave intelligence
of all the councilis of king Ethelred
unto your father? Did not I, I pray,
feign sickness, weakness, disadvantages
whenas the king sent me to fight with him?
Was I not causer of your good success
in all your actions since your father's death,
as namely in that battle lately fought
between yourself and Edmund Ironside, ... [I.1.70]
where I fled from him and did succor you?
Then since the only ladder upon which
your father climbed to get and you to hold
this gotten kingdom was my diligence,
I hope you will not [let] the least motion
of an ill thought creep in to hinder me,
nor do I think you used this speech by me.

CANUTUS: Why, what need all this repetition?
Good faith, I meant no harm in saying so.
Why should I doubt you? Wherefore should I fear? ... [I.1.80]
You never yet deceived me.
I cannot speak, but some or other straight
misconsters me.
Why, by my troth, my lord, I meant not you,
but those that cleave to Edmund Ironside
and hang in part against my government.
Calm ye, therefore, and be not discontent.

SOUTHAMPTON: In token then, you mean as you have said:
honor my castle with the name of court
and take a subject's welcome from his heart ... [I.1.90]
to signify you love my town and me.
[Uskataulf whispereth in Canutus' ear.]
USKATAULF: Why, that's a trifle, mighty sovereign.
Yield unto him in this petition.
It will confirm the people's hearts to you
and make him live and die to honor you.

CANUTUS: I willingly descend to your request
and will this night be with you at your place.

SOUTHWESTON: I'll go before, to countenance your grace.
[Exit Southampton. Enter a company of countrymen making a noise.]

COUNTRYMEN: Where is the king, that he may right our wrong?

CANUTUS: The king is here; who is it calls the king? ... [I.1.100]
I am your king. Speak, gentle countrymen,
what lawless hand hath done you injury?

1 COUNTRY: Renowned Canutus, we are all Danes by birth,
the remnant of thy needy followers,
who when thy father lived, lived here secure
and dwelt among the fattest of this land.
We then did yoke the Saxons and compelled
their stubborn necks to ear the fallow fields.
We then did force them honor us as lords
and be our slaves, our drudges and our dogs. ... [I.1.110]
But now (I know not what the cause should be
unless the instigation of their prince,
young Ironside, or else their stubborn nature)
they all rebel and with conjoined force
assault us manly, and from every part
of this perturbed island banish us.
We are not able to resist their powers,
but fall like leaves before the northern wind.
Huge heaps of us lie dead in every place,
and we unless you help, shall all be slain. ... [I.1.120]

ALL: Help, help, Canutus, help and succor us!

CANUTUS: Good countrymen, Canutus will not see you wronged,
for yet the spirit of my father Sveyn
runs in these veins, which I will shed,
even drop by drop, ere I will see you harmed.
Go in, good friends, and pacify yourselves.
Be confident in me, and if I live,
I plant you in your former quiet states.
Swetho, look to them; they shall be your care.
[Exit Swetho with the poor Danes.]
Now lords, let not this sudden rumor daunt ... [I.1.130]
Your manly hearts. Though Edmund be so strong,
we are as strong, and stronger far than he.
Then tell me, shall we now assail him?
Say, Uskataulf, what is to be done?

USKATAULF: You may, my lord, yet be remembered now
against what nation you are bound to war,
a generation like the chosen Jews:
stubborn, unwieldy, fierce and wild to tame,
scoining to be compelled against their wills,
abhorring servitude as having felt ... [I.1.140]
the overloading burden of the same.

EDRICUS: Indeed my countrymen are factious
and must be reined with a marking-stall.
Curb them, my lord, and bridle but their wills
and you shall find them mild and tractable.
If that you use them as your father did,
they dare not, nay they will not look awry,
but serve you as your slaves by conquest due.
But if you lay the team upon their necks
and let them have but any scope to run, ... [I.1.150]
why then be sure they'll gad as they were galled
and neither know themselves nor yet your grace,
for lenity doth cause them to rebel
'cause they are ignorant of living well.

USKATAULF: List how this flattering mate soothes up the king
and doth abuse his gracious sufferance.
Base, vild, insinuating sycophant,
degenerate bastard, falsely bred,
foul mother-killing Viper, traitor, slave,
the scum of vices, all the ill that may be. ... [I.1.160]
Who would excite the king to tyranny
against his countrymen but only he?
I am a Dane, renowned sovereign:
you have experience of my loyalty
and that my counsel is not mercenary.
If I were wise enough to give advice,
you should not prove a tyrant but a king.
A tyrant is abhorred of God and man,
whenas a king loved and honored.
Accomptest thou, Edricus, the Saxons fools ... [I.1.170]
or rather hardy, wise and valorous?
Their names discover what their natures are,
more hard than stones, and yet not stones indeed.
In fight, more than stones detesting flight;
in peace, as soft as wax, wise, provident.
Witness the many combats they have fought
Denmark, our country's loss by them and theirs

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with many other witnesses of worth.  
How often they have driven us to our shifts  
and made us take the sea for our defense ... [I.1.180]  
when we in number have been three to one.  
Oh you deceive yourself and eke the king  
in wishing him so much against himself.  
Recall the former perils we have passed,  
whose dear-bought times are freshly yet in mind,  
the tyranny your father Sveynus used  
in tithing people, killing 9 of 10.  
What did ensue? Why loss of many holds,  
bloodshed and war, rebellion, sword and fire;  
for they are Englishmen, easy to rule ... [I.1.190]  
with lenity, so they be used like men:  
patient of right, impatient of wrong,  
brooking no tyranny in any sort,  
but hating and revenging it with death;  
therefore I counsel you, if it might stand,  
to win their hearts, not by severity  
but by your favor, love and lenity.

CANUTUS: Good Uskataulf, I allow your speech  
and praise your counsel by my own consent.  
I will endeavor to suppress my rage ... [I.1.200]  
and quench the burning choler of my heart,  
which sometimes so inflames my inward parts  
as I fall out with my best-loved friends.  
I will therefore so moderate myself  
as Englishmen shall think me English-born.  
I will be mild and gentle to my foes  
if gentleness can win their stubborn hearts.  
But let us hence, my lords, by this the earl  
expects us at Southampton; there we'll rest  
till we consult if peace or war be best. ... [I.1.210]  
[Exit omnes. Leofric pulls Turkillus by the sleeve as he is going and stays him.]

LEOFRIC: A word, my lord.

TURKILLUS: ~~~ So you use no blows.

LEOFRIC: I think you noble, virtuous, secret, wise;  
else would I not have opened my intent,  
which doth so much concern our private good,  
to you in private. So it is, my lord.  
I have oft noted your discontented gait,  
which measured by my own do well declare  
the mind that rules your body is not pleased;  
and since so sweet a symphony appears ... [I.1.220]  
betwixt our bodies' discontent, I judge
our mind's disturbance to be only one
caused from the sad neglect of these strange days.
Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods
to see each base-born groom promoted up,
each dunghill brat arreared to dignity,
each flatterer esteemed virtuous,
when the true, noble, virtuous gentlemen
are scorned, disgraced and held in obloquy.
Base Edricus, a traitor to his king, ...
[I.1.230]
is held in honor: we two trusty subjects
are feared, suspected, and have liberty
only to live, yet not in liberty;
for what is it but prisonment or worse
whenas our children, blood of our own blood,
are kept close prisoners, pledges for our faiths?
King Edmund, who indeed is our true king,
for good regard of merit and desert,
for honor, fame and true nobility,
is rightly termed mirror of majesty. ...
[I.1.240]
Canutus is a prudent, noble prince
and loves to hear him called so, too, too much
but I will tell you this: as long as we
take part against our sovereign Ironside,
we are but traitors, therefore --

TURKILLUS: Stay, noble Chester, for I spy your drift.
To heap as many titles on your head
as you have poured on mine, were but your due;
yet to cut off such troiting thieves of time,
I say 'Amen' to your intention, ...
[I.1.250]
which is to leave Canutus and his court
and fly to Edmund, our true, lawful king;
but lest you should suspect my secrecy
by being won so soon to your device,
I here assure you that this very plot
hath long been hammering in my troubled brain;
and had you not prevented my intent,
I should ere long have moved you herein;
but what shall then become of our two boys,
who are our pledges? They shall surely die. ...
[I.1.260]

LEOFRIC: Tut, 'tis no matter: if they die, they die.
They cannot suffer in a better time,
nor for a better cause, their country's good.
We gave them life; for us they shed their blood.

TURKILLUS: He that sent them can send us more again.
Then let us hence, delay of time is vain. [Exeunt.]
Scene I.2
[Enter Edricus solus.]

EDRICUS: What shall I think of him that means to beg
and can thus finely live upon his wit?
I was as mean as any basely born.
Fie, say not so, it will discredit thee.
Tut, no man hears me. Aye, but think not so,
for it will make thy peacock's plumes fall down
if one such abject thought possess thy mind.
'Tis strange to see how I am favored,
possess my dukedom and Canutus' grace
and am the chief of all his counselors; ... [I.2.10]
whenas my betters are exiled the court,
being discountenanced and out of grace.
They cannot dissemble as I can:
cloak, cozen, cog and flatter with the king;
crouch and seem courteous; promise and protest;
say much, do naught, in all things use deceit;
tell troth to no man; carry tales abroad;
whisper close secrets in the giddy air;
be a news monger; feed the king with sooths;
please all men's humors with humility ... [I.2.20]
which he must do that is a courtier
and minds to keep in favor with the king.
He that had heard my story from the end:
how many treasons I have practiced,
how many vild things I have brought to pass
and what great wonders have been compassed
by this deep-reaching pate, would think Iwis
I had been bound apprentice to deceit
and from my birthday studied villainy.
I understand Prince Edmund's up in arms, ... [I.2.30]
lays hold upon occasion's sluggy lock;
and whilst Canutus here securely sleeps,
he wins with ease what we with pain have got.
Mass, if he do, and fortune favor him,
I will so work as I'll be in his grace
and keep my living and myself unhurt;
but if Canutus chance to gain again,
then I am his, for I can gloze with all,
and yet indeed, to say the very troth,
rather of both I love Canutus best, ... [I.2.40]
for Edmund's father first did raise me up
and from a plowman's son promoted me
to be a duke for all my villainy,
and so as often as I look on him,
I must remember what he did for me
and whence I did descend and what I am,
which thoughts abase my state most abjectly. 
Therefore I hate him and desire his death 
and will procure his end in what I can; 
but for Canutus, he doth honor me ... [I.2.50] 
because he knows not whence I did descend. 
Therefore of the two I love Canutus best; 
yet I can play an Ambodexter's part and 
swear I love, yet hate him with my heart. [Exit.]

Scene I.3 
[Enter Edmund and Alfric the general under the king.]

EDMUND: Yet are ye sure, my lord, that all is fit? 
Are all my soldiers furnished for this war? 
What, have they meat and drink to their content? 
Do not the captains pince them of their pay?

ALFRIC: Assure your majesty, my care is such 
as I do daily oversee them all 
and cause the meanest soldier to be served 
and have his fill of meat and drink that's good 
without controlment, check or menaces; 
for th'only means to mar a soldier's fight -- ... [I.3.10] 
pinch him of meat and pay and pinch his might.

EDMUND: Then do ye well, for I am of this mind -- 
he that for private base commodity 
will starve his soldiers or keep back their pay; 
he that to deck himself in gorgeous 'tire 
will see his men go naked, die for cold, 
is a plain cutthroat to the commonwealth. 
A worthy captain, seeing a tall soldier 
march barefoot, halting, plucked off his own shoes 
and gave them to the soldier, saying 'Fellow, ... [I.3.20] 
when I want shoes, then give me these again.' 
But captains nowadays 
pluck off their soldiers' shoes, nay sell their lives 
to make them rich and gallant to the eye. 
[Enter Turkillus and Leofric.] 
But soft, what are yon two strangers?

TURKILLUS: We are rebellious traitors to your grace, [They kneel.] 
born Englishmen but strangers to ourselves, 
who in remorse of conscience, knowing well 
we have in taking part with Danish Canutus 
deserved death, come of our own free wills ... [I.3.30] 
either to suffer for our heinous facts [acts ?] 
or else embrace our pardons, which we crave 
even as hereafter we shall merit it.
EDMUND: Rise up, Turkillus; Leofric, arise.
Give me your hands and with your hands your hearts.
I more esteem the life of one true subject
than the destruction of a thousand foes.
One sheep that was lost I more rejoice to find
than twenty other which I never missed.
A friend of whose return I stood in doubt ... [I.3.40]
is more welcome to me than forty other.
Oh that when strangers cannot conquer us,
we should conspire with them against ourselves!
England, if ever war thy face doth spoil,
thank not thy outward foe but inward friend;
for thou shalt never perish till that day
when thy right hand shall make thy heart away.
Go in, brave lords: your sight doth me more joy
than Agamemnon when he conquered Troy. [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT II

Scene II.1
[Drum and trumpets sound. Enter a banquet. Then enter Canutus, Southampton, Archbishop, Uskataulf and Swetho, Edricus.]

CANUTUS: My lord, my lord, you are too bountiful.
Half this expense would well have satisfied
the homely stomachs of our soldiers
and entertained ourself right royally.
Where is your daughter?

SOUTHAMPTON: She shall give attendance
to wait upon your grace at dinner time.

CANUTUS: Nay, good my lord, unless you give
her leave to sit at board and find me table talk,
I shall not think myself a welcome guest. ... [II.1.10]

SOUTHAMPTON: May I crave pardon of your majesty.
My daughter, being young in years and manners,
is far unfit to keep a Queen's estate.

CANUTUS: I'faith, my lord, you are too scrupulous,
too unadvised, too fearful without cause,
to stand upon such nice excuses.
I love to see a table furnished,
and sure I will not sit till she comes in.

SOUTHAMPTON: Egina, daughter, come away, sweet girl.
[Enter Egina.]
The king will have thee dine with him today. ... [II.1.20]
Be not too coy, nor yet too flexible.
If chance he proffer any courtesy,
behave yourself in honorable sort
and answer him with modesty and mirth.
A means may be to make thee Queen.

CANUTUS: What, is your daughter come? Welcome, fair lady.
Your presence is as welcome as the day
after a long and weary watchful night.
Sit down, fair lady. Sit down, noble lord.
Fill me a cup of wine. Here's to the health ... [II.1.30]
of Ironside and all his followers.
Who will pledge me?

EGINA: Pardon your handmaid, and Egina will.

CANUTUS: Wilt pledge me to the health of Ironside?
What reason moves you so to fancy him?

EGINA: The good regard I bear your majesty,
for should he die before these wars were done
and you have finished strife though victory,
some other CADMUS bird worse than himself
might hap to broach some new commotion
and trouble all the state with mutinies, ... [II.1.40]
where if he lives till you have conquered him,
none after him dares renovate the wars.

CANUTUS: Sweetly and wisely answered, noble queen,
for by that name if heaven and thou consent,
by sunset all the camp shall wish thee health.
My lord, what say you to this motion?

SOUTHAMPTON: As it shall please your royal majesty,
dispose of me and whatsoe'er is mine.

CANUTUS: Madam, pleaseth it you to be a queen? ... [II.1.50]

EGINA: What my dread sovereign and my father wills
I dare not, nay I will not, contradict.

CANUTUS: Then for a manual seal receive this kiss,
[He kisseth her.]
the chief dumb utterer of the heart's intent;
and noble father -- now I'll call you so --
if this rash-seeming match do like you well,
deliver me possession presently
of this fair lady, your beloved child,
and we will straight to church and celebrate
the duties which belong to marriages. ... [II.1.60]
Bishop of Canterbury, you will marry us
without the sibert-asking, will ye not?

CANTERBURY: I am prepared if every part be pleased.

CANUTUS: Faith, I am pleased.

ARCHBISHOP: ~~~ But what say you?

EGINA: I say a woman's silence is consent.

CANUTUS: Why, here's a match extempore, small ado
about a weighty matter. Some perhaps
would have consumed millions to effect
what I by some spent breath have compassed. ... [II.1.70]
Lords, let us in, for I intend to be
espoused tonight with all solemnity.
After our marriage we do mean to go
to meet in open field our open foe. [Exeunt omnes.]

Scene II.2
[Enter Edrick, a poor man, his wife, and Stitch.]

EDRICK: Nay, Stitch, and you once see my son you'll swear he is
a bouncer, all in silks and gold, vengeable rich.

STITCH: How say you that?

WIFE: I can tell you, you may bless the day that ever you
happed into his service, he is a man every hairs-breadth,
a most vild brave man i' faith.

STITCH: Then we shall be well met, for I love bravery and
cleanliness out of all cry, and indeed of all things I
cannot brook an ill-favored face, hang him that wants
a good face. ... [II.2.10]

EDRICK: You are of my mind, we may say 'a pox of all good
faces' and never hurt our own.

STITCH: We may indeed, God be praised. But what house is this?
How far off are we from Southampton?

WIFE: Why, we are in the town. Th' king Canutus lies here
now, and my son is here, and all our neighbors will be
here today at the bridal for alms. [Enter Edricus.]
EDRICUS: Whoso desires to mount a lofty pitch  
must bear himself against the stubborn wind  
and shun base common popularity. ... [II.2.20]

STITCH: Who is this?

WIFE: Oh 'tis my son. Make ye handsome, tie your garters for  
shame, wipe your shoes, mend your shirt-band.

EDRICK: Oh let me go to him first. God save ye, son.

EDRICUS: A pox upon him, 'tis the knave my father.  
Good fellow, hast thou any suit to us?  
Deliver up thy supplication.

EDRICK: Oh sir, ye know me well enough:  
I am goodman Edrick, your father.

EDRICUS: My father, grout-head? Sir knave, I say you lie, ... [II.2.30]  
you whoreson cuckold, you base vagabond,  
you slave, you mongrel peasant, dolt and fool,  
can'st thou not know a duke from common men?

WIFE: By my troth, I learned him all these names to call his father  
when he was a child, and see if he can forget them yet.  
Oh he is a wise man, for in faith my husband is none  
of his father, for indeed a soldier begot him of me  
as I went once to a fair. But son, know ye me?

EDRICUS: Thee, old hag, witch, quean, slut, drab, whore and thief:  
how should I know thee, black Egyptian? ... [II.2.40]

WIFE: This is his old tricks, husband. Come, come, son:  
I am sure ye know me.

EDRICUS: Aye, if not too well.  
Wherefore comes yon sheep-biter? You, sir knave,  
you are my brother, are ye not I pray?

STITCH: No sir, and it like ye.

EDRICUS: It likes me very well. What is your name?  
Wherefore came ye hither?

WIFE: His name is Stitch, my son, we came with him  
to help him to your service. ... [II.2.50]

EDRICUS: You answer for him, gossip -- wants he tongue?
STITCH: No sir, I have tongue enough if that be good.
[He shows his tongue.]

EDRICUS: What can ye do?

STITCH: Anything, dress a horse, scour a chamber pot, go to plow, thrash, dick and indeed what not.

EDRICUS: Canst make clean shoes?

STITCH: Who, I? It is part of my occupation; you win my heart. I am a cobbler for need, I can piece a shoe as well as the best. Wipe a shoe? Look you here else -- give me your foot.

EDRICUS: Stay, not so hasty. ... [II.2.60]
We that by sly devices mean to mount and creep into opinion by deceit must not of all things have a scholar know our practices; we must suppress good wits and keep them under; we must favor fools and with promotions win their shallow pates. A ready wit would quickly wind us out and pry into our secret treacheries and wade as deep in policy as we. But such loose-brained windy-headed slaves; ... [II.2.70] such block-heads, dolts, fools, dunces, idiots, such logger-headed rogues are best for us; for we may work their wills to what we will and win their hearts with gold to anything.

Come hither, Stitch. This villain and quean that brought thee hither claim an interest in my nobility, whenas God knows my noble father died long since in wars, being Duke of Mercia then as I am now. Therefore -- but first to cut off long delays, ... [II.2.80] I entertain thee for my chamberlain; and as thou shalt prove secret, trusty, true, I will reward thee with some higher place. But first, to try thee, fetch the constable. Yet stay awhile. They would suspect the truth. I'll have thee, when thou seest me gone away, beat these two beggars hence and teach them how they shall hereafter choose a meaner son. Wilt thou be trusty, wilt thou cudgel them?

STITCH: Never take care for that; I'll beat them, they ... [II.2.90] were never better beaten since they were born.

EDRICUS: Aye, do so, Stitch, I prithee beat them well,
hark ye, and see them whipped out of the town,
and if they speak or prattle, curse or rave,
for every word give them ten blows, sweet slave.

EDRICK: Oh son, son, stay!

STITCH: Son, son, with a pestilence. You are much like to be his
father and you his mother. You brought me hither --

EDRICK: Aye.

STITCH: -- and I must beat you hence, and if you desire ... [II.2.100]
to know why, you must hereafter learn to find
a meaner man for your son than my lord is.
[He beats them about the stage.]

WIFE: He is my son. Oh! Oh! Oh good Stitch, hold thy hand!. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.3
[Enter Canutus, Archbishop, Edricus, Uskataulf, Swetho.]

CANUTUS: Then are they gone, 'tis certain they are fled?
Turkillus and Leofric: who would have thought it?
Did I not use them well, gave them good words,
rewarded their endeavors, and besides
graced them as much as any person here?

EDRICUS: You used them but too well, and let me say
your lenity did cause them run away.

CANUTUS: Have we not pledges of their loyalty?

EDRICUS: Ye have, my lord.

CANUTUS: ~~~ Their eldest sons, I think? ... [II.3.10]

EDRICUS: True, but they know you are too merciful.

CANUTUS: They are deceived, for since they have disturbed
the settled solace of our marriage day
and daunted our determined merriments
with causeless flight, to plague their fathers' fact,
I'll lay the treason on their children's back
and make their guiltless shoulders bear the burthen.
Fetch me the pledges, Swetho, and with them
some bloody varlet from the Danish host,
and let him bring an axe, a block and knife ... [II.3.20]
along with him, but do it quickly, Swetho,
and come again as fast.
EDRICUS: What doth your grace intend to do with them?

CANUTUS: I'll cut their hands and noses off.

EDRICUS: Your judgment doth not far enough extend unto the height of runaways' desert. Death is too light a punishment for traitors, and loss of hands and nose is less than death.

USKATAULF: If an honest man had said so, I would have liked it never the worse. ... [II.3.30]

CANUTUS: This punishment is worse than loss of life, for it is a stinging corvasive to their souls as often as they do behold themselves lopped and bereft of those two ornaments which necessary use doth daily crave. Again, it giveth others daily cause to think how traitors should be handled, whereas the memory of present death is quickly buried in oblivion, doing no good but whilst it is in doing. ... [II.3.40]

A traitor may be likened to a tree, which being shred and topped when it is green, doth for one twig which from the same was cut yield twenty arms, yea twenty arms for one, but being hacked and mangled with an axe, the root dies and piecemeal rots away. Even so with traitors. Cut me off their heads, still more out of the self-same stock will sprout, but plague them with the loss of needful members as eyes, nose, hands, ears, feet or any such; ... [II.3.50] oh these are cutting cards unto their souls, earmark to know a traitorous villain by, even as a brand is to descry a thief. These desperate persons for example's sake, these ruffians, these all-daring lusty bloods, these court appendixes, these madcap lads, these nothing-fearing hotspurs that attend our royal court -- tell them of hanging cheer, they'll say it is a trick or two above ground; tell them of quartering or the heading axe, ... [II.3.60] they'll swear beheading is a gallant death, and he is a dastard that doth fear to die; but say to them, you shall be branded or your hands cut off, or your nostrils slit; then shallow fear makes their quivering tongues to speak abruptly -- 'rather let us die
than we should suffer this vild ignominy'.
A valiant heart esteemeth light of death,
but honorable minds are jealous of
honorable names, then to be marked, ... [II.3.70]
which robs them of their honors, likewise robs
their hearts of joy; and like to irksome owls,
they will be bashful to be seen abroad.

USKATAULF: Alas, poor souls, it was against their wills
that their hard-hearted fathers broke the league.

EDRICUS: Alas, poor souls, it is against their wills
that they must lose their noses and their hands.
[Enter Swetho, the two pledges, and Stitch with an axe.]

CANUTUS: Come on, gentlemen, 'cause I have found
your fathers trusty as they promised
unto my father and to me; ... [II.3.80]
therefore I mean to make you worthy men
such as the world shall afterward report
did suffer torments for their country's good.
Come on, I say, prepare your visages
to bear the tokens of eternity; prepare
your noses, bid your hands adieu,
because your sires have proved themselves so true.

1 PLEDGE: Rather than this, oh kill us presently;
these being gone, we do abhor our lives,
and having these we loathe to live accursed, ... [II.3.90]
accompted traitors to our native soil.
Suffer us first to try our stripling force
with any giant of your Cyclops' size,
and let our arms fight once before our deaths
to wreak their malice on their masters' foes,
so let us perish like to gentlemen,
like to ourselves, and like to Englishmen.

CANUTUS: Look how cold water cast on burning coals
doth make the fire more fervently to flame;
even so your tears doth add unto my rage ... [II.3.100]
and makes it hotter when it 'gins to cool.
'Tis not my pleasure you should suffer death,
'cause I believe 'twould ease your fathers' grieves;
'tis not my pleasure you should try your powers
so I should give you honors undeserved
and you perchance might so redeem yourselves;
but you shall see our judgments straight performed.
Do execution on them presently!
I'll teach your fathers if they do not know
what 'tis to violate a lawful oath. ... [II.3.110]
I'll teach them what it is to play with kings,
presuming on their mercy: come I say,
what trifle ye? Delay no more the time,
for you must suffer for your fathers' crime.

2 PLEDGE: What sir, must you cut off my hands?

STITCH: Aye, and your noses too, 'twere pity in faith to mar two
such faces. Boys, will you change beards with me?

1 PLEDGE: You shall not touch my nose with those base hands:
by heaven, I'll sooner cut it off myself!

STITCH: You will think a worse pair than these a good ... [II.3.120]
pair ere night. How they'll look when their noses be off!
Everyone will take them for Frenchmen.

CANUTUS: Dispatch, I say, I must not stay so long:
the more you delay the time, the worse you speed.

1 PLEDGE: Give me the axe, I'll quickly execute
this direful judgment on my guiltless hands.

STITCH: With all my heart, you save me a labor.

CANUTUS: Stay, unadvised villain, hold thy hand,
or I will hack thee piecemeal with thy axe.
Why, art thou mad, to give thy enemy ... [II.3.130]
an instrument to kill thyself and me?
Cut off his hands first, then deliver it him. [He cuts off one hand.]
So, cut off th'other. [He cuts off the other hand.]
Now sir, fight your fill.

1 PLEDGE: Let these my stumps crave vengeance at thy hands,
thou judge of judges and thou king of kings!

CANUTUS: Cut off his nose, then let him pray again:
perchance his praying mitigates his pain. [He cuts off his nose.]

1 PLEDGE: Pour thy vengeance on this bloody Dane,
and let him die some unheard monstrous death! ... [II.3.140]

CANUTUS: Make quick dispatch to execute the other.
I am sure you will not now be pardoned?

2 PLEDGE: Not I, thou murthing stony-hearted Dane.
I am resolved to suffer this and more
to do my father or my country good;
they gave me life; for them I'll shed my blood.
[He cuts off his hands and nose.]

1 PLEDGE: Now thou hast spit thy venom, bloody king, we do return defiance in thy face.

CANUTUS: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch. ... [II.3.150]
Remember that you both have lost your hands because your father did abuse their tongues in perjury; go quickly away and tell your traitorous fathers what I say.

2 PLEDGE: We go but to thy cost, proud Danish Canute, throughout this isle thy tyranny to bruit.

1 PLEDGE: We go thy cruel butchery to ring.
Oh England, never trust a foreign king. [Exit pledges.]

EDRICUS: Ha, ha, ha.

CANUTUS: ~~~ Why laughest thou, Edricus? ... [II.3.160]

EDRICUS: I cannot choose, to see the villains rave.

STITCH: And I must needs laugh to bear my master company. [Enter a messenger running.]

CANUTUS: What news with thee?

MESSENGER: Renowned Canutus, thy forces in the north, which thou did'st send 'gainst Edmund Ironside, are clean dispersed and piecemeal overthrown by him, as these letters signify.
[Canutus reads and then sayeth]

CANUTUS: 'Tis wonderful, what, twenty thousand slain of common soldiers? This unwelcome news nips like a hoary frost our springing hopes ... [II.3.170] and makes my fearful soldiers hang their heads. Come hither, Edricus, void the company that you and I may talk in secrecy. [Exit omnes.] Ah Edricus, what had I best to do to raze out this dishonorable blot out of the brass-leaved book of living fame? Shall it be said hereafter when report shall celebrate my noble father's acts that Canutus did lose what noble Sveynus got? Shall it be said that Edmund Ironside, ... [II.3.180]
unfriended, poor, forsaken, desolate,
did overthrow the power of mighty Canutus,
whose wealth was great, friends more, but forces most?
Never since Edmund was of force to bear
a massy helmet and a curtle-axe
could I return a victor from the field
unless, as I remember, thou betrayedst
the gallant stripling once into our hands.
Then had not valor hewed him through our troops,
that day had made an end of all our griefs; ... [II.3.190]
but now, what now? Oh tell me if thou knowest
how shall I extribute my stock and name
that after-age may not report my shame?

EDRICUS: Despair not, noble king, time comes in time.
Know ye not 'tis a deed of policy
in fickle Chance to cross your mightiness,
for else in time you might dismount the queen
and throw her headlong from her rolling stone
and take her whirling wheel into your hand.
I tell your grace, Chance ever envies wise men ... [II.3.200]
and favors fools, promoting them aloft.
But as for this flea-spot of dishonor,
the greatest monarchs have endured more,
even blinking Philip's son, and many more
whose repetition were needless to recite.

CANUTUS: I prithee flatter still, on, on, what more?
Speak we of Fortune, honest sycophant?
Chance favoreth not a fool in favoring thee;
thy flattery is gracious in her eye.
Come hither, Edricus. Oh strange miracle: ... [II.3.210]
see you not in the heavens prodigious signs?
Look how the sun looks pale, the moon shines red,
the stars appear in the perturbed heaven
like little comets, and not twelve o'clock.
What is the cause then, that the stars are seen?

EDRICUS: I see them well, my lord, yet know no cause,
unless it shows the fall of Ironside.

CANUTUS: Surely it doth. Look now, they are all gone.
'Tis night, 'tis dark, beware ye stumble not;
lend me your hand, but first go fetch a torch [Exit Edricus.] ... [II.3.220]
to light me to my tent -- make haste I pray.
He's gone to fetch a torch to light the day! [Enter Edricus.]

EDRICUS: My lord, the misty vapors were so thick
they almost quenched the torch.
CANUTUS: True as all the rest. I say thy wit is thick.
Gross flattery, all-soothing sycophant,
doth blind thy eyes and will not let thee see
that others see thou art a flatterer.
Amend, amend thy life; learn to speak truth.
For shame do not, in thy declining age -- ... [II.3.230]
Children may see thy lies, they are so plain.
Oh whilst ye live, from flattery refrain.

EDRICUS: It stands not with my zeal and plighted faith
otherwise to say than as your highness saith:
your grace is able to give all their due
to make truth lie and likewise make lies true.

CANUTUS: I would it lay in me to make thee true,
but who can change the Ethiopian's hue? [Exeunt.]

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Webmaster contact: robertbrazil@juno.com

Anonymous Plays: Edmund Ironside
Modern spelling. Transcribed by BF. copyright © 2002

Run on lines (closing open endings) are indicated by ~~~.
Items discussed in the glossary are underlined.

EDMUND IRONSIDE
A true Chronicle History called
War hath made all friends

[Believed to have been performed circa 1590]

ACT III

Scene III.1
[Enter at one door the Archbishop of Canterbury,
at the other the Archbishop of York.]
CANTERBURY: Why bends not the presumptuous knee of York when Canterbury speaks? Cannot the curse of God and me, the metropolitan under the Pope of all Dominions within this realm of England, cause thee fear, proud, irreligious prelate? Know my power stretcheth beyond thy compass even as much as Rome doth mine. Then quiver when I curse, and like a child indeed prostrate thyself before my feet, that thy humility ... [III.1.10] may move me to absolve thy former sins and set thee free from hell's damnation.

YORK: Traitor to God and to thy lawful king, where thou dost bless I curse, where curse I bless. As thou art bishop, my commission stretcheth as far as thine, and let me say unless thou leave thy contumelious threats -- further than mine? No, Canterbury, no, I humble me to God and not to thee. A traitor, a betrayer of his king, ... [III.1.20] a rebel, a profane priest, a Pharisee, a parasite, an enemy to peace, a foe to truth and to religion: I say I will not bend myself to him, and such a one art thou, and therefore hear, unless repentance bend thy stubborn heart, I here pronounce the curse of God and man upon thy soul, and so farewell and mend. [York offers to depart.]

CANTERBURY: Stay, York, and hear me speak. Thy puffy words, thy windy threats, thy railing curses, light ... [III.1.30] upon thy stubborn neck unless with speed thou dost forsake the part of Ironside and cleave unto Canutus; and more, submit thyself to me thy head, and to our mother church. Reply not, bishop, for I seal thy lips with my irrevocable bitter curse if one untoward word slip from thy tongue.

YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon thy head and blessest me with cursing, impious priest. Oh let me die whenas I leave my king, ... [III.1.40] a true-born prince, for any foreigner.

CANTERBURY: Oh I could eat thee. Now my crozier staff longs to be pelting that old hoary pate. My hands do quake with rage.
YORK: You are a champion for the devil and Canutus; I fly not from thy curses but thy strokes. [Exit York.]

CANTERBURY: I'll follow thee with curses and with clubs. [Exit Canterbury.]

Scene III.2
[Enter Canutus, Southampton, Edricus, Uskataulf, Swetho, herald-at-arms and soldiers.]

CANUTUS: Go to yon city which we mean to sack: new Troy, the state of Edmund Ironside; command a parley at the city gates; bid them choose whether they will let us in or else withstand the utmost of our wrath and be consumed to ashes and to coals with flaming fire, which whilom did destroy their mother city, quondam called Troy. [The herald departeth from the king to the walls sounding his trumpet. The bailiffs appear above.]

HERALD: Canutus, king of England, prince of Danes, greets you by me, his trusty messenger, ... [III.2.10] commanding you to serve him as your lord, bidding you wait on him as on your king, and you shall be entreated lovingly; if not, he is prepared with fire and sword to raze your city. Thus he sends you word.

1 BAILIFF: Go tell your master thus we answer him: his ships that proudly ride upon the Thames shall anchor on the ground where he abides, borne by the bloodshed of our carcasses, and we compelled by thirst to suck the stream ... [III.2.20] of this fair river dry, so that his men may dry-shod march over the floating deeps ere we will let him enter in these gates or ope our lips to call him sovereign. Tell him we are resolved to keep him back; tell him we are no traitors, but are sworn to be King Edmund's liege-men while we live, and if he stay, that shall he soon perceive.

HERALD: Advise you, bailiffs, what is best to do; incur not danger with security. ... [III.2.30] Canutus is your king, then him obey, and to his gentle message say not nay.

BAILIFFS: We are resolved to put Canutus back.
He comes not here; his threats are spent in vain.

HERALD: I fear your wills will put your wits to pain and you repent it when it is too late.

1 BAILIFF: You have your answers. Soldiers, guard the gate. [Bailiffs depart; herald returneth.]

HERALD: Their answer, good my lord, is negative, full of haughty courage and disdainful pride. This little peace hath brought their stomachs up, ... [III.2.40] which makes them to disdain your princely mercy.

CANUTUS: And dare they thus refuse my proffered grace? Set they so light by my commandment? Assault the city, batter down the walls, scale all the turrets, rush the gates asunder -- why slack ye, soldiers? Who is foremost man to give a valiant onset on the town? [Assail the walls. Enter a messenger.]

MESSENGER: Worthy commander of these warlike troops, Edmund your foe is coming hitherward with a choice company of armed men, ... [III.2.50] intending to surprise you suddenly.

CANUTUS: He is welcome, though I hope unto his cost. We are beholding to his excellence that he vouchsafe for safeguard of his town to yield himself without compulsion. We are as forward and as fit as he to give his force an equal counterbuff, though he suppose to take us unawares. Now, noble lords, or never, show your might to put his men to sword and him to flight. ... [III.2.60]

SOUTHAMPTON: He that gives back, let him be slain by his next fellow that doth second him. If Englishmen at first begin to fly, Southampton willingly for them will die.

USKATAULF: This day shall manifestly be known how Danes have better hearts than Englishmen and bodies answerable to the same, else let them lose their everlasting fame.

EDRICUS: The day is yours before the fight begins, great and renowned prince, fair England's king, ... [III.2.70] for emulation which doth sometime lose,
now doth assure you of the victory.
See you not how the English lords contend,
who should excel in feats of chivalry
and creep up farthest in your highness' grace?
On th' other side, behold brave-minded Danes,
scorning to o'er-match in feats of arms,
strive who should compass most by power or wit
to amplify your honorable fame.
The soldiers are not slothful in this stir ... [III.2.80]
but ready, forward prompt and fit to fight,
expecting gladly that delightsome hour
when they shall grapple with their enemies.
Then in assurance of this happy day,
arm to the fight; it is in vain to stay.

CANUTUS: I do presume on this to win the field,
but all my striving is to get the crown. [Sound drum within.]
Soft, what churlish drum doth ring so rude a peal
within the hearing of our armed troops?
[Enter Edmund with soldiers.]
'Tis Edmund! Strike up drums, and trumpets sound! ... [III.2.90]
I'll not delay my hopes with any parley.
[Alarum. They fight. Edmund drives Canutus off the stage.
The drum sounds afar off.]

Scene III.3
Enter Chorus, attired in black, saying:

CHORUS: The fight is hot, but Canutus is o'ercome,
and Edmund hunts him out from place to place.
He flies to Worcester; Edmund follows him.
The way is long, and I am waxen faint.
I fain would have you understand the truth
and see the battles acted on the stage
but that their length will be too tedious;
then in dumb shows I will explain at large
their fights, their flights and Edmund's victory,
for as they strived to conquer and to kill, ... [III.3.10]
even so we strive to purchase your good will.
[Alarums. Enter Canutus flying, Edmund following.
They fight. The two kings parley, sound a retreat and part.]
CHORUS: Canutus is beholding to the gracious sun,
who, grieved to see such heaps of carcasses
lie mangled and besmeared in their gore,
made haste and went to rest before his time
so that the kings for want of light agreed
to part until Aurora raise the lark,
and now 'tis morning and they join to fight.
[Alarum. Enter Canutus at one door and Edmund at the other.
They fight. Canutus gives back and flies. Enter the soldiers of Edmund pursuing Canutus and his lords. Edricus takes a dead man's head upon his sword's point, holding it up to Edmund's soldiers. They fly. Enter Edmund again, cheering them up, and makes Canutus fly.]

CHORUS: Edricus, perceiving Canutus to have the worst, and Edmund like to triumph in their fall, ... [III.3.20]
out of the bowels of a traitorous heart, brought forth this subtle dangerous stratagem. Whilst the two battles dealt the dole of death and Edmund in the forefront stoutly fought with words encouraging his soldiers and with rude strokes discouraging the Danes, Edricus took up an English dead man's head, and sticking it upon his bloody sword unto the vanward of King Edmund's troops, held his despiteful and most speedy course, ... [III.3.30]
telling the soldiers Edmund Ironside was slain, bidding the soldiers yield or fly the field and trust unto their heels. The soldiers in amaze began to fly; then Edmund, hearing of this stratagem, amongst the thickest of his enemies, gave notice that he lived a conqueror.
His soldiers, taking heart, returned and fought. His enemies, despairing, run away. Edmund returns in triumph on the stage, ... [III.3.40] but Canutus returns in passion and in rage. What after happens, with your patience, the entering actors gives intelligence. [Exit.]

Scene III.4
[Enter Edmund Ironside with lords and soldiers.]

EDMUND: Praised be the eternal bulwark of this land, the fortress of my crown, in Whom I trust, that hath thus discomfited my foes by His omnipotent all-conquering arm. And worthy lords, triumphant warriors whose valors echo through the mouth of fame and writes you worthies in the book of life maugre the envy of detraction, we render hearty thanks to each of you for fighting in our rights with such bold spirits. ... [III.4.40] Continue to be valiant, and if God make us once happy in a peaceful reign, I'll guerdon every soldier bounteously that lifts a weapon to defend our right. Let us not loiter opportunity, but follow Danish Canute and force him fly.
On, march afore, sound trumpets, strike up drums,  
let shrieking fifes tell Canute that Edmund comes!  
[The soldiers shout and exeunt.]

Scene III.5  
[Enter Canutus, Edricus, with other lords and soldiers.]

CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards!  
Look how a dunghill cock, not rightly bred,  
doth come into the pit with greater grace,  
brustling his feathers, setting up his plumes,  
clapping his wings and crowing louder out  
than doth a cock of game that means to fight;  
yet after when he feels the spurs to prick,  
crakes like a craven and bewrays himself;  
even so my big-boned Danes, addressed to fight  
as thought they meant to scale the cope of heaven ... [III.5.10]  
and like the giants grapple with the gods,  
at first encounter rush upon their foes  
but straight retire -- retire? Nay, run away  
as men distraught with lightning from above  
or dastards feared with a sudden fray.

EDRICUS: Renowned sovereign, do not fret yourself.  
Fortune in turning will exalt your state  
and change the countenance of her cloudy brow.  
Now you must hope for better still and better,  
and Edmund must expect still worse and worse. ... [III.5.20]  
A low'ring morning proves a fairer day.  
Fortune's ill-favored frown shows she will smile  
on you and frown on Ironside.

CANUTUS: What tellst thou me of Fortune and her frowns,  
of her sour visage and her rolling stone?  
Thy tongue rolls headlong into flattery.  
Now by these heavens above our wretched heads,  
ye are but cowards, every one of you.  
Edmund is blessed. Oh had I but his men,  
I would not doubt to conquer all the world ... [III.5.30]  
in shorter time than Alexander did;  
but all my Danes are Braggadocios  
and I accursed to be the general  
of such a flock of fearful runaways.

SOUTHAMPTON: Remember you have lost ten thousand men,  
all English-born except a thousand Danes.  
Your pensive looks will kill them that survive  
if thus to choler you give liberty.
CANUTUS: It were no matter if they all were slain; then they should never run away again. ... [III.5.40]

USKATAULF: My noble lord, our countrymen are safe. In all these broils English 'gainst English fight. The Danes or none or very few are slain.

CANUTUS: [Turns towards Uskataulf.] It was a sign ye fled and did not fight. Is't not a dishonor unto you to see a foreign nation fight for me, whenas my home-bred countrymen do run, leaving their king amongst his enemies?

EDRICUS: Give not such scope to humorous discontent: ... [III.5.50] we are all partners of your private griefs; kings are the heads, and if the head but ache, the little finger is distempered; we grieve to see you grieved, which hurteth us and yet avails not to assuage your grief. You are the sun, my lord, we marigolds, whenas you shine we spread ourselves abroad and take our glory from your influence, but when you hide your face or darken it with th' least encounter of a cloudy look, ... [III.5.60] we close our eyes as partners of your woes, drooping our heads as grass down-weighed with dew. Then clear ye up, my lord, and cheer up us; for now our valors are extinguished and all our force lies drowned in brinish tears as jewels in the bottom of the sea. I do beseech your grace to hear me speak. [Edricus talks to him.]

SOUTHAMPTON: I do not like this humor in my son; 'twill quite discourage all his followers.

USKATAULF: He stops his ears to all persuasions; ... [III.5.70] his council cannot be admitted speech: his father Sveyn was much more patient and could as well brook loss as victory.

CANUTUS: These words proceed not from a shallow brain.

EDRICUS: Praise the event, my lord: the end is all. In the meantime I'll go write to Ironside craving forgiveness, and insinuate his yielding favor. He is pitiful, and I am rare in moving passion. I know the prince will quickly credit me ... [III.5.80]
and put affiance in my smooth pretense,  
but whatsoe'er he doth or minds to do,  
you shall be sure to have intelligence;  
but, good my lord, leave me a little while  
to private contemplation, for my head  
swims full of plots and other stratagems  
of great avail, and I must empty it.

CANUTUS: God prosper what thou dost intend.

EDRICUS: Pray to the devil: God is not my friend.  
[Exeunt (Canutus). Manet Edricus.]  
Stitch, what, Stitch, call in Stitch! [Enter Stitch.] ... [III.5.90]

STITCH: Here's a stitching indeed, you have made Stitch have a  
stitch in his side with coming so hastily after dinner.

EDRICUS: Why, villain, darst thou eat meat in these troublesome times?

STITCH: Dare I eat meat? Aye, and eat Time, be he never so  
troublesome. My lord, were Mars himself  
made of beef and brewis I durst in  
this choleric stomach devour him quick.

EDRICUS: Sure, y'are a tall man.

STITCH: Aye sir, at the end of a fray and beginning of a feast.

EDRICUS: Well, fetch me paper and a cornegraph. ... [III.5.100]

STITCH: A horn-grafter? What's that, sir?

EDRICUS: Sirrah, I mean an inkhorn.

STITCH: You mean well, sir. A blackhorn, you have dipped your  
pen in many a man's inkhorn besides your own. [Exit Stitch.]

EDRICUS: My state may be compared unto his  
that ventures all his credit and his wealth  
upon the fickle hazard of a die.  
The crown I level at, I venture life,  
the dearest jewel and of greatest price  
that any mortal hath possession of. ... [III.5.110]  
My life is sweet, yet will I venture it  
at all or nothing. Trust a mother-wit.  
[Enter Stitch with paper and an inkhorn.]

STITCH: Here, sir. I would never have men that are unmarried  
so unprovided as they should be
compelled to borrow horns of young men,
nor would I have young men to borrow inkhorns of
married men. Oh, it is perilous when their foreheads
proves blushing papers to bewray young buds.

EDRICUS: Sirrah, be gone, but be not far from hence.
I presently shall have occasion ... [III.5.120]
to employ you in some serious business.

STITCH: I will be absent when you call, I warrant you.
[Exit Stitch. Edricus sits down, writeth and blotteth.]

EDRICUS: Nay, try thy wits, thou writest for a wager;
'tis not for gold but grace and for thy life,
a thing that would put spirit in a block
and be a whetstone to a blunter head.
With what exordion shall I win his heart?
How shall I tie his ears to my discourse?
A schoolboy hath a readier wit than I.
I never tried my barren sconce till now, ... [III.5.130]
and now I see I am not Edricus,
but a most blockish and dull-pated hind,
graveled at such an easy enterprise.
What standest thou trifling and delaying time?
Fetch fire from heaven and mix it with thy ink,
gather Parnassus' dew and write with that,
pluck Cyllen's feathers and make pens with them,
borrow the Muses' aid and let them breathe
some dulcet and melodious harmony,
some never-heard-of words into thy pate. ... [III.5.140]
[He writeth and blotteth.]
Ah, fool, how hard it is to write for life!
Had I now written for my mistress' love,
I could have filled my pen and raised my speech
unto the highest step of flattery.
Had I now written for another man,
to save his life or get him into grace,
why all the world might have given place to me
for sugared lines and phrases past compare.
Had I been now in favor with the king
and had endeavored to flatter him, ... [III.5.150]
my pen would have distilled golden drops
and varied terms enchanting Cerberus.
But now I know not how or what to write.
To flatter were to aggravate my fault,
for anger would sift out my wild intent.
Plainly to write were to accuse myself
and be a witness 'gainst my guilty soul.
Yet write I will and in the plainest sort,
for that is cousin-german unto truth,
Truth needs no colors. Though I mean to lie, ... [III.5.160]
my simple writing shall deceive his eye. [He writeth and sayeth.]
Aye, so. Oh rare-conceited piece of work,
how cunningly thou canst convert thy shape
into an angel when thou dost intend
to flatter the plain honest-meaning king. [He folds it up.]
Now for a swift wing-footed messenger
to fly in post that I might follow him.
It more behooves me to be circumspect
and with my life to trust none but myself.
Swifter than sure is no good messenger, ... [III.5.170]
and now I think on't -- oh 'tis excellent --
I'll for this once deliver it myself,
but in disguise of my man's attire,
so I may safely go and understand
how Edmund is addicted unto me
and how all matters now are managed.
Stitch! Stitch! [Enter Stitch.]

STITCH: Your will, sir?

EDRICUS: My will is that you will uncase, for I mean to change apparel.

STITCH: Why sir, you'll not turn wise-man, will you? ... [III.5.180]

EDRICUS: Yes, fool, for this once. Come, I say, when?

STITCH: Marry, sir, when I see some boot coming roundly from
you, for I promise you I will not change without boot.

EDRICUS: But I will, sirrah; come, dispatch.

STITCH: Well sir, since there is shift but I must change shifts,
~~~ I am contented.
By my troth, sir, methinks y'are a properer man by odds
in those that ye were in these. I would I could persuade
him to believe me, then it should be known by his
apparel what a fool I have made of him. Sir, shall we
change living and lordship and name and all? ... [III.5.190]

EDRICUS: Aye, Stitch, for this once thou shalt be Lord Edricus
and I Stitch. Look you keep in till I come home, I advise you,
and behave yourself like a lord.

STITCH: I warrant you, good Stitch, I'll be lordly enough.
Farewell, honest Stitch; farewell, fool. [Exit Stitch.]

EDRICUS: Now am I Edricus and Edricus' man,
the secretary and the messenger,
all to effect with counterfeiting guile
experiments of matchless policy.
Well, this plain suit doth now contain more wit
than for so mean a piece of cloth is fit. [Exit Edricus.]

Scene III.6
[Enter Stitch in his lord's attire, with blue-coats after him.]

STITCH: Come on, ye blue-coated slaves, you that wear
satin doublets never but at good times, and
wear a blue coat but once in a year; come on,
I say, ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag
carriers, ye sword and buckler carriers,
ye rubbers of horse-heels, ye devourers
of fat oxen, ye swillers of March beer; come after
me, I say, take example after my virtue how
to mount. I proceeding from the loins of a
man very little better than a gentleman, am ... [III.6.10]
now by my virtue and good education to be
your master, your upholders, the staff of your
lives and maintainer of your masterships.
Uncover, ye rogues! So. Cover! So. Sirrah,
take my cloak, bear you my rapier! So. I
am somewhat humorous, and it becomes me
well. Follow me, follow! How I can play
the lords part! Oh what a fool is my master
to change his nobility for my worship.

ROGER: 'Blood, sir, or Sir Stitch, you must go in; ... [III.6.20]
here's a following! We must wait on you, must we?

STITCH: "Blood, sir, you must go in' -- oh hold me,
hold me, I am choleric. Why, ye shake-rag,
had ye never a lord under your girdle? Plain
Sir Stitch without welt or guard: why, how
now, you malapert knave, have ye forgot all
good manners?

ROGER: Good manners be your speed.

STITCH: Why, this 'tis to keep familiar serving-man.
As I am a Lord, by my honor I will ... [III.6.30]
revenge it with putting you out of my house.
You fellows, take example by his punishment.
Follow me just three foot behind, not above
or beneath, and Roger Rakehell, for your
sauciness, come you last. [Exeunt.]
ACT IV

Scene IV.1
[Enter Edmund Ironside, Alfric, Godwin, Aylward with Edricus, disguised.]

EDMUND: What wind doth cause your master write to us?
All is not well, I doubt. Give me the letter.
[The letter]
Prepare Perillus' bull to punish me
or some new never-heard-of torturing pain
to scourge me for my foul ingratitude.
Rumor did raise suspicion in my heart,
as it hath lately done within your breast
by some who envied my prosperity,
my love and zeal unto your majesty,
that you were doubtful of my spotless truth ... [IV.1.10]
and meant to cut me off by cutting short
my headless body with a bloody axe.
This on a sudden coming to my ear,
it pared my heart and struck me to the quick,
causing me flee the court to save my life
as sadly as the late-espoused man
grieves to depart from his new-married wife.
How many sighs I fetched at my depart,
how many times I turned to come again,
how oft I plained, how often I did weep, ... [IV.1.20]
were too too long to write or you to read.
But having now considered with myself
my over-light belief too credulous,
I come again like to a strayed sheep
tainted, God wot, with naught but ignorance.
Oh take me to your mercy, or if not so,
kill me yourself! Death is the end of woe.
[Finis letter.]

EDMUND: Hear ye, my lords, this humble supplication?
Your master is become an orator, ... [IV.1.30]
but tell him Edmund is not lunatic,
so like a woman to be won with words.

EDRICUS: This cottons [not] according to my mind.
The king is angry. See, he faceth me;
his color comes and goes. I hold my life
he knows me. Would I were well away.

EDMUND: Hark ye, my lords, what would you say
if yon plain fellow should be Edricus?

ALFRIC: I think not so, my lord..
EDMUND: I'll quickly know. ... [IV.1.40]
Come hither, fellow. Tell thy master thus --
[He pulls the velvet patch off his face.]
what, Edricus, is't you? I thought no less.
You meant some good, no doubt. Tell me the truth:
what was the reason you came thus disguised?

EDRICUS: Now wit, or never, help. Poor naked truth
hath ta'en away suspicion of deceit.
I need no art; art cannot help me now.
Then plainly thus. Renowned sovereign,
I came thus plainly to your majesty
disguised in clown's attire to sound the truth -- ... [IV.1.50]
what opinion, if good or bad,
you had of me; and if I found it good,
I had determined to bewray myself;
if otherwise, I meant with secret speed
to leave my native country and to exile
myself from England, sailing into Spain,
whereas I meant in contemplation,
in pilgrimage and prayers for your grace
to end my life. [Enter a messenger, running.]

MESSENGER: Haste, haste, King Edmund, to relieve thy land, ... [IV.1.60]
which is oppressed by multitudes of Danes.
They swarm along thy coasts like little gnats
over a river in a summer's night,
or like to bees when they begin to flight:
so comes these Danes prepared fit to fight.
Their battle-main of three-score thousand men
with bristle-pointed spears which upright stand
shows like a new-shred grove of ashes tall
or else a wood of pines and cedars small.
Their flags and banners, yellow, blue and red, ... [IV.1.70]
resembles much the weeds in ripened corn.
Their drums and trumpets, with a dreadful sound
of clashing armor and fire-breathing steeds,
sounds like the fearful thunder sent from heaven,
mixed with Aeolus' boist'rous northern breath.
They prey upon thy subjects cruelly,
like hungry tigers upon silly kids,
sparing not ancient men for reverence,
nor women for [their] imbecility,
nor guiltless babes for their unspotted life, ... [IV.1.80]
nor holy men, their madness is so rife.

EDMUND: A sunshine day is quickly overcast.
A springing bud is killed with a blast.
I see my state is fickle and unsure;  
there is nothing in this world can firmly dure.  
Yet courage, lords, we were and are the same;  
our hearts are sound, our bodies are not lame;  
then let not fear dismay your warlike might.  
God fights for us, God will defend the right.  
Base Edricus, thou wert the fatal crow ... [IV.1.90]  
that by thy horrid voice this news did show  
thou cam'st to gain with cursed treachery  
the surname of vild nickname -- 'Policy'.  
Right did I think whenas the fox did preach,  
he meant to get a goose within his reach;  
right did I guess, when with thy oily speech,  
thou did'st my pardon and my grace beseech,  
some mischief was abroach. But God above  
doth always at a pinch my patron prove,  
and we have now learned, though to our bale, ... [IV.1.100]  
not to believe each smooth-face forged tale.

EDRICUS: Now, my most gracious lord, as God shall help me,  
my coming was only for this intent:  
to unfold Canutus' coming and bewray  
matters of secret to your majesty,  
counsels of great avail, rare stratagems  
plotted by Canutus, which now shall die with me  
if you seem any whit suspicious.

EDMUND: I prithee hark, let me hear some of them.  
[Edricus talketh with Edmund secretly. Alfric pulls him back.]

ALFRIC: Traitor, darst thou presume ... [IV.1.110]  
to speak unto thy sovereign? Good my lord,  
as God shall help me, you will be entrapped.

EDRICUS: Traitor? Remember this: malice hath a perfect memory.

EDMUND: Alfric, you are to blame: you do forget yourself.  
Age makes ye dote, know I not what to do  
without your telling? Go to, hold your peace.

AYLWARD: Alfric, your comb is cut, yet will I speak.  
King, I am sworn to counsel thee aright;  
and though I die, I will not hold my tongue.  
Remember he hath often broke his faith ... [IV.1.120]  
and fled away from you; remember too  
he comes from Canutus, thy utter enemy;  
remember he is a traitorous flatterer,  
a villain, and a damned hypocrite.
EDMUND: Peace, Aylward, hold your tongue: my youth in some things overruns your age; 'tis policy to grant him audience, nay further, grace, may further, if he craves perhaps the leading [of] our army too. For thus I think it stands: he hath promised Canutus, ... [IV.1.130] having the leading of our forces to yield to him, seeming as though compelled, having first given an onset on the foe for color's sake. But we will over-match him, for whilst the force of Canute, on policy retires by Edric's drift, then we will take the opportunity and rush with speed upon his troops, who unprepared to fight and trusting upon Edric's policy, ... [IV.1.140] shall all come prey unto our soldiers. How like you this?

ALFRIC: ~~~ It cannot hap amiss.

EDMUND: Come hither, Edricus. [They whisper. Edmund saith] ~~~~~ I'faith, you lie. [They whisper again.] Tut, tut, it cannot be. [They whisper again.] If this be true, I pardon thee for all and will reward thee with deserved grace. I will not doubt it, faith, I think 'tis true though it were not, in hope thou wilt amend. Go, let us in and let all quarrels end, ... [IV.1.150] for now I mean indeed to credit thee by being captain-general of my army.

EDRICUS: Duty and thanks I give, 'tis all I have. [Aside.] See what dissimulation brings to pass, how quickly I can make the king an ass. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.2
[Enter Emma, her two sons Alfred and Edward in each hand, Gunthranus going before.]

EMMA: Sweet boys, born to be crossed before your time, oh let me kiss you ere you go away. Cursed be the cause of your departing thus, the persecution of these bloody Danes, whose unrelenting eyes delight to see the full conclusion of our tragedy.

ALFRED: Good mother, sorrow not though we depart: we shall be welcome to our uncle Richard and safer there than in this troubled isle,
which like the reeling sea is tossed with war. ... [IV.2.10]
Here we are ever in continual broils;
there in tranquility, in peace and rest;
here in the midst of unknown enemies;
there in the arms of true-approved friends;
here danger imminent doth compass us;
there friends and friendly counsel shall defend us;
therefore rejoice we are escaped the Danes,
whose greedy maws devours the Saxons' blood
like hungry lions, void of any good.

EMMA: Good boy, in whom thy father's feature lives, ... [IV.2.20]
though death hath seized him in his wasteful arms.
If I could moderate my grieved mind
without remembrance whateer now I was,
then should my grief diminish with my tears;
but memory, the afflicter of the soul,
bids me remember how I was a Queen,
how Ethelredus was my lawful lord,
how Normand's Duke was my renowned sire,
how England was my pleasure's paradise,
and how time was when time did wait on me. ... [IV.2.30]
All these are but bellows to the fire
to burn my heart, consumed afore with sighths.
Alfred, Ned, is a child: thou art of age
to take example by my misery
not to believe foul fortune's flattery.

EDWARD: Good mother, weep not; if ye do, I'll cry.

EMMA: Ah, my pretty heart,
hast thou a feeling of my passion?
Then I will weep the more to ease my heart;
I'll mourn for thee, for him, and for myself, ... [IV.2.40]
for England and for Edmund Ironside,
whose part God prosper, heaven defend the right.

GUNTHRANUS: Madam, your helpless tears are but a means
to draw more tears from us to drown our hearts.

EMMA: Why, man, I weep to ease and not to load.
I trow the more I shed, the less I have;
and as my tears waste, so my cares consume.
To dam my eyes were but to drown my heart
like Hecuba, the woeful Queen of Troy,
who having no avoidance for her grief, ... [IV.2.50]
ran mad for sorrow 'cause she could not weep;
but, good Gunthranus, to omit vain talk,
since I have heretofore approved thy faith,
I make a choice of thee amongst the rest
of many friends to guide my little boys
and to conduct them into Normandy.
Entreat my brother for to entreat them well;
they are his nephews and his sister's joy.
If anything amiss should light on them,
the same on me should be redoubled. ... [IV.2.60]

GUNTHRANUS: Madam, even by the living God I vow
I will attend and watch them as my soul,
knowing Duke Richard will accompt of them
as nigh of blood unto his royal self.

EMMA: Then farewell, boys, the comfort of my life.
[They offer to depart.]
Yet come again, ye shall not so depart.
If that we die, we'll choose to die together:
dying or living, we will be together.
Fond woman, bless them and then let them go;
that is the safest way to keep them safe: ... [IV.2.70]
then farewell again. God bless you both. [They offer to depart.]
But soft awhile, I have not said my mind.
First let me wash your face in mother's tears,
then sob out sighths to overload the earth
and cast a misty fog upon the air, [She embraceth them.]
that no inquiring foe may find you out.
Oh let your sanctuary be my lap,
[She sits down, setting Edward on her knee and Alfred on her arm]
your refuge, your sepulchers and your graves.
A cradle fits you better than a ship.

GUNTHRANUS: See, see Dame Nature's operation, ... [IV.2.80]
what force it breeds within a mother's mind.
None feels a mother's sorrow but a mother.
This Queen hath not her peer upon the earth
for wisdom, suffering, and for patience,
for cloaking sorrow and dissembling grief
and bearing all things with a constant mind;
yet can she not conceal affection so,
but that it breaketh forth like hidden fire. [Emma riseth.]

EMMA: Fie, fie, hide Nature's fond indulgency.
Depart, sweet boys. God keep you in your way. [They offer to depart.]
Come hither, Alfred. Ned, I prithee, stay. ... [IV.2.90]
I will go with you to the foaming haven
and take my farewell of my darlings there. [Exeunt omnes.]

Scene IV.3
[Enter Canutus with a letter in his hand, with him Uuskataulf,
Swetho, Southampton, Archbishop of Canterbury, Egina, with soldiers.

CANUTUS: Courage, brave captains, conquest is at hand.
This letter comes from trusty Edricus
and certifies me that he is in grace
with Edmund Ironside, and how he leads
the vantguard of the prince's army.
Now he assures me of the victory
without the loss of many soldiers,
for he will disappoint the warlike youth
and flee to us, leaving him desolate;
wherefore, brave soldiers, put forth all your might ... [IV.3.10]
to quail their stomachs at the first approach.
He that doth take the prince in fight or flight
shall have his ransom and [be] dubbed a knight.

1 SOLDIER: I'll venture hard to make Joan my wife a lady.

2 SOLDIER: The king shall 'scape my fingers narrowly.

1 SOLDIER: Mass, if I had steel sides as he hath Ironsides,
I would gore him then, that I would.

4 SOLDIER: What if [I] miss the king, I'll have a duke,
an earl, a lord, a knight or gentleman.

SOUTHAMPTON: Or nobody, and then you'll hit it. ... [IV.3.20]
Tell not your chickens, sirs, ere they be hatched,
perchance the eggs are rotten in the nest;
then all your brooding hopes is cast away,
and you remain as rich as new-shorn sheep.
I never loved to gain by treachery,
for that again was lost by treachery.
I do remember hardy Hannibal
did use these words at won Tarentum's loss:
Eadem arte qua prius coepimus
Tarentum omisumus ... [IV.3.30]
Fraud won Tarentum, fraud Tarentum lost,
so Hannibal reaps his labor for his cost.
[The drums sound afar off.]

CANUTUS: So, Edmund, so thou comst unto thy cost.
Thy roaring drum presageth thy mishap,
ringing thy soul's knell with a hollow voice.
As thine doth mourn, so let our drum rejoice.
[The drums sound. Enter Edmund with Edricus, other
lords and soldiers. They fight, Canutus gives et exequunt.]

Scene IV.4
[Enter at one door Canus and at th’ other Edricus.]

CANUTUS: Edricus!

EDRICUS: My lord! Hie, cheer your flying troops and bid them stay a while for victory. Whenas you see me lead my men aloof, then take occasion and assail the prince; and I’ll be absent when he needs me most and present for your best avail. Make haste.

CANUTUS: How much I love thee, Edricus, heavens do know, and I with gifts one day will manifest. [Exit Canute.]

EDRICUS: So, Edric, now thy plotform is afoot, ... [IV.4.10] and one shall die; it skills no matter which. If Edmund, Canute shall quickly follow him; If Canute, then Edmund shall not stay behind. Whilst they with eager blows assail each other, I here remain a neuter, free from fear, not taking part with Canute, not Ironside, before I see who gets the victory. Yet had I rather have Canutus conquer and privily will aid him with supplies rather than Edmund should escape the field. ... [IV.4.20] [Alarm. Enter Edmund chasing off Canutus. Edricus backs Canus. Edmund flies. Exeunt and return, Canutus with Edricus.]

CANUTUS: Thanks, worthy Edric, for this victory. This day had made an end of me and mine, hadst thou not backed us with thy warlike troops. Know ye Edmund be escaped or no?

EDRICUS: Edmund is gone, and I must after him. To stay long here would breed suspicion. Then mighty Canute, live long a conqueror; and when thou hast the crown, remember me.

CANUTUS: If I forget thee, God forget my suit when like a sinner I do humbly pray. ... [IV.4.30] Forget thee, Edric? God above doth see how good a heart I ever bore to thee.

EDRICUS: Then, noble Canutus, I pawn a soldier’s faith. By my best blood and by my after-hopes, I will remain to thee and to thy heirs as true, as false to Edmund Ironside. Let us not linger here. Muster your men and make them ready for a new assault.
I will to Edmund and excuse myself, 
and how I served him now I'll serve him then. [Exeunt.]

ACT V

Scene V.I
[Enter Edmund Ironside, Alfric, Ulfkettle, Godwin, others.]

EDMUND: Vild Edricus, all this proceeds from him; 
I saved his life, and he doth thirst for mine. 
Ungrateful wretch, hellish incarnate devil! 
For sure no man was ever so unkind 
unto his king and loving countrymen. 
Disloyal and unfaithful sycophant, 
it grieves my vexed soul to think on thee.

ALFRIC: Let it not grieve you, rather joy to think 
you are escaped from the hands of him 
that sought like Judas to betray his lord ... [V.1.10] 
into the hands of bloodthirsty Danes.

ULFKETTLE: Surely, my lord, you are highly favored 
of God, who sees each human action, 
that he hath given you warning with small loss 
of the contagious mind of Edricus. 
[Enter Edricus with his hand in a scarf, halting, with him Stitch.]

STITCH: Master, I would not wish you halt.

EDRICUS: Why so?

STITCH: Marry, sir, you know Alfric is a cripple and 
the proverb is 'tis ill halting before a cripple. 
He'll perceive it. ... [V.1.20]

EDRICUS: Had he as many [eyes] as Juno's bird, 
or could pierce millstones with his searching sight, 
he (by his leave) should not my halting find. 
I halt not in the thigh but in the mind. 
-- All hail unto my gracious sovereign!

STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say 
'all hail' and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.

EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!

EDMUND: Judas, thy next part is to kiss my cheek 
and then commit me unto Caiaphas. ... [V.1.30]
EDRICUS: I understand not what your highness means.

EDMUND: Oh heavens, oh impudent, ungodly wretch!

EDRICUS: I hope your grace doth not exclaim on me.

EDMUND: On thee? Hence, graceless wretch, grace me no more. Is there none here that will lay hold on him? His sight, his breath, his fell infectious tongue is venomer than is the Basilisk's.

EDRICUS: Is this a guerdon for my scars and hurts, for all my bruises and my broken joints? Is this a hire for my hardiness ... [V.1.40] and valiant onset on the enemies? Are these my wages which I won with blood, blood of myself and proudest Dane that fought? Doth Edmund thus reward his followers that pawn their lives for him and in his cause? Then bootless have I skirmished so long and sent so many Danes unto their graves; in vain have I lift up my wasting arm and brandished my falchion o'er thy foes; in vain this curtle-axe was reared aloft, ... [V.1.50] which made a lane throughout thy foemen's troops; in vain my lance did overthrow and spoil; in vain I live, to be requited thus.

STITCH: In vain -- what a vain vein my master is in!

EDMUND: Did'st thou not fly, vild traitor, to my foe?

EDRICUS: Who, I?

EDMUND: Even thou.

EDRICUS: Thus forward friends are quitted with suspect; thus envy blasts the well-deserving wight; thus the unskillful blames the warrior; ... [V.1.60] thus, thus, detraction hinders virtuous course. Fled I, my lord? Canutus can report 'twas he that should have fled had succor come. Fled I, my lord? Your eyes were witnesses how far my heart was free from dastard flight; but this it is to be a man-at-arms when his desert is recompensed with hate and resolution wronged with ignorance. For shame, my lords, spurn not against the truth; thirst not to drink the blood of innocents. ... [V.1.70]
EDMUND: Why, Edricus, can'st thou deny thy flight?

EDRICUS: No, gracious lord, I must confess I fled, forced from Canutus, not to him, for aid; and that 'tis true, I by your grace's leave will prove on him that dares affirm a no.

EDMUND: I saw thee flee myself with these my eyes.

ULFKETTLE: And I, my lord, am witness to the same.

GODWIN: And I, my lord, will prove it, by your favor.

EDRICUS: I would the king would give me leave to speak.

STITCH: And you will prove them blind, I hold my life. ... [V.1.80]

EDMUND: I give thee leave: speak for thyself and spare not.

EDRICUS: Seeing your grace so forward to the fight, viewing the Dane to march so bravely on, pricked forth with shame, I as the foremost man (not suffering the Dane to set on us or to approach your grace without a blow) stepped forth intending to encounter them and to assail the rearward with my band till you upon the forefront held them play; but see how good intents are ever thwarted. ... [V.1.90]

Ere I could get the wind to compass them, your drums' retreat did cause your forces flee; yet fled not I a foot until such time as quite bereft of hope I was compelled. Witness this arm, this serviceable arm, that in despite of death did save my life: witness these scars, which if your grace will see, they'll tell my foes unto their face they lie.

STITCH: Oh horrible scars, scars like blazing stars, well counterfeited, master. ... [V.1.100]

EDMUND: If this be true, I was too credulous.

EDRICUS: If it be true, my lord? Assure yourself your grace was misinformed if otherwise, and that my man can verify.

STITCH: Take heed what ye say, master: I can verify nothing. Marry, I can verify anything. If you'll say so,
I'll swear to it, that 'tis false, I mean.

EDMUND: Then, Edricus, 'twas I that wronged thee and I that will in all things make amends. Bury unkindness in oblivion ... [V.1.110] and ne'er remember our suspicion.

EDRICUS: 'Twas not your highness but some fawning mate that put mistrust into your grace's head, hoping by my downfall to raise himself; but heavens defend the wronged innocent.

EDMUND: Let this suffice, thou hast confirmed our love, and Edricus, we mind to honor thee with public notice of thy loyalty.

EDRICUS: See, see, what wit and will can bring about. Canutus pays me for my villainy, ... [V.1.120] and Edmund loves me for my treachery.

STITCH: Give a man luck and cast him over the gallows. [Exeunt omnes.]

Scene V.II

CANUTUS: My lord, my heart is firmly bound to you, and I am pressed to do you any service; but Edmund is grown strange to me of late, and I am not familiar with his thoughts. When I have once regained opinion, I will not fail to be your faithful agent; in meantime make ye strong to hold him play, for he is coming with a mighty power. By'r lady, this goes hard, these news are naught. Is Edmund now grown wary? Then I doubt ... [V.2.10] I ne'er shall see the day I long have sought; but I must bear a semblance of good news, lest these perceive our hopes to falter; and that would clean discourage all their hearts, for all presume on Edric's policy.

SOUTHAMPTON: Son, is't good news?

CANUTUS: ~~~ My lord, exceeding good.

EGINA: Give me the letter.

CANUTUS: ~~~ Not for all the world.
I dare not trust myself with reading it ... [V.2.20]
lest I, o'er-cloyed with joy, should play the blab.
Let this suffice: I am now confident
upon sure-grounded confirmations
that Edmund is my own. He writes to me
that he is coming with a mighty host,
but [saith he] be not you discomfited,
for were they millions, half should fight for you
and turn their weapons upon Ironside.

SOUTHAMPTON: 'Tis strange the prince should be so credulous.
[The drum sounds far off.]

CANUTUS: Yon drum doth tell us Edmund Ironside, ...
unwitting of his overthrow at hand,
comes gallantly attended on by troops
of horse and footmen to his funeral.
Oh that thou knewest thy dying day so nigh,
That thou mightest make thee fit to go to God.
In faith it grieves [me] at the very heart
to see him come so unprepared for death.
[Enter Edmund, Emma, Archbishop of York, Edricus, Alfric,
Godwin, Aylward, Ulfkettle, Leofric and Turkillus.]

EDMUND: Behold where Canute comes marching bravely on.
Methinks yon sight would make a sick man sound. ... [V.2.41]
[They march along the stage, one after another.]
Canutus!

CANUTUS: Edmund!

EDMUND: The ground thou standst upon is Ironside's.

CANUTUS: The ground I stand on, Edmund, is mine own,
fallen to me not successively indeed,
but by forfeiture as copyhold,
rent-run and wanting reparations,
falls to the lord. Even so thy father's land,
for want of tribute-paying long since due,
I seize upon as lord to thee and that.

EDMUND: But for thou shalt perceive that Edmund can ...
temper the unruly stomach of his rage
and moderate his lusty youthful blood,
which springs through every vein to fly at thee,
not half these words without controlling strokes
should from thy lips have vomited their spleen.
Oh, how my heart beats! Much ado I have
to make it quiet till I answer thee.
Art thou the lord of me and of my land?
Uncivil Canutus, knowest thou to whom thou speakest?
This heart scorns all subjection, ... [V.2.60]
and this head looks o'er the world; these feet
were made to tread o'er kings, Canutus, over thee.
Nay, storm not, Canutus. Learn how to mix thy speech
with more beseeming terms, and govern thou
thy surly terms with reason, not with rage.
I say I am a king: so art not thou;
therefore I am thy better. I say more --
I have a kingdom: this I stand upon
is mine. Thou standst upon my ground.
I say this land is mine, Canutus, it is mine. ... [V.2.70]

CANUTUS: By usurpation thine, by conquest mine.
Who knows not conquest is inheritance?

EDMUND: So rape and theft is true possession
if malefactors go unpunished.

CANUTUS: It seems indeed possession is of force,
for by possession you withhold my crown.

EDMUND: Nay, you and Sveyn your gripple-minded dad,
by treason, not by force of valiant arms,
against all justice, law and equity,
did first intrude yourselves and then extrude ... [V.2.80]
our woeful subjects from their native home,
and that I come to prove, and therefore thus -- [He draweth.]

CANUTUS: Then to confute thy forged argument,
thus argue I; my sword is reason's proof. [He draweth.]

EDMUND: That is, of force to put back reason's proof,
which proves you, like your sword, unreasonable.
[They train their soldiers (about) the stage. Edricus speaketh.]

EDRICUS: Edmund is strong, Canutus is weak in [part],
Edmund gracious in the people's eyes;
Canutus is not so, what had I best to do?
Fain would I have Canutus win, and he is weak; ... [V.2.90]
I would have Edmund lose, and he is strong.
Oh gracious stars, inspire my nimble wit
with some device, and as I ever have,
I will employ it to some villainy.
Soft, let me see -- oh, it is excellent!
Fountain of wit, the spring of policy,
the flower of treason and of villainy.
How much undecent is it that this cap,
this homely cape should overload this crow
when thou deservest a crown of beaten gold. ... [V.2.100]
But to the matter. So it needs must fadge,
for can I bring them to a single fight,
whosoever hath the better, yet shall I
be gracious in his eye, as who should say
I was the causer of his victory.
Besides, I shall insinuate myself
into the bosom of opinion
and be esteemed my country's buckler.
Well, I'll about it, meaning no man good
but that my speech may shed king Edmund's blood. ... [V.2.110]
[The armies make towards one another when Edricus standing
between sayeth]

EDRICUS: Renowned Edmund, first I speak to thee.
Let these my words, proceeding from true zeal,
beg at thy ears a little audience;
and worthy Canutus, sheathe up thy slaught'ring sword
till I have spoke my mind, that all may see
my words proceed from perfect piety.

EDMUND: Edricus, be brief.

CANUTUS: Go to, I'll stay a little, but be not tedious.

ALFRIC: When the fox preaches, then beware the geese.

EDRICUS: What strive you for, imperious Ironside? ... [V.2.120]
Renowned Canutus, what do you level at?
We daily to appease your mortal wars
offer our slaughtered bodies to the sword,
yet neither of you have the upper hand.
Today he that was foiled tomorrow foils;
he that even now did faintly sound retreat
renews again the fight with double force:
thus in quandaries hangs the victory
and wavering fortune frowns and smiles on both.
Canutus is not to be overcome ... [V.2.130]
because his brother Sveyn doth succor him;
and Edmund likewise is invincible,
for force and valor hews him through his foes.
What then is the' end of this your endless grudge?
None other but when all your men be slain,
you then must fight alone or else accord,
and he that then is king shall rule no men
nor govern nations, for consuming war
will quite devour this solitary isle,
not leaving any over whom to rule ... [V.2.140]
nor to resist foreign invasions. 
If love of kingdoms be the cause of this, 
suppress the boiling of your haughty minds; 
you have approved your soldiers' forwardness, 
then now at last shake hands and join in league; 
agree like noble kings and part the land; 
have now compassion of this little isle, 
whose soil is manured with carcasses 
and made a sea with blood of innocents; 
but if your emulation be so great ... [V.2.150] 
that either scorns to have competitors 
and brook not equals in your dignities, 
fight then alone that would be kings alone: 
let not all perish for the wills of two, 
but let your swords decide whose title's best.

EDMUND: Edric, thou hitst the mark I level at. 
Thy counsel, coming from a zealous heart, 
fits in all points our expectation. 
Know I accept thereof and offer here 
to prove even hand in single fight ... [V.2.160] 
which of us two shall wear the diadem.

CANUTUS: Edmund, Report shall never whet her tongue 
upon Canutus to eternize thee. 
I scorn to stain my reputation 
with abject titles of pale cowardice 
to make thee famous in opinion's mouth. 
I here accept thy challenge and his speech, 
glad of so fit a time to be revenged 
for all those foul dishonors thou hast done 
and glad for sparing of that guiltless blood ... [V.2.170] 
which in our quarrels this day had been shed. 
Oh, had this day been but a year ago, 
many a tall man had been now alive, 
many a salt tear had been now unshed 
by father's for their son's unhappy deaths, 
by mothers for their children's wretched ends 
and widows for their husbands' timeless want; 
but I am glad this long-expected hour 
at last is come.

EGINA: ~~~ My lord, you shall not fight. ... [V.2.180]

CANUTUS: My lady, but I will. Will you fight for me? 
Give her my sword and shield. 
[Edmund and Emma talks together. Edmund turns away.]

EMMA: Yet hear me, good my lord.
Will you on whom the state doth sole depend
our welfare, all the realm's, your friends, and kinsfolk,
heed the loss of all upon the chance
of fickle fortune, since the better man
is sooner killed by over-hardiness
than an advised coward? Good my lord,
it is undecent you should fight with him, ... [V.2.190]
being no king nor having aught to lose.

EDMUND: Madam, his life is even to him as dear
as mine to me. Besides, he is a prince
of noble blood and high-resolved spirit;
and if he were not, yet my cause being good
and justice on my side, I would not fear --
nay, could not with my honor but accept
the speech of Edric and in single fight
approve my title lawful, good and right.
Then madam, be content, and you shall see ... [V.2.200]
the God in whom I trust will succor me.
Were he Goliass, I the little king,
I would not fear, him on his knees to bring;
but he hath rather cause to doubt of me,
I being big and far more strong than he.
[Edina talks with Canutus, Canutus turns away.]

CANUTUS: I had rather fight with him than scold with you.

EGINA: I cannot speak but straight you say I scold.

CANUTUS: Then, sweeting, you must learn your tongue to hold.
Nay, now you'll blubber. Go to, take this kiss
and pray for me. Why stay you, Ironside? ... [V.2.210]

EDMUND: Because I think thou art not fit to die,
but rather with Edina fit to cry.
My lords, I do command you, for your lives,
None be so hardy as to succor me
or to approach us ere the fight be done;
but if I die to make my sepulcher
even in the place whereas I took my death,
setting my crown upon Canutus' head
and do to him as to your sovereign.

CANUTUS: Even so, brave followers, I will you do ... [V.2.220]
to Edmund here if Edmund conquer me.
Sound drums and trumpets with your warlike noise!
Either begin my joy or end my joys.
[The trumpets sound. The armies do compass the two
kings in the midst. They fight.]
Stay, hold thy hand, I prithee, breathe awhile.

EDMUND: Not till thou yieldst or dies. [Edmund draws Canutus about.]

CANUTUS: Stay, Edmund,
'tis not for I fear thy fortitude
that thus I crave thee stay, but that I want
the use of breath to prosecute the fight.

EDMUND: Then breathe awhile: I give thee leave to rest. ... [V.2.230]

EDRICUS: I fear Canutus will be overcome;
then shall I wish my tongue, the cause thereof
had been cut out when it began to speak,
for I desire to drink king Edmund's blood
because he ever sought to do me good.

SOUTHAMPTON: Egina, be content. I warrant you, aye
Canutus will do well enough.

EGINA: I fear him much.

EDMUND: What, are ye ready?

CANUTUS: Aye, to be thy death. ... [V.2.240]
[They fight again. Edmund drives Canutus back about the stage.]
Stay, Edmund, stay, Canutus yields to thee.

EDRICUS: What, will he basely yield? The devil forfend.

CANUTUS: Take which of these thou wilt, my hand or sword:
my hand brings friendship firm, immovable;
my sword brings enmity irrevocable.

EDMUND: Brave Canutus, in yielding thou hast won.
That which thy sword could never do,
thy tongue hath brought to pass by gentle speech.
Canutus, take my hand; here lies my sword.
Edmund is thine, his thine, himself and all; ... [V.2.250]
now let us strive who shall demerit best
by mutual kindness who shall be termed a friend.

CANUTUS: How pleasant are these speeches to my ears,
Aeolian music to my dancing heart,
Ambrosian dainties to my starved maw,
sweet-passing Nectar to my thirsty throat,
rare cullises to my sick-glutted mind,
refreshing ointments to my wearied limbs,
and heavenly physic to my earth-sick soul, 
which erst was surfeited with woe and war. ... [V.2.260]

EDMUND: Let me embrace thee, war-begotten friend. [They embrace.] 
God grant as brothers we may long embrace 
and, sweet Egina, for thy husband's sake, 
in sigh of love, this kiss from Edmund take. [Edmund kisses Eg.] 
But, lords, why stand you still, grieve you to see 
Canutus and your king so well agree?

ALFRIC: The inward solace which our hearts conceive 
to see peace grow where foul debate was sown, 
to see sweet concord spring from discord's womb, 
to see war bring forth love and amity, ... [V.2.270] 
to see two mortal foes prove faithful friends, 
and Mars drink milk instead of purple blood, 
doth force our tongues, our hearts' chief orators, 
to show with silence joy unspeakable. 
Yet, lords, behold, even as you do embrace, 
so in dumb shows we all unite our hearts. [The lords embrace.]

TURKILLUS: Remember, Leofric, our children's loss. 

LEOFRIC: Turkillus, I do, and must serve the time 
and wait upon occasion for revenge. 
A day of mirth begins a woeful year, ... [V.2.280] 
as sudden storms do follow sunshine clear.

EDMUND: Now, noble lords, let us like friends consult 
upon partition of this noble isle. 
Yourself shall choose which part you think is best: 
the east or west, the right hand or the left. 
My court is yours, my counselors are yours, 
my friends your friends, thy foe my enemy, 
my people yours, my treasure and myself all are your own, for you shall all command.

CANUTUS: Thanks, noble brother and my second self. ... [V.2.290] 
In all thy acts thou dost excel thyself. 
Foul shame on them that are thy enemies, 
and vengeance light on them that think thee ill.

EDMUND: Go [we] unto our coasts and feast us there, 
and there conclude an everlasting peace. 
Sound drums and trumpets! Here ends [woeful war]. 
Thus hand in hand and heart in heart we go.

EDRICUS: And I for one. 'Tis meet it should be so. 
[Aside.] Thus wise men can dissemble what they think,
and till occasion fits them, sleeping wink. ... [V.2.300]
But I have sworn and I will keep my vow,
By heaven I'll be revenged on both of you.

[They go hand in hand out of the stage, Edricus leading the drum.]

FINIS

Anonymous Plays: Edmund Ironside

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APPENDIX I - Glossary
(FS means found in Shakespeare; NFS means not found in Shakespeare)
abroach (a): astir. FS (2-Rich3, R&J); Lodge Wounds; Harvey Sonnet 8; (anon.) Ironside, Locrine, Weakest Goeth to the Wall.

affiance (n): trust, confidence. FS (2H6, H5, Cymb); (anon.) Ironside.

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

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

brewis (n): meat broth. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Mucedorus, Fam Vic, Ironside; Munday More.

brook (v): put up with, bear with, tolerate. Usually in negative or preclusive constructions. FS (many); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Ironside; many others.
bruit: rumor, fame (n); spread rumor (v). FS (6-3H6, 2H4, T&C, Timon, Ham, Q2, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Sundrie Flowers (E/N); Lyly Bombie; (anon.) Ironside, Arden; Harvey Pierce's Super; Chettle Kind Hart.

brustle/brustling (v): raise the feathers; show off, bluster. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Ironside. Per OED 1st use of brustle (v) in 1648. 1st use as a noun in 1600.

buckler (n): shield. (4-1H4, Ado); Lyly Midas; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Fam Vic, Woodstock, Ironside . Common.

cog (v): deceive, as by tricks or flattery, cheat. FS (6-LLL, Rich3, MWW, Ado, Timon, Corio); Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Harvey 4 Letters; Greene Cony, James 4; (anon.) Ironside, Cromwell; Nashe Absurdity (1st of 2 OED citations) (disp.) Greene's Groat.

comb ... cut (v): comb is cut: to cut (rarely to cast down) the comb of, lower the pride, tame, humiliate. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; (anon.) Ironside. OED cites: 1536 Tindale Expos; 1545 Udall Erasm; 1548 Hall Chron.

commodity (n): profit or gain, benefit. FS (2-Pericles); Oxford letter; Anon. Ironside; Pasquil Apology (OED missed citation).

conceit (v): imagine, devise. FS (2H4, MWW); (anon.) Ironside.

contumelious (a): insolent, full of contumely. FS (3-2H6, 1H6, Timon); (anon.) Ironside; Harvey Pierce's Super.

cope of heaven (n): over-arching canopy or vault of heaven. FS (1-Pericles); Spenser M. Hubbard, Hymn Hon. Love; (anon.) Ironside; Chapman Iliad. OED cites: 1380 Wyclif Serm. Sel. Wks. II. 3; 1385 Chaucer L.G.W.; 1460 Pol. Rel. & L. Poems; 1489 Caxton Sonnes of Aymon; 1549 Compl. Scot. Ded. 3; 1571 Campion Hist. Irel. 1591 Spenser M. Hubberd; 1611 Chapman Iliad.

cornegraph (n): not in OED. Apparently an inkhorn. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.


cottons (v): suits, goes well. NFS. Cf. Lyly Campaspe; (anon.) Ironside; Troublesome Raigne.

crake/crack (v): brag. (LLL); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith (n, crackers); Peele Edw I; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie (n); (disp.) Greene's Groat (out-cracked); Munday More.

crozier staff (n): pastoral or bishop's staff. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.

cullis (n): strong broth, esp. nourishing for the sick. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe; (anon.) Ironside.

curtle axe (n): cutlass, short sword. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Locrine; Marlowe T1.
cutter (n): one eager to fight, bully, bravo, also cutthroat, highway robber. NFS. Cf. Lyly Pap; (anon.) Fam Vic-as a last name, Arden, Willobie, Penelope.

descry (v): reveal, discover, perceive. FS (14); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Gascoigne Jocasta; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lodge Wounds; Greene James IV, ? Selimus; Watson Tears; Nashe Saffron; Peele Wives; Sidney Antony; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Penelope; Harvey Pierce's Super.

dick (v): meaning unknown, not in OED. NFS.

discover (v): reveal. FS (many); (anon.) Ironside. Common.

dismount (v): unmount, throw from that on which he/she has been mounted. FS (2-12th (1st use per OED), Lov Comp); Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Ironside.

distempered (v): ailed, bothered. FS (4-John, 12th, Ham); Lodge Wounds; Marlowe Jew/Malta; (anon.) Ironside; Sidney Antony.

drab (n): slut, prostitute. FS (8); (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Cromwell, Yorkshire Tr; Pasquil Return; Drayton et al Oldcastle; Marston Malcontent.

ear/earing (n, a, v): plow/plowing. FS (3-Rich2, AWEW, A&C); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Ironside.

exordion/exordium (n): introduction. Cf. (anon.) Ironside; Chettle Kind Hart.

extribute (v): redeem, repair. not in OED. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.

fadge (v): fit; suit. FS (2-LLL, 12th); Lyly Endymion (as fodge) Bombie; (anon.) Ironside. 1st OED citations: 1578 Whetstone Promos & Cass; 1599 Marston Sco. Villanie.

falchion (n): broad sword. FS (8); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Arden, Ironside.

forfend (v): forbid, prohibit. FS (8), Golding Ovid; Lodge Wounds; Udall Erasmus; Greene Alphonsus; (anon.) Woodstock; Ironside.

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

gravel (v): confound, embarrass, perplex, puzzle. FS (1-AsYou); (anon.) Ironside; Marlowe Faust. OED contemp citation: 1548 Detect. Unskil. Physic. ; 1566 Drant Horace's Sat.

gripple (a): gripping, greedy. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Spenser FQ; (anon.) Ironside. OED contemp. citations: 1574 Rich Mercury & Soldier; 1589 Warner Alb. Eng.
grout-head (n): blockhead, thickhead, dunce. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside; Nashe Almond, Lenten Stuff. OED contemp citations: 1550 Bale Eng. Votaries; 1573 Tusser Husb; 1597-8 W. Haughton Englishm. for money

guard (n): decorative border. FS (1-MM); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Mucedorus, Ironside.

guerdon (n, v): prize, recompense. FS (4-2H6, LLL, Ado, Edw3); Golding Ovid; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Lodge Wounds; Kyd Sp Tr; Marlowe Massacre; Munday Huntingon; (anon.) Ironside, Leic Gh.

hind (n): fellow, servant. FS (4-1H6, Errors, LLL, Cymb); (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Dodypoll; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Chettle Kind Hart; Munday More.

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

iwis (adv): surely. FS (4-Rich3, Shrew, MV, Pericles); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Ironside, Penelope, Nobody/Somebody, Cromwell; Nashe Almond; (disp.) Harvey 4 Letters. Common.

loiter (v, trans.): postpone getting or giving something. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.

lowering (a): gloomy. FS (Edw3); Golding Abraham; (anon.) Ironside.

malapert (a): presumptuous, saucy. FS (3-3H6, Rich3, 12th); Lyly Endymion, Woman ... Moon; (anon.) Ironside, Dodypoll. OED contemp citation: (1567) Drant Horace.

mate (n): lackey, servant. FS (1H6, 2H4); Gascoigne Supposes; (anon./Greene) G a G; Greene Alphonsus, Orl Fur, James IV; (anon.) Ironside; Nashe Almond; Harvey Pierce's Super; (anon.) Willobie.

maugre: (fr) in spite of. FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Ori Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.

Perillus (n): Athenian who fell victim to his own device: a brazen bull in which condemned men were roasted to death. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside. Lyly, in Sapho and Phao, refers to a completely unrelated, and apparently invented, perillus stone.

pince (v): pinch. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.

pitch (n): highest point in a falcon's flight. FS (2-1H6, Titus); Marlowe T2; Harvey Pierce's Super; (anon.) Ironside; Nashe Saffron; Munday More; Chapman D'Ol.

pitiful (a): merciful. FS (11+); Gascoigne Jocasta, Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Midas, Love's Met; (anon.) Ironside, Cromwell; Harvey 4 Letters; Drayton et al Oldcastle.

plotform (n): plan of action, platform. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.
policy (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Ironside; many others. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

pretense (n): purpose, plan, design. (5-TGV, AWEW, WT, Lear, Mac); Lodge Wounds; Pasquil Apology; (anon.) Ironside, Mucedorus.

quean (n): hussy, strumpet. FS (4-R&J, 2H4, MWW); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon./Greene) G a G; Lyly Midas; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Yorkshire Tr; Harvey Sonnet Palace/Pleasure, 2d Letter; Peele Wives; (disp.) Maiden's.

sconce (n): (1) head, skull; (2) ability, wit. FS (6-Errors, Ham, Corio); Cf. Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Endymion, Bombie (OED missed citation); Greene Cony; (anon.) Ironside. G. Harvey New Let. OED contemp citation: 1586 A. Day Eng. Secretary (1625) Master B. found Socrates in my Letter, and sent to seeke out your well reputed skonce to expound it.

shake-rag (n): ragged disreputable person, beggar. NFS. OED contemp citation: 1571 Golding Calvin on Ps. lxxix. 13. 259 It is no maruell that shakerags [orig. sordidos homines] (which haue no regarde of honestie) did ...


sibert-aspiring (n): bans. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.

sift (v): question, examine; also understand, comprehend. FS (3-Rich2, Ham Q2, AWEW); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Gallathea, Woman ... Moon; Greene Never too Late, Pandosto; (anon.) Ironside, Weakest.

skills (v): matters. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

sluggy (a): lazy. FS (3 present tense v.); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Ironside.

sooths (n): truths, sometimes flattery. The meaning in Ironside may be, ironically, 'untruths'. FS (Rich2, Pericles); (anon.) Ironside; many others.

speed (v): fare, succeed. FS (19+ ); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Kyd Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Willobie, Leic Gh; Peele Wives. Common.

stomach (n): temper, pride. FS (1-H8); Golding Ovid; Lyly Endymion; Greene G a G; Alphonsus; (anon.) Marprelate, Ironside, Weakest; Spenser FQ; Harvey Pierce's Super; Sidney Antony. OED current citation: 1575-85 Abp. Sandys Serm. x. 169 Zeale without knowledge is not zeale but stomache.

stout (a): bold, resolute. FS (1-2H6); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Greene Fr Bacon; Sidney Arcadia; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.
trencher (n): serving plate or dish [usually with connotation of trencher-knight or freeloader]. FS (7-2H6, TGV, R&J, A&C, Tempest, Corio, Timon); (anon.) Ironside; many others.

troiting (a): loitering, idling (dial.). NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside. Not in OED.

trow (v): think, believe confidently. FS (16); Golding Ovid, Abraham; (anon.) Ironside; many others.

unadvised (a): unconsidered: FS (many); Golding Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lodge Wounds; (anon.) Ironside; Greene's Groat.

unportable (a): intolerable. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Ironside.

untutored (a): crude, boorish. FS (5-2H6, 3H6, Pericles, Sonnets dedication, Lucrece); (anon.) Ironside. OED cites 3H6 as first use.

vengeable (a): very, intensely. NFS. Cf. Lyly Bombie; (anon.) Ironside.

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

wot (v): know. FS (30); Golding Ovid, Abraham; (anon.) Ironside. Common.

Length 15,084 words

Major Sources

Grafton, Richard. A Chronicle at Large (1569)

Holinshed, Raphael. Chronicles (2d. ed. 1587).

Lambarde, W. Archaionomia (1568).

Historical Background


'... It suffices to note that in 1013 Sweyn, accompanied by his youngest son, Canute, came again to England, subdued the Yorkshire Danes and the five boroughs in the Danelaw, was accepted as overlord of Northumbria and Danish Mercia, sacked Oxford and Winchester in a punitive foray, and, though repulsed from London, was proclaimed King of England, while Ethelred fled for refuge to the Duke of Normandy, whose sister he had married. On these triumphs Sweyn died at the beginning of 1014. There was another respite. The English turned again to Ethelred, 'declaring that no lord was dearer to them than their natural lord, if he would but rule them better than he had done before.'
'But soon the young Danish prince, Canute, set forth to claim the English crown. At this moment the flame of Alfred's line rose again in Ethelred's son, Edmund -- Edmund Ironside, as he soon was called. At twenty he was famous. Although declared a rebel by his father, and acting in complete disobedience to him, he gathered forces, and in a brilliant campaign struck a succession of heavy blows. He gained battled, he relieved London, he contended with every form of treachery; hearts of all men went out to him. New forces sprang from the ruined land. Ethelred died, and Edmund, last hope of the English, was acclaimed King. In spite of all odds and a heavy defeat he was strong enough to make a partition of the realm, and then set himself to rally his forces for the renewal of the struggle; but in 1016, at twenty-two years of age, Edmund Ironside died, and the whole realm abandoned itself to despair.'

[note: Edmund Ironside was the son of Ethelred by his first wife. By his second wife Emma (sister of Duke Robert of Normandy), Ethelred had two other sons, Alfred and Edward. Upon the death of Ethelred Emma married Canute, by whom she had a son Hardacanute. When Canute died, two of his sons ruled England, but neither lived long. The English then turned to Edward ('Edward the Confessor,' the younger son of Ethelred and Emma), the last English king directly descended from the male line of Alfred. A granddaughter of Edmund Ironside married Malcolm of Scotland, Today's royal family of England traces its ancestry back to Alfred (and to Edmund) through this marriage.]

Suggested Reading


APPENDIX II: Connections

Themes

The Dogs of War
(V.2.138-149) EDR: nor govern nations, for consuming war
will quite devour this solitary isle,
not leaving any over whom to rule
nor to resist foreign invasions.
If love of kingdoms be the cause of this,
suppress the boiling of your haughty minds;
you have approved of your soldiers' forwardness,
then now at last shake hands and join in league;
agree like noble kings and part the land;
have now compassion of this little isle,
whose soil is manured with carcasses
and made a sea with blood of innocents;

Relationship of Military Commanders/Common Soldiers:
(I.3.1-2) EDM: But are ye sure, my lord, that all is fit ... to make them rich and gallant to the eye.
Contrast with Sir John Falstaff's recruiting and treatment of his soldiers. Professor Scoufos
deals extensively with this aspect of Falstaff and with Shakespeare's typological purpose in
commenting on this matter. Also compare to Falconbridge's (King John) great speech on
commodity.

Patriotism, Loyalty:
(I.3.36-47) EDM: I more esteem the life of one true subject
... when thy right hand shall make thy heart away.
John (V.7.122) BAST: 'If England to itself do rest but true.'

Exchange of Identity:
Ironside (III.5.179) EDR: My will is that you will uncase, for I mean to change apparel.
STITCH: Why sir, you'll not turn wise-man, will you?
EDRICUS: Yes, fool, for this once. Come, I say, when?
Shakes Hamlet (I.2) HORATIO: The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
HAMLET: Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

Reflections on the Jewish Race:
(I.1.135-41) USKA: You may, my lord, yet be remembered now
against what nation you are bound to war,
a generation like the chosen Jews:
stubborn, unwieldy, fierce and wild to tame,
scomning to be compelled against their wills,
abhoring servitude as having felt
the overloading burden of the same.

These lines could suggest a reconsideration of Shakespeare's intent in The Merchant of Venice.
Also see Richard II (2.1.55-56).
See Exodus 33.3-5: For the Lord had said unto Moses, Say unto the children of Israel, Ye are a
stiffnecked people, I will come up suddenly upon thee, and consume thee: therefore now put thy
costly raiment from thee, that I may know what to do unto thee.

Relations between Church and State:
The relationships between the two prelates closely reflect a similar situation during the reign of
Henry II, when the Archbishop of York championed the cause of English Henry, while the
rebellious Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, received the protection of the King of France.

Danger from Abroad:
Although Canute is a Dane and many of his soldiers (but not the most valiant) are also Danes, the play displays little anti-foreign paranoia or consciousness of danger from abroad; in the final scene Edmund even 'gives' part of his kingdom to Canutus and 'wills' it to him in case of death, notwithstanding his foreign origins and the claims of his Saxon half-brothers Alfred and Edward. There is a complete lack of the kind of nationalistic hubris that distinguishes those plays written during and immediately after the Armada scare, a possible indication of a somewhat early dating of the play for the youthful playwright from Stratford.

**View of Royalty**

Note the surprising bargain struck before battle: if Edmund falls, the crown shall go to Canutus. Here, even with no claim whatever to the crown (except that of descent from Sveyn Forkbeard, who had conquered a good deal of English territory), Edmund seems to cede the right to inherit to Canutus on the basis of royalty alone -- although foreign and with no claim of direct descent. Hamlet's ceding of the crown of Denmark to Fortinbras reflects the same thinking: that royal blood takes precedent over nationality and/or collateral rights. A Shakespearean concept but alien to the otherwise nationalistic tone of the play.

**Villainy, Malevolence**

Edricus may be the first of the great Shakespearean villains, addressing the audience directly in the style of Aaron, Richard III, and Iago. Like Richard III he is definitely the star of the play: he has 71 speeches; Canutus 70; Edmund 42. He completely dominates the action; both Edmund and Canutus serve as foils to his villainy, neither having a distinctive personality although the English-born Atheling Edmund is certainly portrayed as the more magnanimous and valiant.

Edricus, however, is a wonderful creation, as is his brother Stitch, a base and servile copy of his brother, fawning in the presence of power, malevolent when he speaks his mind. In neither is the malevolence 'motiveless'; it proceeds directly from low birth, fear of discovery, ambition thwarted and envy; traits deserving contempt in the viewpoint of the nobility, perhaps quite natural to anyone who has felt similar emotions (such as William Shakspere of Stratford). In character he is cowardly, unlike the valiant Richard or the competent soldier Iago; even Aaron was physically selfless, especially in defense of his own child. Edricus is a wonderful counterfeit gentleman; Stitch his revolting, churlish counterpart; the scene in which they exchange identities rings with both comedy and irony, a masterful conceit in the inexperienced author.

Edricus' threat to flee to Spain if necessary, historically unsupported, could well reflect the actions of traitors such as Charles Arundel who did, upon imminent discovery, flee to their patron and spiritual mentor the Catholic king of Spain.

**Did the author plan a sequel?**

Edricus' wonderful, characteristic final speech indicates a continuation of the story (perhaps telling of Edmund's tragic death)?

(V.2.298-301) EDRICUS: And I for one. 'Tis meet it should be so. [Aside.] Thus wise men can dissemble what they think, and till occasion fits them, sleeping wink.

But I have sworn and I will keep my vow,

By heaven Ill be revenged on both of you.

**On the Writing Profession?**
(III.4.141-53) EDRICUS: Ah, fool, how hard it is to write for life! ...

References to Other Works, Writers

Sheep ... Bite: sheep-biter in cant meant petty thief.
Hatton Letter (Christopher Hatton to the Queen about Oxford, 1573): God bless you forever; the branch of the sweetest bush I will wear and bear to my life’s end: God witness I feign it not. It is a gracious favor most dear and welcome unto me: reserve it to the Sheep [Hatton], he hath no tooth to bite, where the Boar's [Oxford] tusk may both raze and tear
A, so like a sheep biter a looks!
Woodstock (III.3) NIMBLE: ay, ay. we will follow. come, ye sheep-biter.
Ironside (II.2.41) EDRICUS: Wherefore comes you, sheep-biter?
Nashe Penniless (McK p. 175) : he casts his tail betwixt his legs, & steals away like a sheep-biter
Shakes 12th Night (II.5) SIR TOBY: rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame? ...
MM (V.1) LUCIO: show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! ...

Continue on to Ironside - Appendix: Functional Connections

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Webmaster contact:    robertbrazil@juno.com

Anonymous Plays: Edmund Ironside

APPENDIX II continued:
   Functional Connections
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Legal term: Free consent
Shakes 3H6 (IV.5-6.36) CLARENCE: And therefore I yield thee / my free consent.
Kyd Sol&Per (I.4.1) CYPRUS: Brave Gentlemen, by all your free consents,  
Anon. Ironside (I.1.4-5) CAN: and how his son Prince Edmund  
wears the crown / without the notice of your free consent  
Willlobie (XXII.2): Excepting him, whom free consent / By wedlock words hath made my spouse;  
(XXIX.5): Till fancy frame your free consent,  
(LXVI.5): With free consent to choose again:  
(Res.10): With free consent to live in holy band.  
(Munday Huntington (XII.133): With free consent of Hubert Lord York,  

Proud contempt  
Anon. Ironside (I.1.21) CANT: and merely nothing but a proud contempt  
Shakes John (II.1.88): Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven  
Nashe Absurdity: argueth a proud contempt of the magistrate’s superiority.  
The phrase is used in some (not Geneva) versions of the Biblical Psalms.  

Quiet ... Peace  
Shakes 1H6 (IV.1) K. Henry 6: Quiet yourselves, I Pray, and be at peace.  
Rich2 (I.3) K. RICH: Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace.  
Edw3 (V.1) K. EDW: That peaceful quietness brings most delight,  
Shrew (V.2) PETRUCHIO: Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life.  
Othello (II.1) IAGO: And practicing upon his peace and quiet Even to madness.  
Anon, Locrine (III.441) CORIN: Sometime in war, sometime in quiet peace,  
(V.4.271) ATE: In quiet peace and sweet felicity;  
Ironside (I.1.25) CANTERBURY: for peace, for quiet and utility,  
(Res.12): When I had given my heart and free consent,  

Munday Huntington (XII.133): With free consent of Hubert Lord York,  

Legal terms: Stood/stand in question (for the crown)  
Anon. Ironside (I.1.49) EDRICUS: you ne’er had stood in question for the crown
Munday Sir Thomas More, add D (30-31): stood in such a question

Foully scandalized
Anon. Ironside (I.1.61) EDR: and for that fact rest foully scandalized.
Shakes 1H4 (I.3.154) WORC: Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Feign sickness
Golding Ovid Met (IX.902): The time, oft feigning sickness, oft pretending she had seen
Holinhshed Chronicles (709): earle Edricke feigned himself sick.
Anon. Ironside (I.1.64-65) EDR: Did not I, I pray, / feign sickness, weakness, disadvantages
Shakes Cymb (III.2) IMO: Go bid my woman feign a sickness; ...

Right my wrongs
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.588) POLY: Since from my right I am with wrong deprived.
Anon. Woodstock (I.3.276) WOODSTOCK: Come, brother York, we soon shall right all wrong,
Iron (I.1.99) COUNTRYMEN: Where is the king, that he may right our wrong?
Penelope (XXVI.2): Who would a widow stay so long, / And nature of her right thus wrong?
Cromwell (II.3.37) MRS BANISTER: If God did ever right a woman's wrong,
Shakes Titus (II.3) TAMORA: Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
(III.1) TITUS: And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
(V.2.4) TAMORA: To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Note: Titus first use (per Sams).
Note also several plays on words:
Disp. Greene's Groat (160-161): ... the threadbare brother here
who, willing to do no wrong, hath lost his child's right:
Chapman D'Olive (I.1.62-63) VAUMONT: The truth is, I have done your known deserts
More wrong than with your right should let you greet me,
And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
(I.1.80) VAUMONT: That she should nothing wrong her husband's right,
(I.1.125-26) VANDOME: Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted ever when men grant they err.

Spirit ... of my father
Golding Ovid Met. (XV.511): The bodies which perchance may have the spirits of our brothers,
Anon. Woodstock (II.1.68-69) KING: examples such as these
will bring us to our Kingly grandsire's spirit.
Ironside (I.1.122) CANUTUS: for yet the spirit of my father Sveyn
Willobie (Gentle/Courteous): I commit you to the good government of God's spirit.
Shakes AsYou (I.1.) ORLANDO: and the spirit of my father, which I
think is within me, begins to mutiny against this / servitude:
(I.1.73) ORLANDO: the spirit of my father grows strong in me.
Bible Matt. 10.20 ... but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.

Legal term: Break faith (Command ... rite; In common)
Brooke Romeus (2029): Have kept my faith unbroke, steadfast unto my friend.
(VII.1076): For breaking faith; and fretting at a vain surmised shame,
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.437) JOCASTA: Of friendly faith which never can be broke.
Shakes LLL (I.1) BIRON: If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
(IV.3) FERDINAND: You would for paradise break faith, and troth;
Rich3 (IV.4) Q ELIZ ... If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
... If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
... Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
Rich2 (III.2) RICHARD II: ... They break their faith to God as well as us:
Edw3 (II.1) WARWICK: That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
K. EDW.: (IV.4) Which if thyself without consent do break,
Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.
King John (II.1) BASTARD: ... That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all, ... / Since kings break faith upon commodity,
2H4 (4.2) ARCHB OF YORK: Will you thus break your faith?
MND (II.1) OBERON: And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
MV (V.1) ANT: My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord / Will never more break faith advisedly.
T&C (V.3) HECTOR: I must not break my faith.
Pericles (I.2) PERICLES: I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Anon. Ironside (I.1.120): AYLWARD: Remember he hath often broke his faith
Willobie (XXXVII.2): Your words command the lawless rite
Of Plato's laws that freedom gave, / That men and women for delight
Might both in common freely have; Yet God doth threaten cruel death
To them that break their wedlock faith.
(LIII.2): And for their fancy broke their faith:

Falsely bred
Anon. Ironside (I.1.158): degenerate bastard, falsely bred,
Lyly MB (II.3) MOTHER BOMBIE: Falsely bred, truly begot,
(V.3) SILENA: my mother bore me not: falsely bred, truly begot.

Flattering ... base, insinuating sycophant
Greene James IV (V.6.37) K. SCOTS: Ah, flattering brood of sycophants, my foes!
Shakes IH6 (II.4.35): base insinuating flattery
Titus (IV.2.38): basely insinuate.
Anon. Woodstock (I.1.148) WOODSTOCK: Lulled and secured by flattering sycophants;
(I.3.218) LANCASTER: Be thus outbraved by flattering sycophants?
Ironside (I.1.157) USKATAULF: Base, vild, insinuating sycophant,
(II.3.226) CANUTUS: Gross flattery, all-soothing sycophant,
Nobody: A major theme, based especially on the character named Sycophant, who appears to
be identified in several speeches as a composite of Sir Christopher Hatton (Exchequer) and
Lord Cobham (the Cinque Ports, see above).
Notable are speeches such as: (510-11) SOMEBODY: Those subtle sly insinuating fellows
Whom Somebody hath sent into the country
(1639) QUEEN: You are welcome; what new flatteries
Are a coining in the mint of that smooth face?
Nashe Summers (472-280) SUMMER: My Lord, this saucy upstart Jack,
That now doth rule the chariot of the Sun, / And makes all stars derive their light from him
Is a most base insinuating slave, / The son of parsimony and disdain,
One that will shine on friends and foes alike,
That under brightest smiles hideth black showers,
Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes,
And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food.
Dunghill ... and Courtiers

Greene Alphonsus (V.3.64) AMU: Into the hands of such a dunghill Knight?
(V.3.70) ALPH: 'Villain,' sayest thou? 'Traitor' and 'dunghill Knight?'
Anon. Willobie (XII.1): Thou beggar's brat, thou dung-hill mate,
Thou clownish spawn, thou country gill,
My love is turned to wreakful hate, / Go hang, and keep thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong, / I hope to see thee beg, ere long.
Ironside (I.1.222-29) LEOPFRIC: Oh what a grief is it to noble bloods to see each base-born
groom promoted up, each dunghill brat arreared to dignity,
(III.5.1-3) CANUTUS: A plague upon you all for arrant cowards! Look how a dunghill cock, not
rightly bred, doth come into the pit with greater grace,
Cromwell (I.2.68) CROM: And from the dunghill minions do advance
Weakest (XVI.158) BRABANT: Never begot but of some dunghill churl.
Harvey (1593): PierceÓs Supererogation: ... there is a cap of maintenance, called Impudency:
and what say to him, that in a super-abundance of that same odd capricious humor, findeth no
such want in England as of an Aretine, that might strip these golden Asses out of their gay
trappings, and after he had ridden them to death with railing, leave them on the dunghill for
carriion?
Shakes 1H6 (I.3): Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
2H6 (I.3): Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
(IV.10): Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
LLL (V.1): Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers'
O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.
KING JOHN: Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
MWW (I.3): Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
2H4 (V.3): Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
H5 (IV.3): Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
AsYou (I.1): which his animals on his dunghills are as much
LEAR (III.7): Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
(IV.6): Out, dunghill!
Nashe Will Summers (449): How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
Chapman DÕOlive (V.2.100) DÕOLIVE: raked like old rags out of dunghills by candlelight,

Cannot speak but ... straight
Brooke Romeus (1904): But with unwonted boldness straight into these words she brake.
Anon. Ironside (I.1.82-83) CAN: I cannot speak, but some or other straight / misconsters me.
(I.2.207) EGIMA: I cannot speak but straight you say I scold.
Shakes T&C (V.2.101) CRESS: one cannot speak ... But it straight starts you.

Fat of this land
Anon. Woodstock (V.3.85) LANCASTER: the soil is fat for wines, not fit for men,
Ironside (I.1.106) 1 COUNTRY: and dwell among the fattest of this land.
Cromwell (IV.2.51-52) CROM: They neither plow, nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the Land, and suck the poor:
Shakes 2H4 (IV.4.54) HENRY IV: Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds; ...
Bible Gen. 45.18 ... and ye shall eat of the fat of the land.

Necks (stubborn)
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.279): And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.
Watson Hek(I): Cupid hath clapt a yoke upon my neck,
Lyly Campaspe (I.1.42-43) TIMOCLEA: We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by
force but whose / hearts cannot yield by death.
Sapho (I.1.35-36): I will yoke the neck that never bowed, ...
Anon. Woodstock (I.1.55) LANC: Would not throw off their wild and servile yoke
(II.1.512) KING: but time shall come, when we shall yoke their necks.
(ii.1) TRESILIAN: and hath shook off the servile yoke of mean protectorship.
Ironside (I.1.108-09) 1 COUNTRY: We then did yoke the Saxons and compelled their stubborn
necks to ear the fallow fields.
(i.1.135-41) USKA: a generation like the chosen Jews: stubborn, unwieldy, fierce and wild to
tame, scorning to be compelled against their wills, abhoring servitude as having felt the
overloading burden of the same.
Leic. Gh. (179-180): As Numa, when he first did seek to draw / The Roman people underneath
his yoke,
Shakes 1H6 (II.3.63) yoketh your rebellious necks
Edward III (I.1.) KING EDW: Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
Bible Exodus 33.3-5: For the Lord had said unto Moses, Say unto the children of Israel, Ye are a
stiffnecked people, I will come up suddenly upon thee, and consume thee: therefore now thy
costly raiment from thee, that I may know what to do unto thee. See also Deut. 31.27, 2 Chron.
36.13, Pss. 75.5, Jer. 17.23, Bar. 2.33

Wish ... against himself
Anon. Ironside (I.1.183) USKA: in wishing him so much against himself.
Shakes Cymb (V.4) 1 GAOL: I speak against my present profit,
but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Pacify yourselves
Greene James IV (I.1.248) ATEUKIN: ...Tut; pacify your Grace.
Anon. Weakest (XIII.172) EPERNOUNE: Pacific yourselves, not one of you
Ironside (I.1.126) CANUTUS: Go in, good friends, and pacify yourselves.
Shakes 2H4 (II.4.78) pacify yourselves
Edw3 (V.1) K. EDWARD: No more, Queen Philippa, pacify yourself.

Bridle their wills
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.463) JOCASTA; Yet can not rule his own / unbridled will,
Anon. Ironside (I.1.142) EDR: Curb them, my lord, and bridle but their wills
Nobody/Somebody (40) VIGENIUS: Bridle your spirit.
Willie (LXIII.1): ... But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.
Shakes Errors (II.1.13) LUCIANA: O, know he is the bridle of your will
ADRIANA: There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Legal: Witnesses of worth
Anon. Ironside (I.1.178) USKA: with many other witnesses of worth.
Shakes Titus (V.1) AARON: Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

Cold water ... Coal ... Heat ... Quench
Edwards Dam&Pith (1458-59) EUBULUS: No prayer can move when kindled is the ire;
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.
Anon. Ironside: (II.3.98-99) CAN: Look how cold water cast on burning coals
doeth make the fire more fervently to flame;
Willobie (XXXI.1): There is a coal that burns the more, / The more ye cast cold water near,
Like humor feeds my secret sore, / Not quenched, but fed by cold despair: ...
Note: Canol coal found in many places of England.
Nymphaus locus Leonicus de varia Histor. fol. 28.
By the Ionian sea there is a place that burns continually,
and the more water is cast into it, the more it flames.
(XXXI.2): In grace they find a burning soil / That fumes in nature like the same,
Cold water makes the butter broil, / The greater frost, the greater flame:
doeth make the fire more fervently to flame;
Bible Song of Sol. 8.6-7 (6) ... the coals thereof are fiery coals, & a vehement flame; (7) Much
water cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.

Water ... Quench ... Desire/Love
Brooke Romeus (210): That only death and both their bloods might quench the fiery heat.
Lyly MB (III.4) RIXULA: You mean knavishly, and yet I hope foul water
will quench hot fire as soon as fair.
Love's Met. (II.1) NISA: If he were fire, the sea would quench those coals
or the flame turn him into cinders.
Shakes 3H6 (II.1.83-84): quench my furnace-burning heart
TGV (II.7.19-20): quench the fire of love with words
Rich2 (5.5.108): That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire.
(This corresponds to the Biblical passages in Mark.)
Anon. Ironside (I.1.201): and quench the burning choler of my heart,
Locrine (I.2.31) STRUMBO: the little sparkles of affection kindled in me
towards your sweet self hath now increased to a great
flame, and will ere it be long consume my poor heart,
except you, with the pleasant water of your secret
fountain, quench the furious heat of the same.
Willobie (XXIII.2): With water quench this hot desire.
Dodypoll (II.1) ALBER: Down with the battlements, pour water on! I burn, I burn;
O give me leave to fly Out of these flames, these fires that compass me.
Bible Song of Sol. 8.6-7 (6) ... the coals thereof are fiery coals, & a vehement flame; (7) Much
water cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.
Isa. 66.24 ... for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched, & they shall be ...;
similar phrasing in Mark 9.43-48.

Mirror of majesty
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (Arg.): Fygue Creon is King, the type of Tyranny,
And Oedipus, mirror of misery.
(V.5.245-46) OEDIPUS: Dear citizens, behold your Lord and King A mirror for Magistrates.
Anon Ironside (I.1.240) LEOFRIC: is rightly termed mirror of majesty.
Shakes Rich2 (IV.1) RICH: Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have, / Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Close ... Secrets
Edwards Dam&Pith (251) STEPH: In close-secret wise still whispering together.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.1.220) CREON: To keep full close this secret hidden grief.
Anon. Woodstock (IV.1) KING: but see ye carry it close and secretly,
Ironside (I.2.18) EDRICUS ... whisper close secrets in the giddy air;
be a newsmonger; feed the king with sooths;
Willobie (LIII.2): But closely lies in secret heart:
Bible Tob 12.7 It is good to keep close the secrets of a King; 12.11 I said it was good to keep
close the secret of a King, ...

Legal term: Pardon ... Embrace
Shakes 2H6 (IV.8): Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon
Anon. Ironside (I.3.32) TUR: or else embrace our pardons, which we crave

Conspire against ourselves
Anon. Ironside (I.3.43) we should conspire with them against ourselves!
Shakes Sonnet 10: That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire.

Outward/Inward
Brooke Romeus (52): And each with outward friendly show doth hide his inward hate,
(360): Yet with an outward show of joy she cloaked inward smart;
(1324): His outward dreary cheer bewrayd his store of inward smart.
(2315-16): That by her outward look no living wight could guess
Her inward woe, and yet anew renewed is her distress.
(2893-94): My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrice,
Than all the outward deadly pain that all you could devise.
Golding Abraham (648) SARA: Both outwardly and inwardly alway,
Lyly Gallathea (V.2) HAEBE: the content of your inward thoughts, the pomp of your outward
shows.
Endy (IV.1) COR: that uttering the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of
outward perjuries.
(IV.3) TELLUS: I could not smother the inward fire but it must needs be perceived by the
outward smoke;
Sapho (Pro.): Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness;
Shakes Rich3 (I.4) BRAK: An outward honour for an inward toil;
(3.1.10) Than of his outward show, ...
King John (I.1) BASTARD: Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Pericles (II.2) SIM: The outward habit by the inward man.
A&C (III.13) ENO: A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
V&A (71): 'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move ...
Lucrece (13): Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:
(221) With outward honesty, but yet defiled / With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
Sonnet (16): Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Sonnet (46): As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.
Anon. Ironside (I.3.45) EDM: thank not thy outward foe but inward friend;
Willobie: (XIV.3): Can heart from outward look rebel?
(LV.3): As you pretend in outward show / Where men no outward shows detect
Dodypoll (V.2): Of outward show doth sap the inward stock in substance and of worth ... 
L Gh. (364-65): To entertain all men (to outward show) 
With inward love, for few my heart did know, 
Bible 1 Sam. 16.7 For God seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord beholdeth the heart. 2 Sam.Arg ... who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies ...

Blood ... Vital spirit/Life
Golding Ovid Met (II.1032): For want of blood and lively heat, to wax both pale and wan. 
(iv.297) And so a corse both void of blood and life thou didst remain. 
(vii.186): And suddenly both void of blood and lively heat she sate 
(X.527): Her color died; her blood and heart did clearly her forsake. 
(xi.377): And as she strived for to speak, away went blood and life. 
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.246) BAILO: With hideous cries betoken blood and death: 
Oxford letter (9/72): to admonish you as one with whom I would / spend my blood and life, 
Marlowe T1 (II.1.41) COSROE: And with my blood my life slides / through my wound, 
Shakes 12th (II.15.135) MAL: ... let thy blood and spirit embrace them; 
Anon. Ironside (I.1.261) LEOF: We gave them life; for us they shed their blood. 
Locrime (I.1.126) CORIN: I hazarded my life and dearest blood, ... 
(i.1.137) And for this gift, this life and dearest blood, 
Dodypoll (II.1.129): Shall grow in me to blood and vital spirit, ...

Hands ... Hearts
Anon. Ironside (I.3.35) EDM: Give me your hands and with your hands your hearts. 
Shakes 3H6 (IV.6.38-400): Give me both your hands ... / and with your hands your hearts.

Sheep ... Lost/Strayed ... Taint/Sin
Anon. Mucedorus (IV.2.21) MOUSE: ... to look out a shepherd & a stray king's daughter: ... 
Ironside (I.3.28-29) EDMUND: One sheep that was lost I more rejoice to find than twenty other which I never missed. (This passage seems to derive from the Apostles' parable. 
(iv.1.24-25) EDM/letter from Edricus: I come again like to a strayed sheep / tainted, God wot, with naught but ignorance. (This passage conforms well to Jeremiah.) 
Shakes TGV (I.1) PRO: Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray, 
An if the shepherd be a while away. 
MV (IV.1) ANTONIO: I am a tainted wether of the flock, ...
Bible Jer.50.6 My people hath been as lost sheep: their shepherds have caused them to go astray, and have turned them away to the mountains: they have gone from mountain to hill, and forgotten their resting place. 50.7 All that found them, have devoured them, and their enemies said, We offend not because they have sinned against the Lord, the habitation of justice, ... 
Similar references to lost sheep, but lacking the consciousness of sin and taint are found in other passages, some Messianic: Pss.119.176, Matt.10.6, Matt.15.24, Matt.18.11, Luke.15.6, 

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

Scrupulous ... Stand upon ... Nice
Anon. Ironside (II.1.14-16) CAN: I' faith, my lord, you are too scrupulous,
too unadvised, too fearful without cause, / to stand upon such nice excuses.
Shakes 3H6 (II.7.58-61): stand you/stand upon ... nice ... scrupulous

Heaven ... Consent
Anon. Ironside (II.1.44) CAN: for by that name if heaven and thou consent,
Leic. Gh. (184): Whereby (as if it were by heaven's consent)
(758): But heaven did not consent to work his spoil
(1300): Inaugurate by heaven and earth's consent,
Shakes AWEW (II.1) HELENA: ... The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

Spent/spend ... Breath
Marlowe Dido (V.1) AENEAS: In vain my love thou spendst thy fainting breath,
Marprelate (#7): ... the more violence they use, the more breathe they spend.
Anon. Ironside (II.1.70) CANUTUS: what I by some spent breath have compassed.
Shakes Edw3 (I.1) PRINCE: Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.
Cymb (V.3) POST: On either side I come to spend my breath;

Ill-favored
Golding Ovid Met. (II.592): Her hands gan warp and into paws ill-favoredly to grow,
(XIII.996): A foul ill-favored sight it is to see a leafless tree.
(XIV.110): Into an evil-favored kind of beast, that being none
(XV.418): But like an evil-favored lump of flesh alive doth lie.
Gascoigne Supposes (II.4) CLEANDER: An ill-favored name by my troth: ...
Anon. Ironside (II.2.8-10) STITCH: I / cannot brook an ill-favored face, ... 
(III.5.22) EDR: Fortune's ill-favored frown shows she will smile
Shakes MWW (I.1) SLENDER: ... they are very ill-favored / rough things.

Mount a pitch (probably refers to a hawking term meaning soars to a lofty height)
Anon. Ironside (II.2.17) EDRICUS: Whoso desires to mount a lofty pitch
Shakes Titus (II.1) AARON: And mount her pitch, whom / thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, ... (only recorded transitive use of 'mount' (per Sams)

Logger-headed
Anon. Ironside (II.2.73) EDRICUS: such logger-headed rogues are best for us;
Greene James IV (I.Pro.98) OBER: to loggerhead your son I give a wandering / life and promise
Shakes Shrew (IV.1) PET: You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
R&J (IV.4) CAPULET: Thou shalt be logger-head. ...

Guiltless shoulders
Shakes Rich3 (I.2) GLOU: Which laid their guilt upon my / guiltless shoulders.
Anon. Ironside (II.3.17) CAN: and make their guiltless shoulders / bear the burthen.

Sap/dead root
Note: As Shakespeare so often compares the wise king to an attentive shepherd, here he is compared to the prudent gardener. It is notable that in Edmund Ironside, as in the following examples from Richard III, Richard II and King Lear, treason and/or betrayal result from inappropriate husbandry.
Anon. Ironside (II.3.41-47) CAN: A traitor may be likened to a tree, which being shred and topped when it is green, / doth for one twig which from the same was cut yield twenty arms, yea twenty arms for one, / but being hacked and mangled with an axe, the root dies and piecemeal rots away. / Even so with traitors. Cut me off their heads,
Shakes Rich3 (II.2) Q ELIZ: To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd? / Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
Rich2 (III.4) GARD: They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year / Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood, / With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men, / They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches / We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
Lear (IV.2) ALB: ... She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither / And come to deadly use.
Lucrece (167): ... Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay; / So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.
Bible John 15.4-6 The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ... He is cast forth as a branch, and withereth.

Ignominy ... Vild
Marlowe T2 (V.1) ORCANES: To vile and ignominious servitude.
Anon. Ironside (II.3.66-67) CAN: rather let us die / than we should suffer this vild ignominy.
Bible Prov. 18.3, Isa 34.13 (KJ).

Legal term: Judgment ... Execution
Anon. Ironside (II.3.107-08) CANUTUS but you shall see our judgments straight performed. / Do execution on them presently!
(II.3.125-26) 1 PLEDGE: Give me the axe, I'll quickly execute
this direful judgment on my guiltless hands.
Shakes MM (II.2) PROVOST: ... Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath / Repented o'er his doom
Bible Exod. 12.12; Num. 33.4; Deut. 10.18, 33.21; 2 Sam 8.15; 1 Kings 6.12; 1Chron. 18.14; 2 Chron. 24.24; Ezra 7.1; Pss., 99.4, 103.6, 119.84, 146.7, 149.9; Isa 16.3; Jer 5.1, 7.5, 21.12,
A connection between the dramatic texts and Biblical passages is tenuous at best.

Sins of the Father
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.2.106-108) ETEOCLES: As for my father, care I not; for if
So chance I die, it may full well be said / His bitter curses brought me to my bane.
Kyd Cornelia (I.1.166-69) CHORUS: ' The wrath of heaven (though urg'd) we see is slow
' In punishing the evils we have done: / ' For what the Father hath deserv'd, we know,
' Is spared in him, and punish'd in the sonne.
Anon. Ironside (II.3.114) CANUTE: for you must suffer for your fathers' crime.

God's Judgment/Vengeance
Brooke Romeus (2121-22): Now ought I from henceforth more deeply print in mind
The judgment of the lord ...
(2854): T'appear before the judgment-seat of everlasting power,
Gascoigne Supposes (VIII) PHILO: you should have feared the vengeance of God
the supreme judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts)
Golding Abraham (676-78) ABRAHAM: Is it right
That I so sinful and so wretched wight, / Should fall to scanning of the judgments
Kyd Sp Tr (III.12.986-7-87) HIER: God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.
(III.13.2-3) HIER: Aye, heav'n will be reveng'd of every ill;
No7 will they suffer murder unrepaid.
Shakes Rich3 (I.4.199-200): Take heed; for he holds vengeance
in his hand, / To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
Merchant (IV.1.206): My deeds upon my head!
R&J (V.3.62): Put not another sin upon my head.
Anon. Ironside (II.3.135) 1 PLEDGE: Let these my stumps crave / vengeance at thy hands,
thou judge of judges and thou king of kings!
Woodstock (I.1.28) YORK: high heaven be judge, we wish all good to him.
Willobie (To the Reader): Cry to the Lord for vengeance against us,
that tremble not at the remembrance of God's judgments
(V.3): What sin is that, which vengeance crave
(LVIII.1): With vengeance due, the sinful deeds?
(LXIII.1): And when I change let vengeance fall.
Cromwell (V.3.39) CROMWELL: O let my soul in Judgment answer it:
L Gh (2160-61): Yet though my sins pass number as the sand,
O mortal men, to Him the judgment leave
Yorkshire (IX) KNIGHT: Well, I do not think, but in tomorrow's judgment,
The terror will sit closer to your soul,
Disp. Greene's Groat (195-96): ... leaving him that hath left the world to him
that censureth of every worldly man, ...
(767-770): ... God warneth men by dreams and visions in the night
and by known examples in the day, but if he return not,
He comes upon him with judgment that shall be felt.
Bible Ps. 140.10 Let coals fall upon them: let him cast them into the fire, & into the deep pits, that they rise not. Ps. 7.16 His mischief shall return upon his own head.
Rom. 12.19 Vengeance is mine, 13.4 to take vengeance on him that doeth evil.
Deut. 32.35 Vengeance and recompense are mine: ...

Tongues ... Filed/Smooth
Brooke Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,
Gascoigne Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file thy / sugared tongue,
Edwards Dam&Plith (1726): ... the plague of this court! / Thy filed tongue that forged lies
Lyly Campaspe (IV.2.31) CAMP: Whet their tongues on their hearts.
Sapho (II.4.105) SYB: whose filed tongue made those enamored that sought to have him enchanted.
Greene James IV (I.1.236) ATEU: But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue
Selimus (3.4) SELIMUS: And feigned plaints his subtle tongue doth file
T'entrap the silly wand'ring traveler
Shakes LLL (V.1) HOLO: ... discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, ...
Lear (I.4.288): How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is.
Pass Pilgrim 19 (2): Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, ...
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place
Ironside (II.3.149-50) CAN: Sirs, temper well your tongues and be advised if not, I'll cut them shorter by an inch.
(V.2.162) CAN: Edmund, Report shall never whet her tongue / upon Canutus to eternize thee.
Bible Ps. 140.3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their lips.

Trust ... Princes
Anon. Ironside (II.3.157-58): 1 PLEDGE: We go thy cruel butchery to ring.
Oh England, never trust a foreign king.
Shakes King John (3.1.7-8) I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man.
H8 (3.2.366-67) O how wretched / Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
Bible Ps. 146.3 Put not your trust in princes ...; also Ps. 118.9

Blot ... Shame ... Dishonor ... Erase
Golding Ovid Met. (Pref.30): That all their Gods with whoredom, theft, or murder blotted be.
(VII.199): Of staining of thine honor had not stayed thee in that stead.
(XIII.599): Forbear to touch me. So my blood unstained in his sight
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.131) SERVUS: How could it be, that knowing he had done / So foul a blot, he would remain alive?
(I.1.156) JOCASTA: With other's blood might stain his guilty hands,
Supposes (III) DAMON: My daughter is deflowered, and I utterly dishonested: how can I then wipe that blot off my brow?
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.233-34) His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
Edw3 (I.1) K. EDW: Such as dread nothing but dishonor's blot.
(II.1) COUNTESS: Hath he no means to stain my honest blood
Anon. Locrine (V.1.61-72) [V.1.61]THRAS: If princes stain their glorious dignity
With ugly spots of monstrous infamy,
Mucedorus (Pro.10): From blemished Traitors, stained with Perjury:
Woodstock (I.1.190) WOODSTOCK: And shun those stains that blurs his majesty.
Weakest (XIV.20-21) DYANA: Without impeachment of our honest fame,
Debarring wicked lust to blot the same.
(XVI.169-70) EPERNOUNE: Oh wherefore stain you virtue and renown
With such foul terms of ignominy and shame?
Willobie (II.4): Repel the shame that fears a blot
(XLII.8): Then raze me out, and blot my name. (Rev. 3.5)
Ironside (II.3.175: to raze out this dishonorable blot
(this language parallel is almost identical to Willobie, above).
L Gh. (64): My fame is blotted out, my honor scarred,
(1336-67): Can this injurious world so quickly blot / A name so great out of records of fame?
Yorkshire 1 GENT: Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your tongue?
Yourself to stain the honor of your wife,
KNIGHT: ... From such an honored stock and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.
KNIGHT: The desolation of his house, the blot / Upon his predecessors' honored name!
Bible Ex. 32.32-33; Num. 5.23; Ps. 69.28; Rev. 3.5.

Book of life
Anon. Ironside (II.3.176) CANUTUS: out of the brass-leaved book of living fame?
(III.4.6-7) EDM: whose valors echo through the mouth of fame
and writes you worthies in the book of life
Shakes Rich2 (1.3.203, 4.1.274-75) The very book indeed / Where all my sins are writ.
Bible Rev. 3.5; 20.12, 15; 21.27; also in Rev. 17.8; Phil. 4.3

Stone ... Roll
Most of the examples below refer to the classical/pagan rolling stone of Fortune/Fate, or to the
mythological punishment of Sisyphus.
Golding Ovid Met. (IV.569-70): There also labored Sisyphus that drave against the hill
A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downward still.
(X.48-49): ... and down sat Sisyphus upon / His rolling stone.
Oxford poem (#XVII If care or skill ...): My hapless hap doth roll the restless stone.
Watson Hek (LXII): [Comment] Sisyphus rolleth a great round stone up
a steep hill, which being once at the top presently falleth down amain.
[Verse] By fear, like Sisyphus I labor still
To turle a rolling stone against the hill,
Kyd Sp Tr (I.1.316-18)VICEROY: What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone / and mind more mutable than fickle winds?
(IV.1.528-29) GHOST: Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone, / And take from Sisyphus his endless moan;
Greene Orl Fur (II.2.71) ORLANDO: The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides --
Shakes H5 (III.6) PISTOL: Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate, / And giddy Fortune's furious wheel,
That goddess blind, / That stands upon the rolling restless stone--
H8 (V.3) SUFF: ... When ye first put this dangerous stone a-rolling, / 'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Anon. Locrine (III.2.50) HUBBA: Or roll the stone with wretched Sisiphus.
Ironside (II.3.197-99) EDRICUS: ... for else in time you might dismount the queen
and throw her headlong from her rolling stone / and take her whirling wheel into your hand.

(III.5.24-25) CANUTUS: What tell'st thou me of Fortune and her frowns,
of her sour visage and her rolling stone?
Willlobie (LVI.2): To roll the stone that turns again.
(LVII.3): And shall I roll the restless stone?

Spotless ... Name
Brooke Romeus (109): Thy tears, thy wretched life, ne thine unspotted truth,
(1663): So shall no slander's blot thy spotless life destain,
Golding Ovid (XIV.750-51): ... Hail, lady mine, the flower
Unspotted of pure maidenhood in all the world this hour.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.451-52) BAILO: The voice that goeth of your unspotted fame,
Lyly Endymion (I.4) TEllUS: ... seeing my love to Endymion (unspotted)
cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia (though it be unspeakable) may be suspected.
Shakes Rich2 (I.1) MOW: The purest treasure mortal times afford / Is spotless reputation: ...
WT (II.1) First Lord: Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
Othello (III.3.155) Good name ... / Is the immediate jewel.
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean, / In this which you accuse her.
H8 (III.2) WOLSEY: So much fairer / And spotless shall mine innocence arise, ...

BNK (III.6.196) EMILIA: By your own spotless honor?
Anon. Ironside (II.3.775) EDRICUS: But as for this flea-spot of dishonor,
(IV.1.1282) EDMUND: that you were doubtful of my spotless truth
Willlobie (gentle/courteous ...): The glory and praise that commends a spotless life
... she stands unspotted and unconquered
Abel Emet (commendation of ... ): The glory of your Princely sex, the spotless name:
(I.4): Afflicted Susan's spotless thought;
(I.24): And yet she holds a spotless fame.
(XXXV.5): With spotless fame that I have held, (LIV.2): A spotless name is more to me,
Penelope (XIII.3): Shall hateful slander spot my name?
Munday Huntington (XI.67-68) ROBIN: Why? She is called Maid Marian, honest friend,
Because she lives a spotless maiden life,

Similar Uses: Lyly Woman/Moon; Kyd Sp Tr; Chapman D'Olive
Bible Ecclus 41.12 Have regard to thy name; for that shall continue with thee above a thousand
treasures of gold. Prov. 22.1 A good name is to be chosen above great riches .... 1 Peter 1.19
But as the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb, / undefiled and without spot .

True ... Truth ... Color
Anon. Ironside (II.3.233-36) EDRICUS: It stands not with my zeal and plighted faith
otherwise to say than as your highness saith: / your grace is able to give all their due
due to make truth lie and likewise make lies true.
CAN: I would it lay in me to make thee true, / but who can change the Ethiopian's hue?
(III.5.160) EDR: Truth needs no colors.
Shakes 1 Henry VI (5.1.72-80) To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color that may please the eye. ...
And never yet did insurrection want / Such water-colors to impaint his cause.

Crakes/croaks like a craven
Lyly Sapho (III.3.58-59) EUGENIA: I mistrust her not, for that the owl hath not shrieked
at the window or the night raven croaked, both being fatal.
Anon. Ironside (III.5.8): crakes like a craven and bewrays himself;  
Shakes Shrew (II.1) KATH: No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.  
Bible Matt 26.34... before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice; Matt.26. 75; Mark 14.30, 72,  

Cloudy brow  
Marlowe T2 (II.4.7) TAM: He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,  
Shakes 2H6 (III.1) GLOUC: And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Anon. Ironside (III.5.18) EDRI: and change the countenance of her cloudy brow.

Cloudy look  
Marlowe T2 (I.3.4) TAM: Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air  
Anon. Ironside (III.5.60): EDRICUS: with th' least encounter of a cloudy look,  
Shakes PassPil (19): Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:  
Chapman D'Olive (V.2.25) VANDOME: Sister, cloud not your forehead;

Puff ... Words  
Anon. Ironside (III.1.29-30) Stay, York, and hear me speak. Thy puffy words,  
thy windy threats, thy railing curses, light  
Shakes 2H4 (V.3) SILENCE: By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman / Puff of Barson.  
PISTOL: Puff! / Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! ...  
Corio (II.1) BRUTUS: ... In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens  
Do press among the popular throngs and puff / To win a vulgar station: ...  
(III.2) CORIOLANUS: Let them puff all about mine ears, ...  
Bible 1 Cor 4.19 ... not the speech of them which are puffed up, but the power ...

Hot coals, hot vengeance ... upon [my] head  
Golding Ovid Met (I.266-67): ... I overthrew  
The house with just revenging fire upon the owner's head,  
Edwards Dam&Pith (1768): From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire  
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?  
Anon. Ironside (III.1.38) YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head  
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.114) ERASTUS: Which if I do, all vengeance light on me.  
Marlowe T2 (IV.1) JERUSALEM: ... heaven, filled with the meteors  
Of blood and fire ..., / Will pour down blood and fire on thy head:  
(V.1) TAM: Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himself,  
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,  
Edw2 (IV.5.16) KENT: Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,  
Shakes: 2H 6 (5.2.36): Hot coals of vengeance!  
Rich2 (I.2.8): Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.  
Anon. Locrine (I.1.164-165) BRUTUS: Or let the ruddy lightning of great Jove  
Descend upon this my devoted head.  
(IV.1.174-75) CORINEIUS: But if thou violate those promises,  
Blood and revenge shall light upon thy head.  
(V.1.) THRASIMACHUS: If there be gods in heaven, ...  
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,  
And power their plagues upon thy cursed head.  
Arden (I.1.336) MOSBY: Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on me  
If I dishonor her or injure thee.
Ironside (849): YORK: So heapest thou coal of fire upon my head
Willobie (XXXVII.4): What bosom bears hot burning coals.
Cromwell (II.3) MISTRESS BAN: To that same God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
(III.1) CROMWELL: All good that God doth send light on your head;
Bible "vengeance fall" invokes Pss. 7.16 His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his
cruelty shall fall upon his own page. Ps. 140.10 Let coals fall upon them: let him cast them into
the fire, & into the deep pits, that they rise not.

Pelt ... Pate
Shakes 1H6 (III.1) MAYOR: Do pelt so fast at one another's pate ...
Anon. Ironside (III.1.43) CANT: longs to be pelting that old hoary pate.

Home-bred countrymen
Shakes 3H6 (IV.1) MONT: Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
Rich2 (I.3) RICH: This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
V&A (126): A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Anon. Ironside (III.5.48) CAN: whenas my home-bred countrymen do run,

Tongues ... Sugared
Brooke Romeus (1017): Whether thy sugared talk, and tongue so smoothly filed,
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (II.1.256) CHORUS: Yet thou O queen, so file / thy sugared tongue,
Watson Hek (XCIII): I curse the sugar'd speech and Siren's song,
Shakes Rich2 (II.3) NORTH: And yet your fair discourse hath / been as sugar,
Oth (I.3) BRABANT: That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Anon. Ironside (III.5.148) EDR: for sugar'd lines and phrases past compare.
Nashe Summers (1419) WINTER: Poison wrapped up in sugared words,

Speed (be thy speed)
Peele Old Wives (136) 1 BROTHER: Now, father, God be your speed! What do you
Anon Weakest (II.23) BUNCH: Christ his cross be his good speed, Christ his foes to quell,
Ironside (III.6.28) ROGER: Good manners be your speed.
Nobody (1066-67) LADY: A distaff and a spindle, so indeed! / I told you this! Diana be my speed
Shakes TGV (III.1) LAUNCE: Saint Nicholas be thy speed.

Smooth-faced
Golding Ovid Met. (VIII.570): Ne let that fair smooth face of thine beguile thee, ...
Lyly Love's Met. (I.2) ERIS: It is not your fair faces as smooth as jets ...
Shakes Rich3 (V.5) RICHMOND: Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
John (II.1) BASTARD: That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
LLL (V.2) KATHERINE: I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Anon. Woodstock (IV.1) BUSH: we have left that smooth-faced flattering Greene ...
Ironside (IV.1.101) EDMUND: ... not to believe that smooth-face forged tale.
Troub. Raigne K. John (XI.42): A smooth-facte Nunne is all the Abbots wealth.
Nobody (1640) QUEEN: Are coining in the mint of that smooth face?
Leic. Gh. (889): With my fair words and smooth-faced flattering.
Nashe Summers (1850-51): And, Winter, with thy writhen frosty face,
Smooth up thy visage, when thou look'st on her;

God sees/directs everything ... Sparrow
Brooke Romeus (2187-88): Then go (quoth he), my child, I pray that God on high
Direct thy foot and by thy hand upon the way thee gye [guide]:
(2872-73): But at all times men have the choice of doing good or bad;
Even as the sprite of God the hearts of men doth guide,
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (Ill.2.84) MENECUSE: But God it seeth that every secret seeth
(Ill.2.164): Who thinks that Jove the maker of us all,
And he that tempers all in heaven on high, The sun, the moon, the stars celestial,
So that no leaf without his leave can fall, / Hath not in him omnipotence also
To guide and govern all things here below?
Supposes (II.8) PHILOGANO: you should have feared the vengeance of God the supreme judge (which knoweth the secrets of all hearts)
Greene James IV (II.I.28-29) IDA: God with a beck can change each worldly thing,
The poor to rich, the beggar to the king. / [II.1.30]
(Ill.3.68) SIR BARTRAM: God will conduct your steps and shield the right.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.12): ULF: Surely, my lord, you are highly favored
of God, who sees each human action, ...
Cromwell (I.3) FRISKIBALL: For God doth know what to myself may fall.
Leic. Gh (204-06) For though he may delude the people's sight,
It is in vain before God to dissemble, / Whose power the devils know, and knowing, tremble.
Shakes AsYou (2.3.43-44) ADAM: He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, ...
Hamlet (V.2) HAMLET: Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special
 providence in the fall of a sparrow.
Bible Matt. 10.29 Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father? Luke 12.6: Are not five sparrows bought for two fardings, ...

Maws, greedy
Golding Ovid Met. (III.81): And pierced to his filthy maw and greedy / guts within.
Anon. Ironside (IV.2.18) ALFRED: whose greedy maws devours the / Saxons' blood ...
Shakes Timon (III.4) FLAVIUS: And take down the interest into their / gluttonous maws
Edw3 (III.1) MARINER: To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

Repent ... Late/too late
Brooke Romeus (1138): And I that now too late my former fault repent,
(2582): To sell the thing whose sale ere long, too late he doth repent.
Oxford letter (1-3-76, to Lord Burghley): Wherefore for things passed amiss to repent them it is to late, to help them, which I cannot but ease them that I am determined to hope for anything I do not, but if anything do happen preter spem
Golding Ovid Met. (Ep.73): Repentance when it is too late that all redress is past.
(Ep.92): For fear that men too late to just repentance should be driven.
(Ep.180): Repentance when it is too late for thinking things amiss.
(II.770): Than all too late, alas too late gan Phebus to repent
Lyly Gallathea (III.1) EUROTA: Tush Ramia, 'tis too late to recall it, to repent it a shame.
Anon. Ironside (III.2.34-35) HERALD: I fear your wills will put your wits to pain and you repent it when it is too late.
Weakest (I.65): MERCURY: And with repentant thoughts for what is past,
Arden (V.5.18-19 ALICE: But now I find it, and repent too late.
Willrobie (IV.1): Then to repent will be too late
(XII.6): I was thy friend, but now thy foe, / Thou hadst my heart, but now my hate
Refusing wealth, God send thee woe, / Repentance now will come too late.
(XXX.5): Fond women oft repent too late.
Shakes Lear (I.4): Woe, that too late repenteth,--
Pass.Pil. (19): And then too late she will repent
Bible A number of verses combine the thought of repentance and time passing, including: Luke
10.13; Acts 3.10, 17.30; Eph. 5.15-16; and Rev. 2.5, 2.16.
Rev.2.21 And I have her space to repent of her fornication, and she repented not.

Stomach ... proud, high
Anon. Ironside (III.2.39) HERALD: Their answer, good my lord, is negative,
full of haughty courage and disdainful pride.
This little peace hath brought their stomachs up,
Willlobie (LXIII.1): Will not your lofty stomach stoop?
Weakest (I.19-20) KING: Anjou be pacified, and Bullen leave
To feed thy swelling stomach with contempt.
Shakes T&C (II.1) ACH: ... That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will ... To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare / Maintain -- I know not what...
(III.3) PATROCLUS: I stand condemn'd for this; / They think my little stomach to the war
(IV.5) AJAX: You may have every day enough of Hector / If you have stomach;
H8 (IV.2) KATH: ... Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking / Himself with princes

Fortress ... Rock ... Bulwark
Shakes 1H6 (II.1.26-27) God is our fortress, in whose conquering name Let us resolve to scale
their flinty bulwarks. H8 (3.2.197) As doth a rock against the chiding flood.
Anon. Ironside (III.4.1-2) EDM: Praised be the eternal bulwark of this land,
The fortress of my crown, in Whom I trust,
Willlobie (IV.2): You sprang belike from Noble stock, / That stand so much upon your fame,
You hope to stay upon the rock, / That will preserve a faultless name,
Bible (2 Sam. 22-3) The Lord is my rock and my fortress, and he that delivereth me. God is my
strength ... my high tower and my refuge. Matt. 7-24-25 Hath builded his house on a rock ...

Men ... Big-boned
Kyd Sol&Per (I.2.59) ERAS: The sudden Frenchman, and the big-boned Dane,
Greene (attrib) Selimus (I.50) BAJAZET: Of big-boned Tartars, in a hapless hour ...
Anon. Ironside (III.5.1047) CAN: ... even so my big-boned Danes, / addressed to fight,
Shakes Titus (IV.3) TITUS: No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
Nashe Penniless: Danes: who stand so much upon their unwieldy burly-boned soldiery,
where this big-boned Gentleman should pass
Saffron Waldon: (being a lusty big-boned fellow, & a Goliass or behemoth ...) a great big-boned thresher

Brinish Tears
Marlowe T2 (IV.2.9): OLYMPIA: And since this earth, dewed with thy brinish tears,
Greene Alphonsus (V.3.88) FAUSTA: If that the salt-brine tears ... (inexact)
Selimus (14.105) AGA: Or rain a brinish show'r of pearled tears,
Anon. Ironside (III.5.65) EDRICUS: and all our force lies drowned in brinish tears
Shakes 3H6 (III.1) HENRY VI: To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Lucrece (174): And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,

Alls well ... Ends well ... Crown
Kyd Sp Tr (II.6.448) REVENGE: The end is crown of every work well done.
Shakes 2H6 (V.2) CLIFFORD: #La fin couronne les oeuvres.
2H4 (II.2.47): Let the end try the man.
AWEW (IV.4): AllÕs well that ends well. Still the fineÕs the crown.
WhatÕer the course, the end is the renown.
(V.3334-35): All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, / The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
(V.3.337): All is well ended if this suit be won ...
T&C (IV.5): The end crowns all
Anon. Woodstock (IV.3) WOODSTOCK: and bloody acts, I fear, must crown the end.
Ironside (III.5.75) EDR: Praise the event, my lord: the end is all.
Greene Geo a Greene (III.2.44) GEORGE: Nay the end tries all; but so it will fall out.
Disp. Greene's Groat: Acta Exitus probat: The end tests/proves the deeds (all).
Lyly MB (III.4) MOTHER B: All shall end well, and you be found cozeners.
Oxford letter (Jan, 1602, to Sir Robert Cecil): #Finis coronat opus
(ÕThe end crowns the workÕ).
Bible Ecclus. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered. Job 34.36.
Tilley proverb E116: The end crowns all.

Fire from heaven
Edwards. Dam&Pith (567-69) STEPH: Seest thou this unjustice, and wilt thou stay any longer From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire
To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy just ire?
Anon. Ironside (III.5.135) EDR: Fetch fire from heaven and mix it with thy ink,
Shakes Lear (V.3) LEAR: He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes.
PPT (II.4) HELICANUS: A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up / Their bodies, ...
Bible Gen 19.24; Ex 9.23, Rev. 20.9; 2 Kings 1.10, 12, 14; 2 Kings 2.11; 1 Chr 21.26; 2 Chr 7.1; Job 1.16, Pss 18.12, 13; Ecclus 48.3, 2 Mac 2.10; Luke 9.54, Luke 17.29; 2Pet 3.12; Rev. 13.13.
However, Shaheen identifies the Lear quotation with Judges 15.4-5: Samson ... took three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned them tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the middes between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he sent them out into the standing corn. The Lear passage seems to be a mixture of Biblical images.

Knight ... Carpet, Trencher
Golding Ovid Met. (XII.673): Was by that coward carpet knight bereaved of his lyfe, ...
(XIII.123): Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght
Edwards Dam&Pith (46) Aristippus: The king feeds you often from his own trencher.
Anon Fam. Vic. (844-45)ARCH: Meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis court Than a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the camp.
Mucedorus (Epi.): And weighting with a Trencher at his back,
Ironside (III.6.5): ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag carriers, ye sword and buckler carriers,

Penelope (XXX.3): These trencher flies me tempt each day,

(XXXV.5): Than taking down such trencher-knights.

Shakes 2H6 (IV.1) SUFFOLK: Obscure and lowly swain, ... Fed from my trencher, kneel’d down at the board.

TGV (IV.4) LAUNCE: ... and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:

LLL (V.2) BIRON: ... Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, / That smiles his cheek in years ... ... Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

Much Ado (V.2) BENEDICK: ... Troilus the first employer of panders, and / a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, ...

12th (III.4) TOBY: He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; ... Tempest (II.2) CALIBAN: ... Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ...

R&J (I.5) First Servant: Where's Potpan, ... He / shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!

Timon (I.1) Old Athenian: And my estate deserves an heir more raised Than one which holds a trencher.

(III.6) TIMON: ... You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time’s flies, ...

A&C (III.13) ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Caesar's trencher; ray, you were a fragment / Of Cneius Pompey’s; ... Corio (IV.5) CORIO: Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

Nashe Summers (793): take / not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my Lord’s trencher.

Munday Huntington (XIII.246) LEICESTER: This carpet knight sits carping at our scars, ...

Death ... Woe

Gascoigne Jocasta (II.1.441) JOCASTA: By wrathful woe, or else by cruel death.

Anon. Locrine (IV.1.71) ESTRILD: To end their lives, and with their lives their woes!

(GV.2.30) GWENDOLINE: O no, his death will more augment my woes.

Mucedorus (V.2.1) KING: Break, heart, and end my paled woes.

Woodstock (IV.3) KING: I fear, even here begins our woe:

her death is but chorus to some tragic scene

Ironside (IV.1.28) EDMUND: kill me yourself! Death is the end of woe

Nobody (930) ARCHIGALLO: Death is the happy period of all woe.

Willobie (LXVII.2) IDA: ... Some men like to the rose

Are fashion’d fresh; some in their stalks do close

And born, do sudden die; some are but weeds, / And yet from them a secret good proceeds.

Anon. Ironside (IV.1.71-72) MESS: Their flags and banners, yellow, blue and red,
resembles much the weeds in ripened corn.
Arden (III.5.142-43) ALICE: Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;
Willobie (X.1): Well then I see, you have decreed, / And this decree must light on me;
Unhappy Lily loves a weed, / That gives no scent, that yields no glee:
Thou art the first I ever tried, / Shall I at first be thus denied?
Shakes Sonnet (94): The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds; / Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
Oth (IV.2) OTHELLO: O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed, / Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst / ne'er been born!

Corn ... Blast
Golding Ovid Met (V.601-02): The stars and blasting winds did hurt,
the hungry fous did eat / The corn to ground:
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.453-54) BAILEO: Is like a tender flower, that with the blast
Of every little wind doth fade away,
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.17-18) ISA: An eastern wind, ..., / Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
(III.13.12-07-8) HIER: But suffer'd thy fair crimson-color'd spring
With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?
Greene Orl Fur (V.1.63-64) SACREPANT: Parched be the earth, to drink
up every spring: / Let corn and trees be blasted from above:
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.82-83) EDMUND: A sunshine day is quickly overcast.
A springing bud is killed with a blast.
Lyly Love's Met (I.2)NISA: Of holly, because it is most holy, which lovely green
neither the sun's beams nor the wind's blasts can alter or diminish.
(IV.1.194-97) MELOS: May summer's lightning burn our autumn crop,
And rough winds blast the beauty of our plains,
Nashe Summers (660-61) AUTUMN: They vomit flames, / and blast the ripened fruits;
(1770) BACK-WINTER: O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!
Shakes Hamlet (III.4.64-65): Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother
Bible Gen. 41.5-7 ... seven ears of corn grew on one stalk, rank and goodly ... seven thin ears,
& blasted with the East wind, sprang up after them: ... and the thin ears devoured the seven
rank and full ears. Gen. 41.22-24 (similar version of above)

Speech ... Oily
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.96) EDM: right did I guess, when with thy oily speech,
thou did'st my pardon and my grace beseech,
Willobie (LVIII.5): Their lips with oil and honey flow,
Shakes Lear (I.1) CORDELIA: I yet beseech your majesty,--
If for I want that glib and oily art, / To speak and purpose not; ...
TNK (III.1.105-06) PALAMON: be rough with me and pour / This oil out of your language.

Malice ... Memory
Marlowe T2 (I.30) NAVARRE: To stop the malice of his envious heart,
Anon. Ironside (IV.1.113) EDR: Traitor? Remember this: malice hath / a perfect memory.
Shakes Corio (IV.5) CORIO: ... a good memory, / And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
Consume ... Sighs
Anon. Ironside (IV.2.32) EMMA: to burn my heart, consumed afore with sighs.
Shakes Ado (III.1) HERO: Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
Bible Pss 31.10.

Hecuba ... Sorrow ... Troy ... Tears/Weeping
Anon. Ironside (IV.2.48-49) EMMA: To dam my eyes were but to drown my heart like Hecuba, the woeful Queen of Troy, / who having no avoidance for her grief, ran mad for sorrow ’cause she could not weep ...
Shakes See Hamlet, speech of the Player King

Sheep, new-shorn (rich)
Peele Old Wives (219-220) LAMPRISCUS: ... as / poor as a sheep new-shorn, ...
Anon. Ironside (IV.3.24) SOUTH: and you remain as rich as new-shorn sheep.
Bible Song of Sol. 4.2 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep in good order, which go up from the washing; which every one bring out twins, and none is barren among them. (KJ uses "shorn," Geneva does not; presumably another Bible was used).

Breed ... Suspicion/Suspect
Kyd Sp Tr (III.1.217) LORENZO: ... For Bel-Imperia breeds suspicion,
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.82) SACRE: Which well may breed suspicion of some love.
Shakes 2H6 (I.3) GLOU: Because in York this breeds suspicion ...
H8 (III.1) CARD: I am sorry my integrity should breed ... so deep suspicion.
Anon. Ironside (IV.4.26): EDRICUS: To stay long here would breed suspicion.
Weakest (V.107) ODILLIA: If this may breed suspicion of my love,
Dodypoll (V.2.135): Ere I'll offend your Grace or breed suspect [suspicion].
Leic Gh (1522): And breed suspicion in the prince's heart.

Geese ... Fox
In his commentary on Edmund Ironside, Eric Sams cites the 'fox/geese' passages, and passages in Shakespeare, showing a similar relationship, stating: 'That would be an argument, if one were needed, for the common authorship of 2 and 3 Henry VI; and the same argument applies to Ironside.' (p. 282). The examples below also show close parallels between the 'fox/geese' passages in #Ironside and #Willobie.
Anon Ironside (IV.1.95-96): Right did I think whenas the fox did preach, he meant to get a goose within his reach.
(V.2.119) ALFRIC: When the fox preaches, then beware the geese.
Cromwell (IV.5.4-5) GARD: Bid them come hither, and stay you without:--
For by those men, the Fox of this same land, / That makes a Goose of better than himself, Willobie (XIX.1): Methinks I hear a sober Fox, / Stand preaching to the gagging Geese;
And shows them out a painted box / And bids them all beware of cheese:
Your painted box and goodly preach / I see doth hold a boxly reach.
(XXXIX.1): ... When sharp-set Foxe begins to preach, / Let goslings keep without his reach.
Lyly Midas (I.2) PETULUS: ... foxes, that stand so near a goose and bite not?
Shakes MND DEMETRIUS: Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot / carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.
THESEUS: His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose
carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.
T&C (V.4) THERSITES: cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is
Comment: Similar allusion to a fox in #Greene's Groatsworth of Wit has been interpreted to refer
to Lord Burghley, Oxford's father-in-law. Possibly the word here might also be used as a proxy
for puritans or extremist reformers, perhaps drawing on a mental reference to Foxe's #The Book
of Martyrs. Willibie in several places uses the puritan code-word 'precise'.
The passage from Troilus tellingly combines 'fox' and 'cheese' with Ulysses, often cited as a
portrait of that selfsame Lord Burghley.
These numerous references may well also derive from the
Bible - Matthew 7.15 Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's
clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. (See Henry VIII (I.1.158-60).

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

Argus ... hundred eyes ... peacock ... Juno
Golding Ovid Met (XV.426): Or Junos bird that in his tayle beares starres,
or Joves stowt knyght
Calvin on Psalms, to the reader.
Greene Fr Bac (V.1.225) BACON: If Argus lived and had his hundred eyes,
They could not o'rwatch Phobetor's night.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.21) EDRICUS: Had he as many [eyes] as Juno's bird,
or could pierce millstones with his searching sight,
he (by his leave) should not my halting find. / Juno's bird, the peacock, with as many eyes as
Argus.
Shakes T&C (I.2) ALEX: or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.
Religious Theology: Grace me no more
Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) EDM: On thee? Hence, graceless wretch, / grace me no more.
Shakes LLL (IV.1.21-22): See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit,
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
Rich2 (II.3.87) YORK: Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle: ...
MM (I.1.24-26): Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as for example,
theu thyself art a wicked villain, despite of grace.
Munday Huntington (XIII.102) ELY: Why dost thou grace Ely with / styles of Grace,
Bible Rom. 11.6 And if it be of grace, it is no more of works: or else were grace no more grace:
but if it be of works, it is no more grace: or else were work no more work.

All Hail ... Betrayal ... Judas
Shakes 3H6 (V.7) GLOUC: ... And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.
Rich2 (IV.1) KING RICH: Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me? / So Judas did to Christ:
TNK (III.5.102) SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty Duke, all hail! ~~~ All hail, sweet ladies.
Bible: Shaheen points out that no English translation uses the phrase 'all hail' and that
Shakespeare seems to derive the phrase from the medieval play #The Agony and the Betrayal.
Lyly Campaspe (II.1) PSYLLUS: All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Endymion (II.2) SAMIAS: Sir Tophas, all hail!
(V.2) SAMIAS: All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you yourself?
Kyd Sol&Per (II.1.30) BASILISCO: All hail, brave cavalier.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.25-29) EDR: -- All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
STITCH: Master, you'll bewray yourself, do you say
'all hail' and yet bear your arm in a scarf? That's hale indeed.
EDRICUS: All hail unto my gracious sovereign!
Mucedorus (III.5.6-7) MESSENGER: All hail, worthy shepherd.
MOUSE: All reign, lowly shepherd.
Leic. Gh. (1935): Even they betrayed my life that cried, 'All hail!'
Nashe Summers (305-06): SOLST: All hail to Summer, my dread / sovereign Lord. Judas' Kiss

Judas' kiss ... Caiphas
Shakes LLL (V.2) BIRON: A kissing traitor. How art thou / proved Judas? ...
DUMAIN: The more shame for you, Judas. ...
BOYET: To make Judas hang himself. ...
BIRON: Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.10) ALFRIC: That sought like Judas to betray his lord
(V.1.29-30) EDMUND: Judas, thy next part is to kiss my cheek
and then commit me unto Caiaphas.
Weakest (XVI.179) BRAB: Hath Judas-like betrayed his master's life,
Disp. Greene's Groat (908-09): this betrayer of him that gave His life for him inherited the
portion of Judas,
Munday Huntington (I.55) SKELTON: Who Judas-like betrays his liberal Lord
Into the hands of that relentless Prior,

Tongues ... Poisoned
Golding Ovid Met. (II.970): And all bevenomed was her tongue. No sleep her eyes had seen.
Watson Hek (Dedication to Oxford): or the poison of evil-edged tongues
Shakes: 3H6 (I.4.112): Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
Hamlet (I.5.35): A serpent stung me.
Oth (III.3.451): For 'tis of aspics' tongues.
Disp. Greene's Groat (628-29): The Viper's tooth is not so venomous,
The Adder's tongue not half so dangerous,
Anon. Ironside (V.1.37) EDM: His sight, his breath, his fell infectious tongue
is venomer than is the Basilisk's.
Williobie (To constant Ladies): many men in these days / whose tongues are tipped with poison
(L.3): In greenest grass the winding snake, / With poisoned sting is soonest found,
a coward's tongue makes greatest crack, / emptiest cask yields greatest sound,
Leic. Gh (286-87): ... antidote most strong / Against the poison of a venomed tongue.
Bible Ps. 140.3: They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their
lips

Pawn ... Lives
Edwards Dam&Pith (825) PITHIAS: Take me, O might king! / My life I pawn for his.
(834) DION: Thou seemest to trust his words that pawnest thy life so frankly.
Shakes Edw3 (II.1) WAR: To pawn thine honor rather than thy life.
Lear (I.1) KENT: My life I never held but as a pawn ...
(I.2) EDMUND:... I dare pawn down my life / for him ...
See also Merchant of Venice, the major plot
Anon. Ironside (V.1.44-45) EDR: Doth Edmund thus reward his followers
that pawn their lives for him and in his cause?
Lyly Love's Met. (III.2) PROTEA: Let me, as often as I be bought for money / or pawned for
meat,

Free ... Heart
Golding Ovid Met. (I.634): That made this wound within my heart that heretofore was free.
(V.348): The wicked Tyrant Pyren still: my heart is yet scarce free
(V.621): And have your heart more free from care, which better serve me may
(VIII.88): A God as in their own behalf, and if their hearts be free
Anon. Ironside (V.1.65) EDR: how far my heart was free from dastard flight;
Dodypoll (IV.3.83): O brave free-hearted slave, ...
Lyly Love's Met (II.1) CERES: in token that my heart is as free
from any thought of love as these from any blemish,
Munday Huntington (VIII.13) FITZ: An argument of my free heart, my Lord,
Shakes Timon (I.2) VENT: I am bound to your free heart.
Macbeth (I.3) MAC: Let us speak our free hearts each to other.
Lov. Comp (28): Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free.

Innocent/Guilty blood ... Drink blood
Edwards Dam&Pith (796-97) DAMON: ... whereas no truth my innocent / life can save,
But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,
(1472) EUBULUS: Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.
Anon. Fam Vic. (814) ARCH: Not minding to shed innocent blood, ...
Woodstock (V.1) LAPPOOLE: ... and my sad conscience bids the contrary
and tells me that his innocent blood thus spilt heaven will revenge.
Ironside (V.1.70) EDRICUS: thirst not to drink the blood of innocents.
(V.2.159) EDRICUS: and made a sea with blood of innocents;
(V.2.170) CANUTUS: and glad for sparing of that guiltless blood
Kyd Sp Tr (III.11.25-29) HIER: A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove, / In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him / In boiling lead and blood of innocents.
Shakes 1H6 (V.iv.44): Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents.
Rich2 (V.6) BOLING: The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, ...
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Rich3 (I.2.63) O earth! Which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Matt. 27.24 ...washed his hands ... of the blood of this just man
Macbeth (2.2): Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood ...
Titus (V.2.183): The basin that receives your guilty blood.
Willobie (IX.5): A guilty conscience always bleeds
(XIII.2): I rather choose a quiet mind, / A conscience clear from bloody sins,
Than short delights, ...
Bible Deut. 21.9: The cry of innocent blood.; Deut. 32.35
Jer. 2.34: In thy wings is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents.

Hold ... play
Marlowe T2 (III.3.24-25) THERIDAMAS: And over thy Argins and covered ways
Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
(III.3.63-65) TECHELLESÉÊTrumpets and drums, alarum presently,
And soldiers play the men, the hold is yours.
Greene Orl Fur (I.1.223) RODAMANT: And hold thee play till Mandricard return. --
Fr. Bac. (II.4.23) BURDEN: Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Anon. Ironside (V.1.89) EDRICUS: till you upon the forefront held them play;
(V.2.7) CAN: in meantime make ye strong to hold him play,
Munday Huntington (XV.78) SCATHLOCK: I pray thee, Friar, hold him play.
Shakes H8 (V.4) CHAMBER: A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Feigned love, Treachery, Flattery: a Major theme of Edmund Ironside:
Flattering courtiers/lovers
Kyd Sol&Per (I.5.56) HALEB: Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind, / And did discharge a faithful subject's love.
Thou, Aristippus-like, did'st flatter him,
(I.5.75-78) HALEB: Your highness knows I spake at your command,
and to the purpose, far from flattery.
AMURATH: Thinks thou I flatter? Now I flatter not.
(I.1.68) ERASTUS: They will betray me to Philippo's hands, / For love, or gain, or flattery.
Sp Tr (III.1.9) HIER: Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
Greene James IV: A treacherous courtier also moved the action.
(Pro) BOH: No, no; flattering knaves that can cog and prate fastest, / speed best in the court.
(I.1.53) KING ENG.: Make choice of friends, ... / Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
(I.1.187) ATEUKIN: Most gracious and imperial majesty ...
A little flattery more were but too much.
(I.1.277) ATEUKIN: Did not your Grace suppose I flatter you,
There are 16 similar uses of "flatterer" in James IV.
Shakes V&A (69): Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
Anon Willobie (XI.3): For who can trust your flattering style,
With flattering tongues, & golden gifts, / To drive poor women to their shifts.

Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile;

Though flattering tongues can paint it brave,

Fawn, Fawning

Watson Hek (XXXIX): Conjoined with fawning heaps is sore oppressed,

Kyd Sol&Per (I.3.180) BASILISCO: Better a dog fawn on me than bark.

Shakes This image is a major theme of a many Shakespeare works, involving betrayal by such figures as Iago, Iachomo, and Parolles. The words fawning, feigned flatterer et al form the basis for a major Shakespeare word cluster. Edricus, in the Apocryphal Edmund Ironside, is the perfect model of such a courtier

1H6 (V.3): That Suffolk doth not fawn, face, or feign.

Errors (IV.2) DROMIO/SYR: ... A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that 1H6 ((IV.4)

SOMERSET: ... And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

3H6 (IV.1, IV.8); Rich3 (I.3); Rich2 (I.3,(III.2,V.1); IH4 (I.3)

Comedies: TGV (III.1); LLL (V.2); MND (II.1); MV (I.3); AsYou (II.7)

Tragedies: JC (I.2, III.1), Ham (III.2); Timon (III.4); Coriolanus (I.6, 3.2)

Poetry: Venus & Adonis (144); Sonnets (149)

Marlowe Jew of Malta (II.3.20): We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please: ...

Anon: Ironside (V.1.112) EDRICUS: Twas not your highness but some fawning mate that put mistrust into your grace's head, ...

William (I.13): Disdain of love in fawning face.

(VI.4): A fawning face and faithless heart

(III.5): Whose fawning framed Queen Dido's fall,

(LXIX.2): Whose fawning features did enforce

Oxford letters: (10-31-1572, to Lord Burghley): But yet, least those (I can not tell how to term them) but as back-friends unto me.

(September 1596, to Sir Robert Cecil): Enemies are apt to make the worst of every thing, flatterers will do evil offices, and true and faithful advice will seem harsh to tender ears.

William Feigned love: (VIII.5): Still feign as thou godly art,

(IX.6): To bear a show, and yet to feign,

(XI.6): To faithless heart, to lie and feign,

(XXX.1): How fine they feign, how fair they paint,

(LV.2): Assure yourself, I do not feign, / Requite my love with love again.

Bible II Sam. Arg: ... what horrible & dangerous insurrections, uproars, & treasons were wrought against him, partly b false counselors, feigned friends & flatterers, and partly by some of his own children and people and how by God's assistance he overcame all difficulties, and enjoyed his kingdom in rest and peace. In the person of David the Scripture setteth forth the Christ Jesus the chief King, who came of David according to the flesh, and was persecuted on every side with outward and inward enemies, as well as in his own person, as in his members, but at length he overcometh all his enemies and give his Church victory against all power both spiritual & temporal:and so reigneth with them, King for evermore.

Wit ... Will

Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.

Oxford poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.

Gascoigne et al Jocasta (III.2) MENECEUS: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will.

CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe.

Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,
(LXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire:
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will,
Shakes TGV (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
LLL (I.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...
12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!
Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...
Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
Anon. Ironside (V.1.119) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.
Willibie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,
(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,
Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:
(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?
(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their shows:
Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.
Lyly MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will.
Nashe Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

Legal term: Reason ... Proof; Confute ... Argument
Anon. Ironside (V.2.83-84) CAN: Then to confute thy forged argument,
thus argue I; my sword is reason's proof.
Shakes Caesar (II.1) BRUT: I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, / That lowliness is young ambition's ladder

Sword ... Reason
Anon. Ironside (V.2.84) CANUTUS: ... my sword is reason's proof.
Shakes A&C (III.13) ENO: ... when valor preys on reason, / It eats the sword it fights with.
T&C (II.2) TROILUS: You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm: / Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set / The very wings of reason to his heels

Fountain of wit
Edwards Dam&Pith (956) STEPH: But such as thou art, fountains of squirrility ...
Anon. Ironside (V.2.96) EDRICUS: fountain of wit, the spring of policy ...
Bible Baruch 3.12 Thou has forsaken the fountain of wisdom.

Manure ... Blood
Golding Ovid Met. (XIII.515-16): Against the place where Ilion was,
there is another land / Manured by the Biston men. ...
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.2.15-16) ISA: Barren the earth and blissless whosoe'er
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd.
Sol&Per (I.5.35-36) HALEB: After so many Bassows slain,
Whose blood hath been manured to their earth, ...
Anon. Ironside (V.2.148) EDRICUS: ... this little isle, / whose soil is manured with carcasses
Shakes Rich2 (4.12.137): The blood of English shall manure the ground

High-resolved
Anon. Ironside (V.2.194) EDM: of noble blood and high-resolved spirit
See also Locrine (II.1.60) HUMBER: Kingly resolved, thou glory of thy sire.
Shakes Titus (IV.4) AEMILIUS: High-resolved men, bent to the spoil, ...

Goliath ... Weaver's beam (spec. ref. to weaver's beam)
Anon. Ironside (V.2.202) EDM: Were he Golias, I the little king,
I would not fear, him on his knees to bring; / but he hath rather cause to doubt of me,
I being big and far more strong than he.
Shakes Edw3 (IV.6) PHILIP: An arm hath beat an army; one poor David / Hath with a stone foil’d
twenty stout Goliaths;
MWW (IV.1.22): I fear not Goliath with a weaver’s beam.
Nashe Summers (1025) BACCHUS: ... were every beam as big as a weaver's beam.
Bible 2 Sam. 21.19 Goliath the Gittite: the staff of whose spear was like a weavers beam. See
also 1 Chron. 20.5, same text and 1 Sam 17.7.

Honey ... Surfeit
Lyly Sapho (Pro.): and in Hybla (being cloyed with honey) they account it dainty to feed on wax.
Endymion (V/1) ENDY: for bees surfeit sometimes with honey and the gods are glutted ...
Anon Ironside (V.2.253-59) CANUTUS: How pleasant are these speeches to my ears,
 Aeolian music to my dancing heart, / Ambrosian dainties to my starved maw,
sweet-passing Nectar to my thirsty throat, / rare cullises to my sick-glutted mind,
refreshing ointments to my wearied limbs, / and heavenly physic to my earth-sick soul,
which erst was surfeited with woe and war.
Shakes 1H4 (3.2.71-73): They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little / More than a little is by much too much.
Bible Prov. 25.16 ... eat (honey) that is sufficient for thee, lest thou be over-full, and vomit it.

Tongues ... Orators
Anon. Ironside (V.2.273) ALFRIC: doth force our tongues, our hearts' chief orators,
Shakes Errors (III.2) LUCIANA: Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Edw3 (I.2) K. EDWARD: What needs a tongue to such a speaking eye,
That more persuades than winning Oratory.
Nashe Will Summers (1366): Smooth-tongue Orators, the fourth in place

Wink ... Sleep
Brooke Romeus (366): Not half a wink of quiet sleep could harbor in her bed;
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.204-05): By force of chanted herbs to make the
watchful dragon sleep, Within whose eyes came never wink,
Lyly Campaspe (V.4.4) ALEX: Be of good cheer; though I wink, I sleep not.
Sapho (III.4.58-59) PHAO: Yet Medea made the ever-waking dragon to snort
when she (poor soul) could not wink.
Anon. Ironside (V.2.300) EDR: and till occasion fits them, sleeping wink.
Willobie (XXX.2): But you can wake, although you wink,
Penelope (XXXII.2): But you can wake, although you wink,
Shakes Cymb (III.4) PISANIO: I have not slept one wink.
Appendix III: Vocabulary, Word Construction

Wordplay:
(V.i.1669) STITCH: In vain -- what a vain vein my master is in!
(Note use of OX signature word/expression.)

Distinctive Words, Phrases (*unusual):
arreared, beg at thy ears a little audience, brustling his feathers, causer (similar to OX WS word 'partaker'), consuming war ... devour, controlment, demerit best (merit?), exordion, extribute (v), for color's sake (to deceive), good mannors be your speed, hollow voice, if that, I hold my life (bet my life), inheritance, logger-headed (a), manured with carcasses, newsmonger, oily speech, plottform (plan), sea of blood, sheep-biter (n), sluggy (a), spurn not against the truth, -claimed traitors), thieves of time, time comes in time, rotyling (a)*, venomer (a), your comb is cut

Compound Words (*surely unusual): 80 words. (1 verb, 25 nouns, 54 adj,).
after-age (n), after-hopes* (n), all-conquering (a), all-daring (a), all-soothing (a), base-born (a), battle-main (n), best-loved (a), big-boned (a), block-headed (a), blue-coated (a), brass-leaved* (a), brave-minded* (a), bristle-pointed* (a), cloak-bag (n), cousin-german (n), curtle-axe (n), dear-bought (a), deep-reaching* (a), down-weighed* (a), dry-shod (a), dull-pated* (a), earth-sick soul (a), English-born (a), fire-breathing (a), flea-spot* (n), gripple-minded* (a), graut-head (n), hair's-breadth (n), hard-hearted (a), heir-apparent (n), high-resolved (a), home-bred (a), honest-meaning* (a), horn-graffer* (n), horse-heels (n), ill-favored (a), late-espoused* (a), logger-headed (a), long-expected* (a), loose-brained* (a), man-at-arms (n), March-beer* (n), marking-stall* (n), mother-killing* (a), mother-wit (n), never-heard-of (a), new-married (a), new-shred* (a), new-shorn (a), nothing-fearing (a), over-cloyed (a), over-hardiness (n), over-light (a), over-match (v), rare-conceited* (a), rash-seeming* (a), rent-run* (a), sending-for (n), serving-man (n), shake-rag (n), shirt-band (n), sheep-biter (n), sibert-asking (n), sick-glutted* (a), smooth-face (a), stony-hearted (a), stout-hearted (a), sure-grounded (a), sweet-passing* (a), three-score (a), trencher-scraping* (a), tribute-paying (n), true-approved (a), true-born (a), war-begotten* (a), well-deserving (a), windy-headed (a), wing-footed (a), wise-man (n)

Words beginning with 'con' (*surely unusual): 37 words. (19 verbs, 12 nouns, 9 adj).
conceal (v), conceive (v), concern (v), conclusion (n), concord (n), conduct (v), confess (n), confident (a), confirm (v), confirmation (n), confute (v), conjoined (a), conquer (v), conqueror (n), contest (n), conscience (n), consent (n, v), considered (v), conspire (v), constable (n), constant (a), consult (v), consume (v), consuming (a), contagious (a), contain (v), contemplation (v), contempt (n), contend (v), content (v, n, a), continue (v), continual (a), contradict (v), controlling (a), controlment (n), contumelious* (a), convert (v)

Words beginning with 'dis' (*surely unusual): 33 words (17 verbs, 10 nouns, 8 adj).
disadvantage (n), disappoint (v), discomfited (v), discontent (a, n), discontented (n) discord (n), discountenanced* (n), discourage (v), discourse (n), discouraging (v), discover (v), discredit (v), disdain (v), disdainful (n), disgrace (v), disguised (n), disguise (v), dishonor (n), dishonorable (n), disloyal (n), dismay (v), dismount (v)*, dispatch (v, n), disperse (v), dispose (v), dissemble (v), dissembling (n), dissimulation (n), distempered (v)*, distilled (v), distraught (n), disturb (v), disturbance (n)

Words beginning with 'mis': 7 words (3 verbs, 4 nouns).
mischief (n), misconsters (v), misery (n), mishap (n), misinform (v), mistress (n), mistrust (v)
business, cleanliness, forgiveness, forwardness, gentleness, [over]hardiness, highness, kindness, madness, mightiness, rashness, sauciness, sickness, weakness, witness (n, v)

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Webmaster contact:    robertbrazil@juno.com

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Damon and Pithias - Modern Spelling

John Fletcher, with William Shakespeare:
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Arthur Golding
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A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice - Original Spelling
A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice - Modern Spelling
Glossary and Appendicies to Abraham's Sacrifice

Robert Greene
Alphonsus, King of Aragon - Modern Spelling
original spelling: in Process
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
George a Greene (anon. attributed to Greene)
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
Orlando Furioso
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
James IV
Thomas Kyd
The Complete Plays of Thomas Kyd (Projected)
A Spanish Tragedy
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
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original spelling: in Process

Thomas Lodge
Brief Biography and List of Works [link]
The Wounds of Civil War

John Lyly
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Endimion - The Man in the Moone - Modern Spelling
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Midas
Mother Bombie
Sapho and Phao
Woman in the Moon

John Marston
Eastward Ho (with Ben Jonson, George Chapman): in Process
The Malcontent: in Process

Thomas Middleton:
Link to Thomas Middleton web site

Thomas Nashe
Summers Last Will and Testament - modern spelling
original spelling: in Process
Pierce Penniless: [link]

Anonymous or Disputed Dramatic Works

Arden of Feversham
original spelling: in Process
The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll - Original Spelling
Glossary and Appendices to Doctor Dodypoll

Edmund Ironside
modern spelling: in Process

The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth - Original Spelling
Strange Newes, 1592 - Epistle Dedicaturie  
Original spelling - original format - Transcription by B. Flues.  
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Underlined words are explained in the Glossary at the end.  
Footnotes in red.  
Here we follow the original text - in which the main font is italic,  
while emphasised words were in plaintext.  

Strange Newes,  
Of the intercept-  
ing certaine Letters, and a Con-  
uoy of Verfes, as they were going Privilie to  
victuall the Low Countries.  

Vnda impellitur vnda.  

By Tho. Nafhe Gentleman.  
Printed 1592.  

To the most copious Carminist  
or our time, and famous persecutor of Priscian, his  
verie friend Maister Apis lapis: Tho. Nashe wish-  
eth new strings to his old tawnie Purse, and  
all honourable increase of acquain-  
tance in the Cellar.  

Gentle M. William, <1> that learned writer Rhenish wine & Sugar,  
in the first booke of his Comment vpon Red-noses, hath this  
saying: veterem ferendo injuriam invitam novam; which is  
as much in English as one Cuppe of niptaty puls on another.  
In moyst consideration wherof, as also in zealous regard of that
high countenance you shew unto Schollers, I am bolde, in steade of new Wine, to carowsse to you a cuppe of newes: Which if your Worship (according to your wonted Chaucerisme) shall accept in good part, Ile bee your daily Orator to pray that that pure sanguine complexion of yours may neuer be famisht with potte-lucke, that you may tast till yur last gaspe, and live to see the confusion of both your speciall enemies, Small Beere <2> and Grammer rules.

It is not unknowne to report, what a famous pottle-pot patron you have beeene to olde poets in your daies, & how many pounds you have spent (and, as it were, throwne into the fire) upon the durt of wisedome, called Alcumie: Yea, you have beeene such an infinite Mecenas to learned men, that not any that belong to them (as Sumners, and who not) but have tasted of the coole streames of your liberalitie. ... [20]

I would speake in commendation of your hospitalitie likewise, but that it is chronicled in the Archdeacons Court, and the fruities it brought foorth (as I gesse) are of age to speake for themselves. Why should virtue be smothered by blind circumstance?

An honest man of Saffron Walden <3> kept three sonnes at the Universitie together a long time; and you kept three maides <4> together in your house a long time. A charitable deed, & worthie to be registred in red letters.

Shall I presume to dilate of the gravitie of your round cap, and your dudgen-dagger? It is thought they will make you be cald upon shortlie to be Alderman of the Stilliard.<5> And thats well remembred: I heard saie, when this last Terme was removed to Hartford, you fell into a great studie and care by your selfe, to what place the Stilliard should be remooved; I promise you trulie it was a deepe meditation, and such as might well have beseemed Eldertons parliament of noses <6> to have sit upon.

A Taverne in London, onelie upon the motion, mourned al in blacke, and forbare to girt hir temples with ivie, because the grandame of good-fellowship was like to depart from amongst them. And I wonder verie much, that you ... [40] sampsownd not your self into a consumption with the profound cogitation of it.

Diu vivas in amore jocisque, whatsoever you do, beware of keeping diet. Sloth is a sinne, and one sinne (as one poison) must be expelled with another. What can he doe better that hath nothing to do, than fal a drinking to keep him from idlenesse?

Fah, me thinks my jeasts begin alreadie to smell of the caske, with talking so much of this liquid provider.

In earnest thus: there is a Doctor and his Fart that have kept a foule stinking stirre in Paules Churchyard: I crie him mercie. I slandered him; he is scarce a Doctor till he hath done his Acts: <7>

This dodipoule, this didopper, this professed poetical braggart, hath railld upon me, without wit or art, in certain foure penniworth
of Letters and three farthing-worth of Sonnets: now do I meane to present him and Shakerley <8> to the Queens foole-taker for coach-horses: for two that draw more equallie in one Oratoriall yoke of vaine-glorie, there is not under heaven.

What saie you, Maister Apis lapis, will you with your eloquence and credit, shield me from carpers? Have you anie odde shreds of Latine to make this letter-munger a cockcombe of?

It stands you in hande to arme your selfe against him: for he speaks against Connicatchers, and you are a Connicatcher, as Connicatching is divided into three parts; the Verser, the Setter, and the Barnacle.

A Setter I am sure you are not; for you are no Musitian: nor a Barnacle; for you never were of the order of the Barnardines: but the Verser I cannot acquite you of, for M. Vaux of Lambeth <9> brings in sore evidence of a breakfast you wonne of him one morning at an unlawful game cald riming. What lies not in you to amend, plaie the Doctor and defend.

A fellow that I am to talke with by and by, being told that his Father was a Rope-maker, <10> excused the matter after this sort: And hath never saint had reprobate to his Father? They are his owne wordes; hee cannot goe from them. You see here hee makes a Reprobate and a Ropemaker, voces convertibiles.

Go to, take example by him to wash out durt with inke, and run up to the knees in the channell, if you bee once wetshod. You are amongst grave Doctors, and men of judgement in both Lawes everie daie: I pray aske them the question in my absence, whether such a man as I have describ'd this Epistler to be, one that hath a good handsome pickerdevant, and a prettie leg to studie the Civill Law with, that hath made many proper rimes of the olde cut in his daies, and deserved infinitely of the state by extolling himselfe and his two brothers in everie booke he writes: whether (I saie) such a famous piller of the Presse, now in the fourteenth or fifteenth yeare of the raigne of his Rhetorike, giving mony to have this his illiterat Pamphlet of Letters printed (wheras others have monie given them to suffer them selves to come in Print), it is not to bee counted as flat simonie, and be liable to one and the same penaltie? ... [90]

I tell you, I mean to trounce him after twentie in the hundred, and have a bout with him with two staves and a pike for this geare.

If he get any thing by the bargaine, lette what soever I write hence-forward bee condemned to wrappe bumbast in.

Carouse to me good lucke, for I am resolutely bent; the best bloud of the brothers shall pledge me in vinegar. O would thou hadst a quaffing-boule, which, like Gawens scull, should containe a pecke, that thou mightst swappe off a hartie draught to the successe of this voiage.

By what soever thy visage holdeth most pretious I beseech thee, ... [100] by John Davies soule <11> and the blew Bore in the Spittle I conjure thee, to draw out thy purse and give me nothing for the dedication of my Pamphlet.
Thou art a good fellow I know, and hadst rather spend jeasts than monie. Let it be the taske of thy best tearmes, to safeconduct this booke through the enemies countrey.

Procedee to cherish thy surpassing carminicall arte of memorie with full cuppes (as thou dost): let Chaucer bee new scourd against the day of battaile, and Terence come but in nowe and then with the snuffe of a sentence, and Dictum puta, Weele strike it as dead as ...

a doore naile: Haud teruntii estimo, We have cattes-meate and dogges-meate inough for these mungrels. However I write merrilie, I love and admire thy pleasant wittie humor, which no care or crosse can make unconversable. Stil be constant to thy content, love poetry, hate pedantisme. Vade, vale, cave ne titubes, mandataq; frangas.

Thine intirely,
Tho. Nashe.

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Ciuliero.

Not of olde Martias making, which anewlie knighted
the Saints in Heuen, with rife vp Sir Peter and Sir Peile; but
lately dubb for his service at home in the defence of his
Country, and for the cleane breaking of his
staffe upon Martias
face.

<woodcut device>

PRINTED.

Betweene the skye and the grounde,
\text{Within a myle of in Oike, and not many fieldes}
of, from the vapsuiledged Preste of the
Aff-igaes of Martia
Junior.

Anno. Dom. 1589.

The Works of Pasquill

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PASQVILL OF ENG-
LAND TO MARTIN
JUNIOR.
1. Valiant Martin, if ever the earth carried any giants, as fabulous antiquity hath avouched, which entered into wars and conspiracies against GOD, thy father Mar-prelate was a whelp of that race, who, to revive the memory of his ancestors almost forgotten, hath broken into heaven with his blasphemies. If the monster be dead, I marvel not, for he was but an error of nature, not long-lived, hatched in the heat of the sins of England, and sent into these peaceable seas of ours to play like a dolphin before a tempest. The heads this hydra lost in a famous place of late, where every new bug no sooner puts out his horns, but is beaten down; the anatomy lately taken of him, the blood and the humors that were taken from him by lancing and worming him at London upon the common stage; 1 the main buffets that are given him in every corner of this realm, are evident tokens that, being thorough soused in so many showers, he had no other refuge but to run into a hole, and die as he lived, belching.

2. Turkey hath very good cause to bewail his death, for their religion, like an ancient building worn with extremity of age, rives & threatens ruin on every side if it be not supported by new props. One of the best means the devil invented to hold that up, was the help of thy father, to pull down all other religions under heaven. His conclusions, and thy epilogue, are two as fit swords as Mahomet himself could desire to kill a Christian. But because thy father waned with the moon for want of strength when he left thee his Theses without life or limb, I would wish thee to put them in mood and figure for his sake. Pasquil hath undertaken to write a very famous work entitled The Owl's Almanac, wherein the night labors and birth of your religion is set down, the ascent and descent of the stars that favor it is truly calculated, the aspects of the planets reigning over it are expressed, with a jolly conjecture, drawn from the judgment of the theme, what end your religion is like to have. Now because he hath reserved a blank paper at the end of the work for the four seasons of the year (as commonly calculators do), he is determined to keep that in his hand till your syllogisms be made, that he may fill up his book with the diseases and remedies of your arguments, in what quarter of the year soever they fall.

3. Pasquil hath taken up your glove, and desires you to charge your weapon at him like a man. If you play with him, as your father and yourself have done with the bishops heretofore, if you bark like a cur and bite behind, he will have a trick with his heel to strike out your teeth. Whilst you consult with your topics to ground your reasons sure, Pasquil will come upon you with another venue. For he came lately oversea into Kent; from thence he cut over into Essex at Gravesend, and, hearing some tidings of Hertfordshire, because he cannot ride far without a bait, he made as much haste as he could to St. Alban's, where he stayed one whole Sabbath at the Christopher, and, having there pestered a new pair of writing-tables with profitable notes for that quarter, he set forward the Monday following to Northamptonshire, smiling and glancing as he turned his horse about to bid the congregation of Saint Michael's adieu.2

4. To be brief with your worshipfulty, Pasquil hath posted very diligently over all the realm, to gather some fruitful volume of The Lives of the Saints, which, Maugre your five hundred favorites, shall be printed. There shall you read of the reverend elder of your church, who, being credited with the stock of the poor pertaining to the Bridewell house of Canterbury to set men a-work, was compelled to keep it himself because no poor folks of the household of faith could be found in all that city. There shall you see the life and learning of a pastor of your church, which, expounding the articles of your belief in Devonshire, when he came to handle the descending into Hell, wrote a Latin letter to a neighbor minister of his to crave his advice, and rapped it out lustily, Si tu non vis venire mihi, ego volo venire tibi; and so, by the leaks that remain in his Latin, made more work for the tinker that ever your father made for the Cooper. I will leap over one of your brother preachers in Northamptonshire, which is as good a hound for his scent to smell a feast as ever man saw. Pasquil met him between Byfield and Fawsley, with a little hat like a saucer upon his crown, a filchman in his hand, a swapping ale-dagger at his back, containing by estimation some two or three pounds of iron in the hilts and chape, and a bandog by his side to
command forty foot of ground wheresoever he goes, that never a beggar come hear him to
crave an alms. O, how my palfrey fetched me up the Curvetto, and danced the goat's-jump,
when I ran the ring round about him to retrieve him; it should seem by the manages my beast
made that he knew his master had a special piece of service in hand. You shall have a goodly
band of these men in the volume of the Saints. Pasquil is now gone oversea to commit it to the
press, and it is his pleasure (because it is the first opening of his shop) to give you a taste of his
wares before you buy them, like a frank merchant.

§ 5. In the mean season, sweet Martin Junior, play thou the knave kindly as thou hast
begun, and wax as old in iniquity as thy father. Down with learning and universitites; I can bring
you a freemason out of Kent, that gave over his occupation twenty years ago. He will make a
good deacon for your purpose. I have taken some trial of his gifts; he preacheth very prettily
over a joint-stool. These bishops are somewhat too well-grounded for greenheads; so long as
they keep their place and power, it is impossible for thee to cast the religion of this land into a
new mold every new moon. The whole state of the land perceives it well enough, that to deliver
up the prelacy to Martin is a canker more dangerous to the church and realm than it was for the
Athenians to deliver their orators to Philip of Macedon, their utter enemy, or than it is for the
sheep to betray their shepherds to the wolf. These staid fathers, through their long study,
practice, and experience in the Church of God, are skillful physicians, acquainted with the
beating of every pulse that beats out of order; they are able to discern, at the first touch, from
what kind of heresy every one of these new fevers that trouble us had his beginning. Therefore,
as the highway to hasten the end of the sick, when you think to profit by their death, is either to
counsel them to despise the physician, and cast both the goblet and potion against the walls, or
else to deliver them into the hands of an ignorant leech, which, by ministering every souter's
receipt to reform the state of the body, plyeth them with purgative upon purgative, till he
weakeneth the stomach, and rots both the liver and the lungs, so the ready course to poison her
Majesty's loving people is to discredit the physicians of their souls unto them, and to suffer every
Martin and mountebank to practice on them.

§ 6. By these means shall you see religion haled with violence into her grave; the goodly
frame of this commonweal shall fall, and bankrupts and atheists pocket up the pieces. But our
comfort is, that the wisdom of her most excellent Majesty is known to be greater than to be
trained from so high a seat to so base a lure as every Martinist casteth out to her. Her sacred
Majesty knows that it behooveth all princes to have a watchful regard unto their estate, which is
to be preserved as well by doing of nothing that may endamage them, as by seeking of anything
convenient for them.

§ 7. Never brag in this quarrel of your five hundred brethren of credit and ability; Pasquil
hath excellent ferrets to follow them in their own burrows, and he can tell you that there is a
common kind of affection which men of this age carry to such as you whilst they have any
service to put you to, like unto them that, having somewhat to do with a confection of poison,
rejoice when they find it, yet they hate the malice of it, and throw it out of the doors when their
turn is served. Neither doubt I but that the same reckoning in the end will be made of you which
your favorers commonly make of their old shoes, when they are past wearing; they barter them
away for new brooms, or carry them forth to the dunghill and leave them there.

§ 8. I could tell you many strange stratagems of your best friends, but Pasquil is a traveler,
and he knows that writers and printers in these days are like to men placed at the Persian
banquets; if they roll their eye never so little at one side, there stands an eunuch before them
with his heart full of jealousy, and his bow ready bent to shoot them through, because they look
further than the laws of the country will suffer them. Nevertheless, because your faction is
suddenly grown stale like an oyster, and gapes so wide that every fishwife at Billingsgate sees
into you, either we must willfully wink, and put out our eyes, or else we cannot choose but
discover a number of your deformities. Pasquil's experience in this generation teacheth him that many of your bolsterers may be compared to books that are gilded & trimly covered; they set a fair face of religion upon your cause, but when they are opened, they are full of tragedies, either Thyestes eating up the flesh of his own children, or cursed Oedipus, in bed with his own mother.

9. Can you now, Mast Martin, persuade yourself you shall have a pride in your pistlemaking, when you vaunt of this brotherhood, and deceive the world with such drugs as please your own taste. If your forehead be so hard that you can indeed, forwards and spare not; Pasquil is ready to pull your feathers. You shall shortly have a gloss and a commentary upon your epilogue, with certain hays, jigs, rimes, rondelays, and madrigals, serving for epitaphs to your father's hearse, to make the world laugh out the long winter's nights which very shortly will steal upon us.

10. In the mean season, because the Wind and the Tide will stay for no Man, and I was just at the making hereof as merry as yourself, and taking Ship to bring that brave Catalogue of the Saints to light; I bid your Masterdom farewell till Michaelmas Term, commending your worship to the line and the leading of your own spirit. From Gravesend Barge the eighth of August, the first and last year of Martinism, which like the untimely fruit of his Mastership's Mother, dieth before it sees the Sun, and withereth as the Grass upon the house top before the Mower be able to fill his hand with it.

To come to the close,
In Rime or in Prose,
In spite of thy nose,
Thine for these seven years,
Pasquil of
England.

Notes

1. The prohibition of anti-Martinist plays is alluded to by Lyly in #Pappe with a Hatchet "Would those Comedies might be allowed to be paid that are are pend, and then I am sure he would be decyphered, and so perhaps discouraged."

2. These are apparent Puritan strongholds.

Appendix I: Glossary

ale-dagger (n): one worn for use in ale-house brawls. Cf. Lyly Pappe; Pasquil Return.
bandog: dog tied or chained up on account of its ferocity -- usually a mastiff or bloodhound. (1-2H6); Lyly Endymion; Pasquil Countercuff; Nashe Summers. OEd contemp citations: 1560 Thersites in Hazl. DodsI. I. 399 The bandog Cerberus from hell ... 1577 Harrison England.
Billingsgate: between Eastcheap and the river. Found in (anon.) Fam Vic, Arden; Pasquil Countercuff.
Bridewell: originally a royal palace west of Ludgate Hill, between Fleet Street and the Thames, later converted into a workhouse for the poor, becoming a house of correction. Also served as a prison for Catholic and Puritan religious prisoners. NFS. Found in Lyly Whip, Pappe; Nashe Penniless, Absurdity; Pasquil Countercuff; (anon.) Locrine, Penelope. On May 12, 1593, Thomas Kyd was arrested, probably on suspicion of sedition, and sent to Bridewell. Refusing to confess to charges of which he was probably innocent, he was put to the torture and underwent "the extremitie thereof". Kyd died toward the end of 1594.
bug(g): bugbear, hobgoblin, bogey. FS (2-3H6, Ham, WT, Cymb); Golding Ovid; Edwards Dam&Pith; Kyd Sp Tr; (anon.) Pasquil Countercuff, Apology, Arden; Nashe Penniless; Harvey Pierce's Super. OED cites 1579 Gosson Sch. Abuse
canker: spreading blight, corruption. FS (John, Ham, many); Lyly Sapho; Pasquil Countercuff.
chape (n): metal mounting on a scabbard or sheath, to protect the tip of the sword. FS (AWEW); Pasquil Countercuff; Greene Mourn. Garm.
curvettocurvet (n): leap of a horse in which the fore-legs are raised together and equally advanced, and the hind-legs raised with a spring before the fore-legs reach the ground. FS (2-AWEW, V&A); Pasqui's Countercuff (2d OED citation).
filchman (n): petty thief. NFS. Cf. Pasquil Counter.
greenhead (n): simpleton, ignoramus. NFS. Cf. Marprelate Epistle (1st OED citation); Pasquil Countercuff; Harvey 2d Letter.
hay (n): (1)country dance having a winding or serpentine movement, or being of the nature of a reel. FS (LLL): Pasquil Countercuff.
manages (n): action and paces to which a horse is trained in the riding-school. FS (7-LLL, Rich2, 1H4, AsYou, H8, Pericles, Lov Comp); Pasquil Countercuff, Return.
maugre: (fr) in spite of. FS (3-12th, Titus, Lear); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Lyly Midas; Kyd Sol&Per; Greene Ori Fur, Alphonsus; (anon.) Mucedorus, Locrine, Ironside, Nobody/Somebody, Penelope, Leic Gh; Pasquil Counterfuff; Harvey Sonnet, 3d Letter.
ring (n): occasional double meaning; in Shakespeare, doubtful here. FS (Errors, Titus, Lear); Lyly Woman ... Moon; Marlowe Jew/Malta; Nashe Summers; (disp.) Greene's Groat; Pasquil Countercuff; (anon.) Dodypoll, Leic Gh; Chapman d'Olive.
rive (v): tear apart. FS (1H6, JC, A&C); Pasquil Countercuff.
souter/souterly (n, adv): shoemaker, sometimes used as term of abuse. NFS. Cf. Pasquil Countercuff; Nashe Almond.
stale (a): old and strong. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic; Pasquil Counter.
swapping (a): great, huge. NFS. Cf. Pasquil Countercuff.

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Satire and Tracts

Pasquil's anti-Marprelate Tracts:
Pasquil's Return
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process
Pasquil's Countercuffe to Martin Junior - modern spelling
original spelling: in Process

Pasquil's Apology
original spelling: in Process
modern spelling: in Process

By Thomas Nashe
Strange Newes - Epistle Dedicatorie - Original Spelling - Original Format
A new transcription of the 1592 first edition.
Strange Newes - Epistle Dedicatorie - Original Spelling - Modern Format
Hekatompathia 1582
by Thomas Watson
Transcribed by Barboura Flues.
Web version created by Robert Brazil.
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THE

OR
P A S S I O N A T E
Centurie of
Love,
Divided into two parts: where-
of, the first expresseth the Au-
thours sufferance in Love: the
latter, his long farewell to Love
and all his tyrannie.

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

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[The 1582 original does not have a Table of Contents]

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Some, but not all footnotes are derived from the original publication.
Notes that derive from Graves' The Greek Myths are marked (Graves).
Notes from the transcriber are marked (BF).
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Hekatompthia
by Thomas Watson
Dedications and Introductory Poems
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THE
OR
PASSIONATE
Centurie of
Love

To the Right Honorable my
very good Lord Edward de Vere, Earle
of Oxenford, Viscount Bulbecke, Lord
of Escales, and Badlesmere, and Lord High Chamberlain of England, all happinesse.

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

And the like good hap (Right Honorable) befell unto me lately concerning these my Love Passions, which then chanced to Apelles for his Portraits. For since the world hath understood (I know not how) that your Honor had willingly vouchsafed the acceptance of this work, and at convenient leisures favorably perused it, being as yet but in written hand, many have oftentimes and earnestly called upon me to put it to the press, that for their money they might but see what your Lordship with some liking had already perused. And therewithal some of them said (either to yield your Honor his due praise, for soundness of judgment; or to please me, of whom long since they had conceived well) that Alexander would like of no lines, but such as were drawn by the cunning hand, and with the curious pencil, of Apelles. Which I set not down here to that end, that I would confer my Poems with Apelle's Portraits for worthiness; albeit I fitly compare your Honor's person with Alexander's for excellence. But how bold soever I have been in turning out this my petty poor flock upon the open Common of the wide world, where every man may behold their nakedness, I humbly make request that if any storm fall unlooked-for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads or the poison of evil-edged tongues) these my little ones may shroud themselves under the broad-leafed Platane of your Honor's patronage. And thus at this present, I humbly take my leave; but first wishing the continual increase of your Lordship's honor, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good soever tendeth unto perfect happiness.

Your Lordship's humbly at command

Thomas VWatson
To the friendly Reader.

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

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

Therefore, if I rough-hewed my verse, where my sense was unsettled, whether through the nature of the passion, which I felt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may seem a happy fault; or if it were so framed by counsel, thou mayest think it well done; if by chance, happily.
Yet write I not this to excuse myself of such errors, as are escaped either by dotage, or ignorance; but those I refer to thy gentle courtesy and favorable construction, or lay many of them upon the Printer's neck, whom I would blame by his own press, if he would suffer me.  

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

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

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

Thine, as thou art his,  
Thomas Watson.  
John Lyly to the Author his friend.

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

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

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

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

Touching your Mistress I must needs think well, seeing you have written so well, but as false glasses show the fairest faces, so fine glozes amend the baddest fancies. Apelles straight leg, whom nature framed with a poult-foot, which proveth men to be of greater affection their judgment. But in that so aptly you have varied upon women, I will not vary from you, so confess
I must, and if I should not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Love were the sweetest thing in the earth: If women were the faithfullest, and that women would be more constant if men were more wise. And seeing you have used me so friendly, as to make me acquainted with your passions, I will shortly make you privy to mine, which I would be loath the printer should see, for that my fancies being never so crooked, he would put them in straight lines, unfit for my humor, necessary for his art, who setteth down, blind, in as many letters as seeing.
Farewell.

Authoris ad Libellum
(Latin Poem # 1)

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

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

G. Bucke.

To the Author.
Thy book beginning sweet and ending sour,
Dear friend, bewrays thy false success in love,
Where smiling first, thy Mistress falls to lower,
When thou did'st hope her courtesy to prove;
And finding thy expected luck to fail,
Thou fall'st from praise, and dost begin to rail.
To use great terms in praise of thy device,
I think were vain: therefore I leave them out;
Content thee, that the Censure of the wise
Hath put that needless question out of doubt:
Yet how I weight the work that thou hast wrought,
My judgment I refer unto thy thought.
T. Acheley.

An Ode, written to the Muses Concerning this Author.

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

Eivsdem aliud de Authore.

(Latin Poem #2)
It's seldom seen that Merit hath his due,
Or else Desert to find his just desire:
For now Reproof with his defacing crew
Treads underfoot that rightly should aspire:
Mild Industry discourag’d hides his face,
And shuns the light, in fear to meet Disgrace.
Seld seen said I (yet always seen with some)
That Merit gains good will, a golden hire,
With whom Reproof is cast aside for scum;
That grows apace that virtue helps t’ aspire;
And Industry well cherish’d to his face
In sunshine walks, in spite of sour Disgrace.
This favor hath put life into the pen,
That here presents his first fruit in this kind;
He hopes acceptance, friendly grant it then;
Perchance some better work doth stay behind.
My censure is, which reading you shall see,
A Pithy, sweet, and cunning poesy.
M. Royden.

To the Author.
IF graver heads shall count it over-light,
To treat of Love: say thou to them: A stain
Is incident unto the finest die.
And yet no stain at all it is for thee,
These lays of Love, as mirth to melancholy,
To follow fast thy sad Antigone,
Which may bear out a broader work than this,
Compil'd with judgment, order, and with art.
And shroud thee under shadow of his wings,
Whose gentle heart, and head with learning fraught
Shall yield thee gracious favor and defense.
G. Peele.

A Quatorzain of the Author unto this his booke
of Lovepassions.

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

Read Sonnets 1 - 100
Hekatompethia numbers 01- 20
Hekatompethia numbers 21- 40
Hekatompethia numbers 41- 60
Hekatompethia numbers 61- 80
Hekatompathia by Thomas Watson
Sonnets 1-20

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

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

II.

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

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

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

Speak gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?
With her, whose birth the heavens themselves have blest.
What dost thou there? Sometimes behold her face, And lodge sometimes within her crystal breast:
   She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?
   Not nature now, but love doth govern me.
With her wilt thou remain, and let me die?
If I return, we both shall die for grief;
If still thou stay, what good shall grow thereby?
I'll move her heart to purchase thy relief;
   What if her heart be hard and stop his cares?
I'll sigh aloud and make him soft with tears:
If that prevail, wilt thou return from thence?
Not I alone, her heart shall come with me:
Then will you both live under my defense?
So long as life will let us both agree:
   Why then despair, go pack thee hence away,
   I live in hope to have a golden day.

III.

The chief ground and matter of this Sonnet standeth upon the rehearsal of such things as by report of the Poets, are dedicated unto Venus, whereof the Author sometime wrote these three Latin verses.
   Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba,
   Hesperus, ora Pathos, Rofa, Myrtus, et insula Cyprus,
   Idaliumque nemus; Veneri haec sunt omnia sacra.
And Forcatulus the French Poet wrote upon the fame particulars, but more at large, he beginneth thus,
   Est arbor Veneri Myrtus gratissima, flores
   Tam Rosa, quam volucres alba columba praeit.
   Igniserum coeli prae cunctis diligit astris
   Hesperon, Idalium, soepe, adit una nemus, etc.

Sweet Venus, if as now thou stand my friend,
As once thou did'st unto King Priam's son,
My joyful muse shall never make an end
Of praising thee, and all that thou hast done:
Nor this my pen shall ever cease to write
   Of ought, wherein sweet Venus takes delight.
   My temples hedged in with Myrtle boughs
Shall set aside Apelles Laurel tree,
As did Anchises' son, when both his brows [1]
With Myrtle he beset, to honor thee:
Then will I say, the Rose of flowers is best.
And silver Doves for birds excel the rest.
I'll praise no star but Hesperus alone,
Nor any hill but Erycinus mount,
Nor any wood but Idaly alone,
Nor any spring but Acidalian fount,
Nor any land but only Cyprus shore,
Nor Gods but Love, and what would Venus more?


V.

All this Passion (two verses only excepted) is wholly translated out of Petrarch, where he writeth,
S’ amor non e, che dunque e quel ch'i sento? . . Part prima }
Ma s egli e amor, per Dio che cosa, e quale? . . Sonnet 103}
Se buona, ond'e l'effetto aspro e mortale?
Se ria, ond'e si dolce ogni tormento?
Herein certain contrarieties, which are incident to him that loveth extremely, are lively expressed by a Metaphor. And it may be noted that the Author in his first half verse of this translation varieth from that sense which Chaucer useth in translating the self same; which he doth upon no other warrant than his own simple private opinion, which yet he will not greatly stand upon.

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

1. Adduntur Tuscano hij duo versus.
VI.
This passion is a translation into Latin of the self same sonnet of Petrarch which you read lastly alleged, and cometh somewhat nearer unto the Italian phrase than the English doth. The Author when he translated it, was not then minded ever to have emboldened himself so far as to thrust in foot amongst our English Poets. But being busied in translating Petrarch his sonnets into Latin new-clothed this amongst many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And because it befitteth this place, he is content you survey it here as a probable sign of his daily sufferance in love.

(Latin Poem #3)

VII.

This passion of love is lively expressed by the Author, in that he lavishly praiseth the person and beautiful ornaments of his love, one after another as they lie in order. He partly imitateth herein Aeneas Silvius, who setteth down the like in describing Lucretia the love of Euryalus; and partly he followeth Ariosto cant. 7, where he describeth Alcina; and partly borroweth from some others where they describe the famous Helen of Greece: you may therefore, if you please aptly call this sonnet as a Scholar of good judgment hath already Christened it ainh parasitikh. [1]

Hark you that list to hear what saint I serve:
Her yellow locks exceed the beaten gold;
Her sparkling eyes in heav'n a place deserve;
Her forehead high and fair of comely mold;
    Her words are music all of silver sound;
    Her wit so sharp as like can scarce be found;
Each eyebrow hangs like Iris in the skies;
Her Eagle's nose is straight of stately frame; [2]
On either cheek a Rose and Lily lies;
Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame;
    Her lips more red than any Coral stone;
    Her neck more white than aged Swans that moan; [3]
Her breast transparent is, like Crystal rock;
Her fingers long, fit for Apollo's Lute;
Her slipper such as Momus dare not mock; [4]
Her virtues all so great as make me mute:
What other parts she hath I need not say,
Whose face alone is cause of my decay.

1. parasitikh: parasitikh.
2. Nasus Aquilinus ex Persarum opinione maiestatem personae arguit.
4. Vide Chiliad r. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi. Erasm. ex Philostrati ad vxorem epistola mutuatur.

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

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

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

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci ? etc.

Inscius Actaeon vidit fine veste Dianam,
Praeda suit canibus nec minus ille suis.

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

IX.

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

Illa suum, quamuis radice tenetur,
Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque seruat amorem. Metam. lib. 4.

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

X.

The Author hath made two or three other passions upon this matter that is here contained,
alluding to the loss of his sight and life since the time he first beheld her face, whose love hath
thus bewitched him. But here he mentioneth the blindness of Tyresias to proceed of another
cause than he doth in those his other Sonnets, And herein he leaneth not to the opinion of the
greater sort of Poets, but unto some few, after whom Polytian hath written also, as followeth;
Baculum dat deinde petentem
Tyresiae magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam
Vidit, et hoc raptam penfauit munere lucem.
Suetus in offensos baculo duce tendere gressus
Nec deest ipse sibi, quin sacro instincta furore
Ora movet, tantique parat solatia damni.

Mine eyes die first, which last enjoyed life,     [1]
Not hurt by bleared eyes, but hurt with light
Of such a blazing star as kindleth strife
Within my breast as well by day as night:
And yet no poisoned Cockatrice lurk'd there,
Her virtuous beams dissuade such foolish fear.
Besides, I live as yet; though blinded now
Like him, that saw Minerva's naked side,
And lost his sight (poor soul) not knowing how;
Or like to him, whom evil chance betide,
In straying far to light upon that place,
Where mid'st a fount he found Diana's grace.
But he alone, who Polyphemus hight,
True pattern was of me and all my woe,
Of all the rest that ever lost their sight:
For being blind, yet love possess'd him so,
That he each hour on ev'ry dale and hill
Sung songs of love to a Galatea still.     [2]
1. Quod naturale esse, sit Plinius lib. ii. natur. his c. 36.
2. Galatea, daughter of Nereus, was a water nymph.
XI.

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

O Golden bird and Phoenix of our age,
Whose sweet records and more than earthly voice
By wondrous force did then my grief assuage
When nothing else could make my heart rejoice,
    Thy tunes (no doubt) had made a later end,
    If thou had'st known how much they stood my friend.

When silence drown'd the latter warbling note,
A sudden grief eclips'd my former joy,
My life itself in calling Charon's boat
Did sigh, and say that pleasure brought annoy;
    And blam'd mine ear for list'ning to the sound
    Of such a song, as had increas'd my wound.

My heavy heart rememb'ring what was past
Did sorrow more than any tongue can tell;
As did the damned souls that stood aghast,
When Orpheus with his wife return'd from hell:
    Yet who would think that Music which is sweet,
    In curing pains could cause delights to fleet?

XII.

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

I Marvel aye, why poets heretofore
Extoll'd Arion's harp or Mercury's,[1]
Although the one did bring a fish to shore,
And th' other as a sign adorn'd the skies.[2]
    If they with me had heard an Angel's voice,
    They would unsay themselves and praise my choice.

Nor Phoebus' art in musical device,
Although his lute and voice accord in one;
    Music herself, and all the Muses nine,
    For skill or voice their titles may resign.

O bitter sweet, or honey mix'd with gall,
My heart is hurt with over-much delight,
Mine ears well pleas'd with tunes, yet deaf withal:
Through music's help love hath increas'd his might;
    I stop mine ears as wise Ulysses bade,
But all to late, now love hath made me mad.

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

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

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

XIII.

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

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

XV.

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

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

XVI.

In this passion the Author upon the late sweet song of his Mistress, maketh her his bird; and
therewithal partly describeth her worthiness, and partly his own estate. The one part he
showeth, by the color of her feathers, by her stately mind, and by that sovereignty which she
hath over him: the other, by description of his delight in her company, and her strangeness, and
drawing back from a due acceptance of his service.
My gentle bird, which sung so sweet of late,
Is not like those, that fly about by kind,
Her feathers are of gold, she wants a mate,
And knowing well her worth, is proud of mind:
    And whereas some do keep their birds in cage,
    My bird keeps me, and rules me as her page.
She feeds mine ear with tunes of rare delight,
Mine eye with loving looks, my heart with joy,
Wherehence I think my servitude but light,
Although in deed I suffer great annoy:
And (sure) it is but reason, I suppose,
He feel the prick, that seeks to pluck the Rose.
And who so mad, as would not with his will
Leese liberty and life to hear her sing,
Whose voice excels those harmonies that fill
Elysian fields, where grows eternal spring?
If mighty Jove should hear what I have heard,
She (sure) were his, and all my market marr'd.

XVII.

The Author not yet having forgotten the song of his mistress, maketh her in this passion a
second Phoenix, though not of Arabia, and yet no less acceptable to Apollo, than is that bird of
Arabia. And the chief causes why Sol should favor her, he accounteth to be these two, her
excellent beauty, and her skill in music, of which two qualities Sol is well known to be an
especial chief patron, and sometimes the only author or giver of the same.
If Poets have done well in times long past,
To gloze on trifling toys of little price:
Why should not I presume to fain as fast,
Espying forth a ground of good device?
A Sacred Nymph is ground whereon I'll write,
The fairest Nymph that ever yet saw light.
And since her song hath fill'd mine ears with joy,
Her virtues pleas'd my mind, her face mine eye,
I dare affirm what some will think a toy,
She Phoenix is, though not of Araby;
And yet the plumes about her neck are bright,
And Sol himself in her hath chief delight. [1]
You that will know why Sol afford's her love,
Seek but the cause why Peacocks draw the place,
Where Juno sits; why Venus likes the Dove;
Or why the Owl befits Minerva's grace;
Then if you grudge, that she to Sol belong,
Mark but her face, and hear her skill in song.


XVIII.

This sonnet is perfectly pathetical, and consisteth in two principal points: whereof the first
containeth an accusation of Love for his hurtful effects and usual tyranny; the second part is a
sudden recantation or excuse of the Author's evil words, by casting the same upon the neck of
his beloved, as being the only cause of his late frenzy and blasphemous rage so lavishly poured
forth in foul speeches.
Love is a sour delight; a sug'red grief;
A living death; an ever-dying life;
A breach of Reason's law; a secret thief;
A sea of tears; an ever-lasting strife;
   A bait for fools; a scourge of noble wits;
   A Deadly wound; a shot which ever hits.
Love is a blinded God; an angry boy;
A Labyrinth of doubts; an idle lust;
A slave to Beauty's will; a witless toy;
A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust;
   A burning heat; a cold; a flatt'ring foe;
   A private hell; a very world of woe.
Yet mighty Love regard not what I say,
Which lie in trance bereft of all my wits,
But blame the light that leads me thus astray,
And makes my tongue blaspheme by frantic fits:
   Yet hurt her not, left I sustain the smart,
   Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

XIX.

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

If Cupid were a child, as Poets feign,
How comes it then that Mars doth fear his might?
If blind; how chance so many to their pain,
Whom he hath hit, can witness of his sight?
   If he have wings to fly where thinks him best,
   How haps he lurketh still within my breast?
If bow and shafts should be his chiefest tools,
Why doth he set so many hearts on fire?
If he were mad, how could he further fools
To whet their wits, as place and time require?
   If wise, how could so many leease their wits,
   Or dote through love, and die in frantic fits?
If naked still he wander too and fro,
How doth not Sun or frost offend his skin?
If that a God he be, how falls it so,
That all wants end, which he doth once begin?
   O wondrous thing, that I, whom Love hath spent,
   Can scarcely know himself, or his intent.

XX.
In this passion the Author being joyful for a kiss, which he had received of his Love, compareth the same unto that kiss, which sometime Venus bestowed upon Aesculapius, for having taken a Bramble out of her foot, which pricked her through the hidden spiteful deceit of Diana, by whom it was laid in her way, as Strozza writeth. And he enlargeth his invention upon the French proverbial speech, which importeth thus much in effect, that three things proceed from the mouth which are to be had in high account: Breath, Speech, and Kissing; the first argueth a man's life; the second, his thought; the third and last, his love.

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

1. Suquidem opinati sunt aliqui, in osculo fieri animarum combinationem.
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Webmaster contact: robertbrazil@juno.com
In the first staff of this passion the Author imitateth Petrarch, Sonetto 211.

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

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

Chi vuol ueder gran cose altiere e nuoue,
Venga a mirar costei, laquale adoro:
Dove gratia dal ciel continuo pioue. etc.

Who list to view dame Nature's cunning skill,
And see what heav'n hath added to the same,
Let him prepare with me to gaze his fill
On her apace, whose gifts exceed ye trump of fame:

But let him come apace before she fly
From hence, to fix her seat above the sky.

By Juno's gift she bears a stately grace,
Pallas hath placed skill amid'st her breast;
Venus herself doth dwell within her face;
Alas I faint to think of all the rest;

And shall I tell wherewith I most have wars?
With those her eyes, which are two heav'nly stars.
Their beams draw forth by great attractive power
My moistened heart, whose force is yet so small,
That shine they bright, or list they but to lower,
It scarcely dare behold such lights at all,
    But sobs, and sighs, and faith I am undone;     [1]
No bird but Jove's can look against the sun.

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

XXII.

The substance of this passion is taken out of Seraphine sonetto 127. which beginneth thus.
Quando nascesti amor? quando la terra
Se rinueste di verde e bel colore;
Di che susti creato? d'vn ardore,
Che cio lasciuo in se rinchiuide e serera etc.
But the Author hath in this translation inverted the order of some verses of Seraphine. and
added the two last of himself to make the rest to seem the more pathetical.

When wert thou born, sweet Love? Who was thy fire?
When Flora first adorn'd Dame Tellus' lap,
Then sprung I forth from Wanton hot desire:
Who was thy nurse to feed thee first with pap?
    Youth first with tender hand bound up my head,
    Then said, with Looks alone I should be fed;
What maids had she attendant on her side,
To play, to sing, to rock thee fast asleep?
Vain Niceness, Beauty Fair, and Pompous Pride;
By stealth when further age on thee did creep;
    Where did'st thou make thy chief abiding place?
In Willing hearts, which were of gentle race;
What is't wherewith thou wagest wars with me?
Fear cold as ice, and Hope as hot as fire;
And cannot age or death make end of thee?
No, no, my dying life still makes retire;
    Why then, sweet Love, take pity on my pain,
    Which often die, and oft revive again.

XXIII.

The Author in this passion wisheth her were in like estate and condition with the Looking Glass
of his mistress; by that means the oftener to be made happy with her favorable and fair aspect.
And in the last staff he alludeth somewhat to the invention of Seraphine, where he useth these
words, in writing upon the Glass of his beloved.
Che ho visto ogni qual vetro render foco
Quando e dal Sol percosso in qualche part,
E't Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco
Douria per reflexion tutta infiammarte etc.
Thou Glass, wherein that Sun delights to see
Her own aspect, whose beams have dried my heart,
Would God I might possess like state with thee,
And joy some ease to quail my bitter smart:
   Thou gazest on her face, and she on thine;
   I see not hers, nor she will look on mine.
Once having look'd her fill, she turns thee fro,
And leaves thee, though amaz'd, yet well content;
But careless of my cares, will I or no,
Still dwells within my breast with tears besprent;
   And yet my heart to her is such a thrall,
   That she driv'n out, my life departs withal.
But thou deceitful Glass (I fear) with guile
Hast wrought my woes to shield thyself from ill,
Short forth her beams which were in thee erewhile,
And burnt my tender breast against my will:
   For Crystal from itself reflects the Sun
   And fires his coat, which knows not how tis done.

XXIII.

Seraphine in his Strambotti hath many pretty inventions concerning the Looking-glass of his
Mistress: wherehence many particulars of this passion are cunningly borrowed, part being out of
one place, and part out of another. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Author, that
Cupid shooting his arrow from out the fair eyes of his Mistress, did so wound him with love and
desire that now he is past all recure by any physic, and therefore is fain to use the old verse,
Hei mini quod nullus amor est medicabilis herbis.
Thou glass, wherein my Dame hath such delight,
As when she braves, then most on thee to gaze,
I marvel how her beams that are so bright
Do never cause thy brittle sides to craze:
   Thou should'st by reason melt or easily break
   To feel such force, thy substance being weak.
For when she first with seeming stately grace
Bestow'd on me a loving sweet regard,
The beams, which then proceeded from her face
Were such, as for the same I found no ward,
   But needs perforce I must become content
   To melt in mind till all my wits were spent.
And therewithal Cupid played his part,
He shot a shaft throughout her crystal eyes,
Wherewith he cleft in twain my yielding heart:
And this is cause my panting heart still cries,
   I break, I melt, help heav'n's in my behove,
   No herb doth grow whose virtue cureth love.

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

Author. In all this world I think none loves but I.
Echo. None loves but I.
Author. Thou foolish tattling guest, in this thou tell'st a lie.
Echo. Thou tell'st a lie.
Author. Why? Love himself he lodgeth in my breast.
Echo. He lodgeth in my breast.
Author. I pine for grief; and yet I want relief.
Echo. I want relief.
Author. No star more fair than she whom I adore.
Echo. Than he, whom I adore.
Author. Herehence I burn still more and more.
Echo. I burn still more and more,
Author. Love, let my heart return.
Echo. My heart, return.
Author. Is the Saint, for whom thou makest moan, and whom I love, but one?
Echo. I love but one.
Author. O heav'n, is there in love no end of ills?
Echo. In love no end of ills.
Author. Thou prattling voice.
Dwell'st thou in th' air, or but in hollow hills?
Echo. In hollow hills.
Author. Cease of to vaunt thy choice.
Echo. Cease off to vaunt thy choice.
Author. I would reply, but here for love I die.
Echo. For love I die.

1. Lib. 3. Metamorph.
2. S. Liquescent immutat sensum.
XXVI.

Here the Author as a man overtaken with some deep melancholy, compareth himself unto the Nightingale, and conferreth his unhappy estate (for that by no means his Mistress will pity him) with her nightly complaints: to whose harmony all those that give attentive ear, they conceive more delight in the musical variety of her notes, than they take just compassion upon her distressed heaviness.
When May is in his prime, and youthful spring
Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with flowers,
And time of year reviveth ev'ry thing;
And lovely Nature smiles, and nothing lowers;
Then Philomela most doth strain her breast
With night-complaints, and fits in little rest.
This Bird's estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needs repine,
And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;
Whil'st others are becalm'd, or lie them still.
Or sail secure with tide and wind at will.
And as all those, which hear this Bird complain,
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse, or pitying her pain:
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint;
A just reward for serving such a Saint.

XXVII.

In the first six verses of this Passion, the Author hath imitated perfectly six verses in an Ode of
Ronsard, which beginneth thus:
Celui qui n'ayme est malheureux, . . En son 2. liure
Et malheureux est l'amoureux, . . . . du Bocage.
Mais la misere, etc.?
And in the last staff of this Passion also he cometh very near to the sense which Ronsard useth
in another place, where he writeth to his Mistress in this manner:
En vens tu baiser Pluton
La bas, apres che Caron . . . . . . . . . En ses meslanges.
T'aura mise en sa nacesse?

Unhappy is the wight that's void of Love,     [1]
And yet unhappy he, whom Love torments,
But greatest grief that man if forc'd to prove,
Whose haughty Love not for his love relents,
But hoising up her sail of proud disdain,
For service done makes no return of gain.
By this all you, which know my tickle state,
May give deserved blame to whom I serve,
And say, that Love hath misery to mate,
Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve:
For I am he which lives a lasting thrall
To her, whose heart affords no grace at all.
She hopes (perchance) to live and flourish still,
Or else, when Charon's boat hath felt her peace,
By loving looks to conquer Pluto's will;
But all in vain: t'is not Proserpin's ease:
She never will permit that any one
Shall joy his Love, but she herself alone.

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

XXVIII.

In this Passion the Author doth very busily imitate and augment a certain Ode of Ronsard, which
he writeth unto his Mistress; he beginneth as followeth,
Plusieure de leurs cors denues
Se sont veuz en diverse terre
Miraculeusement mues, . . . . . . . . . . . . Au luire des les
L'vn en Serpent, et l'autre en Pierre, . . meslanges.
L'vn en Fleur, latre en Arbrisseau
L'vn en Loup etc.? 

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

XXIX.

The Author in this Sonnet in a large manner setteth forth the surpassing worthiness of his Lady, reporting her beauty and form to be so singular that neither Appelles can perfectly draw her portrait; nor Praxiteles truly frame her image and likeness in any kind of metal. And the like unablleness he awardeth unto Virgil and Homer the two Paragons of Poetry, if they should but once endeavor to praise her. And the like insufficiency he sayeth would be found in Tully himself, if he should endeavor to commend her. And then finally he excuseth his own bold hardiness showed in praising her, upon the forcible extremity which he abideth in Love, and the earnest desire which he hath to please.
Such is the Saint whom I on earth adore,
As never age shall know when this is past,
Nor ever yet hath like been seen before;
Apelles if he liv'd would stand aghast
With colors to set down her comely fare, [1]
Who far excels though Venus were in place.
Praxiteles might likewise stand in doubt
In metal to express her form aright,
Whose praise for shape is blown the world throughout:
Nor Virgil could so good a verse indite
As only would suffice to tell her name;
Nor Homer with his Muse express her fame;
Tully whose speech was bold in ev'ry cause,
If he were here to praise the Saint I serve,
The number of her gifts would make him pause,
And fear to speak how well she doth deserve.
Why then am I thus bold that have no skill?
Enforc'd by Love I show my zealous will.

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

XXX.

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

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

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

XXXI.

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

Est via sublimis coelo manifesta sereno, . . . . . . Metamorph.
Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipso. . . . lib. I.
And Cicero thus in somnio Scipionis; Erat autem splendidissimo candore inter flammam circulus elucens, quem vos (ut a Graijs accepistis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.
Pactolus is a river in Lydia, which hath golden sands under it, as Tibullus witnesseth in this verse,
Nec me regna juvant, nec Lydias auriser amnis. . Tibul. lib. 3
Who can recount the virtues of my dear,
Or say how far her fame hath taken flight,
That can not tell how many stars appear
In part of heav'n, which Galaxia height,
Or number all the motes in Phoebus rays,
Or golden sands, whereon Pactolus plays?
And yet my hurts enforce me to confess,
In crystal breast she shrouds a bloody heart,
Which heart in time will make her merits less,
Unless betimes she cure my deadly smart:
For now my life is double dying still,
And she defam'd by suff'rance of such ill;
And till the time she helps me as she may,
Let no man undertake to tell my toil,
But only such, as can distinctly say,
What Monsters Nilus breeds, or Affricke soil:
For if he do, his labor is but lost,
Whil'st I both fry and freeze twixt flame and frost.

XXXII.

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

In Thetis' lap, while Titan took his rest,
I slumb'ring lay within my restless bed,
Till Morpheus us'd a falsed sorry jest,
Presenting her, by whom I still am led:
For then I thought she came to end my woe,
But when I wak'd (alas) t'was nothing so.
Embracing air instead of my delight,
I blamed Love as author of the guile,
Who with a second step clos'd up my sight,
And said (methought) that I must bide a while.
Ixion's pains, whose arms did oft embrace
False darken'd clouds, instead of Juno's grace,
When I had lain and slumber'd thus a while,
Ruing the doleful doom that Love assign'd,
A woman Saint, which bare an Angel's face,
Bad me awake and ease my troubled mind:

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...With that I wak'd, forgetting what was past,
And saw t'was Hope, which helped thus at last.

1. Eroticon lib. 2.

XXXIII.

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

When Priam's son in mid'st of Ida plain
Gave one the prize, and other two the foil,
If she for whom I still abide in pain
Had lived then within the Trojan soil,

No doubt but hers had been the golden ball,
Helen had scaped rape, and Troy his fall.

Or if my Dame had then enjoyed life
When Bacchus fought for Ariadne's love,
No doubt but she had only been his wife,
And flown from hence to sit with Gods above:

For she exceeds his choice of Crete so far
As Phoebus doth excel a twinkling star.

But from the first all fates have thus assign'd,
That she should live in these our latter days,
I think to bear a sway within my mind
And feed my thoughts with friendly sweet delays;

If so it be, let me attend my chance,
And fortune pipe when I begin to dance.  [2]

2. Assai ben balla a chi Fortuna suona.

XXXIII.

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

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

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

XXXV.

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

When first mine eyes were blinded with Desire,
They had new seen a Second Sun, whose face,
Though clear as beaten snow, yet kindled fire
Within my breast, and moult my heart apace:
Thus learned I by proof what others write,
That Sun and fire, and snow offend the sight.
O ten-times-happy blinded Theban wight,
Whose loss of sight did make him half divine,
Where I (alas) have lost both life and light,
Like him, whose horns did plague his heedless eyen;
And yet was he in better case than I,
Which neither live, nor can obtain to die.
All Perseus' foes that saw Medusa's head,
By leesing shape and sense were quit from thrall;
But I feel pains, though blind and double-dead,
And was myself efficient cause of all:
Wherefore, of all that ere did cease to see
Old Oedipus were meetest mate for me. [1]
1. Vide Sophocl. and Seneca in tragedijs suis de Oedipi miserij.

XXXVI.

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

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

XXXVII.

The Author in this passion doth by manner of secret comparison prefer his beloved before all other women whatsoever: and persuadeth upon the examples of all sorts of Goddess (whom love hath overtaken at one time or other) that the worthiness of his Mistress being well considered, his own fondness in love must of force be in itself excusable.

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

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

In Trachinijs. which may be thus Englished,

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

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

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

Some ask me, when and how my love begun;
Some, where it lies, and what effects it hath;
Some, who she is, by whom I am undone;
Some, what I mean to tread so lewd a path;
I answer all alike by answer'ing nought,
But, blest is he whom Cupid never caught:
And yet I could, if sorrow would permit.
Tell when and how I fix'd my fancy first,
And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,
And chose the path wherein I live accurst:
But such-like deeds would breed a double sore,
,, For love gainsaid grows madder than before,
But note herewith that so my thoughts are bound
To her in whom my liberty lies thrall,
That if she would vouchsafe to salve my wound,
Yet force of this my love should never fall,
Till Phoebus use to rise from out the West,
And towards night seek lodging in the East.

XXXIX.

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

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

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

XL.

The sense contained in this Sonnet will seem strange to such as never have acquainted
themselves with Love and his Laws, because of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to
such, as Love at any time hath had under his banner, all and every part of it will appear to be a
familiar truth. It is almost word for word taken out of Petrarch, (where he beginneth,
Pace mon truouo, e mon ho da far guerra; . . Parte prima
E temo, espero, etc.? ) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Sonet. 105.
All, except three verses, which this Author hath necessarily added for perfecting the number,
which he hath determined to use in every one of these his Passions.

I Joy not peace, where yet no war is found;
I fear, and hope; I burn, yet freeze withal;
I mount to heav'n, yet lie but on the ground;
I compass nought, and yet I compass all;
   I live her bond, which neither is my foe,
   Nor friend; nor holds me fast, nor lets me go;
Love will not that I live, nor lets me die;
Nor locks me fast, nor suffers me to scape;
I want both eyes and tongue, yet see and cry;
I wish for death, yet after help I gape;
   I hate myself, but love another wight;
   And feed on grief, in lieu of sweet delight;
At self same time I both lament and joy;
I still am pleas'd, and yet displeased still;
Love sometimes seems a God, sometimes a Boy;
Sometimes I sink, sometimes I swim at will;
   Twixt death and life, small difference I make;
   All this, dear Dame, befalls me for thy sake.
Continue to Hekatompithia numbers 41- 60

Go to Hekatompithia numbers 61- 80
Go to Hekatompithia numbers 81- 100
Go to Hekatompithia Glossary and Appendices
Hekatopathia
by Thomas Watson
Sonnets 41- 60
T H E

O R
P A S S I O N A T E
Centurie of
Love
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Notes from the transcriber are marked (BF).
Words/phrases described in the glossary are underlined.
H e k a t o m p a t h i a
Sonnets 41- 60

XLI.

This Passion is framed upon a somewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that
figure in Rhetoric, which of the Greeks is called paltlsgia or anadiplosis, of the Latins
Reduplicatio; whereof Susenbrotus (if I well remember me) allegeth this example out of Virgil,
Sequitur pulcherrimus ustur, . . .Aeneid. 10.
Auftur equo fidens.
O Happy men that find no lack in Love
I Love, and lack what most I do desire;
My deep desire no reason can remove;
All reason shuns my breast, that's set on fire;
    And so the fire maintains both force and flame,
    That force availeth not against the same;
One only help can slake this burning heat,
    Which burning heat proceedeth from her face,
Whose face by looks bewitched my conceit,
Through which conceit I live in woeful case;
    O woeful case, which hath no end of woe,
    Till woes have end by favor of my foe;
And yet my foe maintaineth such a War,
As all her War is nothing else but Peace;
    But such a Peace as breedeth secret jar,
Yet cease despair: for time by wit, or force,
    May force my friendly foe to take remorse.

XLII.

In this Passion the Author under color of telling his dream doth very cunningly and lively praise
his Mistress, so far forth as not only to prefer her before Helen of Greece for excellence of
beauty, but also before how many soever are now living in this our age. The dream of itself is so
plainly and effectually set down (albeit in few words) that it need no further annotation to explain
it.
This latter night amidst my troubled rest
A Dismal Dream my fearful heart appall'd,
Whereof the sum was this: Love made a Feast.
To which all Neighbor, Saints and Gods were call'd:
    The cheer was more than mortal men can think,
    And mirth grew on, by taking in their drink.
Then Jove amidst his cups for service done
Gan thus to jest with Ganymede his boy;
I fain would find for thee my pretty Son
A fairer Wife than Paris brought to Troy:
    Why, sir, quoth he, if Phoebus stand my friend,
    Who knows the world, this gyre will soon have end.
Then Jove replied that Phoebus should not choose
But do his best to find the fairest face;
And she once found should neither will nor choose
But yield herself, and change her dwelling-place;
    Alas, how much was then my heart affright
    Which bade me wake and watch my fair delight?

XLIII.

The sense or matter of this Passion is taken out of Seraphine in his Strambotti, who writeth thus,
    Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in suoco,
Non me stupisce quel che fa natura,
    Ma costei che e di giaccio, e io di suoco,
E in mezo del mio cuor vuie sicura;
Chi la defende in cosi ardente suoco,
Che douendo fguagliar diventa dura?
Solo Amor di Natura aspro adversario,
Che a suo dispetto unisce ogni contrario.
The Salamander lives in fire and flame,
And yet but wonder small in Nature's work:
By stranger force love wins away her fame,
As causing cold in midst of heart to lurk.
Who list of these my pains to take the view,
Will soon confess that what I say is true.
For one as cold as hardest frozen ice,
Is fixed fast, and lodgeth in my breast;
Whom reason can remove by no device,
Nor any force can cause to let me rest:
And yet I still so swim in hot desire,
That more I burn than either flame or fire.
How strange is this? Can contraries so gree,
That Ice in flame will neither waste nor melt,
But still increase, and harder grow to be,
Than erst before? All this myself have felt.
For Love, Dame Nature's foe, without remorse,
Thus coupleth contraries in me by force.

XLIII.

In this Passion the Author misliketh one while his estate, and by and by after liketh of the same again, upon hope and likelihood of amendment, and throughout the whole Sonnet he sayeth his Mistress to be a Second Sun, and by expressing his private infelicity, in either always melting away with Love, or growing stiff through Death approaching near him by reason of daily cares, he maketh allusion unto the diver effects of the Sun, which maketh the day much harder, and the wax softer, than it was before.
That Second Sun, whose beams have dimm'd my sight,
So scorched hath my heart and senses all,
That clogg'd with cares and void of all delight,
I only seek, and sue to be her thrall;
Yet so this heat increaseth day by day,
That more and more it hast'neth my decay.
Sometimes I melt, as if my limbs were wax,
Sometimes grow stiff, as if they were of clay;
Thrice happy he whom Love doth never vex,
For any Second Sun doth melt away:
Nay cursed I blaspheme the fairest Light
That ever yet was seen by day or night.
Perchance her parching heats will once repair
My heart again, and make me all anew:
The Phoenix so revives amidst the air
By virtue of that Sun which all men view:
The virtue of my Sun exceeds the sky,
By her I shall revive, though first I die.

XLV.

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

(Latin Poem #4)

XLVI.

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

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

XLVII.

This Passion containeth a relation throughout from line to line; as, from every line of the first staff as it standeth in order, unto every line of the second staff; and from the second staff unto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clerk, the more pleasure he shall have in it.

And this poesy a scholar set down over this Sonnet, when he had well considered of it: Tam cafu, quam art et industria. The two first lines are an imitation of Seraphine, Sonnetto 103.

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

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

XLVIII.

This Passion containeth two principal points. In the first are placed two similitudes; in both which the Author expresseth his own willfulness in love. In the second, he compareth the beautiful eyes of his Mistress unto the eyes of the Basilisk, which killeth a man with his only sight being a far off; whereof Lucan lib. 9. sayeth thus,
    Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia pestes,
    Ante venena nocens, late sibi submouet omne
    Vulgus, et in vacua regnat Basiliscus arena.
And Mantuan in like manner. Natus in ardenti Libyae Basiliscus arena,
    Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque necat.
Like as the silly Bird amid'st the night,
When Birders beat the bush, and shake his nest,
He flutt'ring forth straight flies unto the light,
As if it were the day new-sprung from East,
    Where so his willful wings consume away,
    That needs he must become the Birder's prey:
Or, as the Fly, when candles are alight,
Still plays about the flame until he burn:
Even so my heart hath seen a heav'nly sight,
Wherehence again it hardly can return:
    The beams thereof contain such wond'rous flame,
    That Jove himself would burn to see the same.
I mean a Virgin's face, whose beauty rare,
Much like the Basilisk in Lybia soil,  [1]
With only sight is cause of all my care,
And loads my yielding heart with endless toil;
    Yet needs I must confess she hath more grace
    Than all the Nymphs that haunt Diana's chase.
The Author in this Song bewrayeth his daily Passions in love to be so troublesome, that to avoid
the flames thereof, he gladly and fain would yield himself to die, were it not that he feareth a
further inconvenience would then arise. For he doubteth lest those flames, wherein his soul
continually burneth, shall make Charon afraid to grant him passage over the Lake of Styx, by
reason, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.
So great a Light hath set my mind on fire,
That flesh and bone consume with secret flame,
Each vein dries up, wit yields to deep desire;
I scarce (alas) dare say, for very shame,
  How fain my soul an interchange would make
Twixt this her present State and Limbo lake;
And yet she dreads, lest when she parts from hence,
Her Heats be such that Charon will retire,
And let her pass for prayer, nor for pence,(1)
For fear his with'red boat be set on fire;
  So dang'rous are the flames of Mighty Love
In Styx itself, in earth, or heav'n above.
Wherefore dear Dame vouchsafe to rue my case,
And salve the sore which thou thyself hast made:
My Heats first grew by gazing on thy face,
Whose lights were such that I could find no shade:
  And thou my weary Soul bend all thy force,
By Plaints and Tears to move her to remorse.

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

In this Passion is effectually set down in how strange a case he liveth that is in love, and in how
contrary an estate to all other men, which are at defiance with the like folly. And this the Author
expresseth here in his own person: therewithal calling upon Love, to stand his friend; or if he
fail, upon death to cut off his wearisome life.
While others feed, my fancy makes me fast;
While others live secure, I fear mischance;
I dread no force, where other stand aghast;
I follow suit where Fortune leads the Dance,
  Who like a mumming mate so throws the Dice,
That Reason leesing all, Love wins the price;
Which Love by force so worketh in my breast,
That needs perforce I must incline my will
To die in dreams while others live in rest,
And live in woes while others feel none ill.
  O gentle Death, let here my days have end,
Or mighty Love, so use me as thy friend.
Mine eyes are worn with tears, my wits with woe,
My color dried with cares, my heart with pains,
My will bewitch'd, my limbs consumed so,
That scarcely blood or vital breath remains:
   While others joy or sleep, I wail and wake:
All this (Dear Dame) I suffer for thy sake.

LI.

Tityus was the son of Jupiter, and for attempting to dishonest Latona, was slain by Apollo. Since which time the Poets feign that for punishment he lieth in hell, miserably tormented with a ravening Vulture, which feedeth upon his bowels continually: and they as they are consumed, still miraculously grow up again, to breed his endless misery, as the Poet witnesseth,
   Quid dicam Tityum, cuius sub vulnere faeuo Claud. in Visceras nascuntur grauibus certantia paenis? Gigantomachia.
The Author compareth his passions with the pains of this Tityus, and imitateth Seneca writing to like effect,
   Vulture relictus transuolet Tityo serus,
   Meumque paena semper addrescat iecur.
If Tityus wretched wight beheld my pains,
He would confess his wounds to be but small,
A Vulture worse than his tears all my veins,
Yet never lets me die, nor live at all:
   Would Gods a while I might possess his place,
   To judge of both, which were in better case.
The Hell is dark, wherein he suff'reth smart,
And wants not some Companions of his grief:
I live in Light, and see what hurts my heart,
But want some mourning mates for my relief;
   His Pain is just reward, his crimes were such:
   My greatest fault is this, I love too much.
Why then, since too much love can breed offense,
Thou dang'rous Bird, the root of my desire,
Go perch elsewhere, remove thyself from hence;
I freeze like Ice, and burn like flaming fire:
   Yet stay good Bird: for if thou soar away,
   Twixt Frost and Flame my days will soon decay.

LII.

Here the Author after some dolorous discourse of his unhappiness, and rehearsal of some particular hurts which he sustaineth in the pursuit of his love: first questioneth with his Lady of his desert; and then, as having made a sufficient proof of his innocence, persuadeth her to pity him whom she herself hath hurt. Moreover, it is to be noted that the first letters of all the verses in this Passion being joined together as they stand, do contain this poesy agreeable to his meaning, Amor me pungit et vrit.
A  A World of woes doth reign within my breast,
m  My pensive thoughts are cov'red all with care,
o  Of all that sing the Swan doth please me best.
r  Restraint of joys exiles my wonted fare,
M  Mad-mooded Love usurping Reason's place
e  Extremity doth over-rule the case.
P. Pain drieth up my veins and vital blood, 
U. Unless the Saint I serve give help in time: 
N. None else, but she alone, can do me good. 
G. Grant then, ye Gods, that first she may not climb 
I. Immortal heav'ns, to live with Saints above, 
T. Then she vouchsafe to yield me love for love 
E. Examine well the time of my distress 
T. Thou dainty Dame, for whom I pine away, 
V. Unguilty though, as needs thou must confess, 
R. Rememb'ring but the cause of my decay; 
I. In viewing thy sweet face arose my grief, 
T. Therefore in time vouchsafe me some relief 

LIII.

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

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

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

1. AEsculapius.

LIIII.

In this Passion the Author boasteth, how sound a pleasure he lately enjoyed in the company of his Beloved, by pleasing effectually all his five senses exterior, and that through the only benefit of her friendly presence, and extraordinary favor towards him. And in many choice particulars of
this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verse of Ronsard's, in a certain Elegy to Janet peintre du Roy: which beginneth thus,

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

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

For worldly joys who might compare with me,
While thus I fed each sense in his degree?

1. Aurora.

LV.

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

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

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

To see the Minotaur his ugly face,
And such as there lay slain within the place.
But soon my guiding thread by Reason spun,
Wherewith I pass'd along his darksome cave,
Was broke (alas) by him, and overrun,
And I perforce became his captive slave:
Since when as yet I never found the way
To leave that maze wherein so many stray.

310
Yet thou on whom mine eyes have gaz'd so long
May'st, if thou wilt, play Ariadne's part,
And by a second Thread revenge the wrong,
Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltless heart;
Vouchsafe in time to save and set me free,
Which seek and serve none other Saint but thee.

LVI.

The first Staff of this Passion is much like unto that invention of Seraphine in his Strambotti,
where he sayeth,
Morte: che voui? te bramo: Eccomi appresso;
Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore;
Non posso: ohime, non puoi? non per adesso;
Perche? pero che in te non regna il core, etc.
The second Staff somewhat imitateth another of his Strambotti in the same leaf; it beginneth thus,
Amor, amor: chi e quel che chiama tanto?
Un tuo seruo fidel; uon ti consfco; etc.
The Author in the last Staff, returneth to entreat Death anew, to end his days, as being half persuaded that Love would restore unto him his heart again.
Come gentle Death; who calls? One that's oppress'd:
What is thy will? That thou abridge my woe,
By cutting off my life; cease thy request,
I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why so?
Thou want'st thy Heart. Who stole the same away?
Love, whom thou serv'st, entreat him sigh thou may.
Come, come, come Love: who calleth me so oft?
Thy Vassal true, whom thou should'st know by right.
What makes thy cry so faint? My voice is soft,
And almost spent by wailing day and night.
Why then, what's thy request? That thou restore
To me my Heart, and steal the same no more.
And thou, O Death, when I possess my Heart,
Dispatch me then at once: why so?
By promise thou art bound to end my smart.
Why, if thy Heart return, then what's thy woe?
That brought from cold, it never will desire
To rest with me, which am more hot than fire.

LVII.

Here the Author cheerfully comforting himself, rebuketh all those his friends, or others whatsoever, which pity his estate in Love: and groundeth his invention, for the most part, upon the old Latin Proverb, Confuetudo eft altera natura. Which Proverb he confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being born far North seldom catcheth cold; the other of the Negro, which being born under a hot climate, is never smothered with over-much heat.
All ye, that grieve to think my death so near,
Take pity on yourselves, whose thought is blind;
Can there be Day, unless some Light appear?
Can fire be cold, which yieldeth heat by kind?
If Love were past, my life would soon decay,
Love bids me hope, and hope is all my stay.
And you that see in what estate I stand,
Now hot, now cold, and yet am living still,
Persuade yourselves, Love hath a mighty hand,
And custom frames what pleaseth best her will.
A ling'ring use of Love hath taught my breast
To harbor strife, and yet to live in rest.
The man that dwells far North hath seldom harm
With blast of winter's wind or nipping frost:
The Negro seldom feels himself too warm
If he abide within his native coast;     [1]
So, Love in me a Second Nature is,
And custom makes me think my Woes are Bliss.

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

LVIII.

Aetna, called in times past Inesia, as Volaterranus witnesseth, is a hollow hill in Sicilia, whose
top burneth continually, the fire being maintained with a vein of brimstone, and other such like
Minerals, which are within the said Mountain. Which notwithstanding, the bottom of the hill is
very pleasant, as well for the abundance of sweet fruits and flowers, as for the number of fresh
springs and fountains. The Poets feign that when Jupiter had with his thunderbolts beaten down
the Giants of the earth, which rebelled against heaven, he did forthwith cover and oppress them
all with the weight of this hill Aetna. These things being well considered, together with the verse
of Horace:
(Deus immortalis haberi De art Poetica
Dum cupid Empedocles, ardentem frigidus AEtnam Insiluit.)
It may easily appear why the Author in this passion compareth his heart unto the hill.
There is a monstrous hill in Sicil soil,
Where works that limping God, which Vulcan hight,
And rebel Giants lurk, whom Jove did foil,
When gainst the heav'n's they durst presume to fight;
   The top thereof breathes out a burning flame,
   And Flora sits at bottom of the same.
My swelling heart is such another hill,
Wherein a blinded God bears all the sway,
And rebel thoughts resisting reason's skill
Are bound by will from starting thence away;
   The top thereof doth smoke with scalding smart,
   And seldom joys obtain the lowest part.
Yet learn herewith the diff'rence of the twain:
Empedocles consum'd with Aetnae's fire
When godhead there he fought, but all in vain:
But this my heart, all flaming with desire,
Embraceth in itself an Angel's face,
Which beareth rule as Goddess of the place.

LIX.

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

That thing wherein mine eyes have most delight,
Is greatest cause my heart doth suffer pain:
Such is the hurt that comes by wanton sight;
Which reason strives to vanquish all in vain;
This only sense, more quick than all the rest,
Hath kindled holy fire within my breast.
And so my mourning heart is parching dry
With sending sighs abroad and keeping care,
What needs it must consume if long it lie
In place, where such a flame doth make repair:
This flame is Love, whom none may well entreat,
But only she, for whom I suffer heat.
Then peerless Dame, the ground of all my grief,
Vouchsafe to cure the cause of my complaint:
No favor else but thine can yield relief.
But help in time, before I further faint,
For Danger grows by ling'ring till the last,
And physic hath no help when life is past.

LX.

The Author groundeth this Passion upon three points. In the first, he showeth how he witting and willfully followeth his own hurt, with such like words as Medea sometime used, Video meliora, proboque, Ovid Metam
Deteriora sequor, etc. lib. 7.
In the second, he excuseth his fault upon the main force and tyranny of Love, being the only governor of his will. And lastly, he humbly entreateth his Lady for the restitution of his wonted liberty: desiring her not to exact more of him than his ability of body or mind can well sustain, according to the old verse,
Pelle magis rabida nihil est de Vulpe petendum.
Was ever man, whose Love was like to mine?
I follow still the cause of my distress,
My Heart foreseeing hurt, doth yet incline
To seek the same, and thinks the harm the less.
In doing thus, you ask me what I ail:
Against main force what reason can prevail?
Love is the Lord and Signor of my will,
How shall I then dispose of any deed?
By forced Bond, he holds my freedom still,
He dulls each sense, and makes my heart to bleed.
    Thou Sacred Nymph, whose virtue wanteth stain,
    Agree with Love and set me free again.
Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,
Wherein my pen shall once thy praise forget:
No Night with sleep shall close mine eyes at all,
Before I make recount of such a debt;
    Then force me not to more than well I may,
    Besides his Skin, the Fox hath nought to pay.

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Webmaster contact:    robertbrazil@juno.com

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Hekatompathia
by Thomas Watson
Sonnets 61- 80

THE

OR

PASSIONATE

Centurie of
Love
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Notes that derive from Graves' The Greek Myths are marked (Graves).
Notes from the transcriber are marked (BF).
Words/phrases described in the glossary are underlined.

HEKATOMPATHIA
Sonnets 61- 80

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

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

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

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

In that I thirst for such a Goddess’ grace
As wants remorse, like Tantalus I die;
My state is equal to Ixion’s case,
Whose rented limbs are turn’d eternally,
   In that my tossing toils can have no end,
   Nor time, nor place, nor chance will stand my friend.
In that my heart consuming never dies,
I feel with Tityus an equal pain,
On whom an ever-feeding Vulture lies;
In that I rise through hope, and fall again     [2]
  By fear, like Sisyphus I labor still
  To turle a rolling stone against the hill,
In that I make my vows to her alone,
Whose ears are deaf and will retain no sound,
With Belides my state is all but one,
Which fill a tub whose bottom is not sound.
  A wondrous thing, that Love should make the wound,
  Wherein a second Hell may thus be found.
1. (Graves) The 50 daughters of Danaus were forced to marry the sons of their father's Danaus' enemy, his twin brother Agenor. 49 of the Danaids murdered their new husbands and were condemned to the endless task of carrying water in jars perforated like sieves.
2. (BF) These lines may have inspired those of Sonnet 151: No want of conscience hold it that I call / Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

LXIII.

Love hath two arrows, as Conradus Celtis witnesseth in these two verses:
  Per matris aftrum, et per fera specula, Odarum. lib. I
  Quae bina sert saeueus Cupido, etc.

The one is made of lead, the other of gold, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Author therefore feigneth in this Passion, that when Cupid had stroken him with that of lead, soon after pitying his painful estate, he thought good to strike his beloved with the other. But her breast was so hard that the shaft rebounding back again, wounded Love himself at unawares. Wherehence fell out these three inconveniences; first, that Love himself became her thrall, whom he should have conquered; then, that she became proud, where she should have been friendly; and lastly, that the Author by this means despaireth to have any recure of his unquiet life, and therefore desireth a speedy death, as alluding to those sententious verses of Sophocles' Electra (verse in Greek) which may be thus Englished paraphrastically,
  What can it him avail to live a while,
  Whom, of all others, evils are betide?
Love hath two shafts, the one of beaten gold,
By stroke whereof a sweet effect is wrought:
The other is of lumpish leaden mold,
And worketh none effect, but what is nought:
  Within my breast the latter of the twain
  Breeds fear, fear thought, and thought a lasting pain.
One day amongst the rest sweet Love began
To pity mine estate, and thought it best
To pierce my Dear with gold, that she might scan
My case aright, and turn my toils to rest:
  But from her breast more hard than hardest flint
  His shaft flew back, and in himself made print.
And this is cause that Love doth stoop her lure,
Whose heart he thought to conquer for my sake;
That she is proud; and I without recure:
Which triple hurt doth cause my hope to quake:
  Hope lost breeds grief, grief pain, and pain disease,
Disease brings death, which death will only please.

LXIII.

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

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

LXV.

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

Occhi tuoi, anzi stelle alme, et fatali, Selva Seconda. Oue ha prescritto il ciel mio mal, mio been: Mie lagrime, e sospir, mio riso. e canto; Mia spene, mio timor; mio feco e giaccio; Mia noia, mio piacer; mia vito e morte.

Who knoweth not how often Venus' son Hath forced Jupiter to leave his seat? Or else, how often Neptune he hath won From seas to sands, to play some wanton feat? Or how he hath constrain'd the Lord of Styx To come on earth, to practice loving tricks? If heav'n, if seas, if hell must needs obey, And all therein be subject unto Love,
What shall it then avail if I gainsay
And to my double hurt his pow'r do prove?
   No, no, I yield myself, as is but meet:
   For hitherto with sour he yields me sweet.
From out my Mistress eyes, two lightsome stars,
He destinates estate of double kind,
My tears, my smiling cheer, my peace, my wars;
My sighs, my songs; my fear, my hoping mind;
   My fire, my frost; my joy, my sorrow's gall;
   My curse, my praise; my death, but life with all.

LXVI.

This Latin passion is borrowed from Petrarch Sonetto 133. which beginneth.
   Hor, ch'il ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,
   E le fere, e gli angelli il fonno affrena,
   Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,
   E nel suo letto il mar fenz'onda giace; etc.
Wherein he imitated Virgil, speaking of Dido, thus.
   Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant fesa soporem Corpora etc.
And this Author presumeth, upon the pains he hath taken, in faithfully translating it, to place it
amongst these his own passions, for a sign of his great sufferance in love.

(Latin Poem # 5)

LXVII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And Propertius in like manner lib. 2.
   Mysus et Haemonia iuuenis qui cuspide vulnus
   Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.

Suidas mentioneth another Telephus, an excellent Grammarian of Pergamus.

In secret seat and center of my heart,
Unwares to me, not once suspecting ill,
Blind Cupid's hand hath fix'd a deadly dart,
Whereat how ere I pluck, it sticketh still,
   And works effect like those of Arab soil,
   Whose heads are dipp'd in poison stead of oil.
If't were like those, wherewith in Ida plain
The Cretan hunter wounds the chased deer,
I could with Dictame draw it out again,
And cure me so, that scar should scarce appear.
   Or if Aldices shaft did make me bleed,      [1]
   Machaon's art would stand me in some stead.

But being as it is, I must compare
With fatal wounds of Telephus alone,
And say that he, whose hand hath wrought my care,
Must either cure my fatal wound, or none:
   Help therefore, gentle Love, to ease my heart,
   Whose pains increase, till thou withdraw thy dart.
1. He alludeth to the wound of Philoctetes. (Graves) Machaon, a son of Asclepius, tended the wounded during the siege of Troy Philoctetus had been bitten by a poisonous snake during the gathering of the Greeks, or hit by one of Hercules poisoned arrows. His painful and noxious wound was long-lasting but not fatal.

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

My joys are done, my comfort quite dismay'd,  
My weary wits bewitch'd with wanton will,  
My will by Fancy's heedless fault betray'd,  
Whose eyes on Beauty's face are fixed still,  
And whose conceit Folly hath clouded so,  
That Love concludes, my heart must live in woe.  
But change aspect, ye angry stars above,  
And pow'rs divine restore my liberty,  
Or grant that soon I may enjoy my Love,  
Before my life incur more misery:  
For now so hot is each assault I feel  
As would dissolve a heart more hard than steel.  
Or if you needs must work my deadly smart,  
Perform your charge by hasting on my death  
In sight of her, whose eyes enthrall my heart:  
Both life and death to her I do bequeath,  
In hope at last, she will vouchsafe to say,  
I rue his death, whose life I made away.

LXX.

In this passion the Author somewhat afar off imitateth an Ode in Gervasius Sepinus written to Cupid, where he beginneth thus:  
Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra ubinam est? Erotopaegnicon.  
Ubi arcus referens acuta Lunoe lib. I.  
Bina cornua? vbi flagrans Ameris  
fax? ubi igneus ille arcus, in quo  
De ipsis Caelicolis, virisque victis  
Vinctisque ante ingum aculus triumphas?  
Haud posent tua summa numina unam,  
Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam?  
Qui fortes animos pudica Eisoe  
Fortioribus irrigans venenis  
Vicisti: etc.

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

LXXI.

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

Alas, dear Titus mine, my ancient friend,
What makes thee muse at this my present plight,
To see my wonted joys enjoy their end
And how my Muse hath lost her old delight?
  This is the least effect of Cupid's dart,
  To change the mind by wounding of the heart.
Alcides fell in love as I have done,
And laid aside both club and Lion's skin;
Achilles too when he fair Brises won,
To fall from wars to wooing did begin.
  Nay, if thou list, survey the heav'n's above,
  And see how Gods themselves are chang'd by Love.
Jove steals from skies to lie by Leda's side;
Arcas descends for fair Aglaurus' sake,
And Sol, so soon as Daphne is espied,
To follow her his Chariot doth forsake:
  No marvel then, although I change my mind,
  Which am in love with one of heav'nly kind.
1. (per BF) Eva Turner Clarke noted a Feuillerat Document establishing that the play, The historye of Titus and Gisippus, was shown at Whitehall on February 19, 1576-77, by the Children of Pauls. Ms. Clarke believed this play title to be a corruption of Titus Andronicus, but it has been established that Titus and Gisippus was a "friendship" story originally found in Boccaccio's Decameron, and an early prototype of Two Gentlemen of Verona.

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

Oceanus not long ago decreed
To wed his dearest daughter Thamesis
To Triton, Neptune's son, and that with speed:
When Neptune saw the match was not amiss,
   He prayed the Gods from highest to the least,
   With him to celebrate the Nuptial feast.

Love did descend with all his heav'nly train,
And came for Thamesis to London side,
In whose conduct each one employ'd his pain
To reverence the state of such a Bride:
   But whil'st I saw her led to Nereus' Hall,
   My jealous heart began to throb withal.
I doubted aye, lest any of that crew,
In fetching Thamesis, should see my Love,
Whose ticing face is of more lively hue,
Than any Saint's in earth or heav'n above:
   Besides, I fear'd that Triton would desire
   My Love, and let his Thamesis retire.

LXXIII.

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

I Rue to think upon the dismal day
When Cupid first proclaimed open war
Against my Heart; which fled without delay,
But when he thought from Love to be most far,
   The winged boy prevented him by flight,
   And led him captive-like from all delight.

The time of triumph being overpast,
He scarcely knew where to bestow the spoil,
Till through my heedless Heart's desire, at last,
He lock'd him up in Tower of endless toil.
   Within her breast, whose hardened will doth vex
   Her silly guest softer than liquid wax.
This prison at the first did please him well,
And seem'd to be some earthly Paradise,
Where now (alas) Experience doth tell,
That Beauty's bates can make the simple wise,
    And bids him blame the bird, that willingly
    Chooseth a golden cage for liberty.

LXXIII.

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

Non illi fatis est turbato fordidus auro
Hermus, et Hesperio qui fonat orbe Tagus.
And lastly, before Hippocrene, a fountain of Boetia, now called the well of the Muses, and feigned by the Poets to have had his source or beginning from the heel of Pegasus the winged horse.

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

LXXV.

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

Accipe ut ignaram candentis imagine Tauri
Luserit Europam ficta etc.
Quam nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore, etc.
Qualis et Asterien aquilinis pressrit alis:
Quoque dolo Laedam sicto sub olore fefellit.
Adde quod Antiopam Satyri sub imagine etc.
Not she, whom Jove transported into Crete;
Nor Semele, to whom he vow'd in haste;
Nor she whose flanks he fill'd with feigned heat;
Nor whom with Eagles' wings he oft embrac'd;
Nor Danae, begu'il'd by golden rape;
Nor she for whom he took Diana's shape;
Nor fair Antiopa, whose fruitful love
He gained Satyr-like; nor she whose Son
To wanton Hebe was conjoin'd above;
Nor sweet Mnemosyne, whose love he won
In shepherd's weed; no such are like the Saint
Whose eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.
And Jove himself may storm, if so he please,
To hear me thus compare my Love with his:
No forked fire, nor thunder can disease
This heart of mine, where stronger torment is:
But O how this surpasseth all the rest,
That she, which hurts me most, I love her best.

LXXVI.

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

Thou foolish God the Author of my grief,
If Psyche's beams could set thy heart on fire,
How can I hope, of thee to have relief,
Whose mind with mine doth suffer like desire?
Henceforth my heart shall sacrifice elsewhere
To such a Saint as higher port doth bear.
And such a Saint is she whom I adore,
As foils thy force and makes thee stand aloof;
None else but she can salve my festered sore;
And she alone will serve in my behoof:
Then blinded boy, go pack thee hence away,
And thou Sweet Soul, give ear to what I say.
And yet what shall I say? Strange is my case,
In mid'st of frost to burn, and freeze in flame:
Would Gods I never had beheld thy face,
Or else, that once I might possess the same:
Or else that chance would make me free again,
Whose hand help'd Love to bring me to this pain.
1. Vide Apul.

LXXVII.

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

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

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

Time wasteth years, and month's, and hours:
Time doth consume fame, honor, wit and strength:
Time kills the greenest Herbs and sweetest flowers:
Time wears out youth and beauty's looks at length:
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.

Time maketh ev'ry tree to die and rot:
Time turneth oft our pleasures into pain:
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot:
Time clears the sky, which first hung full of rain:
Time makes an end of all human desire,
But only this, which sets my heart on fire.

Time turneth into naught each Princely state:
Time brings a flood from new-resolved snow:
Time calms the Sea where tempest was of late:
Time eats what ere the Moon can see below:
And yet no time prevails in my behove,
Nor any time can make me cease to love.

LXXVIII.

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

O belle done, prendam pietade
Di me pur hor'in talpa trafformato
D'huom, che pur dianza ordiua mirar fiso
Come Aquila il sol chiar in paradiso.
Così va'l mondo, e così spesso accade
A chi si fida inamoroso stato, etc.

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

LXXIX.

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

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

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

Where heat of love doth once possess the heart,  
There cares oppress the mind with wondrous ill,  
Wit runs awry, not fearing future smart,  
And fond desire doth over-master will:  
The belly neither cares for meat nor drink,  
Nor over-watched eyes desire to wink:  
Footsteps are false, and wav'ring to and fro;  
The brightsome flow'r of beauty fades away:  
Reason retires, and pleasure brings in woe:  
And wisdom yeldeth place to black decay:  
Counsel, and fame, and friendship are contemn'd:  
And bashful shame, and Gods themselves condemn'd.  
Watchful suspect is linked with despair:  
Inconstant hope is often drown'd in fears:  
What folly hurts, not fortune can repair;  
And misery doth swim in Seas of tears:  
Long use of life is but a ling'ring foe,  
And gentle death is only end of woe.
LXXX.

M Y   L O V E   I S   P A S T .

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

1. Polygraphiae suae, lib. 5.

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Webmaster contact: robertbrazil@juno.com

Hekatompathia
by Thomas Watson
Sonnets 81-100
THE
OR
PASSIONATE
LXXX.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

1. Polygraphiae suae, lib. 5.

LXXXI.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Pasquine Piller erected in the despite of Love.

1   At
2   last, though
3   late, farewell
4   old well a day : A
Mirth or mischance strike up a new alarm, And Cypria la nemica mia Retire to Cyprus Isle, and cease thy war, Else must thou prove how Reason can by charm enforce to flight thy blindfold brat and thee. So frames it with me now, that I confess The life I led in Love devoid of rest, It was a Hell, where none felt more than I, Nor any with like miseries forlorn. Since therefore now my woes are waxed less, And Reason bids me leave old wellada, a No longer shall the world laugh me to scorn: I'll choose a path that shall not lead awry. Rest then with me from your blind Cupids car. Each one of you, that serve, and would be free. His double thrall, e. That liu's as Love thinks best, whose hande still Tyrant like to hurt is preftte.(1)

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

LXXXII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.
Expansio Columnae praecedentis.

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

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

LXXXIII.

M Y  L O V E   I S   P A S T.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of Ronsard's Odes; which beginneth thus
Les Muses lierent un iour
De chaisnes de roses Amour, [1]
Et pour le garder, le donnerent
Aus Graces et a la Beaute:
Qui voyans so destoyaute,
Sus Parnase l'emprisonnerent, etc.

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

1. Au liure de ses melanges.

LXXXIII.

M Y  L O V E   I S   P A S T.

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

Iuuenisque castus crimine incesta iacet,
Pudicus, infons.

Diana, since Hippolytus is dead,
Let me enjoy thy favor, and his place:
My might through will shall stand thee in some stead,
To drive blind Love and Venus from thy chase:
   For where they lately wrought me mickle woe,
   I vow me now to be their mortal foe.
And do thou not mistrust my chastity
When I shall range amid'st thy virgin train:
My rains are chasten'd so through misery,
That Love with me can nere prevail again:
   [That] The child whose finger once hath felt the fire,
   [That] To play therewith will have but small desire.
Besides, I vow to bear a watchful eye,
Discov'ring such as pass along thy groan;
If Jupiter himself come loit'ring by,
I'll call thy crew and bid them fly from Jove;
   For if they stay, he will obtain at last,
   What now I loathe, because my love is past.

LXXXV.

M Y   L O V E   I S   P A S T.

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

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

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

LXXXVI.

M Y L O V E I S P A S T.

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

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

LXXXVII.

M Y L O V E I S P A S T.

The Author in the first staff of this Sonnet expresseth how Love first went beyond him, by persuading him that all was gold which glistered. In the second, he telleth how time brought him to truth, and Truth to Reason, by whose good counsel he found the way from worse to better, and did overgo the malice of blind Fortune. In the third staff, he craveth pardon at every man for the offenses of his youth; and to Love, the only cause of his long error, he giveth his ultimum vale.
Youth made a fault through lightness of Belief,  
Which fond Belief Love placed in my breast:  
But now I find that Reason gives relief;  
And time shows Truth and Wit that's bought is best;  
Muse not therefore although I change my vein,  
He runs too far which never turns again.  
Henceforth my mind shall have a watchful eye,  
I'll scorn Fond Love, and practice of the same:  
The wisdom of my heart shall soon descry  
Each thing that's good, from what deserveth blame:  
My song shall be; Fortune hath spit her spite,  
And Love can hurt no more withal his might.  
Therefore, all you to whom my course is known,  
Think better comes, and pardon what is past:  
I find that all my wildest Oats are sown,  
And joy to see what now I see at last;  
And since that Love was cause I trod awry,  
I here take off his Bells, and let him fly.

LXXXVIII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

I long maintained war against Reason's rule,  
I wander'd pilgrim-like in Error's maze  
I sat in Folly's ship, and play'd the fool,  
Till on Repentance rock her sides did craze:  
    Herewith I learn by hurts already past,  
    [Till] That each extreme will change itself at last.  
This shipwreck's chance hath set me on a shelf,  
Where neither Love can hurt me any more,  
Nor Fortune's hand, though she enforce herself;  
Discretion grants to set me safe on shore,  
    Where guile is fetter'd fast and wisdom rules,  
    To punish heedless hearts and willful fools,  
And since the heav'n's have better lot assign'd,  
I fear to burn, as having felt the fire;  
And proof of harms so changed hath my mind,  
That wit and will to Reason do retire:  
    Not Venus now, nor love with all his snares  
    Can draw my wits to woes at unawares.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

Love never LOve hath delight in sweet delicious fare; (1)
Love never takes good Counsel for his friend; (2)
Love author is, and cause of idle care; (3)
Love is distraught of wit, and hath no end; (4)
  Love shooteth shafts of burning hot desire; (5)
  Love burneth more than either flame or fire; (6)
Love doth much harm through jealousy's assault; (7)
Love once embrac'd will hardly part again; (8)
Love thinks in breach of faith there is no fault; (9)
Love makes a sport of others' deadly pain; (10)
  Love is a wanton Child and loves to brawl. (11)
  Love with his war brings many souls to thrall. (12)

These are the smallest faults that lurk in Love.
These are the hurts which I have cause to curse,
These are those truths which no man can disprove,
These are such harms as none can suffer worse.

All this I write, that others may beware,
Though now myself twice free from all such care.

1. Hieron.
2. Auson.
4. Propert.
5. Horat.
6. Xenoph.
7. Calent.
8. Ovid.
10. Marull.
11. Tibull.
XC.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

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

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

ME sibi ter binos annos unumque subegit
Divus Amor; laetusque sui, licet ignibus arsi;
Spemque habui certam, curis licet ictus acerbis.

Iamque duos alios exutus amore peregi,
Ac si sydereo mea Laura volarit in orbes,
Duxerit et secum veteris penetralia cordis.

Pertaefum tandem vitae me poenitet actae,
Et pudet erroris pene absumpsisse sub umbra.
Seminxa virtutum. Sed quae pars vltima restat,
Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,
Et male transactae deploro tempora vitae,
Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite cursus,
Litis in arcendae studijis, et pace colendae.

Ergo summe Deus, per quem fum clausus in isto Carcere, ab aeterno saluum sac esse periculo.
1. Sonnet. 313.

XCI.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

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

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

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

Ye captive souls of blindfold Cyprian's boat
Mark with advice in what estate ye stand,
Your Boatman never whistles merry note,
And Folly keeping stern, still puts from land,
And makes a sport to toss you to and fro
Twixt sighing winds and surging waves of woe.
On Beauty's rock she runs you at her will,
And holds you in suspense twixt hope and fear,
Where dying oft, yet are you living still,
But such a life as death much better were;
   Be therefore circumspect and follow me,
   When Chance, or change of manners, sets you free.
Beware how you return to seas again:
Hang up your votive tables in the choir
Of Cupid's Church, in witness of the pain
You suffer now by forced fond desire:
   Then hang your through-wet garments on the wall,
   And sing with me, That Love is mix'd with gall.
1. Ad Pyrrham ode. 5.

XCII.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

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

O happy hour wherein I did forego
This little God, so great a cause of woe.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the first and sixth line of this Passion the Author alludeth to two sententious verses in Sophocles; whereof the first is, (passage in Greek) (1)
The second (passage in Greek) (2)
In the other two staffs following, the Author pursueth on his matter, beginning and ending every line with the self same syllable he used in the first: wherein he imitateth some Italian Poets, who more to try their wits [t]han for any other conceit, have written after the like manner.

My love is past, woe worth the day and hour
When to such folly first I did incline,
Whereof the very thought is bitter sour,
And still would hurt, were not my soul divine,
Or did not Reason teach that care in vain
For ill once past, which cannot turn again.

My Love is past, blessed the day and hour.
When from so fond estate I did decline,
Wherein was little sweet with mickle sour,
And loss of mind, whose substance is divine.
Or at the left, expense of time in vain,
For which expense no Love returneth gain.

My Love is past, wherein was no good hour:
When others joy'd, to cares I did incline,
Whereon I fed, although the taste were sour,
And still believ'd Love was some pow'r divine,
Or some instinct which could not work in vain,
Forgetting, Time well spent was double gain.

1. In Oedipo-Colonae.
2. In Trachiniis.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

Biastemo quando mai le labbra apersi
Per dar nome a costei, che accid me induce.
Biastemo il tempo, e quanti giorni ho persi
A seguitar si tenebrosa luce:
Biastemo charta, inchiostre, e versi,
Et quanto Amor per me fama gladiuce;
Biastemo quando mai la vidi anchora,
El mese, l'anno, e giorno, el punto, e lhora.

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

XCV.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

Though somewhat late, at last I found the way
To leave the doubtful Labyrinth of Love,
Wherein (alas) each minute seem'd a day:
Himself was Minotaur; whose force to prove
    I was enforc'd, till Reason taught my mind
        To stay the beast, and leave him there behind.
But being scaped thus from out his maze,
And past the dang'rous Den so full of doubt,
False Theseus-like, my credit shall I craze,
Forsaking her whose hand did help me out?
    With Ariadne Reason shall not say,
        I sav'd his life, and yet he runs away.
No, no, before I leave the golden rule,
Or laws of her that stood so much my friend,
Or once again will play the loving fool,
The sky shall fall, and all shall have an end:
I wish as much to you that lovers be,
Whose pains will pass, if you beware by me.
1. Lib 36. ca. 13.

XCVI.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

Ecce puer Veneris sert everfamque pharetrum,
Et fractos arcus, et fine luce facem,
Pectoraque insesta tondat aperta manu, etc.
Nec minus est confusa Venus, etc.
Quam inuenis rupit cum serus inguen aper.

What ails poor Venus now to sit alone
In funeral attire, her wonted hue
Quite chang'd, her smile to tears, her mirth to moan:
As though Adonis' wounds now bled anew,
Or she with young Julus late return'd
From seeing her Aeneas' carcass burn'd.
Alack for woe, what ails her little Boy,
To have his tender cheeks besprent with tears,
And sit and sigh, where he was wont to toy?
How haps, no longer he his quiver wears,
But breaks his Bow, throwing the *shivers by,
And plucks his wings and lets his firebrand die?
No, Dame and Darling too, ye come too late,
To win me now, as you have done tofore:
I live secure and quiet in estate,
Fully resolv'd from loving any more:
Go pack for shame from hence to Cyprus Ile,
And there go play your pranks another while.
1. Elegiar. lib. 1

XCVII.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

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

XCVIII.

M Y   L O V E   I S   P A S T.

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

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

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Quid Amor?

Quid sit amor, qualisque, cupis me scire magistro?
Est Veneris proles: coelo metuendus, et Orco;
Et leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis;
Peruigil excubitor; fallax comes; inuidus hospes;
Armatus puer; infanus iuuenis; novitatis
Questor, belli fautor; virtuti inimicus;
Splendidus ore, nocens promisso; lege tyrannus;
Dux caecus; gurges viciorum; noctus almnus;
Fur clandestinus; mors viuida; mortua vita;
Dulcis inexpertis, expertis durus; Eremus
Stultitiae; facula ignescens; vesana libido;
Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas;
Pluma leuis; morbus iecoris; dementia prudens;
Infamis leno; Bacchi, Cererisque minister;
Prodiga libertas animae; Pruritus inanis;
Praeceptor, fine fine malum; fine pace duellum;
Naugrarium humanie vitae; loethale venenum;
Flebit cordolium; grave calcar; acuta fagitta;
Sontica pernicies, nodofoe causa podagrae;
Natus ad infidias vulpes: pontus lachrymarum;
Virginea Zonae ruptura; dolosa voluptas;
Multicolor serpens; vrens affectus; inermis
Bellator; fenijque caput, feniumque iuuentae?
Ante diem funus; portantis viper; moestus
Pollinctor; syren fallax; mors proeuia morti;
Infector nemorum; erroris Labyrinthus; amara
Dulcedo; inuentor falsi; via perditionis;
Formarum egregius spectator; poena perennis;
Suspirans ventus; singultu plena querela;
Triste magisterium; multae iactura diei;
Martyrium innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus
Sisyphium; radix curarum; defidis esta;
Febris anhela; fitis moroa; hidropicus ardog;
Vis uno dicam verbo? incarnata Gehenna est.
MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

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

The haughty Eagle Bird, of Birds the best,
Before the feathers of her younglings grow,
She lifts them one by one from out their nest,
To view the Sun, thereby her own to know;
Those that behold it not with open eye,
She lets them fall, not able yet to fly.
Such was my case, when Love possess'd my mind;
Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light
Of her my Sun, whose beams had made me blind,
I made my Will suppress it with Despite:
But such a thought as could abide her best,
I harbor'd still within my careful breast.
But those fond days are past and half forgot;
I practice now the quite clean contrary:
What thoughts can like of her, I like them not,
But choke them straight, for fear of jeopardy;
For thou that Love to some do seem a Toy;
I know by proof that Love is long annoy.
1. Lib. 9 Hist. animal.

C.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

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

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

Resolv'd to dust entomb'd here lieth Love,
Through fault of her, who here herself should lie;
He struck her breast, but all in vain did prove
To fire the ice: and doubting by and by
His brand had lost his force, he gan to try
Upon himself; which trial made him die.
In sooth no force; let those lament who lust,
I'll find a carol song for obsequy;
For towards me his dealings were unjust,
And cause of all my passed misery:
   The Fates, I think, seeing what I had past,
   In my behalf wrought this revenge at last.
But somewhat more to pacify my mind,
By illing him, through whom I liv'd a slave,
I'll cast his ashes to the open wind,
Or write this Epitaph upon his grave;

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

M Y   L O V E   I S   P A S T.

This is an Epilogue to the whole work, and more like a prayer than a Passion: and is faithfully
translated out of Petrarch, Sonnet. 314. 2. part, where he beginneth,
   I vo piangendo i mici passati tempi
   I quai posi in amar cosa mortale,
   Senza leuarmi a volo, lauena iosempi, etc.
   Per dar forse di me non bassi essempli, etc.

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

F I N I S.

The Labor is light, where Love is the Paymistress

Continue to Hekatompathia Glossary and Appendices
APPENDIX I: Glossary

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

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

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

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

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

bewray (v): reveal. FS (7); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Edwards Dam&Pith; Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene Orl Fur, Fr Bacon, James IV; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Marlowe Massacre, Jew/Malta; (disp.) Oldcastle; Lyly Bombie, Midas, Gallathea, Endymion, Campaspe, Whip; Pasquil Return; (anon.) Marprelate; Locrine, Ironside, Arden, Willobie, Penelope, Leic Gh.
brunt (n): outburst, attack. NFS. Cf. Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (POETRY); Gascoigne Jocasta; Lodge Wounds of Civil War; Lyly Woman ... Moon; Greene Fr Bac; Marlowe T1, Massacre.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

gloze/glose (n, v): specious, over-expansive talk, flattery. FS (6-LLL, Rich2, H5, TA, T&C, Pericles); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Lyly Campaspe; Kyd Cornelia, Sol&Per; Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Ironside, Arden, Willobie; Nashe Menaphon, Summers, Absurdity; Harvey Pierce's Super; (disp.) Greene's Groat, Maiden's. Cf. (anon.) Nobody/Somebody (v).
hight/hyght (v): is/was called/named (v). FS (4-LLL, MND, Pericles); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Brooke Romeus; Watson Hek (POETRY); Gascoigne Jocasta; Greene G a G, Alphonsus; Kyd Sp Tr; Peele Wives; (anon.) Leic Gh; Munday Huntington.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

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

polt-foot (n): club foot. NFS. Cf. Lyly Euphues, Intro to Watson Hek; Greene Menaphon; Nashe Almond, Summers.
prick (n): mark. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Watson Hek (COMMENTS, POETRY); Greene Fr Bac.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Length

Dedication: 333
To the Reader 554
Quatorzain 121
Sonnets 13829

Total 14837

Comments (Oxford) 8019

Grand total 22856 words
Suggested Reading

APPENDIX II: Connections

Tongues ... Poisoned
Golding Ovid Met. (II.970): And all bevenomed was her tongue. No sleep her eyes had seen.
Watson Hek (Dedication to Oxford): or the poison of evil-edged tongues
Shakes 3H6 (I.4.112): Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
Hamlet (I.5.35): A serpent stung me.
Oth (III.3.451): For 'tis of aspics' tongues.
Anon. Ironside (V.1.37) EDM: His sight, his breath, his fell infectious tongue / is venomer than is the Basilisk's.
Willobie (To constant Ladies): many men in these days / whose tongues are tipped with poison
(L.3): In greenest grass the winding snake, / With poisoned sting is soonest found,
A coward's tongue makes greatest crack, / emptiest cask yields greatest sound,
L Gh (286-87): Use virtue as an antidote most strong
Against the poison of a venomed tongue.
Greene's Groat (628-29): The Viper's tooth is not so venomous,
The Adder's tongue not half so dangerous,
Geneva Bible Ps. 140.3: They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adder's poison is under their lips

Love ... Fond
Golding Abraham (779) ABR: Hence flesh, hence fond affections everychone:
Watson Hek (I): Wherein fond love is wrapt, and works deceit:
(XXVI) To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,
(LXXXVI) ... yet he liked nothing less than such fond Love
Whose liberty fond Love doth once deface.
(LXXXVII) I'll scorn Fond Love, and practice of the same:
Greene James IV (I.1.169): ... Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,
Fr Bac (V.1.34): Farewell, oh love; and with fond love, farewell,
Shakes TGV (IV.4) JULIA: ... If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Edw3 (II.1) KING EDW: With reason and reproof fond love a way.
V&A (169): Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
Oth (III.3) OTHELLO: ... All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.

Yoke ... Necks (stubborn)
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.279): And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.
Watson Hek(l): Cupid hath clapt a yoke upon my neck,
Lyly Campaspe (I.42-43) TIMOCLEA: We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by force but whose / hearts cannot yield by death.
Sapho (I.35-36): I will yoke the neck that never bowed, ...
Anon. Woodstock (I.1.55) LANC: Would not throw off their wild and servile yoke
(II.1.512) KING: but time shall come, when we shall yoke their necks.
(II.1) TRESILIAN: and hath shook off the servile yoke of mean protectorship.
Ironside (I.1.108-09) 1 COUNTRY: We then did yoke the Saxons and compelled their stubborn necks to ear the fallow fields.
(I.1.135-41) USKA: a generation like the chosen Jews: stubborn, unwieldy, fierce and wild to tame, scorning to be compelled against their wills, abhorring servitude as having felt the overloading burden of the same.
Leic. Gh. (179-180): As Numa, when he first did seek to draw / The Roman people underneath his yoke,
Shakes 1H6 (II.3.63) yoketh your rebellious necks
Edward III (I.1.) KING EDW: Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
Geneva Bible Exodus 33.3-5: For the Lord had said unto Moses, Say unto the children of Israel, Ye are a stiffnecked people, I will come up suddenly upon thee, and consume thee: therefore now thy costly raiment from thee, that I may know what to do unto thee.
Deut. 31.27, 2 Chron. 36.13, Pss. 75.5, Jer. 17.23, Bar. 2.33

Word Games: Fair is foul and foul is fair
Brooke Romeus (1562)
Hath found a mayde so fayre (he found so foul his happe) (57)
No lady fayre or foul, was in Verona towne (159)
That Ladies thought the fairest dames were foul in his respect. (178)
Watson Hek (I) But now (alas) all's foul, which then was fair,
Lyly: Campaspe (II.2) HEPH. Ermines have fair skins but foul livers, women fair faces but false hearts.
(III.3) CAMPASPE. A fair woman -- but a foul deceit.
(IV.1) PSYL. I will not lose the sight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is ...
(V.3) LAIS. ... to make foul scars in fair faces and crooked maim in straight legs?
This wordplay is also seen in Lyly's Sapho and Phao (three uses),
Gallathea (one use), Midas (one use), Mother Bombie ( three uses).
Anon. Dodypoll: To make fair mends for this foul trespass done, / What a foul knave and fairy!
Marlowe Tamberlaine I: ÔFair is too foul.Ô
Jonson, Bartholemew Fair
Shakes 3 Henry VI, Love's Labour's Lost, Much Ado About Nothing, Cymbeline, Othello, Timon of Athens, Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and especially notable in:
Macbeth (I.i) AL.: Fair is foul, and foul is fair: / Hover through the fog and filthy air.
(I.iii) MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Sonnet 137: ... Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not, / To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
Shaheen quotes the proverb cited in Tilley (F3): "Fair face foul heart" Thus it seems likely that this favorite of Shakespeare and his associates arose within the text of a common proverb.

Love ... Music
Watson Hek (XII): Through music's help love hath increas'd his might;
Anon. Dodypoll (III.3.47): For music is the sweetest chime for love.
Shakes Edw3 (II.1) K. EDWARD: ... To music every summer-leaping swain
Compares his sunburnt lover when she speaks.
12th (I.1.1): If music be the food of love, play on, ...

Love ... Prick
Watson Hek (XVI): He feel the prick, that seeks to pluck the Rose.
Shakes R&J (I.4) MER: Prick love for prickling, and you beat love down.
ROMEO: Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, / Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Sonnet (20): But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.
Anon. Dodypoll (I.1.77-78): What thing is love? ... It is a prick, ...

Lust ... Idleness
Golding Ovid Met. (Epi. 113-14): Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idleness Is chiefest nurse and cherisher of all voluptuousness,
Watson Hek (XVIII): A Labyrinth of doubts; an idle lust;
Nashe Summers (1314) WINTER: Sprung all, as vices, of this Idleness; ...
Geneva Bible (located by Willobie note) 2 Sam. 11.2-4 ... David arose out of his bed, and walked upon the Kings palace: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. ... Then David sent messengers, and took her away ...
Anon. Willobie (L.4): If wandering rages have possest / Your roving mind at random bent;
If idle qualms from too much rest; / Fond fancies to you lust have sent:
Cut off the cause that breeds your smart, / Then will your sickness soon depart.
Note: Idleness the mother of all foolish wanness. David being idle fell to strange lust.
Queritur Egistus, quare sit factus Adulter.

Secret, hidden hooks/bait ... fish
Brooke Romeus (388): As oft the poisoned hook is hid, wrapped in the pleasant bait?
Golding Ovid Met (XV.530): Ne with deceitful baited hook seek fishes for to win.
Watson Hek (XVIII): A bait for fools; a scourge of noble wits;
(LXXIII): ... By secret bait how beauty forceth love.
(XCVIII): A Poison'd choking Bait; a Ticing Grief;
Shakes 1H4 (II.4) FALSTAFF: My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was ... devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh / hook--what a plague call you him?
Much Ado (II.3) CLAUDIO: Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.
MM (II.2) ANGELO: ~~~ From thee, even from thy virtue! ...
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, / With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Cymb (V.5) IACHIMO: ... Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving, ...
A&C (II.5) CLEOPATRA: ... my bended hook shall pierce / Their slimy jaws; ...
CHARMIAN: Twas merry when / You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he / With fervency drew up.
Anon Greene's Groat (176-77): ... regard not beauty, it is but a bait to entice thy neighbors eye.
Willobie (III.5): Oft shrouds the hook of most deceit.
(XIV.1): Thine eyes are like to baited hooks?
(XV.4): Yet shall it prove no baited hook
(XXVII.5): To trust the trains of hidden hook,
(LII.1): Finds death unwares in secret hooks.
(LXI.1): The slimy fish about the bait, still wavering doth lie
Penelope (IX.6): To trust to beauty's hidden hooks?
Leic Gh. (594): Yet many men have laid their secret baits

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

End ... Life
Brooke Romeus (2026: Will bring the end of all her cares by ending careful life. 
Ovid Ovid Met. (XIV.156: Eternal and of worldly life I should none end have seen, 
Gascoigne Jocasta (III.1.262) MENECEUS: Brings quiet end to this unquiet life. 
(V.2.27) CREON: What hapless end thy life alas hath hent. 
I loathe not life, nor dread my end. 
Oxford poetry (My mind to me a kingdom is): I loathe not life, nor dread my end. 
Watson Hek (XXXVI, comment): abandoning all further desire of life, 
hath in request untimely death, as the only end of his infelicity. 
Lyly Endymion (I.2) TELLUS: Ah Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder, 
in putting me in remembrance of the end. 
FLOSCULA: Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end. 
(II.1) TELLUS: She shall have an end. 
ENDYMION: So shall the world. 
Kyd Sp Tr (III.13.8-11) HIERONIMO: For evils unto ills conductors be, 
And death's the worst of resolution. / For he that thinks with patience to contend 
To quiet life, his life shall easily end. 
Sol&Per (V.2.120) SOLIMAN: So let their treasons with their lives have end. 
Shakes Lucrece (1208): My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it. 
Anon. Willobie (III.4): That is to lead a filthy life, / Whereon attends a fearful end: 
Geneva Bible Wisdom 5.4 We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honor; 
Ecclus. 11.27: In a man's end, his works are discovered; Job 34.3

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

Fond Desire
Brooke Romeus (2123): When love and fond desire were boiling in my breast,
Golding Ovid (Ep.130): ... But pride and fond desire of praise have ever wrought ...
(VI.61): And through a fond desire / Of glory, to her own decay ...
(VIII.89): ... For fortune works against the fond desire ...
(VIII.302): ... Of fond desire to fly to Heaven, above his bounds he stied.
(IX.744-45): ... is much as in respect / My fond desire to satisfy, and little in effect
Oxford: Poem FOND DESIRE.
Watson Hek (LXIII): Whom love doth force to follow fond desire ...
Which fond desire no counsel can remove;
(LXXIX): And fond desire doth overmaster will:
(XCI): You suffer now by forced fond desire:
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (Epi): O fond desire of princely ...
Lyly Gallathea (I.3) MELEBEUS: ... suffering thee to perish by a fond desire ...
Shakes TGV (I.1)VAL: Thou art a votary to fond desire.
Lucrece (45): ... But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Greene (Prince's Sonnet.7): The boy waxy bold, fired by fond desire (in poem)
Anon. Willlobie (III.10): The root of woe is fond desire, ...
(XXIII.4): To daunt the qualms of fond desire,
Penelope (XIV.5): My lightness breeds their fond desire

Vain ... strive
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.13): In vain, Medea, dost thou strive: some God whatere he is
(VIII.183): In vain thou strivesth, O thou churl, forgetful quite of my
Gascoygne ... Jocasta (I.1.71) SERVUS: In vain (too vain) man strives / against the heavens.
Watson Hek (LIX): Which reason strives to vanquish all in vain;
(XII.503): And laboring for to speak his last he did but strive in vain.
Greene Alphonsus (I.1.37) CARINUS: In vain it is to strive against the stream:
(III.3.91) MEDEA: In vain it is to strive against the stream:
Fr Bac (II.2.57) PRINCE: I strive in vain; ..
Marlowe T2 (V.3.121) TAMBI: In vain I strive and rail against those powers,
Edw2 (V.3.33) MATREVIS: ÊÊWhy strive you thus? Your labor is in vain.
(V.3.35) EDWARD: But all in vain; so vainly do I strive
Anon. Willobie (XI.2): You strive in vain, by raging lust,
(XLI.1): I marvel that you strive in vain
(LXIV.3): Then if you strive and stir in vain,
Arden (V.I.262) ALICE: In vain we strive, for here his blood remains.
L Gh (91): My father strived in vain to keep her down,
(287): It is in vain to strive against the stream;
(590): But thus it chanced that he strived in vain
Shakes Lucrece (238): But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;

Paradise ... Prison
Watson Hek (LXXII): This prison at the first did please him well,
And seem'd to be some earthly Paradise,
Shakes Errors (IV.3) DRO/SYR: Not that Adam that kept the Paradise
but that Adam / that keeps the prison: ...
Greene Orl Fur (II.1.145-46) SHEPHERD: The heaven of love is but a pleasant hell,
Where none but foolish-wise imprisoned dwell.
Anon. Dodypoll (III.1) Lassin: For, were I shut in paradise itself
I should as from a prison strive t'escape.

Geneva Bible Genesis 2-3

Fortune ... spite/friend
Brooke Romeus (2745): Where spiteful Fortune hath appointed thee to be
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.580): But that there followed in the nick a piece of fortune's spite.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.43) CHORUS: That now complains of fortune's cruel spite.
Supposes (II.3) DAMON: oh spiteful fortune, thou dost me wrong I think,
Watson Hek (LXXXVII): My song shall be; Fortune hath spit her spite,
Greene G a G (I.4.50) BETTRIS: Oh lovely George, fortune be still thy friend!
(II.3.3) GEORGE: And fancy, being checked by fortune's spite,
Shakes 3H6 (IV.7): Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
AWEW (V.2): ... let the justices make you and fortune friends:
Sonnet (37): So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Sonnet (90): Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
Anon. Locrine (II.4.41) ALBA: By Humber's treacheries and fortune's spites.
Willobie (III.7): And fortuneОs friends, felt fortuneОs spite:
L Gh. (1358): Received his deadly wound through fortune's spite;
(1667): Even so, when Fortune, through my foes' despite,

Play the fool
Oxford Poem (If women could be fair): And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, O what a fool was I
Watson Hek (LXVIII): I sat in Folly's ship, and play'd the fool,
(XCV): Or once again will play the loving fool,
Shakes MV (I.1) GRATIANO: Let me play the fool: ...
But fish not, with this melancholy bait, / For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. ...
(III.5) LORENZO: How every fool can play upon the word!
12th (III.1) VIOLA: This fellow is wise enough to play the fool
Hamlet (III.1) HAMLET: Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the
fool no where but in's own house.
AWEW (II.2) COUNTESS: I play the noble housewife with the time
To entertain't so merrily with a fool.

Joy ... Care
Brooke Romeus (1906) Of me your child (your jewel once, your only joy and care),
Golding Ovid Met. (II.797): And as the burthen brought some care the honor brought him joy.
Oxford poem (The trickling tears...) She is my joy, she is my care and woe;
Edwards Dam&Pith (891) DAMON: In whom my joy, my care, and life doth only remain.
Watson Hek. (XCIII): When others joy'd, to cares I did incline,
Anon. Locrine (IV.1.102): One dram of joy, must have a pound of care.

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

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

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

Labor lost
Golding Abraham (Pro.13): That both of us our labor lose togethier.
Watson Hek (XXVI): Since labor breeds but loss, and lets me starve;
(XXXI): For if he do, his labor is but lost,
Kyd Sp Tr (II.1.18): And being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Greene James 4 (II.1.200) ATEUKIN: I see this labor lost, my hope in vain;
Shakes Play title Love's Labours Lost
3Henry6 (III.1) HENRY VI: ... Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; ...
TGV (I.1) VAL: ... If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
SPEED: Ay sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her,
a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a / lost mutton, nothing for my labour.
MV (II.7) MOROCCO: ... Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
AWEW (III.5) WIDOW: We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary / way ...
WT (IV.4) AUTOLYCUS: Age, thou hast lost thy labour.
Anon. Arden (IV.3.16) WILL: My life for thine, 'twas Arden and his companion,
and then all our labor's lost.
Willobie (XVI.1): Assure yourself your labor's lost.
(XXVIII.5): The labor's lost that you endure,
(XXXIX.3): Your labor's lost, your hope is vain.

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

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

Wit ... Will
Brooke Romeus (2296): And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
Oxford poem (Fain would I sing): Till Wit have wrought his will on Injury.
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (Ill.2) MENECUS: ... Yet evil it were in this / to yield your will.
CREON: Thy wit is wily for to work thy woe.
Watson Hek (XXXVIII): And for whose sake I lost both will and wit,
(LXXVIII): That wit and will to Reason do retire:
Lyly MB (I.3) SPERANTUS: He hath wit at will.
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.3.307) HIERON: Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his Highness' will,
Shakes TGV (II.6.12) PRO: And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
LLL (II.1.49-50) MARIA: Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,
Whose edge hath power cut, whose will still wills ...
12th (I.5.29) FESTE: Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling!
Hamlet (I.5.44-46) GHOST: O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce -- won to his shameful lust / The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
Corio (II.3.27-28) 3 CIT: Nay your wit will not so soon out as / another man's will, ...
Lucrece (1230:) What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
Anon. Ironside (V.1.34) EDR: See, see, what wit and will can bring about.
Willobie (XXXII.2): If wit to will, will needs resign,
(LIII.1): If fear and sorrow sharp the wit, / And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,
Then will & style must finely fit, / To paint my grief, and wail my case:
(LVII.5): Can wit enthralled to will retire?
(Auth. Conc. 1): Whom gifts nor wills nor force of wit / Could vanquish once with all their shows:
Penelope (I.4): For what my wit cannot discharge, / My will surely supplies at large.
Nashe Summers (498-99) WINTER: Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

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

Reason's rule
Golding Ovid Met (Ep.60): Of reason's rule continually do live in virtue's law:
Brooke Romeus (1248): With reason's reign to rule the thoughts that rage within her breast.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.303) JOCASTA: To tell what reason first his mind did rule,
(II.1.337) POLYNICES: Without respect that reason ought to rule,
Watson Hek (46): That Reason rule the roast and love relent;
(88): I Long maintained war gainst Reason's rule,
Lyly Campaspe (I.3.85-86) ALEX: instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons.
Endymion (I.2.59) TELLUS: ... and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason.
Anon. Willobie (XLVI.5) No reason rules, where sorrows plant,
(LVII.5) Can reason rule, where folly bides?
(LXVIII.text): and not able by reason to rule the raging fume of this fantastical fury
Leic. Gh. (1847): That ruleth, not by reason, but by lust,
(2060): Nor ruled so much by reason as by passion,
Shakes Pass Pil (19): Let reason rule things worthy blame,

Hawk ... Haggard (a Shakespeare marker?)
Note: This poem by Watson, or the Latin original, was incredibly influential.
Golding Abraham (680-81): SATAN: My case goes ill. O Cowl we must yet find
Some other way t'assault this haggard's mind.
Oxford poems: The stricken deer hath help to heal his wound,
The haggard hawk with toil is made full tame;
To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly fair fools which way they list.
OED cites as first comparisons to women in #Euphues and #Shrew:
Lyly Euphues (Arb.) 114 Foolish and frantick louers, will deeme
my precepts hard, and esteeme my perswasions haggarde.
Watson Hek (XLVII): In time all haggard Hawks will stoop the Lures;
Kyd Sp Tr (ca. 1588) (II.1.4): ... In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
Shakes Shrew (1596) (IV.1) PET: ... My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient. ...
Edw3 (III.5)KING EDW: ... And ever after she'll be haggard-like.
(IV.2) HOR: I will be married to a wealthy widow,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
Oth (III.3): ... If I do prove her haggard, / Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'll whistrel her off and let her down the wind, / That comes before his eye. ...
Other early non-female-related OED citations for "haggard": Stanyhurs Aeneas (1583);
Turberville (1567) Epitaphs: Live like a haggard still therefore, and for no luring;
that haggard wise doth love to live;
Nashe, Christ's Tears (1593): Though Christ hold out never so moving
lures unto us, / all of them (haggard-like) we will turn tail to
Anon. Willobie (X.2): In haggard Hawk that mounts so high
(LXIII.1): As haggard loving mirthless coup, / At friendly lure doth check and frown?
Blame not in this the Falconer's skill, / But blame the Hawk's unbridled will.
(LXVII.3): They do but fruitless pain procure / To haggard kites that cast the lure.
(LXXII.3): When fish as haggard Hawks shall fly,
(Res.17): Cease then your suits, ye lusty gallants all, / Think not I stoop at every Falconer's call,
Truss up your lures, your luring is in vain, / Chosen is the Perch, whereon I will remain.
Willowbe contains many other related hawking terms.

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

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

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And rue the suff'rance of your friendly pain.
Shakes: Much Ado (I.1): "'In time the savage bull / doth bear the yoke.'"
BEN: The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible / Benedick bear it, ...
(V.4) CLAUD: I think he thinks upon the savage bull. ...

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

Weary life
Brooke Romeus (495): In ruth and in disdain I weary of my life,
Golding Ovid Met. (VII.697-98): to yield / His weary life without renown of combat in the field.
(X.735): But that thou wilt be weary of thy life, die: do not spare.
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (II.1.132) POLY: What weary life my loving sisters lead,
(III.5) O weary life, why bidest thou in my breast
Oxford (letter 4-27-76, to Lord Burghley): I mean not to weary my life any more
(letter 5-18-91, to Lord Burghley): I am weary of an unsettled life
Watson Hek (L): or if he fail, upon death to cut off his wearisome life
(LX): Of this my weary Life no day shall fall,
Kyd Sol&Per (II.2.76) BASILISCO: Why, art thou weary of thy life?
Marlowe T2 (III.2.19) TECH: Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life,
Greene James IV (IV.4.5) QUEEN: Oh weary life, where wanteth no distress,
Shakes: 1H6 (I.2.26): He fighteth as one weary of his life;
AsYou; Ham; JC; H8
Anon. Woodstock (III.3.154-55): whoever are weary of their lives ...
(V.5.13) TRESILIAN: and so, unknown, prolong my weary life
Arden (I.1.9): ARDEN: Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;
Dodypoll (IV.3): O weary of the way and of my life,
Nobody/Somebody (393-94) SOME: Do what thou wilt, before we end this strife,
I'll make thee ten times weary of thy life.
(1634) MARTIANUS: Who now in prison leads a wearied life,
Penelope (XXIV.1): If by this means he do miscarry, / then of my life shall I be weary.
Geneva Bible: Gen. 27.46 I am weary of my life, Wisd. 2.1, Ps. 90.9 (No Match). Biblical origin is dubious.

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

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

God: Mighty hand
Brooke Romeus (2905): Whose mighty hand doth wield them in their violent sway,
Golding Ovid Met. (II.626): But God almighty held his hand; and lifting both away,
(V.465): And he that rules the powers on Earth obey thy mighty hand;
Watson Hek (LVII): Persuade yourselves, Love hath a mighty hand, (matches Deut. 7.8)
Marlowe T1 (II.5.4) TAMB: Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
(V.1) SULTAN: Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand
Note: Many lines seem to equate the power of Tamburlaine with that of God, using familiar Biblical allusions (including the phrase mighty arm twice in T1).
Anon. Woodstock (V.4.440-41) KING: and that almighty hand permits not murder unrevenged to stand.
Willobie (IX.2) On worldly fear, you think I stand,
Or fame that may my shame resound, / No Sir, I fear his mighty hand, ...
Geneva Bible Deut. 7.8 ... the Lord hath brought you out by a mighty hand and delivered you out of the house of bondage from the hand of Pharaoh King of Egypt.
Deut. 4.34 ... and by a mighty hand, and by a stretched out arm, and by great fear, according unto all that the Lord your God did unto you in Egypt...
Deut. 19 2. The great temptations which thine eyes saw; ... and the mighty hand, ... so shall the LORD thy God do unto all the people of whom thou art afraid.
Other Biblical uses of "mighty hand" omit the factors of fear and temptation. Gen. 49.24; Exod. 3.19; Exod. 32.11; Deut. 3.24, 5.15, 6.21, 7.8, 9.26, 11.42, 26.40, 34.12; 2 Chron. 6.32; Ezek. 20.33, 34; 1 Esdras 8.47; 8.61; 1 Pet. 5.6

Vulgar sort
Golding Ovid (Ep. 338-341): And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort,
But such as have of godliness and learning good report
That think the Poets took their first occasion of these things
From holy writ as from the well from whence all wisdom springs.
Watson Hek (Comments, #LXI): That the vulgar sort may the better
understand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Author / nameth herein, ...
Gascoigne ... Jocasta (I.1.487) CHORUS: The vulgar sort would seem for to prefer,
If glorious Phībe withhold his glistening rays, / From such a peer as crown and scepter sways,
Lyly Endymion (I.3.73) TOPHAS: Here is the musket for the untamed
or (as the vulgar sort term it) the wild mallard.
Shakes 1H6 (III.2) JOAN: These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach: / Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men / That come to gather money for their corn.
Nashe Pierce Penniless: Thus I answer First and foremost, they have cleansed our language
from barbarism and made the vulgar sort here in London (which is the fountain whose rivers
flow round about England) to aspire to a richer purity of speech, than is communi-cated with the
Commonality of any Nation under heaven.
Anon. Willobie (VIII.6) Let not the idle vulgar voice / Of feigned credit witch thee so.
Oldcastle (I.1.112) JUDGE: When the vulgar sort
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and ...
Leic Gh (829-833): But flattering parasites are grown so bold
That they of princes' matters make a sport / To please the humors of the vulgar sort,
And that poor pevish giddy headed crew, / Are prone to credit any tale untrue.
Note: Shakespeare himself was one of the "vulgar sort," or market men, that come to gather
money for their corn; and a very successful one at that, reaping large profits from holding back
stores of grain and then selling at a huge profit during the grain shortages of the early 1600's,
while writing #Coriolanus, inveighing against that very practice. Shakespeare (through denial or
ignorance of his own class) gives this speech to the highly inappropriate person of Saint Joan,
the last person by birth, upbringing or temperament to harbor such thoughts. In the other works
shown above, the speech is assigned to an appropriate character.

Framed ... Forlorn ... Miseries
Oxford poem: Fram'd in the front of forlorn hope, past all recovery
Watson (LXXII/pyramid sonnet): So frames it with me now, that I confess
The life I led in Love devoid of rest / It was a Hell, where none felt more than I,
Nor any with like miseries forlorn.
Anon. Locrine (V.4.103) LOCRINE: Framed in the front of forlorn miseries!

Alliteration: Gripping griefs
Although the OED cites the word "griping" as unique in this phrase, it seems possible that this is
a spelling variation of "gripping", rendering an identical meaning.
Bible/Metrical Version of Ps. 30.5-6 (1549) Where griping grief the heart would wound.
Edwards Paradise of Daintie Devices (53): Where griping grief the heart would wound ...
Note: Oxford was a major contributor to the Paradise of ..... possibly the publisher.
(See Looney, Vol. 1, pp. 547-48 ff.)
Damon and Pithias (612): Grip me you greedy griefs, ...
Watson Hek (LXXXV): Held Gripping Grief the piked Anchor fast; ...
Shakes R&J (IV.5.126): When griping griefs the heart doth wound, ...
Anon. Willobie (LVII.2): The griping grief, and grievous groan,
(LXIII.2): And griping griefs do still renew:
Quiet ... State
Golding Ovid Met. (II.482): My lot (quoth he) hath had enough of this unquiet state
Gascoigne et al Jocasta (I.1.460) CHORUS: What careful toil to quiet state it brings,
(II.2) CHORUS: Of our estate that erst in quiet stood.
(IV.1.317) CREON: A quiet end of her unquiet state.
Watson Hek I (XCVI): live secure and quiet in estate,
Anon. Ironside (I.1.28) CANUTUS: I plant you in your former quiet states.
Nashe Summers (1316) WINTER: But living loosely in a quiet state,

Brain-sick
Edwards Dam&Pith (1101) WILL: It is some brain-sick villain, I durst lay a penny.
Watson Hek (XCVIII): Love is a Brain-sick boy, and fierce by kind;
Kyd Sp Tr (IV.4.119): And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
Greene Maidens Dream (Complaint/Religion, 274): The brainsick and / illiterate surmisers, ...
Shakes 2H6 (III.1): Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
(V.1): Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
Titus (V.2): Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, / Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.
T&C (II.2): Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Marlowe Edw2 (I.1.125) MORT: Come uncle, let us leave the brain-sick King
Anon. Willobie (XVIII.3): A brain-sick youth was stricken blind,
Penelope's Complaint (XI.6): Than did the brain-sick doting queen:
(XXI.5): Should match with such a brain-sick boy
(XLIII.2): Which wiser men doth brain-sick make,
L Gh. (1156): What brainsick lightness, and what furious mood

Dust to dust/Nothing to nothing
Watson Heck (C) Resolv'd to dust entomb'd here lieth Love,
Shakes Rich2 (V.3) GLOU: Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased / With being nothing.
Ham (V.1) HAMLET: Alexander was buried, / Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth
Nashe Summers (256-259) VER: This world is transitory; it was made of nothing, and it must to
nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will of our high Creator (whose will it is, that it pass to
nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing.
Anon. Locrine (III.1.39) THRAS: Yielded his life and honor to the dust.
Willobie (VIII.8): You were my friend, you were but dust,
L Gh. (2118): Thus, our well-pampered flesh is turned to dust;
(2130-31): Yet now the ragged staff ..., / Is broken, and in dust the bears do lie.
(2222): Till all flesh turn to dust and slimy clay.
(2224): Of this great peer that sleepeth in the dust,
Geneva Bible Gen. 3.19 Thou art dust, and to dust shalt thou return.
Eccles. 3.20 All was of the dust, and all shall return to the dust.

Technique

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

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

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

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

Lodge Wounds (IV.2.64-68): ANT: I wonder why my peasant stays so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am assail'd with fear,
And by my fear await with faintful breath
The final period of my pains by death.

Kyd Sp Tr (I.3.32): My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
These bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best-beloved,
My best-beloved, my sweet and only son.
(II.1.120): And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Sol&Per (V.2): No, no; my hope full long ago was lost,
And Rhodes itself is lost, or else destroyed;
If not destroyed, yet bound and captivate;
If captivate, then forced from holy faith;
If forced from faith, forever miserable;
For what is misery but want of God?
And God is lost, if faith be over-thrown.
See also opening of Ill.2.
Anon. Locrine (V.2.25) THRA: Sister, complaints are bootless in this cause;
This open wrong must have an open plague,
This plague must be repaid with grievous war,
This war must finish with Locrine's death;
His death will soon extinguish our complaints.
Shakes Errors (I.2.47-52): She is so hot because the meat is cold.
The meat is cold because you come not home,
You come not home because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default today

APPENDIX III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

Favorite or Distinctive Words, Expressions (INTRO AND/OR POETRY)
in my/her behove; consume away (XXVIII); contrary to kind; estate (several uses); in like manner
preponderant use of suffix "-like" to form either adv or adv (7, not including "such-like")

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

Compound Words (*surely unusual, INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 37 words.
(2 verbs, 7 nouns, 24 adj, 4 adv).
brain-sick (a), broad-leafed (a), captive (a), cross-wounded (a), double-dead (a), dwelling-place (n), eagle-like (adv), ever-dying (a), ever-feeding (a), ever-lasting (a), evil-edged (a), evil-spoken (a), falcon-like (adv), lame-limb (a), love-passions (n), mad-mooded* (a), new-resolved (a), new-sprung (a), night-complaints (n), over-long (a), over-master (a), over-rule (v), over-watched (a), pilgrim-like (adv), post-haste (n), ransom-day (n), rough-hewed (v), satyr-like (adv), self-same (a), she-sun (n), striking-down (n), such-like (a), ten-times-happy (a), Theseus-like (a), through-wet* (a), tyrant-like (a), unlooked-for (a)

Compound Words (COMMENTS): 18 words. (1 verbs, 7 nouns, 8 adj, 2 adv).
best-beloved (a), cup-bearer (n), good-will (n), hand-to-hand (adv), ill-befitting (a), looking-glass (n), new-clothed (a), over-gone (a), over-hardness (n), over-idly (adv), over-much (a), over-
Words beginning with "con" (*surely unusual, INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 26 words
(14 verbs, 8 nouns, 5 adj, adv, 1 conj).
conceit (n), concerning (conj), conceive (v), conclude (v), condemn (v), conduct (n), confer (v),
confess (v), conjecture (n), conjoin (v), conquer (v), conquering (n), consent (n), constant (a),
constrain (v), construction (n), consume (v), consuming (v), contain (v), content (a, v), continue
(v), continual (a), contrary (a, n), control (n), convenient (a), convey (v)

Words beginning with "con" (*surely unusual, COMMENTS): 30 words
(14 verbs, 10 nouns, 5 adj, 2 adv).
conceit (n), conceive (v), concern (v), concerning (adv), conclude (v), condition (n), confer (v),
confess (v), confirm (v), conquer (v), consider (v), consideration (n), consist (v), constantly (n),
constellation (n), conter (v), consume (v), contain (v), contained (a), content (a), contents (n),
continual (a), continually (adv), continuance (n), continuation (n), continued (a), contrariety* (n),
contrary (a, v*), convey (v), conveyance (n)

Words beginning with "dis" (INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 21 words.
(12 verbs, 6 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv).
discharged (a), discourage (v), discovering (v), discretion (n), disdain (n), disease (n, v), disfavor
(v), disgrace (n), dismal (a), dismay (v), dispatch (v), displeased (v), dispose (v), disposition (n),
disprove (v), dissolve (v), dissuade (v), distill (v), distinctly (adv), distraught (a), distress (n)

Words beginning with "dis" (*surely unusual, COMMENTS): 3 words (1 verb, 1 noun, 1 adj).
discourse (n), dishonest* (v), distressed (a)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Words beginning with "re" (*surely unusual, INTRO AND/OR POETRY): 42 words.
(31 verbs, 17 nouns, 2 adj).

365
rebel (a), rebuke (v), recall (v), recompense (n), reconciliation (n), records (n), recount (v), recover (v), recure (n, v), refer (v), reflect (v), refrain (v), regard (n, v), rejoice (v), relent (v), relief (n), remain (v), remedyless (a), remember (v), remorse (n), remove (v), repair (v, n), repent (v), repentance (n), reply (n, v), repine (v), report (v), request (v, n), require (v), resign (v), resist (v), resolve (v), respect (n), restore (v), restraint (n), retain (v), retire (n, v), return (v, n), revenge (v, n), reverence* (v), revive (v), reward (n)

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

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

Words beginning with "un","in" (* surely unusual, COMMENTS): 19 words, 3/14/2.
(2 verbs, 6 nouns, 7 adj, 3 prep, 1 adv).
into (prep), invent (v), invention (n)
unableness* (n), unawaress (a), unclad (a), unfeignedly (a), unhappily (adv), unhappiness (n), unhappy (a), unkindness (n), unlearned (n), quiet (a), unrest (n), unseenly (a), untimely (a), unto (prep)
der (prep), understand (v)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Reflexives: bathed her; consumed himself; remember me; vow me
The Fifteen Books of  
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567  
The first translation into English - 
credited to Arthur Golding

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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined

The. xv. Bookes  
of P. Ovidus Naso, entytuled  
Metamorphosis, translated oute of  
Latin into Englysh meeter, by Ar-
thur Golding Gentleman,  
A worke very pleasaunt  
and delectable.

With skill, heede, and judgement, this worke must be read,  
For else to the Reader it standes in small stead.

1 5 6 7

Imprynted at London, by  
Willyam Seres.

TO THE RYGHT HONORABLE AND HIS SINGULAR  
GOOD LORD, ROBERT ERLE OF LEYCESTER ;  
BARON OF DENBYGH, KNYGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE  
ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c. ARTHUR GOLDING  
GENT. WISHETH CONTINUANCE OF  
HEALTH, WITH PROSPEROUS  
ESTATE AND FELICITIE.

THE EPISTLE

At length my chariot wheele about the mark hath found the way,  
And at their weery races end, my breathlesse horses stay.  
The woorke is brought to end by which the author did account  
(And rightly) with externall fame above the starres to mount.  
For whatsoever hath bene writ of auncient tyme in greeke  
By sundry men dispersedly, and in the latin eeke,  
Of this same dark Philosophie of turned shapes, the same  
Hath Ovid into one whole masse in this booke brought in frame.  
Fowre kynd of things in this his worke the Poet dooth conteyne.  
That nothing under heaven dooth ay in stedfast state remayne. ... [Ep.10]
And next that nothing perisheth: but that eche substance takes
Another shape than that it had. Of theis twoo points he makes
The proof by shewing through his woorke the wonderfull exchaunge
Of Goddes, men, beasts, and elements, to sundry shapes right straunge,
Beginning with creation of the world, and man of slyme,
And so proceeding with the turnes that happened till his tyme.
Then sheweth he the soule of man from dying to be free,
By samples of the noblemen, who for their vertues bee
Accounted and canonized for Goddes by heathen men,
And by the peynes of Lymbo lake, and blysfull state agen ... [Ep.20]
Of spirits in th'Elysian feelds. And though that of theis three
He make discourse dispersedly: yit specially they bee
Discussed in the latter booke in that oration where
He bringeth in Pythagoras disswading men from feare
Of death, and preaching abstinence from flesh of living things.
But as for that opinion which Pythagoras there brings
Of soules removing out of beasts to men, and out of men
Too birdes and beasts both wyld and tame, both to and fro agen:
It is not to be understand of that same soule whereby
Wee are endewd with reason and discretion from on hie: ... [Ep.30]
But of that soule or lyfe the which brute beasts as well as wee
Enjoy. Three sortes of lyfe or soule (for so they termed bee)
Are found in things. The first gives powre to thyvre, encrease and grow,
And this in senselesse herbes and trees and shrubs itself dooth show.
The second giveth powre to move and use of senses fyve,
And this remaynes in brutish beasts, and keepeth them alyve.
Both theis are mortall, as the which receyved of the aire
By force of Phebus, after death doo thither eft repayre.
The third gives understanding, wit, and reason: and the same
Is it alonly which with us of soule dooth beare the name. ... [Ep. 40]
And as the second dooth conteine the first: even so the third
Conteyneth both the other twaine. And neyther beast, nor bird,
Nor fish, nor herb, nor tree, nor shrub, nor any earthly wyght
(Save only man) can of the same partake the heavenly myght.
I graunt that when our breath dooth from our bodies go away,
It dooth eftsoones returne to ayre: and of that ayre there may
Both bird and beast participate, and wee of theirs likewyse.
For wyle wee live, (the thing itself appeereth to our eyes)
Bothe they and wee draw all one breath. But for to deeme or say
Our noble soule (which is divine and permanent for ay) ... [Ep.50]
Is common to us with the beasts, I think it nothing lesse
Than for to bee a poynt of him that wisdome dooth professe.
Of this I am ryght well assurde, there is no Christen wyght
That can by fondnesse be so farre seduced from the ryght.
And finally hee dooth procede in shewing that not all
That beare the name of men (how strong, feerce, stout, bold, hardy, tall,
How wyse, fayre, rych, or hyghly borne, how much renownd by fame,
So ere they bee, although on earth of Goddes they beare the name)
Are for to be accounted men: but such as under awe
Of reasons rule continually doo live in vertues law: ... [Ep.60]
And that the rest doo differ nought from beasts, but rather bee
Much worse than beasts, because they doo, abace theyr owne degree.
To naturall philosophye the fornest three pertyne,
The fourth to morall: and in all are pitthye, apt and playne
Instructions which import the prayse of vertues and the shame
Of vices, with the due rewardes of eyther of the same.

BOOK I
As for example, in the tale of Daphnee turnd to Bay,
A mynorr of virginitie appeere unto us may,
Which yeelding neyther unto feare, nor force, nor flatterye,
Dooth purchace everlasting fame and immortalitye. ... [Ep.70]

BOOK II
In Phaetons fable unto syght the Poet dooth expresse
The natures of ambition blynd, and youthfull wilfulnesse.
The end whereof is misery, and bringeth at the last
Repentance when it is too late that all redresse is past.
And how the weaknesse and the want of wit in magistrate
Confoundeth both his common weale and eke his owne estate.
This fable also dooth advyse all parents and all such
As bring up youth, to take good heede of cockering them too much.
It further dooth commend the meane: and willeth to beware
Of rash and hasty promises which most pernicious are, ... [Ep.80]
And not to bee performed: and in fine it playnly showes
What sorrow to the parents and to all the kinred growes
By disobedience of the chyld: and in the chyld is ment
The disobedient subject that anist his prince is bent.
The transformations of the Crow and Raven doo declare
That Clawbacks and Colcariers ought wysely to beware
Of whom, to whom, and what they speake. For sore against his will
Can any freendly hart abyde to heare reported ill
The partie whom he favoureth. This tale dooth eke bewray
The rage of wrath and jelozie to have no kynd of stay: ... [Ep.90]
And that lyght credit to reportes in no wyse should be given,
For feare that men too late to just repentance should bee driven.
The fable of Ocyroee by all such folk is told
As are in serching things to come too curious and too bold.
A very good example is describde in Battus tale
For covetous people which for gayne doo set theyr toongs to sale.

BOOK III
All such as doo in flattrong freaks, and hawks, and hownds delght,
And dyece, and cards, and for to spend the tyme both day and nyght
In foule excessse of chamberworke, or too much meate and drink:
Uppon the piteous storie of Acteon ought to think. ... [Ep.100]
For theis and theyr adherents usde excessive are in deede
The dogs that dayly doo devour theyr followers on with speedee.
Tyresias wills inferior folk in any wyse to shun
Too judge betwenee their betters least in perill they doo run.
Narcissus is of scornfulnesse and pryde a myrror cleere,
Where beawties fading vanitie most playnly may appeere.
And Echo in the selfsame tale dooth kyndly represent
The lewd behaviour of a bawd, and his due punishment.

BOOK IV
The piteous tale of Pyramus and Thisbee doth conteine
The headie force of frentick love whose end is wo and Payne. ... [Ep.110]
The snares of Mars and Venus shew that tyme will bring to lyght
The secret sinnes that folk commit in corners or by nyght.
Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that idlenesse
Is cheefest nurce and cherisher of all volupteousnesse,
And that voluptuous lyfe breedes sin: which linking all toogither
Make men to bee effeminate, unweeldy, weake and lither.

BOOK V
Rich Piers daughters turnd to Pies doo openly declare
That none so bold to vaunt themselves as blindest bayardes are.
The Muses playnly doo declare ageine a toother syde,
That whereas cheefest wisdom is, most meeldnesse dooth abyde. ... [Ep.120]

BOOK VI
Arachnee may example bee that folk should not contend
Ageinst their betters, nor persist in error to the end.
So dooth the tale of Niobee and of her children: and
The transformation of the Carles that dwell in Lycie land,
Toogither with the fleing of of piper Marsies skin.
The first doo also show that long it is ere God begin
Too pay us for our faults, and that he warnes us oft before
Too leave our folly: but at length his vengeance striketh sore.
And therfore that no wyght should strive with God in word nor thought
Nor deede. But pryde and fond desyre of prayse have ever wrought ... [Ep.130]
Confusion to the parties which accompt of them do make.
For some of such a nature bee that if they once doo take
Opinion (be it ryght or wrong) they rather will agree
To dye, than seeme to take a foyle: so obstinate they bee.
The tale of Tereus, Philomele, and Prognee dooth conteyne
That folke are blynd in thyngs that to their proper weale perteyne.
And that the man in whom the fyre of furious lust dooth reigne
Dooth run to mischeefe like a horse that getteth loose the reyne.
It also shewes the cruell wreake of women in their wrath
And that no hainous mischiefe long delay of vengeance hath. ... [Ep.140]
And lastly that distresse doth drive a man to looke about
And seeke all corners of his wits, what way to wind him out.

BOOK VII
The good successe of Jason in the land of Colchos, and
The dooings of Medea since, doo give to understand
That nothing is so hard but peyne and travell doo it win,
For fortune ever favoreth such as boldly doo begin:
That women both in helping and in hurting have no match
When they to eyther bend their wits: and how that for to catch
An honest meener under fayre pretence of frendship, is
An easie matter. Also there is warning given of this, ... [Ep.150]
That men should never hastely give eare to fugitives,
Nor into handes of sorcerers commit their state or lyves.
It shewes in fine of stepmoothers the deadly hate in part,
And vengeaunce most unnaturall that was in moothers hart.
The deedes of Theseus are a spurre to prowesse, and a glasse
How princes sonnes and noblemen their youthfull yeeres should passe.
King Minos shewes that kings in hand no wrongfull wars should take,
And what provision for the same they should before hand make.
King Aeacus gives also there example how that kings
Should keepe their promise and their leages above all other things. ... [Ep.160]
His grave description of the plage and end thereof, expresse
The wrath of God on man for sin: and how that nerethelesse
He dooth us spare and multiply ageine for goodmens sakes.
The whole discourse of Cephalus and Procris mention makes
That maried folke should warely shunne the vyce of jealozie
And of suspicion should avoyd all causes utterly,
Reproving by the way all such as causelesse doo misdeeme
The chaste and giltlesse for the deedes of those that faultie seeme.

BOOK VIII
The storie of the daughter of king Nisus setteth out
What wicked lust drives folk unto to bring their wills about. ... [Ep.170]
And of a rightuous judge is given example in the same,
Who for no meede nor frendship will consent to any blame.
Wee may percyve in Dedalus how every man by kynd
Desyres to bee at libertie, and with an earnest mynd
Dooth seeke to see his native soyle, and how that streight distresse
Dooth make men wyse, and sharpes their wits to fynd their own redresse.
Wee also lerne by Icarus how good it is to bee
In meane estate and not to clymb too hygh, but to agree
Too wholesome counsell: for the hyre of disobedience is
Repentance when it is too late forthinking things amisse. ... [Ep.180]
And Partrich telles that excellence in any thing procures
Men envie, even among those frendes whom nature most assures.
Philemon and his feere are rules of godly pacient lye,
Of sparing thrift, and mutuall love betweene the man and wyfe,
Of due obedience, of the feare of God, and of reward
For good or evill usage shewd to wandring straungers ward.
In Erisicthon dooth appeere a lyvely image both
Of wickednesse and crueltie which any wyght may lothe,
And of the hyre that longs thereto. He sheweth also playne
That whereas prodigalitie and gluttony dooth reigne, ... [Ep.190]
A world of riches and of goods are ever with the least
Too satisfye the appetite and eye of such a beast.

BOOK IX
In Hercules and Acheloyes encounters is set out
The nature and behaviour of two wooers that be stout.
Wherein the Poet covertly taunts such as beeinge bace
Doo seeke by forged pedegrees to seeeme of noble race.
Who when they doo perceythe no truth uppon their syde to stand,
In stead of reason and of ryght use force and myght of hand.
This fable also signifies that valiantnesse of hart
Consisteth not in woords, but deedes: and that all slyght and Art ... [Ep.200]
Give place to prowesse. Furthermore in Nessus wee may see
What breach of promise commeth to, and how that such as bee
Unable for to wreahe their harmes by force, doo oft devyse
Too wreahe themselves by policie in farre more cruell wise.
And Deyanira dooth declare the force of jealozie
Deceyved through too lyght beleef and fond simplicitie.
The processe following peinteth out true manlynesse of hart
Which yeeldeth neyther unto death, to sorrow, greef, nor smart.
And finally it shewes that such as live in true renowne
Of virtue heere, have after death an everlasting crowne ... [Ep.210]
Of glorie. Cawne and Byblis are examples contrarie:
The Mayd of most outrageous lust, the man of chastitie.

BOOK X
The tenth booke cheefly dooth containe one kynd of argument
Reproving most prodigious lusts of such as have bene bent
To incest most unnaturall. And in the latter end
It showeth in Hippomenes how greatly folk offend
That are ingrate for benefits which God or man bestow
Uppon them in the time of neede. Moreover it dooth show
That beawy (will they nill they) aye dooth men in daunger throw:
And that it is a foolysshnesse to stryve against the thing ... [Ep.220]
Which God before determineth to passe in tyme to bring.
And last of all Adonis death dooth shew that manhod strives
Against forewarning though men see the perill of theyr lyves.

BOOK XI
The death of Orphey sheweth Gods just vengeance on the vyle
And wicked sort which horribly with incest them defyle.
In Midas of a covetous wretch the image wee may see
Whose riches justly to himself a hellish torment bee,
And of a foole whom neyther proof nor warning can amend,
Untill he feele the shame and smart that folly doth him send.
His Barbour represents all blabs which seeme with chyld to bee ... [Ep.230]
Untill that they have blaazd abrode the things they heare or see.
In Ceyx and Alcyone appeeres most constant love,
Such as betweene the man and wyfe to bee it dooth behove.
This Ceyx also is a lyght of princely courtesie
And bountie toward such whom neede compelleth for too flie.
His viage also dooth declare how vainly men are led
To utter perill through fond toyes and fansies in their head.
For Idols, doubtfull oracles and soothsayres prophecies
Doo nothing else but make fooles fayne and blynd their bleared eyes.
Dedalions daughter warnes to use the toong with modestee ... [Ep.240]
And not to vaunt with such as are their betters in degree.

BOOK XII
The seege of Troy, the death of men, the razing of the citie,
And slaughter of king Priams stock without remors of pitie,
Which in the xii. and xiii. bookes bee written, doo declare
How heynous wilfull perjurie and filthie whoredome are
In syght of God. The frentick fray betweene the Lapithes and
The Centaures is a note wherby is given to understand
The beastly rage of drunkenesse.

BOOK XIII
~~~ Ulysses dooth expresse
The image of discretion, wit, and great advisednesse.
And Ajax on the other syde doth represent a man ... [Ep.250]
Stout, headie, irefull, hault of mynd, and such a one as can
Abyde to suffer no repulse. And both of them declare
How covetous of glorie and reward mens natures are.
And finally it sheweth playne that wisdome dooth prevayle
In all attempts and purposes when strength of hand dooth fayle.
The death of fayre Polyxena dooth shew a princely mynd
And firme regard of honor rare engr aft in woman kynd.
And Polymnestor, king of Thrace, dooth shew himself to bee
A glasse for wretched covetous folke wherein themselves to see.
This storie further witnesseth that murther crieth ay ... [Ep.260]
For vengeance, and itself one tyme or other dooth bewray.
The tale of Gyant Polypheme doth evidently prove
That nothing is so feerce and wyld, which yeeldeth not to love.
And in the person of the selfsame Gyant is set out
The rude and homely wooing of a country cloyne and lout.

BOOK XIV
The tale of Apes reproves the vyce of wilfull perjurie,
And willeth people to beware they use not for to lye.
Aeneas going downe to hell dooth shew that vertue may
In saufy travell where it will, and nothing can it stay.
The length of lyfe in Sybill dooth declare it is but vayne ... [Ep.270]
Too wish long lyfe, syth length of lyfe is also length of payne.
The Grecian Achemenides dooth lerne us how we ought
Bee thankful for the benefits that any man hath wrought.
And in this Achemenides the Poet dooth expresse
The image of exceeding feare in daunger and distresse.
What else are Circes witchcrafts and enchantments than the vyle
And filthy pleasures of the flesh which doo our soules defyle?
And what is else herbe Moly than the gift of stayednesse
And temperance which dooth all fowle concupiscence represse?
The tale of Anaxaretee wills dames of hygh degree ... [Ep.280]
To use their lovers courteously how meane so ere they bee.
And Iphis lernes inferior folkes too fondly not to set
Their love on such as are too hygh for their estate to get.

BOOK XV
Ailemons sonne declares that men should willingly obey
What God commaundes, and not upon exceptions seeme to stay.
For he will find the meanes to bring the purpose well about,
And in their most necessitie dispatch them saufly out
Of daunger. The oration of Pithagoras implyes
A sum of all the former worke. What person can devyse
A notabler example of true love and godlynnesse ... [Ep.290]
To ones owne natyve countryward than Cippus dooth expresse?
The turning to a blazing starre of Julius Cesar showes,
That fame and immortalitie of vertuous dooing growes.
And lastly by examples of Augustus and a few
Of other noble princes sonnes the author there dooth shew
That noblemen and gentlemen shoulde stryve to passe the fame
And vertues of their aunceters, or else to match the same.
Thes is fables out of every booke I have interpreted,
To shew how they and all the rest may stand a man in sted.
Not adding over curiously the meaning of them all, ... [Ep.300]
For that were labor infinite, and tediousnesse not small
Bothe unto your good Lordship and the rest that should them reede
Who well myght think I did the boundes of modestie exceede,
If I this one epistle should with matters overcharge
Which scarce a booke of many quyres can well conteyne at large.
And whereas in interpreting theis few I attribute
The things to one, which heathen men to many Gods impute,
Concerning mercy, wrath for sin, and other gifts of grace:
Described for examples sake in proper tyme and place,
Let no man marvell at the same. For though that they as blynd ... [Ep.310]
Through unbeleefe, and led astray through error even of kynd,
Knew not the true eternall God., or if they did him know,
Yit did they not acknowledge him, but vaynly did bestow
The honor of the maker on the creature: yat it dooth
Behove all us (who ryghtly are instructed in the sooth)
To thinke and say that God alone is he that rules all things
And worketh all in all, as lord of lords and king of kings,
With whom there are none other Gods that any sway may beare,
No fatall law to bynd him by, no fortune for to feare.
For Gods, and fate, and fortune are the termes of heathennesse, ... [Ep.320]
If men usurp them in the sense that Paynims doo expresse.
But if wee will reduce their sense to ryght of Christian law,
To signifie three other things theis termes wee well may draw.
By Gods wee understand all such as God hath plaast in cheef
Estate to punish sin, and for the godly folkes reliefe:
By fate the order which is set and stablished in things
By Gods eternall will and word, which in due season brings
All matters to their falling out. Which falling out or end
(Bicause our curious reason is too weake to comprehend
The cause and order of the same, and dooth behold it fall ... [Ep.330]
Unwares to us) by name of chaunce or fortune wee it call.
If any man will say theis things may better lerned bee
Out of divine philosophie or scripture, I agree
That nothing may in worthinesse with holy writ compare.
Howbeeit so farre foorth as things no whit impeachment are
To vertue and to godlynesse but furtherers of the same,
I trust wee may them saufly use without desert of blame.
And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort,
But such as have of godlynesse and lerning good report)
That thinke the Poets tooke their first occasion of theis things ... [Ep.340]
From holy writ as from the well from whence all wisdome springs.
What man is he but would suppose the author of this booke
The first foundation of his worke from Moyses wryghtings tooke?
Not only in effect he dooth with Genesis agree,
But also in the order of creation, save that hee
Makes no distinction of the dayes. For what is else at all
That shapelesse, rude, and pestred heape which Chaos he dooth call,
Than even that universall masse of things which God did make
In one whole lump before that ech their proper place did take.
Of which the Byble saith, that in the first beginning God ... [Ep.350]
Made heaven and earth: the earth was waste, and darkness yit abod
Uppon the deepe: which holy woordes declare unto us playne
That fyre, ayre, water, and the earth did undistinct remayne
In one grosse bodie at the first.

~~~ "For God the father that
Made all things, framing out the world according to the plat,
Conceyved everlastingly in mynd, made first of all
Both heaven and earth uncorporall and such as could not fall
As objects under sense of sight: and also aire lykewyse,
And emptynesse: and for theis twaine apt termes he did devyse.
He called ayer darknesse: for the ayre by kynd is darke. ... [Ep.360]
And emptynesse by name of depth full apty he did marke:
For emptynesse is deepe and waste by nature. Overmore
He formed also bodylesse (as other things before)
The natures both of water and of spirit. And in fyne
The lyght: which beeing made to bee a patterne most divine
Whereby to forme the fixed starres and wandring planets seven,
With all the lyghts that afterward should beawtifie the heaven,
Was made by God both bodylesse and of so pure a kynd,
As that it could alonly bee perceyved by the mynd."
To thys effect are Philos words. And certainly this same ... [Ep.370]
Is it that Poets in their worke confused Chaos name.
Not that Gods worke at any tyme were pact confusedly
Toogither: but bicause no place nor outward shape whereby
To shew them to the feeble sense of mans deceytfull syght
Was yit appointed unto things, untill that by his myght
And wondrous wisdome God in tyme set open to the eye
The things that he before all tyme had everlastingly
Decreed by his providence. But let us further see
How Ovids scantlings with the whole true patterne doo agree.
The first day by his mighty word (sayth Moyses) God made lyght,... [Ep.380]
The second day the firmament, which heaven or welkin hyght.
The third day he did part the earth from sea and made it drie,
Commaunding it to beare all kynd of frutes abundantly.
The fourth day he did make the lyghts of heaven to shyne from hye,
And stablished a law in them to rule their courses by.
The fifth day he did make the whales and fishes of the deepe,
With all the birds and fethered fowles that in the aire doo keepe,
The sixth day God made every beast both wyld and tame, and woormes
That creep on ground according to their severall kynds and foormes.
And in the image of himself he formed man of clay ... [Ep.390]
To bee the Lord of all his woorkes the very selfsame day.
This is the sum of Moyses woords. And Ovid (whether it were
By following of the text aright, or that his mynd did beare
Him witnesse that there are no Gods but one) dooth playne uphold
That God (although he knew him not) was he that did unfold
The former Chaos, putting it in forme and facion new,
As may appeere by theis his woordes which underneath ensew:
"This stryfe did God and nature breake and set in order dew.
The earth from heaven, the sea from earth he parted orderly,
And from the thicke and foggie aire he tooke the lyghtsome skye."... [Ep.400]
In theis few lynes he comprehends the whole effect of that
Which God did woork the first three dayes about this noble plat.
And then by distributions he entreateth by and by
More largely of the selfsame things, and paynts them out to eye
With all their bounds and furniture: and whereas wee doo fynd
The terme of nature joynd with God: (according to the mynd
Of lerned men) by joyning so, is ment none other thing,
But God the Lord of nature who did all in order bring.
The distributions beeing doone right lernedly, anon
To shew the other three dayes workes he thus proceedeth on:... [Ep.410]
"The heavenly soyle to Goddes and starres and planets first he gave
The waters next both fresh and salt he let the fishes have.
The suttle ayre to flickering fowles and birds he hath assignd,
The earth to beasts both wyld and tame of sundry sorts and kynd."
Thus partly in the outward phrase, but more in verie deede,
He seemes according to the sense of scripture to proceede.
And when he commes to speake of man, he dooth not vainly say
(As sum have written) that he was before all tyme for ay,
Ne mentioneth mo Gods than one in making him. But thus
He both in sentence and in sense his meening dooth discusse. ... [Ep.420]

"Howbeeit yit of all this whyle the creature wanting was
Farre more divine, of nobler mynd, which should the resdew passe
In depth of knowledge, reason, wit and hygh capacitee,
And which of all the resdew should the Lord and ruler bee.
Then eyther he that made the world and things in order set,
Of heavenly seede engendred man: or else the earth as yet
Yoong, lusty, fresh, and in her flowre, and parted from the skye
But late before, the seedes thereof as yit hild inwardly.
The which Prometheus tempring streyght with water of the spring,
Did make in likenessee to the Goddes that governe every thing." ... [Ep.430]

What other thing meenes Ovid heere by terme of heavenly seede,
Than mans immortall sowle, which is divine, and commes in deede
From heaven, and was inspyrde by God, as Moyses sheweth playne?
And whereas of Prometheus he seemes to adde a vayne
Devyece, as though he ment that he had formed man of clay,
Although it bee a tale put in for pleasure by the way:
Yit by th'interpretation of the name we well may gather,
He did include a misterie and secret meening rather.
This woord Prometheus signifies a person sage and wyse,
Of great foresyght, who headily will nothing enterpryse. ... [Ep.440]
It was the name of one that first did images invent:
Of whom the Poets doo report that hee to heaven up went,
And there stole fyre, through which he made his images alyve:
And theryfore that he formed men the Paynims did contruye.
Now when the Poet red perchaunce that God almyghty by
His providence and by his woord (which everlastingly
Is ay his wisdome) made the world, and also man to beare
His image, and to bee the lord of all the things that were
Erst made, and that he shaped him of earth or slymy clay:
Hee tooke occasion in the way of fabling for to say ... [Ep.450]
That wyse Prometheus tempring earth with water of the spring,
Did forme it lyke the Gods above that governe every thing.
Thus may Prometheus seeme to bee th'eternall woord of God,
His wisdom, and his providence which formed man of clod.
"And where all other things behold the ground with groveling eye:
He gave to man a stately looke replete with majesty:
And willd him to behold the heaven with countnance cast on hye,
To mark and understand what things are in the starrie skye."
In theis same woordes, both parts of man the Poet dooth expresse
As in a glasse, and giveth us instruction to addresse ... [Ep.460]
Our selves to know our owne estate: as that wee bee not borne
To follow lust, or serve the paunch lyke brutish beasts forlorne,
But for to lyft our eyes as well of body as of mynd
To heaven as to our native soyle from whence wee have by kynd
Our better part: and by the sight thereof to lerne to know
And knowledge him that dwelleth there: and wholly to bestow
Our care and travail to the prayse and glorie of his name
Who for the sakes of mortall men created first the same.
Moreover by the golden age what other thing is ment, 
Than Adams tyme in Paradyse, who beeing innocent ... [Ep.470] 
Did lead a blist and happy lyfe untill that thurrough sin 
He fell from God? From which tyme forth all sorrow did begin. 
The earth accursed for his sake, did never after more 
Yeeld foode without great toyle. Both heate and cold did vexe him sore. 
Disease of body, care of mynd, with hunger, thirst and neede, 
Feare, hope, joy, greefe, and trouble, fell on him and on his seede. 
And this is termed the silver age. Next which there did succeede 
The brazen age, when malice first in peoples harts did breede, 
Which never ceased growing till it did so farre outrage, 
That nothing but destruction could the heate thereof asswage ... [Ep.480] 
For why mens stomackes wexing hard as steele against their God, 
Provoked him from day to day to strike them with his rod. 
Prowd Gyants also did arysse that with presumptuous wills 
Heapt wrong on wrong, and sin on sin lyke huge and lofty hilles. 
Whereby they strove to clymb to heaven and God from thence to draw, 
In scorning of his holy woord and breaking natures law. 
For which anon ensowed the flood which overflowed all 
The whole round earth and drowned quyght all creatures great and smal, 
Excepting feaw that God did save as seede wherof should grow 
Another offspring. All these things the Poet heere dooth show ... [Ep.490] 
In colour, altring both the names of persons, tyme and place. 
For where according to the truth of scripture in this case, 
The universall flood did fall but sixetene hundred yeeres 
And six and fifty after the creation (as appeares 
By reckening of the ages of the fathers) under Noy, 
With whom seven other persons mo like saufgard did enjoy 
Within the arke, which at the end of one whole yeere did stay 
Uppon the hilles of Armenie: the Poet following ay 
The fables of the glorying Greekes (who shamelessely did take 
The pryse of all things to themselves) in fablying wyse dooth make ... [Ep.500] 
It happen in Deucalions tyme, who reignd inThessaly 
Eyght hundred winters since Noyes flood or thereupon well nye, 
Bicause that in the regne of him a myghty flood did fall, 
That drownde the greater part of Greece, townes, cattell, folk, and all, 
Save feaw that by the help of boats atteyned unto him 
And to the highest of the forkt Parnasos top did swim. 
And forbycause that hee and his were driven a whyle to dwell 
Among the stony hilles and rocks until the water fell, 
The Poets hereupon did take occasion for to feyne, 
That he and Pyrrha did repayre mankynd of stones ageyne. ... [Ep.510] 
So in the sixth booke afterward Amphions harp is sayd 
The first foundation of the walles of Thebee to have layd, 
Bycause that by his eloquence and justice (which are ment 
By true accord of harmonie and musicall consent) 
He gathered into Thebee towne, and in due order knit 
The people that dispersst and rude in hilles and rocks did sit. 
So Orphey in the tenth booke is reported to delayt
The savage beasts, and for to hold the fleeting birds from flyght,
To move the senselesse stones, and stay swift rivers, and to make
The trees to follow after him and for his musick sake ... [Ep.520]
To yeeld him shadow where he went. By which is signifiye
That in his doctrine such a force and sweetnesse was implyde,
That such as were most wyld, stowre, feerce, hard, witlesse, rude, and bent
Ageinst good order, were by him persuaded to relent,
And for to bee conformable to live in reverent awe
Like neybours in a common weale by justyce under law.
Considring then of things before reherst the whole effect,
I trust there is already shewd sufficient to detect
That Poets tooke the ground of all their cheefest fables out
Of scripture: which they shadowing with their gloses went about ... [Ep.530]
To turn the truth to toyes and lyes. And of the selfsame rate
Are also theis: their Phlegeton, their Styx, their blisfull state
Of spirits in th'Elysian feelds. Of which the former twayne
Seeme counterfetted of the place where damned soules remaine,
Which wee call hell. The third dooth seeme to fetch his pedegree
From Paradyse which scripture shewes a place of blisse to bee.
If Poets then with leesings and with fables shadowed so
The certeine truth, what letteth us to plucke those visers fro
Their doings, and to bring ageine the darkened truth to lyght,
That all men may behold thereof the cleernenesse shining bryght? ... [Ep.540]
The readers therefore earnestly admonisht are to bee
To seeke a further meening than the letter gives to see.
The travail tane in that behalf although it have sum payne
Yit makes it double recompence with pleasure and with gayne.
With pleasure, for varietie and straungenesse of the things,
With gaine, for good instruction which the understanding brings.
And if they happening for to meete with any wanton woord
Or matter lewd, according as the person dooth avoord
In whom the evil is describde doo feele their myndes thereby
Provoke to vycce and wantonnesse, (as nature commonly ... [Ep.550]
Is prone to evil) let them thus imagin in their mynd:
Behold, by sent of reason and by perfect syght I fynd
A Panther heere, whose peinted cote with yellow spots like gold
And pleasant smell allure myne eyes and senses to behold.
But well I know his face is grim and feerce, which he dooth hyde
To this intent, that whyle I thus stand gazing on his hyde,
He may devour mee unbewares. Ne let them more offend
At vices in this present woork in lyvely colours pend,
Than if that in a chryssall glasse fowle images they found,
Resembling folkes fowle visages that stand about it round. ... [Ep.560]
For sure theis fables are not put in wryghting to th'entent
To further or allure to vycce: but rather this is ment,
That men beholding what they bee when vyce dooth reigne in stead
Of vertue, should not let their lewd affections have the head.
For as there is no creature more divine than man as long
As reason hath the sovereintie and standeth firme and strong:
So is there none more beastly, vyle, and develish, than is hee,
If reason giving over, by affection mated bee.
The use of this same booke therfore is this: that every man
(Endevoring for to know himself as neerly as he can, ... [Ep.570]
As though he in a chariot sate well ordered,) should direct
His mynd by reason in the way of vertue, and correct
His feerce affections with the bit of temprance, lest perchaunce
They taking bridle in the teeth lyke wilfull jades doo praunce
Away, and headlong carie him to every filthy pit
Of vyce, and drinking of the same defyle his soule with it:
Or else doo headlong harrie him uppon the rockes of sin,
And overthrowing forcibly the chariot he sits in,
Doo teare him woorsse than ever was Hipploytus the sonne
Of Theseus when he went about his fathers wrath to shun. ... [Ep.580]
This worthie worke in which of good examples are so many,
This Ortyard of Alcinous in which there wants not any
Herb, tree, or frute that may mans use for health or pleasure serve,
This plenteous horne of Acheloy which justly dooth deserve
To beare the name of treasorie of knowledge, I present
To your good Lordship once ageine not as a member rent
Or parted from the resdew of the body any more:
But fully now accomplished, desiring you therfore
To let your noble courtesie and favor countervayle
My faults where Art or eloquence on my behalf dooth fayle. ... [Ep.590]
For sure the marke whereat I shoote is neyther wreathes of bay,
Nor name of Poet, no nor meede: but cheefly that it may
Bee lyked well of you and all the wise and lerned sort,
And next that every wyght that shall have pleasure for to sport
Him in this gardeine, may as well beare wholsome frute away
As only on the pleasant flowres his rechlesse senses stay.
But why seeme I theis doubts to cast, as if that he who tooke
With favor and with gentlenesse a parcell of the booke
Would not likewyse accept the whole? Or even as if that they
Who doo excell in wisdome and in learning, would not wey ... [Ep.600]
A wyse and lerned worke aryght? Or else as if that I
Ought ay to have a speciall care how all men doo apply
My dooings to their owne behoof? As of the former twayne
I have great hope and confidence: so would I also fayne
The other should according to good meening find successe:
If other wyse, the fault is theyrs not myne they must confesse.
And therefore breefly to conclude, I turn ageine to thee,
0 noble Erle of Leycester, whose lyfe God graunt may bee
As long in honor, helth and welth as auncient Nestors was,
Or rather as Tithonussis: that all such students as ... [Ep.610]
Doo travell to enrich our toong with knowledge heretofore
Not common to our vulgar speech, may dayly more and more
Procede through thy good furtherance and favor in the same.
Too all mens profit and delght, and thy eternall fame.
And that (which is a greater thing) our natyve country may
Long tyme enjoy thy counsell and thy travall to her stay.

At Barwicke the xx. of Aprill. 1567
Your good L. most humbly to commaund
ARTHUR GOLDING

THE PREFACE.

TO THE READER
I would not wish the simple sort offended for to bee,
When in this booke the heathen names of feyned Godds they see.
The trewe and everliving God the Paynims did not knowe:
Which caused them the name of Godds on creatures to bestow.
For nature beeing once corrupt and knowledge blynded quyght
By Adams fall, those little seedes and sparkes of heavenly lyght
That did as yit remayne in man, endevering foorth to burst
And wanting grace and powre to growe to that they were at furst,
To superstition did decline: and drave the fearefull mynd,
Straunge woorshippes of the living God in creatures for to fynd. ... [Pref.10]
The which by custome taking roote, and growing so to strength,
Through Sathans help possest the hartes of all the world at length.
Some woorship at the hoste of heaven: some deadmens ghostes & bones:
Sum wicked feends: sum wormes and fowles, herbes, fishes, trees and stones.
The fyre, the ayre, the sea, the land, and every roonning brooke,
Eche queachie grove, eche cragged cliffe the name of Godhead tooke.
The nyght and day, the fleeting howres, the seasons of the yeere,
And every straunge and monstruous thing, for Godds mistaken weere.
There was no vertue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mynd
Or bodye, but some God therto or Goddesse was assignde. ... [Pref. 20]
Of health and sicknesse, lyfe and death, of needinesse and wealth,
Of peace and warre, of love and hate, of murder, craft and stealth,
Of bread and wyne, of slouthfull sleepe, and of theyr solemn games,
And every other tryfling toy theyr Goddes did beare the names.
And looke, how every man was bent to goodnesse or to ill,
He did surmyse his foolish Goddes enclyning to his will.
For God perceyving mannes pervers and wicked will to sinne
Did give him over to his lust to sinke or swim therin.
By meanes wherof it came to passe (as in this booke yee see)
That all theyr Goddes with whoordome, theft, or murder blotted bee. ... [Pref. 30]
Which argues them to bee no Goddes, but woorser in effect
Than they whoose open poonnishment theyr dooings dooth detect.
Whoo seeing Jove whom heathen folke doo arme with triple fyre
In shape of Eagle, bull or swan to winne his foule desyre,
Or grysly Mars theyr God of warre intangled in a net
By Venus husband purposely to trappe him warely set,
Whoo seeing Saturne eating up the children he begate
Or Venus dalying wantonly with every lustie mate,
Whoo seeing Juno play the scold, or Phoebus moorne and rew
For losse of her whom in his rage through jealous moode he slew, ... [Pref.40]
Or else the suttle Mercurie that beares the charmed rod
Conveying neate and hyding them, would take him for a God?
For if theis faultes in mortall men doo justly merit blame,
What greater madnesse can there bee than to impute the same
To Goddes, whose natures ought to bee most perfect, pure and bright,
Most vertuous, holly, chaast, and wyse, most full of grace and lyght?
But as there is no Christen man that can surmyse in mynd
That theis or other such are Goddes which are no Goddes by kynd:
So would to God there were not now of christen men profest,
That worship in theyr deedes theis Godds whose names they doo detest. ... [Pref.50]
Whose lawes wee keepe his thralles wee bee, and he our God indeede.
So long is Christ our God as wee in christen lyfe proceede.
But if wee yeeld to fleshlye lust, to lucre, or to wrath,
Or if that Envy, Gluttony, or Pryde the maystry hath,
Or any other kynd of sinne, the thing the which wee serve
To bee accounted for our God most justly dooth deserve.
Then must wee thinke the learned men that did theis names frequent,
Some further things and purposes by those devises ment.
By Jove and Juno understand all states of princely port:
By Ops and Saturne auncient folke that are of elder sort: ... [Pref.60]
By Phoebus yoong and lusty brutes of hand and courage stout:
By Mars the valeant men of warre that love to feight it out:
By Pallas and the famous troupe of all the Muses nyne,
Such folke as in the sciences and vertuous artes doo shyne.
By Mercurie the suttle sort that use to filch and lye,
With theeeves, and Merchants whoo to gayne theyr travail doo applye.
By Bacchus all the meaner trades and handycraftes are ment:
By Venus such as of the fleshe to filthie lust are bent.
By Neptune such as keepe the seas: by Phebe maydens chast,
And Pilgrims such as wandringly theyr tyme in travell waste. ... [Pref.70]
By Pluto such as delve in mynes, and Ghostes of persones dead:
By Vulcane smythe and such as woorke in yron, tynne or lead.
By Hecat witches, Conjurers, and Necromancers reede:
With all such vayne and devlish artes as superstition breede.
By Satyres, Sylvanes, Nymphes and Faunes with other such besyde,
The playne and simple country folke that every where abyde.
I know theis names to other thinges, oft may and must agree
In declaration of the which I will not tedious bee.
But leave them to the Readers will to take in sundry wyse,
As matter rysing giveth cause constructions to devyse. ... [Pref.80]
Now when thou readst of God or man, in stone, in beast, or tree
It is a myrrour for thy self thyne owne estate to see.
For under feyned names of Goddes it was the Poets guyse,
The vice and faultes of all estates to taunt in covert wyse.
And likewyse to extoll with prayse such things as doo deserve,
Observing alwayses comlynesse from which they doo not swerve.
And as the persone greater is of birth, renowne or fame,
The greater ever is his laud, or fouler is his shame,
For if the States that on the earth the roome of God supply,
Declyne from vertue unto vice and live disorderly, ... [Pref.90]
To Eagles, Tygres, Bulles, and Beares, and other figures straunge
Bothe to theyr people and themselves most hurtfull doo they chaunge,
And when the people give themselves to filthie life and synne,
What other kinde of shape thereby than filthie can they winne?
So was Licaon made a Woolfe: and Jove became a Bull:
The t'one for using crueltie, the tother for his trull.
So was Elpenor and his mates transformed into swyne,
For following of theyr filthie lust in women and in wyne.
Not that they lost theyr manly shape as to the outward showe,
But for that in their brutish brestes most beastly lustes did growe. ... [Pref.100]
For why this lumpe of flesh and bones, this bodie, is not wee.
Wee are a thing which earthly eyes denied are to see.
Our soule is wee endewd by God with reason from above:
Our bodie is but as our house, in which wee worke and move.
T'one part is common to us all, with God of heaven himself:
The tother common with the beastes, a vyle and stinking pelf.
The t'one bedect with heavenly gifts and endlesse: tother grosse,
Frayle, filthie, weake, and borne to dye as made of earthly drosse.
Now looke how long this clod of clay to reason dooth obey,
So long for men by just desert account our selves wee may. ... [Pref.110]
But if wee suffer fleshly lustes as lawlesse Lordes to reigne,
Than are we beastes, wee are no men, wee have our name in vaine.
And if wee be so drownd in vice that feeling once bee gone,
Then may it well of us bee sayd, wee are a block or stone.
This surely did the Poets meene when in such sundry wyse
The pleasant tales of turned shapes they studyed to devyse.
There purpose was to profite men, and also to delyght
And so to handle every thing as best might like the sight.
For as the Image portrayd out in simple whight and blacke
(Though well proportiond, trew and faire) if comly colours lacke, ... [Pref.120]
Delyghteth not the eye so much, nor yet contentes the mynde
So much as that that shadowed is with colours in his kynde:
Even so a playne and naked tale or storie simply told
(Although the matter bee in deede of valewe more than gold)
Makes not the hearer so attent to print it in his hart,
As when the thing is well declarde, with pleasant termes and art.
All which the Poets knew right well: and for the greater grace,
As Persian kings did never go abrode with open face,
But with some lawne or silken skarf, for reverence of theyr state:
Even so they following in their woorkes the selfsame trade and rate, ... [Pref.130]
Did under covert names and termes theyr doctrines so emplye,
As that it is ryght darke and hard theyr meening to espye.
But beeing found it is more sweete and makes the mynd more glad,
Than if a man of tryed gold a treasure gayned had.
For as the body hath his joy in pleasant smelles and syghts:
Even so in knowledge and in artes the mynd as much delights.
Wherof aboundant hoordes and heapes in Poets packed beeene
So hid that (saving unto fewe) they are not to bee seene.
And therefore whooso dooth attempt the Poets workes to reede,
Must bring with him a stayed head and judgement to proceede. ... [Pref.140]
For as there bee most wholesome hestes and precepts to bee found,
So are theyr rockes and shallowe shelves to ronne the ship aground.
Some naughty persone seeing vyce shewd lyvely in his hew,
These persons overshoote themselves, and other folkes deceyve:
Dooth take occasion by and by like vices to ensew.
Another beeing more severe than wisdome dooth requyre,
Beetholding vice (to outward shewe) exalted in desyre,
Condemnetb by and by the booke and him that did it make.
And willeth it to be buyned with fyre for lewd example sake.
Not able of the authors mynd the meaning to conceyve. ... [Pref.150]
The Authors purpose is to paint and set before our eyes
The lyvely Image of the thoughts that in our stomaches ryse.
Eche vice and vertue seems to speake and argue to our face,
With such perswasions as they have their dooings to embrace.
And if a wicked persone seeme his vices to exalt,
Esteeme not him that wrate the worke in such defaultes to halt.
But rather with an upryght eye consyder well thy thought:
See if corrupted nature have the like within thee wrought.
Marke what affection dooth perswade in every kynd of matter.
Judge if that even in heyinous crymes thy fancy doo not flatter. ... [Pref.160]
And were it not for dread of lawe or dread of God above,
Most men (I feare) would doo the things that fond affections move.
Then take theses workes as fragrant flowers most full of pleasant juce,
The which the Bee conveying home may put to wholesome use:
And which the spyder sucking on to poyson may convert,
Through venym spred in all her limbes and native in her hart.
For to the pure and Godly mynd are all things pure and cleene,
And unto such as are corrupt the best corrupted beene:
Lyke as the finest meates and drinkes that can bee made by art
In sickly folkes to nourishment of sicknesse doo convert. ... [Pref.170]
And therefore not regarding such whose dyet is so fyne
That nothing can digest with them onlesse it bee devine.
Nor such as to their proper harme doo wrest and wring awrye
The things that to a good intent are written pleasantly,
Through Ovids worke of turned shapes I have with peinfull pace
Past on untill I had atteyned the end of all my race.
And now I have him made so well acquainted with our toong
As that he may in English verse as in his owne bee soong.
Wherein although for pleasant style, I cannot make account,
To match myne author, who in that all other dooth surmount: ... [Pref. 180]
Yit (gentle Reader) doo I trust my travall in this case
May purchase favour in thy sight my dooings to embrace:
Considring what a sea of goodes and Jewelles thou shalt fynde,
Not more delightfull to the eare than frutefull to the mynd.
For this doo lerned persons deeme, of Ovids present worke:
That in no one of all his bookes the which he wrate, doo lurke
Mo darke and secret misteries, mo counsellses wyse and sage,
Mo good ensamples, mo reprooves of vyce in youth and age,
Mo fyne inventions to delight, mo matters clerkly knit,
No, nor more straunge varietie to shew a lerned wit. ... [Pref. 190]
The high, the lowe: the riche, the poore: the mayster, and the slave:
The mayd, the wife: the man, the chyld: the simple and the brave:
The yoong, the old: the good, the bad: the warriour strong and stout:
The wyse, the foole: the countrie cloyne: the lerned and the lout:
And every other living wight shall in this mirrour see
His whole estate, thoughtes, woordes and deeds expresly shewed to bee.
Whereof if more particular examples thou doo crave,
In reading the Epistle through thou shalt thy longing have.
Moreover thou mayst fynd herein descriptions of the tymes:
With constellacions of the starres and planettes in theyr clymes: ... [Pref.200]
The Sites of Countries, Cities, hilles, seas, forestes, playnes and floods:
The natures both of fowles, beasts, wormes, herbes, mettals, stones and woods,
And finally what ever thing is straunge and delectable,
The same conveyed shall you fynd most feately in some fable.
And even as in a cheyne eche linke within another wynds,
And both with that that went before and that that followes binds:
So every tale within this booke dooth seeme to take his ground
Of that that was rehearsed before, and enters in the bound
Of that that followes after it: and every one gives light
To other: so that whoso so meenes to understand them ryght, ... [Pref.210]
Must have a care as well to know the thing that went before,
As that the which he presently desyres to see so sore.
Now to th'intent that none have cause heereafter to complaine
Of mee as setter out of things that are but light and vaine,
If any stomacke be so weake as that it cannot brooke,
The lively setting forth of things described in this booke,
I give him counsell to absteine untill he bee more strong,
And for to use Ulysses feat against the Meremayds song.
Or if he needes will heere and see and wilfully agree
(Through cause misconstrued) unto vice allured for to bee, ... [Pref.220]
Then let him also mark the peine that dooth therof ensue,
And hold himself content with that that to his fault is due.

FINIS

Length: Total 9,153 words
Preface: 2,464 words
Epistle: 6,606 words

Continue on to Metamorphoses Book 1

Metamorphoses Book 2
Metamorphoses Book 3
Metamorphoses Book 4
Metamorphoses Book 5
Metamorphoses Book 6
The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING
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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined

BOOK 1

THE FIRST BOOKE OF OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS,
translated into Englyshe Meter.

Of shapes transformde to bodies straunge, I purpose to entreate,
Ye gods vouchsafe (for you are they ywrought this wondrous feate)
To further this mine enterprise. And from the world begunne,
Graunt that my verse may to my time, his course directly runne
Before the Sea and Lande were made, and Heaven that all doth hide,
In all the worlde one onely face of nature did abide,
Which Chaos hight, a huge rude heape, and nothing else but even
A heavie lump and clottred clod of seedes toghether driven,
Of things at strife among themselves, for want of order due.
No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapelesse world did vew. ... [I.10]
No Moone in growing did repayre hir hornes with borrowed light.
Nor yet the earth amiddes the ayre did hang by wondrous slight
Just peseed by hir proper weight. Nor winding in and out
Did Amphitrytee with hir armes embrace the earth about.
For where was earth, was sea and ayre, so was the earth unstable,
The ayre all darke, the sea likewise to beare a ship unable.
No kinde of thing had proper shape, but ech confounded other.
For in one selfesame bodie strove the hote and colde togeth,
The moyst with drie, the soft with hard, the light with things of weight.
This strife did God and Nature breake, and set in order streight. ... [I.20]
The earth from heaven, the sea from earth, he parted orderly,
And from the thick and foggie ayre, he tooke the lightsome skie,
Which when he once unfolded had, and severed from the blinde
And clodded heape, he setting ech from other did them binde
In endlessse friendship to agree. The fire most pure and bright,
The substance of the heaven it selfe, because it was so light
Did mount aloft, and set it selfe in highest place of all.
The second roume of right to ayre, for lightnesse did befall.
The earth more grosse drew down with it ech weighty kinde of matter,
And set it selfe in lowest place. Againe, the waving water ... [I.30]
Did lastly chalenge for his place the utmost coast and bound,
Of all the compasse of the earth, to close the stedfast ground.
Now when he in this foresaid wise (what God so ere he was)
Had broke and into members put this rude confused masse,
Then first because in every part, the earth should equall bee,
He made it like a mighty ball, in compasse as we see.
And here and there he cast in seas, to whome he gave a lawe:
To swell with every blast of winde, and every stormie flawe.
And with their waves continually to beate upon the shore,
Of all the earth within their boundes enclosde by them afore. ... [I.40]
Moreover, Springs and mighty Meeres and Lakes he did augment,
And flowing streames of crooked brookes in winding bankes he pent.
Of which the earth doth drinke up some, and some with restlesse race,
Do seeke the sea: where finding scope of larger roume and space,
In steade of bankes, they beate on shores. He did commaund the plaine
And champion groundes to stretch out wide: and valleys to remaine
Ay underneath: and eke the woods to hide them decently
With tender leaves: and stonie hilles to lift themselves on hie.
And as two Zones doe cut the Heaven upon the righter side,
And other twaine upon the left likewise the same devide, ... [I.50]
The middle in outrageous heat exceeding all the rest:
Even so likewise through great foresight to God it seemed best,
The earth enclosed in the same should so devided bee,
As with the number of the Heaven, hir Zones might full agree.
Of which the middle Zone in heate, the utmost twaine in colde
Exceede so farre, that there to dwell no creature dare be bolde.
Betweene these two so great extremes, two other Zones are fixt,
Where tempature of heate and colde indifferently is mixt.
Now over this doth hang the Ayre, which as it is more fleightie
Than earth or water: so againe than fire it is more weightie. ... [I.60]
There hath he placed mist and cloudes, and for to feare mens mindes,
The thunder and the lightning eke, with colde and blustring windes.
But yet the maker of the worlde permitteth not alway
The windes to use the ayre at will. For at this present day,
Though ech from other placed be in sundry coasts aside,
The violence of their boystrous blasts, things scarsly can abide.
They so turmoyle as though they would the world in pieces rende,
So cruell is those brothers wrath when that they doe contende.
And therefore to the morning graye, the Realme of Nabathie,
To Persis and to other lands and countries that doe lie ... [I.70]
Farre underneath the Morning starre, did Eurus take his flight.
Likewise the setting of the Sunne, and shutting in of night
Belong to Zephyr. And the blasts of blustring Boreas raigne,
In Scythia and in other landes set under Charles his waine.
And unto Auster doth belong the coast of all the South,
Who beareth shoures and rotten mistes, continuall in his mouth.
Above all these he set aloft the cleare and lightsome skie,
Without all dregs of earthly filth or grossenesse utterlie.
The boundes of things were scarsly yet by him thus pointed out,
But that appeared in the heaven, starres glistring all about, ... [I.80]
Which in the said confused heape had hidden bene before,
And to th'intent with lively things eche Region for to store,
The heavenly soyle, to Gods and Starres and Planets first he gave.
The waters next both fresh and salt he let the fishes have.
The suttle ayre to flickring fowles and birdes he hath assignde.
The earth to beasts both wilde and tame of sundrie sort and kinde.
Howbeit yet of all this while, the creature wanting was,
Farre more devine, of nobler minde, which should the residue passe
In depth of knowledge, reason, wit, and high capacitie,
And which of all the residue should the Lord and ruler bee. ... [I.90]
Then eyther he that made the worlde, and things in order set,
Of heavenly seede engendred Man: or else the earth as yet
Yong, lustie, fresh, and in hir floures, and parted from the skie,
But late before, the seede thereof as yet held inwardlie.
The which Prometheus tempring straight with water of the spring,
Did make in likenesse to the Gods that governe everie thing.
And where all other beasts behold the ground with groveling eie,
He gave to Man a stately looke replete with majestie.
And wylde him to behold the Heaven wyth countnance cast on hie,
To marke and understand what things were in the starrie skie. ... [I.100]
And thus the earth which late before had neyther shape nor hew,
Did take the noble shape of man, and was transformed new.
Then sprang up first the golden age, which of it selfe maintainde
The truth and right of every thing unforct and unconstrainde.
There was no feare of punishment, there was no threatning lawe
In brazen tables nayled up, to keepe the folke in awe.
There was no man would crouch or creepe to Judge with cap in hand,
They lived safe without a Judge, in everie Realme and lande.
The loftie Pynetree was not hewen from mountaines where it stood,  
In seeking straunge and forren landes, to rove upon the flood. ... [I.110]
Men knew none other countries yet, than where themselves did keepe:  
There was no towne enclosed yet, with walles and ditches deepe.  
No horne nor trumpet was in use, no sword nor helmet worn,  
The worlde was such, that souldiers helpe might easly be forborne.  
The fertile earth as yet was free, untoucht of spade or plough,  
And yet it yeelded of it selfe of every things inough.  
And men themselves contented well with plaine and simple foode,  
That on the earth of natures gift without their travail stoode,  
Did live by Raspis, heppes and hawes, by cornelles, plumes and cherries,  
By sloes and apples, nuttes and pearres, and lothsome bramble berries, ... [I.120]
And by the acornes dropt on ground, from Joves brode tree in fielde.  
The Springtime lasted all the yeare, and Zephyr with his milde  
And gentle blast did cherish things that grew of owne accorde,  
The ground untilde, all kinde of fruits did plenteously afforde.  
No mucke nor tillage was bestowde on leane and barren land,  
To make the corne of better head, and ranker for to stand.  
Then streams ran milke, then streams ran wine, and yellow honey flowde  
From ech greene tree whereon the rayes of firie Phebus glowde.  
But when that into Lymbo once Saturnus being thrust,  
The rule and charge of all the worlde was under Jove unjust, ... [I.130]
And that the silver age came in, more somewhat base than golde,  
More precious yet than freckled brasse, immediatly the olde  
And auncient Spring did Jove abridge, and made therof anon,  
Foure seasons: Winter, Sommer, Spring, and Autumne off and on:  
Then first of all began the ayre with fervent heate to swelt.  
Then Isycles hung roping downe: then for the colde was felt  
Men gan to shroud themselves in house. Their houses were the thickes,  
And bushie queaches, hollow caves, or hardels made of stickes.  
Then first of all were furrowes drawne, and corne was cast in ground.  
The simple Oxe with sorie sighes, to heavie yoke was bound. ... [I.140]
Next after this succeded straighe, the third and brazen age:  
More hard of nature, somewhat bent to cruell warres and rage.  
But yet not wholy past all grace. Of yron is the last  
In no part good and tractable as former ages past.  
For when that of this wicked Age once opened was the veyne  
Their all mischief rushed forth: then Fayth and Truth were faine  
And honest shame to hide their heades: for whom crept stoutly in,  
Craft, Treason, Violence, Envie, Pride and wicked Lust to win.  
The shipman hoyst his sailes to wind, whose names he did not knowe:  
And shippes that erst in toppes of hilles and mountaines had ygrowe, ... [I.150]
Did leape and daunce on uncouth waves: and men began to bound  
With dowles and ditches drawen in length the free and fertile ground,  
Which was as common as the Ayre and light of Sunne before.  
Not onely corne and other fruites, for sustnance and for store,  
Were now exacted of the Earth: but eft they gan to digge,  
And in the bowels of the ground unsaciably to rigge  
For Riches coucht and hidden deepe, in places nere to Hell,
The spurres and stirrers unto vice, and foes to doing well.
Then hurtfull yron came abrode, then came forth yellow golde,
More hurtfull than the yron farre, then came forth battle bolde, ...
That feightes with bothe, and shakes his sword in cruell bloudy hand.
Men live by ravine and by stelth: the wandring guest doth stand
In daunger of his host: the host in daunger of his guest:
And fathers of their sonne in lawes: yea seldom time doth rest,
Betweene borne brothers such accord and love as ought to bee.
The goodman seekes the goodwifes death, and his againe seeks shee.
The stepdames fell their husbands sonnes with poyson do assayle.
To see their fathers live so long the children doe bewayle.
All godlynesse lies under foote. And Ladie Astrey, last
Of heavenly vertues, from this earth in slaughter drowned past. ...
And to th'intent the earth alone thus should not be opprest,
And heaven above in slouthfull ease and carelesse quiet rest,
Men say that Giantes went about the Realme of Heaven to win
To place themselves to raigne as Gods and lawlesse Lordes therein.
And hill on hill they heaped up aloft into the skie,
Till God almighty from the Heaven did let his thunder flie,
The dint whereof the ayrie tops of high Olympus brake,
And pressed Pelion violently from under Ossa strake.
When whelmed in their wicked worke those cursed Caitives lay,
The Earth their mother tooke their bloud yet warme and (as they say) ...
Did give it life. And for bicause some ympes should still remaine
Of that same stocke, she gave it shape and limmes of men againe.
This offspring eke against the Gods did beare a native spight,
In slaughter and in doing wrong was all their whole delight.
Their deedes declared them of bloud engendred for to bee.
The which as soone as Saturns sonne from Heaven aloft did see,
He fetcht a sigh, and therwithal revolving in his thought,
The shamefull act which at a feast Lycaon late had wrought,
As yet unknowne or blowne abrode: He gan thereat to storme
And stomacke like an angry Jove. And therfore to reforme ...
Such haynous actes, he sommonde streight his Court of Parliament,
Whereeto resorted all the Gods that had their sommons sent.
Highe in the Welkin is a way apparant to the sight
In starrie nights, which of his passing whitesesse Milkie hight:
It is the streete that to the Court and Princely Pallace leades,
Of mightie Jove whose thunderclaps eche living creature dreads.
On both the sides of this same waye do stand in stately port
The sumptuous houses of the Peeres. For all the common sort
Dwell scattering here and there abrode: the face of all the skie
The houses of the chiefe estates and Princes doe supplie. ...
And sure and if I may be bolde to speake my fancie free
I take this place of all the Heaven the Pallace for to bee.
Now when the Goddes assembled were, and eche had tane his place,
Jove standing up aloft and leaning on his yvorie Mace,
Right dreadfully his bushie lockes did thrise or four times shake,
Wherewith he made both Sea and Land and Heaven it self to quake,
And afterward in wrathful words his angrie minde thus brake:
I never was in greater care nor more perplexitie,
How to maintaine my soveraigne state and Princelie royaltie,
When with their hundreth handes apiece the Adderfooted rout, ... [I.210]
Did practise for to conquer Heaven and for to cast us out.
For though it were a cruel foe: yet did that warre depende
Upon one ground, and in one stocke it had his finall ende.
But now as farre as any sea about the worlde doth winde,
I must destroy both man and beast and all the mortall kinde.
I sweare by Styxes hideous streames that run within the ground,
All other meanes must first be sought: but when there can be found
No helpe to heale a festred sore, it must away be cut,
Lest that the partes that yet are sound, in danger should be put.
We have a number in the worlde that mans estate surmount, ... [I.220]
Of such whom for their private Gods the countrie folkes account,
As Satyres, Faunes, and sundry Nymphes, with Silvanes eke beside,
That in the woods and hillie grounds continually abide.
Whome into Heaven since that as yet we vouch not safe to take,
And of the honour of this place copartners for to make,
Such landes as to inhabit in, we erst to them assignde,
That they should still enjoye the same, it is my will and minde.
But can you thinke that they in rest and safetie shall remaine
When proud Lycaon laye in waite by secret meanes and traine
To have confounded me your Lorde, who in my hand doe beare ... [I.230]
The dreadfull thunder, and of whom even you doe stand in feare?
The house was moved at his words and earnestly requirde,
The man that had so traiterously against their Lord conspirde.
Even so when Rebels did arise to stroye the Romane name,
By shedding of our Cesars bloud, the horror of the same
Did pierce the heartes of all mankinde, and made the world to quake.
Whose fervent zeal in thy behalfe (O August) thou did take,
As thankfully as Jove doth heare the loving care of his,
Who beckning to them with his hand, forbiddeth them to hisse.
And therewithall through all the house attentive silence is. ... [I.240]
As soone as that his majestie all muttring had alayde,
He brake the silence once againe, and thus unto them sayde:
Let passe this carefull thought of yours: for he that did offend,
Hath dearely bought the wicked Act, the which he did entende.
Yet shall you heare what was his fault and vengeance for the same.
A foule report and infamie unto our hearing came
Of mischiefe used in those times: which wishing all untrew
I did descend in shape of man, th'infamed Earth to vew.
It were a processe overlong to tell you of the sinne,
That did abound in every place where as I entred in. ... [I.250]
The bruit was lesser than the truth, and partiall in report.
The dreadfull dennes of Menalus where savage beastes resort
And Cyllen had I overpast, with all the Pynetrees hie
Of cold Lyceus, and from thence I entred by and by
The herbbroughlesse and cruelle house of late th'Arcadian King,
Such time as twilight on the Earth dim darknesse gan to bring.
I gave a signe that God was come, and streight the common sort
Devoutly prayde, whereat Lycaon first did make a sport
And after said: By open proufe, ere long I minde to see,
If that this wight a mighty God or mortall creature bee. ... [I.260]
The truth shall trie it selfe: he ment (the sequele did declare)
To steale upon me in the night, and kyll me unbeware.
And yet he was not so content: but went and cut the throte,
Of one that laye in hostage there, which was an Epyrote:
And part of him he did to rost, and part he did to stewe.
Which when it came upon the borde, forthwith I overthrew
The house with just revenging fire upon the owners hed,
Who seeing that, slipt out of doores amazde for feare, and fled
Into the wilde and desert woods, where being all alone,
As he endevorde (but in vaine) to speake and make his mone, ... [I.270]
He fell a howling: wherewithall for verie rage and moode
He ran me quite out of his wits and waxed furious woode.
Still practising his wonted lust of slaughter on the poore
And sielie cattle, thirsting still for bloud as heretofore,
His garments turnde to shackie haire, his armes to rugged pawes:
So is he made a ravening Wolfe: whose shape expressly drawes
To that the which he was before: his skinne is horie graye,
His looke still grim with glaring eyes, and every kinde of waye
His cruell heart in outward shape doth well it selfe bewraye.
Thus was one house destroyed quite, but that one house alone ... [I.280]
Deserveth not to be destroyde: in all the Earth is none,
But that such vice doth raigne therein, as that ye would beleve,
That all had sworne and solde themselves to mischiefe us to greve.
And therefore as they all offende: so am I fully bent,
That all forthwith (as they deserve) shall have due punishment.
These wordes of Jove some of the Gods did openly approve,
And with their sayings more to wrath his angry courage move.
And some did give assent by signes. Yet did it grieve them all
That such destruction utterly on all mankinde should fall,
Demaunding what he purposed with all the Earth to doe, ... [I.290]
When that he had all mortall men so cleane destroyde, and whoe
On holie Altars afterward should offer frankinsence,
And whother that he were in minde to leave the Earth fro thence
To savage beastes to wast and spoyle, bicause of mans offence.
The king of Gods bade cease their thought and questions in that case,
And cast the care thereof on him. Within a little space
He promist for to frame a newe, an other kinde of men
By wondrous meanes, unlike the first to fill the world agen.
And now his lightning had he thought on all the earth to throw,
But that he feared lest the flames perhaps so hie should grow ... [I.300]
As for to set the Heaven on fire, and burne up all the skie.
He did remember furthermore how that by destinie
A certaine time should one day come, wherein both Sea and Lond
And Heaven it selfe shoulde feele the force of Vulcans scorching brond,
So that the huge and goodly worke of all the worlde so wide
Should go to wrecke, for doubt whereof forthwith he laide aside
His weapons that the Cyclops made, intending to correct
Mans trespasse by a punishment contrary in effect.
And namely with incessant showres from heaven ypoured downe,
He did determine with himselfe the mortall kinde to drowne. ... [I.310]
In Aeolus prison by and by he fettred Boreas fast,
With al such winds as chase the cloudes or breake them with their blast,
And set at large the Southerne winde: who straight with watry wings
And dreadfull face as blacke as pitch, forth out of prison flings.
His beard hung full of hideous stormes, all dankish was his head,
With water streaming downe his haire that on his shoulders shead.
His ugly forehead wrinkled was with foggie mistes full thicke,
And on his fethers and his breast a stilling dew did sticke.
As soone as he betweene his hands the hanging cloudes had crusht,
With ratling noyse adowne from heaven the raine full sadly gusht. ... [I.320]
The Rainbow, Junos messenger, bedect in sundrie hue,
To maintaine moysture in the cloudes, great waters thither drue:
The corne was beaten to the grounde, the Tilmans hope of gaine,
For which he toyled all the yeare, lay drowned in the raine.
Joves indignation and his wrath began to grow so hot
That for to quench the rage thereof, his Heaven sufffised not.
His brother Neptune with his waves was faine to doe him ease:
Who straight assembling all the streames that fall into the seas,
Said to them standing in his house: Sirs get you home apace,
(You must not looke to have me use long preaching in this case.) ... [I.330]
Poure out your force (for so is neede) your heads ech one unpende,
And from your open springs, your streames with flowing waters sende.
He had no sooner said the word, but that returning backe,
Eche one of them unlosde his spring, and let his waters slacke.
And to the Sea with flowing streames ys wolne above their bankes,
One rolling in anothers necke, they rushed forth by rankes.
Himselfe with his thretyned Mace, did lend the earth a blow,
That made it shake and open wayes for waters forth to flow.
The flouds at randon where they list, through all the fields did stray,
Men, beastes, trees, corne, and with their gods were Churches washt away. ... [I.340]
If any house were built so strong, against their force to stonde
Yet did the water hide the top: and turrets in that ponde
Were overwhelmde: no difference was betweene the sea and ground,
For all was sea: there was no shore nor landing to be found.
Some climbed up to tops of hils, and some rowde to and fro
In Botes, where they not long before, to plough and Cart did go,
One over corne and tops of townes, whome waves did overwhelme,
Doth saile in ship, an other sittes a fishing in an Elme.
In meddowes greene were Anchors cast (so fortune did provide)
And crooked ships did shadow vynes, the which the floud did hide. ... [I.350]
And where but tother day before did feede the hungry Gote,
The ugly Seales and Porkepisces now to and fro did flote.
The Sea nymphes wondred under waves the townes and groves to see,
And Dolphines playd among the tops and boughes of every tree.  
The grim and greedy Wolfe did swim among the siely sheepe,  
The Lion and the Tyger fierce were borne upon the deepe.  
It booted not the foming Boare his crooked tuskes to whet,  
The running Hart coulde in the streame by swiftnesse nothing get.  
The fleeting fowles long having sought for land to rest upon,  
Into the Sea with werie wings were driven to fall anon.  ... [I.360]
Th'outragious swelling of the Sea the lesser hillockes drownd,  
Unwonted waves on highest tops of mountaines did rebowne.  
The greatest part of men were drownde, and such as scapte the floode,  
Forlorne with fasting overlook did die for want of foode.  
Against the fieldes of Aonie and Atticke lies a lande  
That Phocis hight, a fertile ground while that it was a lande:  
But at that time a part of Sea, and even a champion fieled  
Of sodaine waters which the floud by forced rage did yeelde,  
Where as a hill with forked top the which Parnasus hight,  
Doth pierce the cloudes and to the starres doth raise his head upright.  ... [I.370]
When at this hill (for yet the Sea had whelmed all beside)  
Deucalion and his bedfellow, without all other guide,  
Arrived in a little Barke immediatly they went,  
And to the Nymphes of Corycus with full devout intent  
Did honor due, and to the Gods to whome that famous hill  
Was sacred, and to Themis eke in whose most holie will  
Consisted then the Oracles. In all the world so rounde  
A better nor more righteous man could never yet be founde  
Than was Deucalion, nor againe a woman, maybe nor wife,  
That feared God so much as shee, nor led so good a life.  ... [I.380]
When Jove behelde how all the worlde stoode lyke a plash of raine,  
And of so many thousand men and women did remaine  
But one of eche, howbeit those both just and both devout,  
He brake the Cloudes, and did commaund that Boreas with his stout  
And sturdie blasts should chase the floud, that Earth might see the skie  
And Heaven the Earth: the Seas also began immediatly  
Their raging furie for to cease. Their ruler laide awaye  
His dreadfull Mace, and with his wordes their woodnesse did alaye.  
He called Tryton to him straight, his trumpeter, who stoode  
In purple robe on shoulder cast, aloft upon the floode,  ... [I.390]
And bade him take his sounding Trumpe and out of hand to blow  
Retreat, that all the streames might heare, and cease from thence to flow.  
He tooke his Trumpet in his hand, hys Trumpet was a shell  
Of some great Whelke or other fishe, in facion like a Bell  
That gathered narrow to the mouth, and as it did descende  
Did waxe more wide and writhen still, downe to the nether ende:  
When that this Trumpe amid the Sea was set to Trytons mouth,  
He blew so loude that all the streames both East, West, North and South,  
Might easily heare him blow retreate, and all that heard the sounde  
Immediatly began to ebbe and draw within their bounde.  ... [I.400]
Then gan the Sea to have a shore, and brookes to finde a banke,  
And swelling streames of flowing flouds within hir chanels sanke.
Then hills did rise above the waves that had them overflow,
And as the waters did decrease the ground did seeme to grow.
And after long and tedious time the trees did shew their tops
All bare, save that upon the boughes the mud did hang in knops.
The worlde restored was againe, which though Deucalion joyde
Then to beholde: yet forbiuscause he saw the earth was voyde
And silent like a wildernesse, with sad and weeping eyes
And ruthfull voyce he then did speake to Pyrrha in this wise: ...
O sister, O my loving spouse, O sielie woman left,
As onely remnant of thy sexe that water hath bereft,
Whome Nature first by right of birth hath linked to me fast
In that we brothers children bene: and secondly the chast
And stedfast bond of lawfull bed: and lastly now of all,
The present perils of the time that latelye did befall.
On all the Earth from East to West where Phebus shewes his face
There is no moe but thou and I of all the mortall race.
The Sea hath swallowed all the rest: and scarsly are we sure,
That our two lives from dreadfull death in safetie shall endure. ...
For even as yet the duskie cloudes doe make my heart adrad.
Alas poore wretched sielie soule, what heart wouldst thou have had
To beare these heavie happes, if chaunce had let thee scape alone?
Who should have bene thy consort then: who should have rewd thy mone?
Now trust me truly, loving wife, had thou as now bene drownde,
I would have followde after thee and in the sea bene fownde.
Would God I could my fathers Arte, of claye to facion men
And give them life that people might frequent the world agen.
Mankinde (alas) doth onely now wythin us two consist,
As mouldes whereby to facion men. For so the Gods doe lyst. ...
And with these words the bitter teares did trickle down their cheeke,
Untill at length betweene themselves they did agree to seeke
To God by prayer for his grace, and to demaund his ayde
By aunswere of his Oracle. Wherein they nothing stayde,
But to Cephisus sadly went, whose streame as at that time
Began to run within his bankes though thicke with muddie slime,
Whose sacred liquor straight they tooke and sprinkled with the same
Their heads and clothes: and afterward to Themis chappell came,
The rooфе whereof with cindrie mosse was almost overgrowne.
For since the time the raging floud the worlde had overflowne, ...
No creature came within the Churche: so that the Altars stood
Without one sparke of holie fyre or any sticke of wood.
As soon as that this couple came within the chappell doore,
They fell downe flat upon the ground, and trembling kist the floore.
And sayde: If prayer that proceedes from humble heart and minde
May in the presence of the Gods, such grace and favor finde
As to appease their worthie wrath, then vouch thou safe to tell
(O gentle Themis) how the losse that on our kinde befell,
May now eftsoones recovered be, and helpe us to repaire
The world, which drowned under waves doth lie in great dispaire. ...
The Goddesse moved with their sute, this answere did them make:
Depart you hence: Go hille your heads, and let your garmentes slake,
And both of you your Graundames bones behind your shoulders cast.
They stoode amazed at these wordes, tyll Pyrrha at the last,
Refusing to obey the hest the which the Goddesse gave,
Brake silence, and with trembling cheere did meekely pardon crave.
For sure she saide she was afraide hir Graundames ghost to hurt
By taking up hir buried bones to throw them in the durt.
And with the aunswere here upon eftsoones in hand they go,
The doubtfull wordes wherof they scan and canvas to and fro. ... [I.460]
Which done, Prometheus sonne began by counsell wise and sage
His cousin germanes fearfulnesse thus gently to asswage:
Well, eyther in these doubtfull words is hid some misterie,
Whereof the Gods permit us not the meaning to espie,
Or questionlesse and if the sence of inward sentence deeme
Like as the tenour of the words apparently doe seeme,
It is no breach of godlynesse to doe as God doth bid.
I take our Graundame for the earth, the stones within hir hid
I take for bones, these are the bones the which are meaned here.
Though Titans daughter at this wise conjecture of hir fere ... [I.470]
Were somewhat movde, yet none of both did stedfast credit geve,
So hardly could they in their heartes the heavenly hestes beleve.
But what and if they made a proufe? what harme could come thereby?
They went their wayes and heild their heades, and did their cotes untie.
And at their backes did throw the stones by name of bones foretold.
The stones (who would beleve the thing, but that the time of olde
Reportes it for a stedfast truth?) of nature tough and harde,
Began to warre both soft and smothe: and shortly afterwarde
To winne therwith a better shape: and as they did encrease,
A mylder nature in them grew, and rudenesse gan to cease. ... [I.480]
For at the first their shape was such, as in a certaine sort
Resembled man, but of the right and perfect shape came short.
Even like to Marble ymages new drawne and roughly wrought,
Before the Carver by his Arte to purpose hath them brought.
Such partes of them where any juice or moysture did abound,
Or else were earthie, turned to flesh: and such as were so sound,
And harde as would not bow nor bende did turne to bones: againe,
The part that was a veyne before, doth still his name retaine.
Thus by the mightie powre of God ere lenger time was past,
The mankinde was restorde by stones, the which a man did cast. ... [I.490]
And likewise also by the stones the which a woman threw,
The womankinde repayred was and made againe of new.
Of these are we the crooked ympes, and stonie race in deede,
Bewraying by our toyling life, from whence we doe proceede.
The lustie earth of owne accorde soone after forth did bring
According to their sundrie shapes eche other living thing,
As soone as that the moysture once caught heate against the Sunne,
And that the fat and slimie mud in moorish groundes begunne
To swell through warmth of Phebus beames, and that the fruitfull seede
Of things well cherisht in the fat and lively soyle in deede, ... [I.500]
As in their mothers wombe, began in length of time to grow,
To one or other kinde of shape wherein themselves to show.
Even so when that seven mouthed Nile the watrie fieldes forsooke,
And to his auncient channel eft hisbridled streames betooke,
So that the Sunne did heate the mud, the which he left behinde,
The husbandmen that tilde the ground, among the cloddes did finde
Of sundrie creatures sundrie shapes: of which they spied some,
Even in the instant of their birth but newly then begonne,
And some unperfect, wanting brest or shoulders in such wise,
That in one bodie oftentimes appeared to the eyes ... [I.510]
One halfe thereof alive to be, and all the rest beside
Both voyde of life and seemely shape, starke earth to still abide.
For when that moysture with the heate is tempred equally,
They doe conceyve: and of them twaine engender by and by
All kinde of things. For though that fire with water aye debateth
Yet moysture mixt with equall heate all living things createth.
And so those discordes in their kinde, one striving with the other,
In generation doe agree and make one perfect mother.
And theryfore when the mirie earth bespred with slimie mud,
Brought over all but late before by violence of the flud, ... [I.520]
Caught heate by warmnesse of the Sunne, and calmenesse of the skie,
Things out of number in the worlde, forthwith it did applie.
Whereof in part the like before in former times had bene,
And some so straunge and ougly shapes as never erst were sene.
In that she did such Monsters breede, was greatly to hir woe,
But yet thou ougly Python, wert engendred by hir thoe.
A terror to the new made folke, which never erst had knowne
So foule a Dragon in their life, so monstrously foregrowne,
So great a ground thy poysone paunch did underneath thee hide.
The God of shooting who no where before that present tide ... [I.530]
Those kinde of weapons put in ure, but at the speckled Deere,
Or at the Does so wight of foote, a thousand shaftes well neare
Did on that hideous serpent spende, of which there was not one,
But forced forth the venimd bloud along his sides to gone.
So that his quiver almost voyde, he nailde him to the grounde,
And did him nobly at the last by force of shot confounde.
And lest that time might of this worke deface the worthy fame,
He did ordeyne in minde thereof a great and solemne game,
Which of the serpent that he slue of Pythians bare the name,
Where who so could the maistrie winne in feates of strength, or sleight ... [I.540]
Of hande or foote or rolling wheele, might claime to have of right
An Oken garland fresh and brave. There was not any wheare
As yet a Bay, by meanes whereof was Phebus faine to weare
The leaves of every pleasant tree about his golden heare.
Peneian Daphne was the first where Phebus set his love,
Which not blind chaunce but Cupids fierce and cruel wrath did move.
The Delian God but late before surprisde with passing pride:
For killing of the monstrous worme, the God of love espide,
With bowe in hand already bent and letting arrowes go:
To whome he sayd: And what hast thou, thou wanton baby, so ... [I.550]
With warlike weapons for to toy? It were a better sight,
Too see this kinde of furniture on our two shoulders bright:
Who when we list with stedfast hand both man and beast can wound,
Who tother day wyth arrowes keene, have nayled to the ground
The serpent Python so forswolne, whose filthie wombe did hide
So many acres of the grounde in which he did abide.
Content thy selfe, sonne, sorie loves to kindle with thy brand,
For these our prayses to attaine thou must not take in hand.
To him quoth Venus sonne againe: Well Phebus I agree
Thy bow to shoote at every beast, and so shall mine at thee. ... [I.560]
And looke how far that under God eche beast is put by kinde,
So much thy glorie lesse than ours in shooting shalt thou finde.
This saide, with drift of fethered wings in broken ayre he flue,
And to the forkt and shadie top of Mount Parnasus drue.
There from hys quiver full of shafts two arrowes did he take
Of sundrie workes: t'one causeth Love, the tother doth it slake.
That causeth love, is all of golde with point full sharpe and bright,
That chaseth love is blunt, whose stele with leaden head is dight.
The God this fired in the Nymph Peneis for the nones:
The tother perst Apollos heart and overraft his bones. ... [I.570]
Immediatly in smoldring heate of Love the t'one did swelt,
Againe the tother in hir heart no sparke nor motion felt.
In woods and forrests is hir joy, the savage beasts to chase,
And as the price of all hir paine to take the skinne and case.
Unwedded Phebe doth she haunt and follow as hir guide,
Unordred doe hir tresses wave scarce in a fillet tide.
Full many a wooer sought hir love, she lothing all the rout,
Impacient and without a man walkes all the woods about.
And as for Hymen, or for love, and wedlocke often sought
She tooke no care, they were the furthest end of all hir thought. ... [I.580]
Hir father many a time and oft would saye: My daughter deere,
Thow owest me a sonneinlaw to be thy lawfull feere.
Hir father many a time and oft would say: My daughter deere,
Of Nephewes thou my debtour art, their Graundsires heart to cheere.
She hating as a haynous crime the bonde of bridely bed
Demurely casting downe hir eyes, and blushing somewhat red,
Did folde about hir fathers necke with fauning armes: and sed:
Deare father, graunt me while I live my maidenhead for to have,
As to Diana here tofore hir father freely gave.
Thy father (Daphne) could consent to that thou doest require, ... [I.590]
But that thy beautie and thy forme impugne thy chaste desire:
So that thy will and his consent are nothing in this case,
By reason of the beautie bright that shineth in thy face.
Apollo loves and longs to have this Daphne to his Feere,
And as he longs he hopes, but his foredoomes doe fayle him there.
And as light hame when corne is reapt, or hedges burne with brandes,
That passers by when day drawes neere throwe loosely fro their handes,
So into flames the God is gone and burneth in his brest,
And feedes his vaine and barraine love in hoping for the best.
Hir haire unkembd about hir necke downe flaring did he see, ... [I.600]
O Lord and were they trimd (quoth he) how seemely would she bee?
He sees hir eyes as bright as fire the starres to represent,
He sees hir mouth which to have seene he holdes him not content.
Hir lillie armes mid part and more above the elbow bare,
Hir handes, hir fingers and hir wrystes, him thought of beautie rare.
And sure he thought such other parts as garments then did hyde,
Excelled greatly all the rest the which he had espyde.
But swifter than the whyrling winde shee flees and will not stay,
To give the hearing to these wordes the which he had to say:
I pray thee Nymph Penaeis stay, I chase not as a fo: ... [I.610]
Stay Nymph: the Lambes so flee the Wolves, the Stags the Lions so.
With flittring feathers sielie Doves so from the Gossehauke flie,
And every creature from his foe. Love is the cause that I
Do followe thee: alas alas how would it grieve my heart,
To see thee fall among the briers, and that the bloud should start
Out of thy tender legges, I, wretch, the causer of thy smart.
The place is rough to which thou runst, take leysure I thee pray,
Abate thy flight, and I my selfe my running pace will stay.
Yet would I wishe thee take advise, and wisely for to viewe
What one he is that for thy grace in humble wise doth sewe. ... [I.620]
I am not one that dwelles among the hilles and stonie rockes,
I am no sheepehearde with a Curre, attending on the flockes:
I am no Carle nor countrie Clowne, nor neathearde taking charge
Of cattle grazing here and there within this Forrest large.
Thou doest not know, poore simple soule, God wote thou dost not knowe,
From whome thou fleest. For if thou knew, thou wouldste not flee me so.
In Delphos is my chiefe abode, my Temples also stande
At Glaros and at Patara within the Lycian lande.
And in the Ile of Tenedos the people honour mee.
The king of Gods himselfe is knowne my father for to bee. ... [I.630]
By me is knowne that was, that is, and that that shall ensue,
By mee men learne to sundrie tunes to frame sweete ditties true.
In shooting have I stedfast hand, but surer hand had hee
That made this wound within my heart that heretofore was free.
Of Phisicke and of surgerie I found the Artes for neede,
The powre of everie herbe and plant doth of my gift proceede.
Nowe wo is me that nere an herbe can heale the hurt of love
And that the Artes that others helpe their Lord doth helpelesse prove.
As Phoebus would have spoken more, away Penaeis stale
With fearefull steppes, and left him in the midst of all his tale. ... [I.640]
And as she ran the meeting windes hir garments backewarde blue,
So that hir naked skinne apearde behinde hir as she flue,
Hir goodly yellowe golden haire that hanged loose and slacke,
With every puffe of ayre did wave and tosse behinde hir backe.
Hir running made hir seeme more fayre, the youthfull God therefore
Coulde not abyde to waste his wordes in dalyance any more.
But as his love advysed him he gan to mende his pace,
And with the better foote before, the fleeing Nymph to chace.
And even as when the greedie Grewnde doth course the sielie Hare,
Amiddes the plaine and champion fielde without all covert bare, ... [I.650]
Both twaine of them doe straine themselves and lay on footemanship,
Who may best runne with all his force the tother to outstrip,
The t'one for safetie of his lyfe, the tother for his pray,
The Grewnde aye prest with open mouth to beare the Hare away,
Thrusts forth his snoute and gyrdeth out and at hir loynes doth snatch,
As though he would at everie stride betweene his teeth hir latch:
Againe in doubt of being caught the Hare aye shrinking slips
Upon the sodaine from his Jawes, and from betweene his lips:
So farde Apollo and the Mayde: hope made Apollo swift,
And feare did make the Mayden fleete devising how to shift. ... [I.660]
Howebeit he that did pursue of both the swifter went,
As furthred by the feathred wings that Cupid had him lent,
So that he would not let hir rest, but preased at hir heele
So neere that through hir scattred haire she might his breathing feele.
But when she sawe hir breath was gone and strength began to fayle,
The colour faded in hir cheekees, and ginning for to quayle,
Shee looked to Penaeus streame and sayde: Nowe Father dere,
And if yon streams have powre of Gods then help your daughter here.
O let the earth devour me quicke, on which I seeme too fayre,
Or else this shape which is my harme by chaunging straight appayre. ... [I.670]
This piteous prayer scarsly sed: hir sinewes waxed starke,
And therewithall about hir breast did grow a tender barke.
Hir haire was turned into leaves, hir armes in boughes did growe,
Hir feete that were ere while so swift, now rooted were as slowe.
Hir crowne became the toppe, and thus of that she earst had beene,
Remayned nothing in the worlde, but beautie fresh and greene.
Which when that Phoebus did beholde (affection did so move)
The tree to which his love was turnde he coulde no lesse but love,
And as he softly layde his hande upon the tender plant,
Within the barke newe overgrowne he felt hir heart yet pant. ... [I.680]
And in his armes embracing fast hir boughes and braunches lythe,
He proferde kisses to the tree, the tree did from him writhe.
Well (quoth Apollo) though my Feere and spouse thou can not bee,
Assuredly from this tyme forth yet shalt thou be my tree.
Thou shalt adorne my golden lockes, and eke my pleasant Harpe,
Thou shalt adorne my Quyver full of shaftes and arrowes sharpe.
Thou shalt adorne the valiant knyghts and royall Emperours:
When for their noble feates of armes like mightie conquerours,
Triumphantly with stately pompe up to the Capitoll,
They shall ascende with solemne traine that doe their deedes extoll. ... [I.690]
Before Augustus Pallace doore full duely shalt thou warde,
The Oke amid the Pallace yarde aye faythfully to garde,
And as my heade is never poulde nor never more without
A seemely bushe of youthfull haire that spreadeth rounde about,
Even so this honour give I thee continually to have
Thy braunches clad from time to tyme with leaves both fresh and brave.
Now when that Pean of this talke had fully made an ende,
The Lawrell to his just request did seeme to condescende,
By bowing of hir newe made boughs and tender braunches downe,
And wagging of hir seemely toppe, as if it were hir crowne. ... [I.700]
There is a lande in Thessalie enclosd on every syde
With wooddie hilles, that Timpe hight, through mid whereof doth glide
Penaeus gushing full of froth from foote of Pindus hye,
Which with his headlong falling downe doth cast up violently
A mistie streame lyke flakes of smoke, besprinckling all about
The toppes of trees on eyther side, and makes a roaring out
That may be heard a great way off. This is the fixed seate,
This is the house and dwelling place and chamber of the greate
And mightie Ryver: Here he sittes in Court of Peeble stone,
And ministers justice to the waves and to the Nymphes eche one, ... [I.710]
That in the Brookes and waters dwell. Now hither did resorte
(Not knowing if they might rejoyce and unto mirth exhort
Or comfort him) his Countrie Brookes, Sperchius well beseene
With sedgie heade and shadie bankes of Poplars fresh and greene,
Enipeus restlesse, swift and quicke, olde father Apidane,
Amphrisus with his gentle streame, and Aeas clad with cane:
With dyvers other Ryvers moe, which having runne their race,
Into the Sea their wearie waves doe lead with restlesse pace.
From hence the carefull Inachus absentes him selfe alone,
Who in a corner of his cave with doolefull teares and mone, ... [I.720]
Augments the waters of his streame, bewayling piteously
His daughter Io lately lost. He knewe not certainly
And if she were alive or deade. But for he had hir sought
And coulde not finde hir any where, assuredly he thought
She did not live above the molde, ne drewe the vitall breath:
Misgiving worser in his minde, if ought be worse than death.
It fortunde on a certaine day that Jove espide this Mayde
Come running from hir fathers streame alone: to whome he sayde:
O Damsell worthie Jove himselfe, like one day for to make
Some happie person whome thou list unto thy bed to take, ... [I.730]
I pray thee let us shroude our selves in shadowe here toghter,
Of this or that (he poynted both) it makes no matter whither,
Untill the hotest of the day and Noone be overpast.
And if for feare of savage beastes perchaunce thou be agast
To wander in the Woods alone, thou shalt not neede to feare,
A God shall bee thy guide to save thee harmelesse every where.
And not a God of meaner sort, but even the same that hath
The heavenly scepter in his hande, who in my dreadfull wrath,
Do dart downe thunder wandringly: and therefore make no hast
To runne away. She ranne apace, and had alreadie past ... [I.740]
The Fen of Lerna and the field of Lincey set with trees:
When Jove intending now in vaine no longer tyme to leese,
Upon the Countrie all about did bring a foggie mist,
And caught the Mayden whome poore foole he used as he list.
Queene Juno looking downe that while upon the open field,
When in so fayre a day such mistes and darkenesse she behelde,  
Dyd marvell much, for well she knewe those mistes ascended not  
From any Ryver, moorish ground, or other dankishe plot.  
She lookt about hir for hir Jove as one that was acquainted  
With such escapes and with the deede had often him attainted. ... [I.750]  
Whome when she founde not in the heaven: Onlesse I gesse amisse,  
Some wrong agaynst me (quoth she) now my husbande working is.  
And with that worde she left the Heaven, and downe to earth shee came,  
Commaunding all the mistes away. But Jove foresees the same,  
And to a Cow as white as milke his Leman he convayes.  
She was a goodly Heifer sure: and Juno did hir prayse,  
Although (God wot) she thought it not, and curiously she sought,  
Where she was bred, whose Cow she was, who had hir thither broughte  
As though she had not knowne the truth. Hir husband by and by  
(Bycause she should not search too neare) desvisde a cleanly lie, ... [I.760]  
And tolde hir that the Cow was bred even nowe out of the grounde.  
Then Juno who hir husbands shift at fingers endes had founde,  
Desirde to have the Cow of gift. What should he doe as tho?  
Great cruellnesse it were to yeelde his Lover to hir so.  
And not to give would breede mistrust. As fast as shame provoked,  
So fast agayne a tother side his Love his minde revoked.  
So much that Love was at the poynet to put all shame to flight.  
But that he feared if he should denie a gift so light  
As was a Cowe to hir that was his sister and his wyfe,  
Might make hir thinke it was no Cow, and breede perchaunce some strife. ... [I.770]  
Now when that Juno had by gift hir husbands Leman got,  
Yet altogether out of feare and carelesse was she not.  
She had him in a jelousie and thoughtfull was she still  
For doubt he should invent some meanes to steale hir from hir: till  
To Argus, olde Aristors sonne, she put hir for to keepe.  
This Argus had an hundreth eyes: of which by turne did sleepe  
Alwayes a couple, and the rest did duely watch and warde,  
And of the charge they tooke in hande had ever good regarde,  
What way so ever Argus stood with face, with backe, or side,  
To Io warde, before his eyes did Io still abide. ... [I.780]  
All day he let hir graze abroade, the Sunne once under ground  
He shut hir up and by the necke with wrythen Withe hir bound.  
With crippe of trees and bitter weedes now was she dayly fed,  
And in the stead of costly couch and good soft featherbed,  
She sate a nightes upon the ground, and on such ground whereas  
Was not sometime so much as grasse: and oftentymes she was  
Compeld to drinke of muddie pittes: and when she did devise  
To Argus for to lift hir handes in meeke and humble wise,  
She sawe she had no handes at all: and when she did assay  
To make complaint, she lowed out, which did hir so affray, ... [I.790]  
That oft she started at the noyse, and would have runne away.  
Unto hir father Inachs banckes she also did resorte  
Where many a tyme and oft before she had beene wont to sporte.  
Now when she looked in the streame, and sawe hir horned hed,
She was agast and from hir selfe would all in hast have fled.  
The Nymphes hir sisters knewe hir not nor yet hir owne deare father,  
Yet followed she both him and them, and suffred them the rather  
To touch and stroke hir where they list, as one that preaced still  
To set hir selfe to wonder at and gaze upon their fill.  
The good old Inach pulps up grasse and to hir straight it beares. ... [I.800]  
She as she kyst and lickt his handes did shed forth dreerie teares.  
And had she had hir speech at will to utter forth hir thought,  
She would have tolde hir name and chaunce and him of helpe besought.  
But for bicause she could not speake, she printed in the sande,  
Two letters with hir foote, whereby was given to understande  
The sorrowfull chaunging of hir shape. Which seene straight cryed out  
Hir father Inach, Wo is me, and clasping hir about  
Hir white and seemely Heifers necke and christal hornes both twaine,  
He shriked out full piteously: Now wo is me, again.  
Alas art thou my daughter deare, whome through the worlde I sought ... [I.810]  
And could not finde, and now by chaunce art to my presence brought?  
My sorrow certesse lesser farre a thousande folde had beene  
If never had I seene thee more, than thus to have thee seene.  
Thou standst as dombe and to my wordes no answere can thou give,  
But from the bottom of thy heart full sorie sighes dost drive  
As tokens of thine inwarde grieve, and doolefully dost mooe  
Unto my talke, the onely thing leaft in thy powre to dooe.  
But I mistrusting nothing lesse than this so great mischaunce,  
By some great mariage earnestly did seeke thee to advaunce,  
In hope some yssue to have seene betweene my sonne and thee. ... [I.820]  
But now thou must a husband have among the Heirds I see,  
And eke thine issue must be such as other cattels bee.  
Oh that I were a mortall wight as other creatures are,  
For then might death in length of time quite rid mee of this care,  
But now bycause I am a God, and fate doth death denie,  
There is no helpe but that my griefe must last eternallie.  
As Inach made this piteous mone quicke sighted Argus drave  
His daughter into further fieldes to which he could not have  
Accesse, and he himselfe aloof did get him to a hill,  
From whence he sitting at his ease viewd everie way at will. ... [I.830]  
Now could no lenger Jove abide his Lover so forlome,  
And thereupon he cald his sonne that Maia had him borne,  
Commaunding Argus should be kild. He made no long abod,  
But tyde his feathers to his feete, and tooke his charmed rod.  
(With which he bringeth things asleepe, and fetcheth soules from Hell)  
And put his Hat upon his head: and when that all was well  
He leaped from his fathers towres, and downe to earth he flue  
And there both Hat and winges also he lightly from him thrue,  
Retayning nothing but his staffe, the which he closely helde  
Betweene his elbowe and his side, and through the common fielde ... [I.840]  
Went plodding lyke some good plaine soule that had some flocke to feede.  
And as he went he pyped still upon an Oten Reede.  
Queene Junos Heirdman farre in love with this straunge melodie
Bespake him thus: Good fellow mine, I pray thee hearteely
Come sitte downe by me on this hill, for better feede I knowe
Thou shalt not finde in all these fieldes, and (as the thing doth shewe)
It is a coole and shadowie plot, for sheepeheirds verie fitte.
Downe by his elbow by and by did Atlas nephew sit.
And for to passe the tyme withall for seeming overlong,
He helde him talke of this and that, and now and than among ...
He playd upon his merrie Pipe to cause his watching eyes
To fall asleepe. Poore Argus did the best he could devise
To overcome the pleasant nappes: and though that some did sleepe,
Yet of his eyes the greater part he made their watch to keepe.
And after other talke he askt (for lately was it founde)
Who was the founder of that Pype that did so sweetely sounde.
Then sayde the God: There dwelt sometime a Nymph of noble fame
Among the hilles of Arcadie, that Syrinx had to name.
Of all the Nymphes of Nonacris and Fairie farre and neere,
In beautie and in personage thys Ladie had no peere. ...
Full often had she given the slippe both to the Satyrs quicke
And other Gods that dwell in Woods, and in the Forrests thicke,
Or in the fruitfull fieldes abrode: It was hir whole desire
To follow chaste Dianas guise in Maydenhead and attire,
Whome she did counterfaite so nighe, that such as did hir see
Might at a blush have taken hir Diana for to bee,
But that the Nymph did in hir hande a bowe of Cornell holde,
Whereas Diana evermore did beare a bowe of golde.
And yet she did deceyve folke so. Upon a certaine day
God Pan with garland on his heade of Pinetree, sawe hir stray ...
From Mount Lyceus all alone, and thus to hir did say:
Unto a Gods request, O Nymph, voucesafe thou to agree
That doth desire thy wedded spouse and husband for to bee.
There was yet more behinde to tell: as how that Syrinx fled,
Through waylesse woods and gave no eare to that that Pan had said,
Untill she to the gentle streame of sandie Ladon came,
Where, for bicause it was so deepe, she could not passe the same,
She piteously to change hir shape the water Nymphes besought:
And how when Pan betweene his armes, to catch the Nymph had thought,
In stead of hir he caught the Reedes newe growne upon the brooke, ...
And as he sighed, with his breath the Reedes he softly shooke
Which made a still and mourning noyse, with straungnesse of the which
And sweetenesse of the feeble sounde the God delighted mich,
Saide: Certesse, Syrinx, for thy sake it is my full intent,
To make my comfort of these Reedes wherein thou doest lament:
And how that there of sundrie Reedes with wax together knit,
He made the Pipe which of hir name the Greekes call Syrinx yet.
But as Cyllenius would have tolde this tale, he cast his sight
On Argus, and beholde his eyes had bid him all good night.
There was not one that did not sleepe, and fast he gan to nodde ...
Immediately he ceast his talke, and with his charmed rokke,
So stroked all his heavey eyes that earnestly they slept.
Then with his Woodknife by and by he lightly to him stept,
And lent him such a perlous blowe, where as the shoulders grue
Unto the necke, that straight his heade quite from the bodie flue.
Then tombling downe the headlong hill his bloudie coarse he sent,
That all the way by which he rolde was stayned and besprent.
There lyest thou Argus under foote, with all thy hundreth lights,
And all the light is cleane extinct that was within those sights.
One endelesse night thy hundred eyes hath nowe bereft for aye, ... [I.900]
Yet would not Juno suffer so hir Heirdmans eyes decay:
But in hir painted Peacocks tayle and feathers did them set,
Where they remayne lyke precious stones and glaring eyes as yet.
She tooke his death in great dispight and as hir rage did move,
Determinde for to wreeke hir wrath upon hir husbandes Love.
Forthwith she cast before hir eyes right straunge and ugly sightes,
Compelling hir to thinke she sawe some Fiendes or wicked sprightes.
And in hir heart such secret prickes and piercing stings she gave hir,
As through the worlde from place to place with restlesse sorrow drave hir.
Thou Nylus wert assignd to stay hir paynes and travails past, ... [I.910]
To which as soone as Io came with much adoe at last,
With wearey knockles on thy brim she kneeled sadly downe,
And stretching foorth hir faire long necke and christall horned crowne,
Such kinde of countnaunce as she had she lifted to the skie,
And there with sighing sobbes and teares and lowering doolefully
Did seeme to make hir mone to Jove, desiring him to make
Some ende of those hir troublous stormes endured for his sake.
He tooke his wife about the necke, and sweetely kissing prayde,
That Ios penance yet at length might by hir graunt be stayde.
Thou shalt not neede to feare (quoth he) that ever she shall grieve thee ... [I.920]
From this day forth. And in this case the better to beleve mee,
The Stygian waters of my wordes unparciall witnesse beene.
As soone as Juno was appeasde, immediately was seene
That Io tooke hir native shape in which she first was borne,
And eke became the selfesame thing the which she was before.
For by and by she cast away hir rough and hairie hyde,
Insteede whereof a soft smouth skinne with tender fleshe did byde.
Hir hornes sank down, hir eies and mouth were brought in lesser roome,
Hir handes, hir shoulders, and hir armes in place againe did come.
Hir cloven Clees to fingers five againe reduced were, ... [I.930]
On which the nayles lyke pollisht Gemmes did shine full bright and clere.
In fine, no likenesse of a Cow save whitenesse did remaine
So pure and perfect as no snow was able it to staine.
She vaunst hir selfe upon hir feete which then was brought to two.
And though she gladly would have spoke: yet durst she not so do,
Without good heede, for feare she should have lowed like a Cow.
And therefore softly with hir selfe she gan to practice how
Distinctly to pronounce hir wordes that intermitted were.
Now, as a Goddesse, is she had in honour everie where,
Among the folke that dwell by Nyle yclad in linnen weede. ... [I.940]
Of myghtie Jove. This noble ympe nowe joyntly with his mother,
Through all the Cities of that lande have temples t'one with toother.
There was his match in heart and yeares the lustie Phaeton,
A stalworth stripling strong and stout, the golden Phoebus sonne.
Whome making proude and stately vauntes of his so noble race,
And unto him in that respect in nothing giving place,
The sonne of Io coulde not beare: but sayde unto him thus:
No marvell though thou be so proude and full of wordes ywus.
For everie fonde and trifling tale the which thy mother makes, ... [I.950]
Thy gyddie wit and haarbrainde heade forthwith for gospell takes.
Well, vaunt thy selfe of Phoebus still, for when the truth is seene,
Thou shalt perceyve that fathers name a forged thing to beene.
At this reproch did Phaeton wax as red as any fire:
Howbeit for the present tyme did shame represse his ire.
Unto his mother Clymen straight he goeth to detect
The spitefull wordes that Epaphus against him did object.
Yes mother (quoth he) and which ought your greater griefe to bee,
I who at other tymes of talke was wont to be so free
And stoute, had neere a worde to say, I was ashamde to take ... [I.960]
So fowle a foyle: the more because I could none answere make.
But if I be of heavenly race exacted as ye say,
Then shewe some token of that highe and noble byrth I pray.
And vouche me for to be of heaven. With that he gently cast
His armes about his mothers necke, and clasping hir full fast,
Besought hir as she lovde his life, and as she lovde the lyfe
Of Merops, and had kept hir selfe as undefiled wyfe,
And as she wished welthily his sisters to bestowe,
She would some token give whereby his rightfull Sire to knowe.
It is a doubtful matter whither Clymen moved more ... [I.970]
With this hir Phaetons earnest sute, exacting it so sore,
Or with the slaunder of the bruit layde to hir charge before,
Did holde up both hir handes to heaven, and looking on the Sunne,
My right deare childe I safely sweare (quoth she to Phaeton)
That of this starre the which so bright doth gister in thine eye:
Of this same Sunne that cheares the world with light indifferently
Wert thou begot: and if I fayne, then with my heart I pray,
That never may I see him more unto my dying day.
But if thou have so great desire thy father for to knowe,
Thou shalt not neede in that behalfe much labour to bestowe. ... [I.980]
The place from whence he doth arise adjoyneth to our lande.
And if thou thinke thy heart will serve, then go and understande
The truth of him. When Phaeton heard his mother saying so,
He gan to leape and skip for joye. He fed his fansie tho,
Upon the Heaven and heavenly things: and so with willing minde,
From Aethiop first his native home, and afterwarde through Inde
Set underneath the morning starre he went so long, till as
He founde me where his fathers house and dayly rising was.

FINIS PRIMI LIBRI.
THE SECONDE BOOKE OF
OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Princely Pallace of the Sunne stood gorgeous to beholde
On stately Pillars builde high of yellow burnisht golde,
Beset with sparckling Carbuncles that like to fire did shine.
The rooфе was framed curiously of Ivorie pure and fine.
The two doore leaves of silver cleare a radiant light did cast:
But yet the cunning workemanship of things therein farre past
The stuffe wherof the doores were made. For there a perfect plat
Had Vulcane drawne of all the worlde: Both of the sourges that
Embrace the earth with wounding waves, and of the stedfast ground,
And of the heaven it selfe also that both encloseth round. ... [II.10]
And first and formest in the Sea the Gods thereof did stande:
Loude sounding Tryton with his shirle and writhen Trumpe in hande:
Unstable Protew chaunging aye his figure and his hue,
From shape to shape a thousande sithes as list him to renue:
Aegeon leaning boystrously on backes of mightie Whales
And Doris with hir daughters all: of which some cut the wales
With splaied armes, some sate on rockes and dride their goodly haire,
And some did ryde uppon the backes of fishes here and theare.
Not one in all poyntes fully lyke an other coulde ye see,
Nor verie farre unlike, but such as sisters ought to bee. ... [II.20]
The Earth had townes, men, beasts and Woods with sundrie trees and rods,
And running Ryvers with their Nymphes and other countrie Gods.
Directly over all these same the plat of heaven was pight,
Upon the two doore leaves, the signes of all the Zodiak bright,
Indifferently six on the left and six upon the right,
When Clymens sonne had climbed up at length with weerie pace,
And set his foote within his doubted fathers dwelling place,
Immediately he preaced forth to put him selfe in sight,
And stoode aloofe. For neere at hande he could not bide the light.
In purple Robe and royall Throne of Emeraudes freshe and greene ... [II.30]
Did Phoebus sitte, and on eche hande stoode wayting well beseene,
Dayes, Monthes, yeares, ages, seasons, times, and eke the equall houres.
There stoode the springtime with a crowne of fresh and fragrant flourues.
There wayted Sommer naked starke all save a wheaten Hat:
And Autumnne smerde with treading grapes late at the pressing Fat.
And lastly quaking for the colde, stood Winter all forlorne,
With rugged heade as white as Dove, and garments all to torne,
Forladen with the Isycles that dangled up and downe
Uppon his gray and hoarie bearde and snowie frozen crowne.
The Sunne thus sitting in the middes did cast his piercing eye, ... [II.40]
(With which full lightly when he list he all thinges doth espye)
Upon his childe that stood aloofe, agast and trembling sore
At sight of such unwonted things, and thus bespake him thore:
O noble ympe, O Phaeton which art not such (I see)
Of whome thy father should have cause ashamed for to bee:
Why hast thou traveld to my court? what is thy will with mee?
Then answerde he: Of all the worlde O onely perfect light,
O Father Phoebus, (if I may usurpe that name of right,
And that my mother for to save hir selfe from worldely shame,
Hyde not hir fault with false pretence and colour of thy name) ... [II.50]
Some signe apparent graunt whereby I may be knowne thy Sonne,
And let mee hang no more in doubt. He had no sooner donne,
But that his father putting off the bright and fierie beames
That glistred rounde about his heade like cleare and golden streames,
Commaundd him to draw him neere, and him embracing sayde:
To take mee for thy rightfull Sire thou neede not be afrayde.
Thy mother Clymen of a truth from falshood standeth free.
And for to put thee out of doubt aske what thou wilt of mee,
And I will give thee thy desire, the Lake whereby of olde
We Gods do sweare (the which mine eyes did never yet beeholde) ... [II.60]
Beare witnesse with thee of my graunt. He scarce this tale had tolde,
But that the foolish Phaeton straight for a day did crave
The guyding of his winged Steedes, and Chariot for to have.
Then did his Father by and by forethinke him of his oth.
And shaking twentie tymes his heade, as one that was full wroth,
Bespake him thus: Thy wordes have made me rashly to consent
To that which shortly both of us (I feare mee) shall repent.
Oh that I might retract my graunt, my sonne I doe protest
I would denie thee nothing else save this thy fond request.
I may disswade, there lyes herein more perill than thou weene: ... [II.70]
The things the which thou doest desire of great importance beene:
More than thy weakenesse well can wielde, a charge (as well appeares)
Of greater weight, than may agree with these thy tender yeares.
Thy state is mortall, weake and frayle, the thing thou doest desire
Is such, whereto no mortall man is able to aspire.
Yea, foolish boy, thou doest desire (and all for want of wit)
A greater charge than any God coulde ever have as yet.
For were there any of them all so overseene and blinde,
To take upon him this my charge, full quickly should he finde
That none but I could sit upon the fierie Axeltree. ... [II.80]
No not even he that rules this wast and endlesse space we see,
Not he that darts with dreadfull hande the thunder from the Skie,
Shall drive this chare. And yet what thing in all the world perdie
Is able to compare with Jove? Now first the morning way
Lyes steepe upright, so that the steedes in coolest of the day
And beeing fresh have much adoe to climbe against the Hyll.
Amiddes the heaven the gastly heigth augmenteth terror still.
My heart doth waxe as colde as yse full many a tyme and oft
For feare to see the Sea and land from that same place aloft.
The Evening way doth fall plump downe requiring strength to guide, ... [II.90]
That Tethis who doth harbrowgh mee within hir sourges wide
Doth stand in fear lest from the heaven I headlong down should slide.
Besides all this the Heaven aye swims and wheelles about full swift
And with his rolling dryves the stars their proper course to shift.
Yet doe I keepe my native course against this brunt so stout,
Not giving place as others doe: but boldly bearing out
The force and swiftnesse of that heaven that whyleth so about.
Admit thou had my winged Steedes and Chariot in thine hande:
What couldst thou doe? dost think thy selfe well able to withstande
The swiftnesse of the whirled Poles, but that their brunt and sway ... [II.100]
(Yea doe the best and worst thou can) shall bear thee quite away?
Perchaunce thou dost imagine there some towns of Gods to finde,
With groves and Temples rich with giftes as is among mankinde.
Thou art deceyved utterly: thou shalt not finde it so.
By blinde bywayes and ugly shapes of monsters must thou go.
And though thou knewe the way so well as that thou could not stray,
Betweene the dreadful bulles sharp hornes yet must thou make thy way.
Agaynst the crueell Bowe the which the Aemonian archer drawes:
Against the ramping Lyon armde with greedie teeth and pawes:
Against the Scorpion stretching farre his fell and venymd clawes: ... [II.110]
And eke the Crab that casteth forth his crooked clees awrie
Not in such sort as th'other doth, and yet as dreadfully.
Againe thou neyther hast the powre nor yet the skill I knowe
My lustie coursers for to guide that from their nostrilles throwe
And from their mouthes the fierie breath that breedeth in their brest.
For scarcely will they suffer mee who knowes their nature best
When that their crueell courages begin to catch a heate,
That hardely should I deale with them, but that I know the feate.
But lest my gift should to thy griefe and utter perill tend
My Sonne beware and (whyle thou mayst) thy fonde request amend. ... [II.120]
Bycause thou woulde be knowne to bee my childe thou seemst to crave
A certaine signe: what surer signe I pray thee canst thou have
Than this my feare so fatherly the which I have of thee
Which proveth me most certainly thy father for to bee?
Beholde and marke my countenaunce. O would to God thy sight
Could pierce within my wofull brest, to see the heavie plight,
And heapes of cares within my heart. Looke through the worlde so round
Of all the wealth and goodes therein: if ought there may be found
In Heaven or Earth or in the Sea, aske what thou lykest best,
And sure it shall not be denide. This onely one request ... [II.130]
That thou hast made I heartely beseech thee to relent,
Which for to tearme the thing aright is even a punishment,
And not an honour as thou thinkest: my Phaeton thou dost crave
In stead of honour even a scourge and punishment for to have.
Thou fondling thou, what dost thou meane with fawning armes about
My necke thus flatteringly to hang? Thou needest not to dout.
I have alreadie sworne by Styx, aske what thou wilt of mee
And thou shalt have. Yet let thy next wish somewhat wiser bee.
Thus ended his advertisment: and yet the wilfull Lad
Withstood his counsell urging still the promisse that he had, ... [II.140]
Desiring for to have the chare as if he had been mad. 
His father having made delay as long as he could shift, 
Did lead him where his Chariot stood, which was of Vulcans gift. 
The Axeltree was massie golde, the Bucke was massie golde, 
The utmost fellies of the wheeles, and where the tree was rolde. 
The spokes were all of sylver bright, the Chrysolites and Gemmes 
That stood upon the Collars, Trace, and hounces in their hemmes 
Did cast a sheere and glimmering light, as Phoebus shone thereon. 
Now while the lustie Phaeton stood gazing here upon, 
And wondered at the workemanship of everie thing: beeholde ... [II.150] 
The earely morning in the East beegan mee to unfolde 
Hir purple Gates, and shewde hir house bedeckt with Roses red. 
The twinkling starres withdrew which by the morning star are led: 
Who as the Captaine of that Host that hath no peere nor match, 
Dooth leave his standing last of all within that heavenly watch. 
Now when his Father sawe the worlde thus glister red and trim, 
And that his waning sisters hornes began to waxen dim, 
He had the fetherfooted howres go harnesse in his horse. 
The Goddesses with might and mayne themselves thereto enforce. 
His fierifoming Steedes full fed with juice of Ambrosie ... [II.160] 
They take from Maunger trimly dight: and to their heades doe tie 
Strong reyned bits: and to the Charyot doe them well appoint. 
Then Phoebus did with heavenly salve his Phaetons heade annoint, 
That scorching fire coulde nothing hurt: which done, upon his haire 
He put the fresh and golden rayes himselfe was wont to weare. 
And then as one whose heart misgave the sorrowes drawing fast, 
With sorie sighes he thus bespake his retchlesse sonne at last: 
   (And if thou canst) at least yet this thy fathers lore obey: 
   Sonne, spare the whip, and reyne them hard, they run so swift away 

As that thou shalt have much adoe their fleeing course to stay. ... [II.170] 
Directly through the Zones all five beware thou doe not ride, 
A brode byway cut out askew that bendeth on the side 
Contaynde within the bondes of three the midmost Zones doth lie: 
Which from the grisely Northren beare, and Southren Pole doth flie. 
Keepe on this way: my Charyot rakes thou plainely shalt espie 
And to th'intent that heaven and earth may well the heate endure, 
Drive neyther over high nor yet too lowe. For be thou sure, 
And if thou mount above thy boundes, the starres thou burnest cleane. 
Againe beneath thou burnst the Earth: most safetie is the meane. 
And least perchaunce thou overmuch the right hand way should take, ... [II.180] 
And so misfortune should thee drive upon the wrioten Snake, 
Or else by taking overmuche upon the lefter hand 
Unto the Aultar thou be driven that doth against it stand: 
Indifferently betweene them both I wish thee for to ride. 
The rest I put to fortunes will, who be thy friendly guide, 
And better for thee than thy selfe as in this case provide. 
Whiles that I prattle here with thee, behold the dankish night
Beyond all Spaine hir utmost bound is passed out of sight.
We may no lenger tariance make: my wonted light is cald,
The Morning with hir countnance cleare the darknesse hath appald. ... [II.190]
Take raine in hand, or if thy minde by counsell altred bee,
Refuse to meddle with my Wayne: and while thou yet art free,
And doste at ease within my house in safegarde well remaine,
Of this thine unadvised wish not feeling yet the paine,
Let me alone with giving still the world his wonted light,
And thou thereof as heretofore enjoy the harmelesse sight.

Thus much in vaine: for Phaeton both yong in yeares and wit,
Into the Chariot lightly lept, and vauncing him in it

Was not a little proud that he the brydle gotten had.
He thankt his father whom it grievde to see his childe so mad. ... [II.200]
While Phebus and his rechelesse sonne were entertalking this,
Aeos, Aethon, Phlegon, and the firie Pyrois,
The restlesse horses of the Sunne, began to ney so hie
Wyth flaming breath, that all the heaven might heare them perfectly.
And with their hoves they mainly beate upon the lattisde grate.
The which when Tethis (knowing nought of this hir cousins fate)
Had put aside, and given the steedes the free and open scope
Of all the compasse of the Skie within the heavenly Cope:
They girded forth, and cutting through the Cloudes that let their race,
With splayed wings they overflew the Easterne winde apace. ... [II.210]
The burthen was so lyght as that the Genets felt it not.
The wonted weight was from the Waine, the which they well did wot.
For like as ships amids the Seas that scant of ballace have,
Doe reele and totter with the wynde, and yeeld to every wave:
Even so the Waine for want of weight it erst was wont to beare,
Did hoyse aloft and scayle and reele, as though it empty were.
Which when the Cartware did perceyve, they left the beaten way
And taking bridle in the teeth began to run astray.
The rider was so sore agast, he knew no use of Rayne,
Nor yet his way: and though he had, yet had it ben in vayne, ... [II.220]
Because he wanted powre to rule the horses and the Wayne.

Then first did sweat cold Charles his Wain through force of Phebus rayes
And in the Sea forbidden him, to dive in vaine assayes.

The Serpent at the frozen Pole both colde and slow by kinde,
Through heat waxt wroth, and stird about a cooler place to finde.
And thou Bootes though thou be but slow of footemanship,
Yet wert thou faine (as Fame reports) about thy Waine to skip.
Now when unhappy Phaeton from top of all the Skie
Behelde the Earth that underneath a great way off did lie,
He waxed pale for sodaine feare, his joynsts and sinewes quooke, ... [III.230]
The greatnesse of the glistring light his eyesight from him tooke.
Now wisht he that he never had his fathers horses see:
It yrkt him that he thus had sought to learne his piedegre.
It grievde him that he had prevailde in gaining his request.
To have bene counted Merops sonne he thought it now the best.
Thus thinking was he headlong driven, as when a ship is borne
By blustering windes, hir saileclothes rent, hir sterne in pieces torne,
And taclng brust, the which the Pilote trusting all to prayre
Abandons wholy to the Sea and fortune of the ayre.
What should he doe? much of the heaven he passed had behinde ... [II.240]
And more he saw before: both whiche he measurde in his minde,
Eft looking forward to the West which to approch as then
Might not betide, and to the East eft looking backe agen.
He wist not what was best to doe, his wittes were ravisht so.
For neither could he hold the Reynes, nor yet durst let them go.
And of his horses names was none that he remembred tho.
Straunge uncoth Monsters did he see dispersed here and there
And dreadfull shapes of ugly beasts that in the Welkin were.
There is a certaine place in which the hidious Scorpion throwes
His armes in compasse far abrode, much like a couple of bowes, ... [II.250]
With writhen tayle and clasping cles, whose poysone limmes doe stretch
On every side, that of two signes they full the roume doe retch,
Whome when the Lad beheld all moist with blacke and lothly swet,
With sharpe and nedlepointed sting as though he seemde to thret,
He was so sore astraught for feare, he let the bridels slacke,
Which when the horses felt lie lose upon their sweating backe,
At rovers straight throughout the Ayre by wayes unknowne they ran
Whereas they never came before since that the worlde began.
For looke what way their lawlesse rage by chaunce and fortune drue
Without controlment or restraint that way they freely flue. ... [II.260]
Among the starres that fixed are within the firmament
They snatcht the Chariot here and there. One while they coursing went
Upon the top of all the skie: anon againe full round
They troll me downe to lower wayes and nearer to the ground,
So that the Moone was in a Maze to see hir brothers Waine
Run under hirs: the singed cloudes began to smoke amaine.
Eche ground the higher that it was and nearer to the Skie,
The sooner was it set on fire, and made therewith so drie
That every where it gan to chinke. The Medes and Pastures greene
Did seare away: and with the leaves, the trees were burned cleene. ... [II.270]
The parched corne did yeelde wherewith to worke his owne decaie.
Tushe, these are trifles. Mightie townes did perish that same daie.
Whose countries with their folke were burnt: and forests ful of wood
Were turnd to ashes with the rocks and mountains where they stood.

Then Atha, Cilician, Taure and Tmole and Oeta flamed hie,
And Ide erst full of flowing springs was then made utter drie.
The learned virgins daily haunt, the sacred Helicon,
And Thracian Hemus (not as yet surnamde Oeagrion,)
Did smoke both twaine: and Aetna hote of nature aye before,
Encreast by force of Phebus flame now raged ten times more. ... [II.280]
The forkt Parnasus, Eryx, Cynth, and Othrys then did swelt
And all the snow of Rhodope did at that present melt.
The like outrage Mount Dindymus, and Mime and Micale felt.
Cytheron borne to sacred use with Osse, and Pindus hie
And Olymp greater than them both did burne excessively.
The passing colde that Scithie had defended not the same
But that the barren Caucasus was partner of this flame.
And so were eke the Airie Alpes and Appennyne beside,
For all the Cloudes continually their snowie tops doe hide.
Then wheresoever Phaeton did chaunce to cast his vew, ...
[II.290]
The world was all on flaming fire. The breath the which he drew,
Came smoking from his scalding mouth as from a seething pot.
His Chariot also under him began to waxe red hot.
He could no lenger cure the sparkes and cinder flyeng out,
Againe the culme and smouldring smoke did wrap him round about,
The pitchie darkenesse of the which so wholly had him hent
As that he wist not where he was nor yet which way he went.
The winged horses forcibly did draw him where they wolde.
The Aethiopians at that time (as men for truth upholde)
(The bloud by force of that same heate drawne to the outer part ...
And there adust from that time forth) became so blacke and swart.
The moysture was so dried up in Lybie land that time
That altogither drie and scorcht continueth yet that Clyme.
The Nymphes with haire about their eares bewayld their springs and lakes.
Beotia for hir Dyrces losse great lamentation makes.
For Amimone Argos wept, and Corinth for the spring
Pyrene, at whose sacred streame the Muses usde to sing.
The Rivers further from the place were not in better case,
For Tanais in his deepest streame did boyle and steme apace,
Old Penew and Caycus of the countrie Teuthranie, ...
[II.310]
And swift Ismenos in their bankes by like misfortune frie.
Then burnde the Psophian Erymanth: and (which should burne ageine,)
The Troian Xanthus and Lycormas with his yellow veine,
Meander playing in his bankes aye winding to and fro,
Migdonian Melas with his waves as blacke as any sloe.
Eurotas running by the foote of Tenare boyled tho.
Then sod Euphrates cutting through the middes of Babilon.
Then sod Orontes, and the Scithian swift Thermodoon.
Then Ganges, Colchian Phasis, and the noble Istre
Alpheus and Sperchius bankes with flaming fire did glistre. ...
[II.320]
The golde that Tagus streame did beare did in the chanell melt.
Amid Cayster of this fire the raging heat was felt
Among the quieres of singing Swannes that with their pleasant lay
Along the bankes of Lidian brakes from place to place did stray.
And Nyle for feare did run away into the furthest Clyme
Of all the world, and hid his heade, which to this present tyme
Is yet unfound: his mouthes all seven cleane voyde of water beene.
Like seven great valleys where (save dust) could nothing else be seene.
By like misfortune Hebrus dride and Strymon, both of Thrace.
The Westerne Rivers Rhine and Rhone and Po were in like case: ...
[II.330]
And Tyber unto whome the Goddes a faithfull promise gave
Of all the world the Monarchie and soveraigne state to have.
The ground did cranie everie where and light did pierce to hell
And made afraide the King and Queene that in that Realme doe dwell.
The Sea did shrinke and where as waves did late before remaine,
Became a Champion field of dust and even a sandy plaine.
The hilles erst hid farre under waves like Ilelandes did appeare
So that the scattred Cyclades for the time augmented were.
The fishes drew them to the deepes: the Dolphines durst not play
Above the water as before, the Seales and Porkpis lay ... [II.340]
With bellies upward on the waves starke dead: and fame doth go
That Nereus with his wife and daughters all were faine as tho
To dive within the scalding waves. Thrise Neptune did advaunce
His armes above the scalding Sea with sturdy countenaunce:
And thrise for hotenesse of the Ayre, was faine himselfe to hide.
But yet the Earth the Nurce of things enclosde on every side
(Betwenee the waters of the Sea and Springs that now had hidden
Themselves within their Mothers wombe) for all the paine abidden,
Up to the necke put forth hir head and casting up hir hand,
Betwenee hir forehead and the sunne as panting she did stand ... [II.350]
With dreadfull quaking, all that was she fearfully did shake,
And shrinking somewhat lower downe with sacred voyce thus spake:
  O king of Gods and if this be thy will and my desart,
  Why doste thou stay with deadly dint thy thunder downe to dart?

And if that needes I perish must through force of firie flame,
Let thy celestiall fire O God I pray thee doe the same.
A comfort shall it be to have thee Author of my death.
I scarce have powre to speak these words (the smoke had stopt hir breath).
Behold my singed haire: behold my dim and bleared eye,
See how about my scorched face the scalding embers flie. ... [II.360]
Is this the guerdon wherewithall ye quite my fruitfulnesse?
Is this the honor that ye gave me for my plenteousnesse
And dutie done with true intent? for suffring of the plough
To draw deepe woundes upon my backe and rakes to rend me through?
For that I over all the yeare continually am wrought?
For giving foder to the beasts and cattell all for nought?
For yeelding corne and other foode wherewith to keepe mankinde?
And that to honor you withall sweete frankinsence I finde?
But put the case that my desert destruction duely crave,
What hath thy brother? what the Seas deserved for to have? ... [II.370]
Why doe the Seas, his lotted part, thus ebbe and fall so low,
Withdrawing from thy Skie to which it ought most neare to grow?
But if thou neyther doste regarde thy brother, neyther mee,
At least have mercy on thy heaven, looke round about and see
How both the Poles begin to smoke which if the fire appall,
To utter ruine (be thou sure) thy pallace needes must fall.
Behold how Atlas ginnes to faint. His shoulders though full strong,
Unneth are able to uphold the sparkling Extree long.
If Sea and Land doe go to wrecke, and heaven it selfe doe burne
To olde confused Chaos then of force we must returne. ... [II.380]
Put to thy helping hand therfore to save the little left
If ought remaine before that all be quite and cleane bereft.
    When ended was this piteous plaint, the Earth did hold hir peace.
    She could no lenger cure the heate but was compelde to cease.

Into hir bosome by and by she shrunke hir cinged heade
More nearer to the Stygian caves, and ghostes of persones deade.
The Sire of Heaven protesting all the Gods and him also
That lent the Chariot to his child, that all of force must go
To havocke if he helped not, went to the highest part
And top of all the Heaven from whence his custome was to dart ... [II.390]
His thunder and his lightning downe. But neyther did remaine
A Cloude wherewith to shade the Earth, nor yet a showre of raine.
Then with a dreadfull thunderclap up to his eare he bent
His fist, and at the Wagoner a flash of lightning sent,
Which strake his bodie from the life and threw it over wheele
And so with fire he quenched fire. The Steedes did also reele
Upon their knees, and starting up sprang violently, one here,
And there another, that they brast in pieces all their gere.
They threw the Collars from their neckes, and breaking quite asunder
The Trace and Harnesse flang away: here lay the bridles: yonder ... [II.400]
The Extree plucked from the Naves: and in another place
The shevered spokes of broken wheeles: and so at every pace
The pieces of the Chariot torne lay strowed here and there.
But Phaeton (fire yet blasing stil among his yellow haire)
Shot headlong downe, and glid along the Region of the Ayre
Like to a starre in Winter nights (the wether cleare and fayre)
Which though it doe not fall in deede, yet falleth to our sight,
Whome almost in another world and from his countrie quite
The River Padus did receyve, and quencht his burning head.
The water Nymphes of Italie did take his carkasse dead ... [II.410]
And buried it yet smoking still, with Joves threeforked flame,
And wrate this Epitaph in the stone that lay upon the same:
"Here lies the lusty Phaeton which tooke in hand to guide
His fathers Chariot, from the which although he chaunst to slide:
Yet that he gave a proud attempt it cannot be denide."
    Wyth ruthfull cheere and heavie heart his father made great mone
    And would not shew himselfe abrode, but mournd at home alone.

And if it be to be beleved, as bruited is by fame
A day did passe without the Sunne. The brightnesse of the flame
Gave light: and so unto some kinde of use that mischiefe came. ... [II.420]
But Clymen having spoke, as much as mothers usually
Are wonted in such wretched case, discomfortably
And halfe beside hir selfe for wo, with torne and scratched brest,
Sercht through the universall world, from East to furthest West,
First seeking for hir sonnes dead coarse, and after for his bones.
She found them by a forren streame, entumbled under stones.
There fell she groveling on his grave, and reading there his name,
Shed tears thereon, and laid her breast all bare upon the same.
The daughters also of the Sunne no lesse than did their mother,
Bewaild in vaine with flouds of tears, the fortune of their brother: ... [II.430]
And beating piteously their breasts, incessantly did call
The buried Phaeton day and night, who heard them not at all,
About whose tomb they prostrate lay. Four times the Moone had filde
The Circle of her joined horns, and yet the sisters hilde
Their custome of lamenting still: (for now continuall use
Had made it custome.) Of the which the eldest, Phaetuse,
About to kneele upon the ground, complaynde her feete were nom.
To whome as fair Lampetie was rising for to com,
Hir feete were held with sodaine rootes. The third about to teare
Hir ruffled lockes, filde both her handes with leaves in stead of heare. ... [II.440]
One wept to see her legs made wood: another did repine
To see her armes become long boughes. And shortly to define,
While thus they wondred at themselves, a tender barke began
To grow about their thighs and loynes, which shortly overran
Their bellies, breasts, and shoulders eke, and hands successively,
That nothing (save their mouths) remainde, aye calling piteously
Upon the wofull mothers helpe. What could the mother doe
But runne now here now there, as force of nature drue hir too,
And deale her kisses while she might? She was not so content:
But tare their tender braunches downe: and from the slivers went ... [II.450]
Red drops of blood as from a wound. The daughter that was rent
Cride: Spare us mother spare I pray, for in the shape of tree
The bodies and the flesh of us your daughters wounded bee.
And now farewell. That word once said, the barke grew over all.
Now from these trees flow gummy teares that Amber men doe call,
Which hardened with the heate of sunne as from the boughs they fal
The trickling River doth receyve, and sendes as things of price
To decke the daintie Dames of Rome and make them fine and nice.

Was in condition more akinne. He leaving up his charge
(For in the land of Ligurie his Kingdome stretched large)
Went mourning all along the banke and pleasant streame of Po
Among the trees encreased by the sisters late ago.
Annon his voyce became more small and shrill than for a man.
Gray fethers muffled in his face: his necke in length began
Far from his shoulders for to stretche: and furthermore there goes
A fine red string acrosse the jointes in knitting of his toes:
With fethers closed are his sides: and on his mouth there grew.
A brode blunt byll: and finally was Cygnus made a new ... [II.470]
And uncoth fowle that hight a Swan, who neither to the winde,
The Ayre, nor Jove betakes himselfe, as one that bare in minde
The wrongfull fire sent late against his cousin Phaeton.
In Lakes and Rivers is his joy: the fire he aye doth shon,
And chooseth him the contrary continually to won.
Forlorne and altogether voyde of that same bodie shene
Was Phaetons father in that while which erst had in him bene,

Like as he looketh in Th'eclypse. He hates the yrkesome light,
He hates him selfe, he hates the day, and settes his whole delight
In making sorrow for his sonne, and in his griefe doth storme ... [II.480]
And chaufe denying to the worlde his dutie to performe.
My lot (quoth he) hath had inough of this unquiet state
From first beginning of the worlde. It yrkes me (though too late)
Of restlesse toyles and thankelesse paines. Let who so will for me
Go drive the Chariot in the which the light should caried be.
If none dare take the charge in hand, and all the Gods persist
As insufficient, he himselfe go drive it if he list,
That at the least by venturing our bridles for to guide
His lightning making childlesse Sires he once may lay aside.
By that time that he hath assayde the unappalled force ... [II.490]
That doth remaine and rest within my firiefooted horse,
I trow he shall by tried proufe be able for to tell
How that he did not merit death that could not rule them well.
The Goddes stoode all about the Sunne thus storming in his rage
Beseching him in humble wise his sorrow to asswage.
And that he would not on the world continuall darkenesse bring,
Jove eke excusde him of the fire the which he chaunst to sling,
And with entreatance mingled threates as did become a King.
Then Phebus gathered up his steedes that yet for feare did run
Like flaughted fiendes, and in his moode without respect begun ... [II.500]
To beate his whipstocke on their pates and lash them on the sides.
It was no neede to bid him chaufe; for ever as he rides
He still upbraides them with his sonne, and layes them on the hides.
And Jove almighty went about the walles of heaven to trie,
If ought were perisht with the fire, which when he did espie

Continuing in their former state, all strong and safe and sound,
He went to vew the worikes of men, and things upon the ground.
Yet for his land of Arcadie he tooke most care and charge.
The Springs and streames that durst not run he set againe at large.
He clad the earth with grasse, the trees with leaves both fresh and greene ... [II.510]
Commaunding woods to spring againe that erst had burned bene.
Now as he often went and came it was his chaunce to light
Upon a Nymph of Nonacris whose forme and beautie bright
Did set his heart on flaming fire. She used not to spinne
Nor yet to curle hir frisled haire with bodkin or with pinne.
A garment with a buckled belt fast girded did she weare
And in a white and slender Call slight trussed was hir heare.
Sometimes a dart sometime a bow she used for to beare.
She was a knight of Phebes troope. There came not at the mount
Of Menalus of whome Diana made so great account. ... [II.520]
But favor never lasteth long. The Sunne had gone that day
A good way past the poyn of Noone: when werie of hir way
She drue to shadowe in a wood that never had bene cut.
Here off hir shoulder by and by hir quiver did she put,
And hung hir bow unbent aside, and coucht hir on the ground,
Hir quiver underneth hir head. Whom when that Jove had found
Alone and wearie: Sure (he said) my wife shall never know
Of this escape, and if she do, I know the worst I trow.
She can but chide, shall feare of chiding make me to forslow?
He counterfeiteth Phebe streight in countnance and aray. ... [II.530]
And says: O virgine of my troope, where didst thou hunt to day?
The Damsell started from the ground and said: Hayle Goddesse deare,
Of greater worth than Jove (I thinke) though Jove himselfe did heare.
Jove heard hir well and smylde thereat, it made his heart rejoyce
To heare the Nymph preferre him thus before himselfe in choyce.
He fell to kissing: which was such as out of square might seeme,
And in such sort as that a mayde coulde nothing lesse beseeme.
And as she would have told what woods she ranged had for game,
He tooke hir fast betweene his armes, and not without his shame,
Bewrayed plainly what he was and wherefore that he came. ... [II.540]
The wench against him strove as much as any woman could:
I would that Juno had it seene. For then I know thou would
Not take the deede so heynously: with all hir might she strove.
But what poore wench or who alive could vanquish mighty Jove?
Jove having sped flue straight to heaven. She hateth in hir hart
The guittlesse fields and wood where Jove had playd that naughty part,
Alwaye she goes in such a griefe as that she had welnie
Forgot hir quiver with hir shaftes and bow that hanged by.
Dictynna, garded with hir traine and proude of killing Deere,
In raunging over Menalus, espying, cald hir neere. ... [II.550]
The Damsell hearing Phebe call did run away amaine,
She feared lest in Phebes shape that Jove had come againe,
But when she saw the troope of Nymphes that garded hir about,
She thought there was no more deceyt, and came among the rout.
Oh Lord how hard a matter ist for guiltie hearts to shift
And kepe their countnance? from the ground hir eyes scarce durst she lift.
She prankes not by hir mistresse side, she preases not to bee
The foremost of the companie, as when she erst was free.
She standeth muet: and by chaunging of hir colour ay
The treading of hir shooe awrie she plainly doth bewray, ... [II.560]
Diana might have founde the fault but that she was a May.
A thousand tokens did appeare apparent to the eye,
By which the Nymphes themselves (they say) hir fault did well espie.
Nine times the Moone full to the worlde had shewde hir horned face
When fainting through hir brothers flames and hunting in the chace.
She found a coole and shadie lawnde through midst whereof she spied
A shallow brooke with trickling streame on gravell bottom glide.
And liking well the pleasant place, upon the upper brim
She dipt hir foote, and finding there the water coole and trim,
Away (she sayd) with standers by: and let us bath us here. ... [II.570]
Then Parrhasis cast downe hir head with sad and bashfull chere.
The rest did strip them to their skinnes. She only sought delay
Untill that would or would she not hir clothes were pluckt away.
Then with hir naked body straight hir crime was brought to light.
Which yll ashamde as with hir hands she would have hid from sight,
Fie beast (quoth Cynthia) get thee hence, thou shalt not here defile
This sacred Spring, and from hir traine she did hir quite exile.

The Matrone of the thundring Jove had inckling of the fact,
Delaying till convenient time the punishment to exact.

There is no cause of further stay. To spight hir heart withall, ... [II.580]
Hir husbands Leman bare a boy that Arcas men did call.
On whome she casting lowring looke with fell and cruell minde
Saide: was there, arrant strumpet thou, none other shift to finde
But that thou needes must be with barne? that all the world must see
My husbands open shame and thine in doing wrong to mee?
But neyther unto heaven nor hell this trespass shalt thou beare.
I will bereve thee of thy shape through pride whereof thou were
So hardy to entyce my Feere. Immediatly with that
She raught hir by the foretop fast and fiercely threw hir flat
Against the grounde. The wretched wench hir armes up mekely cast, ... [II.590]
Hir armes began with griesly haire to waxe all rugged fast.
Hir handes gan warpe and into pawes yfavorly to grow,
And for to serve in stede of feete. The lippes that late ago
Did like the mightie Jove so well, with side and flaring flaps
Became a wide deformed mouth. And further lest perhaps
Hir prayers and hir humble wordes might cause hir to relent:
She did bereve hir of hir speech. In steade whereof there went
An yreful, horce, and dreadfull voyce out from a threatning throte:
But yet the selfesame minde that was before she turnde hir cote,
Was in hir still in shape of Beare. The griefe whereof she showes ... [II.600]
By thrusting forth continuall sighes, and up she gastyly throwes
Such kinde of handes as then remainde unto the starrie Skie.
And forbicause she could not speake she thought Jove inwardly
To be unthankfull. Oh how oft she daring not abide
Alone among the desert woods, full many a time and tide
Would stalke before hir house in grounds that were hir owne erewhile?
How oft oh did she in the hilles the barking houndes beguile
And in the lawndes where she hir selfe had chased erst hir game,
Now flie hirselfe to save hir life when hunters sought the same?
Full oft at sight of other beastes she hid hir head for feare, ... [II.610]
Forgetting what she was hir selfe. For though she were a Beare,
Yet when she spied other Beares she quooke for verie paine:
And feared Wolves although hir Sire among them did remaine.

Beholde Lycaons daughters sonne that Archas had to name
About the age of fiftene yeares within the forrest came

Of Erymanth, not knowing ought of this his mothers case.
There after pitching of his toyles, as he the stagges did chase,
Upon his mother suddenly it was his chance to light,
Who for desire to see her son did stay herself from flight.
And wistly on him cast her look as one that did him know. ... [II.620]
But he not knowing what she was began his heels to show.
And when he saw her still persist in staring on his face,
He was afraid, and from her sight withdrew himself apace,
But when he could not so be rid, he took an armed pike,
In full intent her through the heart with deadly wound to strike.
But God almighty held his hand, and lifting both away
Did disappoint the wicked Act. For straight he did convey
Them through the Air with whirling winds to top of all the sky,
And there did make them neighbour stars about the Pole on his.

When Juno shining in the heaven winds her husband's minion found, ... [II.630]
She swelled for spite: and down she comes to watery Tethys round
And unto old Oceanus, whom even the Gods aloft
Did reverence for their just deserts full many a time and oft,
To whom demanding her the cause: And ask ye (quoth she) why
That I which am the Queen of Gods come hither from the sky?
Good cause there is I warrant you. Another holds my room.
For never trust me while I live, if when the night is come,
And overcasteth all the world with shadie darkness whole,
Ye see not in the height of heaven hard by the Northern Pole
Whereas the utmost circle runnes about the Axeltree ... [II.640]
In shortest circuit, gloriously enstalled for to bee
In shape of stars the stinging wounds that make me ill apayde.
Now is there (trow ye) any cause why folk should be afraid
To do to Juno what they list, or dread her wrathful mood,
O what a mighty act is done? How passing is my power!
I have bereft her woman's shape, and at this present hour
She is become a Goddess. Loe this is the scourge so sore
Wherewith I strike mine enemies. Loe here is all the spite
That I can doe: this is the end of all my wondrous might, ... [II.650]
No force. I would he should (for me) her native shape restore,
And take away her brutish shape, like as he hath before
Done by his other Paramour, that fine and proper piece
Of Argos whom he made a Cow, I mean Phoronews Niece.
Why makes he not a full divorce from me, and in my stead
Straight take his Sweetheart to his wife, and coll her in my bed?
He can not doe a better deed (I thinke) than for to take
Lycaon to his fatherinlaw. But if that you do make
Accompt of me your foster child, then grant that for my sake,
The Oxen and the wicked Waine of stars in number seven, ... [II.660]
For whoredome sake but late ago receyved into heaven,
May never dive within your waves. Ne let that strumpet vile
By bathing of her filthy limbs your waters pure defile.

The Gods did grant her her request: and straight to heaven she flue,
In handsome Chariot through the Air, which painted peacocks true
As well beset with blasing eyes late tane from Argus hed,
As thou thou prating Raven white by nature being bred,
Hadst on thy fethers justly late a coly colour spred.
For this same birde in auncient time had fethers faire and whight
As ever was the driven snow, or silver cleare and bright. ...
He might have well comparde himself in beautie with the Doves
That have no blemish, or the Swan that running water loves:
Or with the Geese that afterward should with their gagling out
Preserve the Romaine Capitoll beset with foes about.
His tongue was cause of all his harme, his tatling tongue did make
His colour which before was white, become so foule and blake.
Coronis of Larissa was the fairest maide of face,
In all the land of Thessalie. Shee stoode in Phebus grace
As long as that she kept hir chast, or at the least as long
As that she scaped unespide in doing Phebus wrong. ...
But at the last Apollos birde hir privie packing spide,
Whome no entreatance could persuade but that he swiftly hide
Him to his maister, to bewray the doings of his love.
Now as he flue, the pratling Crow hir wings apace did move:
And overtaking fell in talke and was inquisitive
For what intent and to what place he did so swiftly drive.
And when she heard the cause thereof, she said: Now trust me sure,
This message on the whiche thou goste no goodnesse will procure.
And therefore hearken what I say: disdain thou not at all,
To take some warning by thy friende in things that may befall. ...
Consider what I erst have bene and what thou seest me now:
And what hath bene the ground hereof. I boldly dare avow,
That thou shalt finde my faithfulnesse imputed for a crime.
For Pallas in a wicker chest had hid upon a time
A childe calde Ericthonius, whome never woman bare,
And tooke it unto Maidens three that Cecrops daughters were,
Not telling them what was within, but gave them charge to keepe
The Casket shut, and for no cause within the same to pheepe.
I standing close among the leaves upon an Elme on hie,
Did marke their doings and their wordes, and there I did espie ...
How Pandrosos and Herse kept their promise faithfully.
Aglauros calles them Cowardes both, and makes no more adoe,
But takes the Casket in hir hand and doth the knots undooe.
And there they saw a childe whose partes beneath were like a snake.
Straight to the Goddesse of this deede a just report I make.
For which she gave me this reward that never might I more
Accompt hir for my Lady and my Mistresse as before.
And in my roume she put the fowle that flies not but by night,
A warning unto other birdes my lucke should be of right
To holde their tongues for being shent. But you will say perchaunce ...
I came unsentfor of my selfe, she did me not advaunce.
I dare well say though Pallas now my heavie Mistresse stand
Yet if perhaps ye should demaund the question at hir hand,
As sore displeased as she is, she would not this denie:
But that she chose me first hir selfe to beare hir companie.
For (well I know) my father was a Prince of noble fame,
Of Phocis King by long discent, Coronew was his name:
I was his darling and his joy, and many a welthie Piere
(I would not have you thinke disdaine) did seeke me for their Fere.
My forme and beautie did me hurt. For as I leysurely ... [II.720]
Went jetting up and downe the shore upon the gravell drie,
As yet I customably doe, the God that rules the Seas
Espying me fell straight in love. And when he saw none ease
In sute, but losse of wordes and time, he offred violence,
And after me he runnes apace. I skudde as fast fro thence,
From sand to shore from shore to sand, still playing Foxe to hole,
Untill I was so tirde that he had almost got the gore.
Then cald I out on God and man. But (as it did appeare)
There was no man so neare at hand that could my crying heare.
A Virgin Goddesse pitied me bicause I was a mayde: ... [II.730]
And at the utter plunge and pinche did send me present ayde.
I cast mine armes to heaven, mine armes waxt light with fethers black,
I went about to cast in hast my garments from my back,
And all was fethers. In my skinne the rooted fethers stack.
I was about with violent hand to strike my naked breast,
But nether had I hand nor breast that naked more did reast.
I ran, but of my feete as erst remained not the print.
Me thought I glided on the ground. Anon with sodaine dint,
I rose and hovered in the Ayre. And from that instant time
Did wait on Pallas faithfully without offence or crime. ... [II.740]
But what availes all this to me, and if that in my place
The wicked wretch Nyctyminee (who late for lacke of grace
Was turned to an odious birde) to honor called bee?
I pray thee didst thou never heare how false Nyctyminee
(A thing all over Lesbos knowne) defilde hir fathers couch?
The beast is now become a birde, whose lewdnesse doth so touch
And pricke hir guiltie conscience that she dares not come in sight,
Nor shewe hirselfe abrode a dayes, but fleeteth in the night
For shame lest folke should see hir fault: and every other birde
Doth in the Ayre and Ivie toddes with wondring at hir girde. ... [II.750]
A mischiefe take thy tatling tongue, the Raven answerde tho.
Thy vaine forspeaking moves me not. And so he forth did go
And tels his Lorde Apollo how he saw Coronis lie
Wyth Isthyis, a Gentleman that dwelt in Thessalie.
  When Phebus heard his lovers fault, he fiersly gan to frowne,
  And cast his garlond from his head, and threw his violl downe.

His colour chaungde, his face lookt pale, and as the rage of yre
That boyled in his belking breast had set his heart on fyre,
He caught me up his wonted tooles, and bent his golden bow
And by and by with deadly stripe of unavoyded blow ... [II.760]
Strake through the breast the which his owne had toucht so oft afore.
She wounded gave a piteous shrike, and (drawing from the sore
The deadly Dart the which the bloud pursuing after fast
Upon hir white and tender limmes a scarlet colour cast)
Saide: Phebus, well, thou might have wreekt this trespasse on my head
And yet forborne me till the time I had bene brought abed.
Now in one body by thy meanes a couple shall be dead.
Thus muche she saide: and with the bloud hir life did fade away.
The bodie being voyde of soule became as colde as clay.
Than all too late, alas too late gan Phebus to repent ...
That of his lover he had tane so cruell punishment.
He blames himselfe for giving eare so unadvisedly.
He blames himselfe in that he tooke it so outragiously.
He hates and bannes his faithfull birde because he did enforce
Him of his lovers naughtinesse that made him so to storme.
He hates his bow, he hates his shaft that rashly from it went:
And eke he hates his hasty hands by whom the bow was bent.
He takes hir up betweene his armes endevoring all too late
By plaister made of precious herbes to stay hir helplesse fate.
But when he saw there was no shift: but that she needes must burne, ...
And that the solemne sacred fire was prest to serve the turne,
Then from the bottome of his heart full sorie sighes he fet,
(For heavenly powres with watrie teares their cheekes may never wet)
In case as when a Cow beholdes the cruell butcher stand
With launching Axe embrewd with bloud and lifting up his hand
Aloft to snatch hir sucking Calfe that hangeth by the heeles
And of the Axe the deadly dint upon his forehead feeles.
Howbeit after sweete perfumes bestowde upon hir corse
And much embracing, having sore bewailde hir wrong divorce,
He followed to the place assignde hir bodie for to burne. ...
There coulde he not abide to see his seede to ashes turne.
But tooke the baby from hir wombe and from the firie flame,
And unto double Chyrons den conveyed straight the same.
The Raven hoping for his truth to be rewarded well,
He maketh blacke, forbidding him with whiter birdes to dwell.
   The Centaure Chyron in the while was glad of Phebus boy
   And as the burthen brought some care the honor brought him joy.

Upon a time with golden lockes about hir shoulders spread,
A daughter of the Centaurs (whome a certaine Nymph had bred
About the brooke Caycus bankes) that hight Ocyroe ...
Came thither. This same fayre yong Nymph could not contented be
To learne the craft of Surgerie as perfect as hir Sire,
But that to learne the secret doomes of Fate she must aspire.
And therafore when the furious rage of frenzie had hir cought,
And that the spriht of Prophecie enflamed had hir thought,
She lookt upon the childe and saide: Sweete babe the Gods thee make
A man. For all the world shall fare the better for thy sake.
All sores and sicknesse shalt thou cure: thy powre shall eke be syche,
To make the dead alive again. For doing of the whiche
Against the pleasure of the Gods, thy Graundsire shall thee strike ... [II.810]
So with his fire, that never more thou shalt performe the like.
And of a God a bludlesse corse, and of a corse (full straunge)
Thou shalt become a God againe, and twice thy nature chaunce.
And thou my father liefe and deare, who now by destinie,
Art borne to live for evermore and never for to die,
Shalt suffer such outrageous paine throughout thy members all,
By wounding of a venimde dart that on thy foote shall fall,
That oft thou shalt desire to die, and in the latter end
The fatal dames shall breake thy threede and thy desire thee send.
There was yet more behinde to tell, when sodenly she fet ... [II.820]
A sore deepe sigh, and downe hir cheekees the teares did trickle wet.
Mine owne misfortune (quoth she) now hath overtake me sure.
I cannot utter any more, for words waxe out of ure.
My cunning was not worth so much as that it should procure
The wrath of God. I feele by proufe far better had it bene:
If that the chaunce of things to come I never had foreseene.
For now my native shape withdrawes. Me thinkes I have delight
To feede on grasse and fling in fieldes: I feele my selfe so light.
I am transformed to a Mare like other of my kinne.
But wherfore should this brutish shape all over wholy winne? ... [II.830]
Considering that although both horse and man my father bee:
Yet is his better part a man as plainly is to see.
The latter ende of this complaint was fumbled in such wise,
As what she meant the standers by could scarcely well devise.
Anon she neyther semde to speake nor fully for to ney,
But like to one that counterfeites in sport the Mare to play.
Within a while she neyed plaine, and downe hir armes were pight
Upon the ground all clad with haire, and bare hir bodie right.
Hir fingers joyned all in one, at ende wherof did grow
In stede of nayles a round tough hoofe of welked horne bylow. ... [II.840]
Hir head and necke shot forth in length, hir kirtle trayne became
A faire long taile. Hir flaring haire was made a hanging Mane.
And as hir native shape and voyce most monstrously did passe,
So by the uncoth name of Mare she after termed was.

The Centaure Chyron wept hereat: and piteously dismaide
Did call on thee (although in vaine) thou Delphian God for ayde.

For neyther lay it in thy hande to breake Joves mighty hest,
And though it had, yet in thy state as then thou did not rest.
In Elis did thou then abide and in Messene lande.
It was the time when under shape of shepehierde with a wande ... [II.850]
Of Olyve and a pipe of reedes thou kept Admetus sheepe.
Now in this time that (save of Love) thou tooke none other keepe,
And madste thee merrie with thy pipe, the glistring Maias sonne
By chaunce abrode the fields of Pyle spide certaine cattle runne
Without a hierde, the which he stole and closely did them hide
Among the woods. This pretie slight no earthly creature spide,
Save one old churle that Battus hight. This Battus had the charge
Of welthie Neleus feeding groundes, and all his pastures large,
And kept a race of goodly Mares. Of him he was afraide.
And lest by him his privie theft should chaunce to be bewraide, ...

He tooke a bribe to stop his mouth, and thus unto him saide:

My friend I pray thee if perchaunce that any man enquire
This cattell say thou saw them not. And take thou for thy hire
This faire yong Bullocke. Tother tooke the Bullocke at his hand,
And shewing him a certaine stone that lay upon the lande,
Sayd, go thy way: Assoone this stone thy doings shall bewray,
As I shall doe. So Mercurie did seeme to go his way.
Annon he commes me backe againe, and altred both in speche
And outward shape, saide: Countrieman Ich heartely bezeche,
And if thou zawest any kie come royling through this grounde, ...

Or driven away, tell what he was and where they may be vownde.
And I chill gethee vor thy paine an Hectar and hir match.
The Carle perceyving double gaine, and greedy for to catch,
Sayde: Under yon same hill they were, and under yon same hill
Cham zure they are, and with his hand he poynted thereuntill.
At that Mercurius laughing saide: False knave: and doste bewray
Me to my selfe? doste thou bewray me to my selfe I say?
And with that word strayt to a stone he turnde his double heard,
In which the slander yet remaines without the stones desart.

The Bearer of the charmed Rod, the sulttle Mercurie, ...

This done, arose with waving wings and from that place did flie.

And as he hovered in the Ayre he viewde the fieldes bylow
Of Atticke and the towne it selfe with all the trees that grow
In Lycey where the learned Clarkes did wholsome preceptes show.
By chaunce the verie selfesame day the virgins of the towne
Of olde and auncient custome bare in baskets on their crowne
Beset with garlands fresh and gay and strowde with flowres sweete
To Pallas towre such sacrifice as was of custome meete.
The winged God beholding them returning in a troupe
Continued not directly forth, but gan me downe to stoupe, ...
And fetch a wyndlasse round about. And as the hungry kite
Beholding unto sacrifice a Bullocke redie dight,
Doth sore about his wished pray desирous for to snatche
But that he dareth not for such as stand about and watch:
So Mercurie with nimble wings doth keepe a lower gate
About Minervas loftie towres in round and wheeling rate.

As far as doth the Morning starre in cleare and streaming light
Excell all other starres in heaven: as far also as bright

Dame Phebe dimmes the Morning starre, so far did Herses face
Staine all the Ladies of hir troupe: she was the verie grace ...

And beautie of that solemne pompe, and all that traine so fayre.
Joves sonne was ravishit with the sight, and hanging in the ayre
Began to swelt within himselfe, in case as when the poulder
Hath driven the Pellet from the Gunne, the Pellet ginnes to smoulder:
And in his flying waxe more hote. In smoking brest he shrowdes
His flames not brought from heaven above but caught beneath the clouds.
He leaves his jorney toward heaven and takes another race
Not minding any lenger time to hide his present case.
So great a trust and confidence his beautie to him gave
Which though it seemed of it selfe sufficient force to have, ... [II.910]
Yet was he curious for to make himselfe more fine and brave.
He kembd his head and strokt his beard, and pried on every side
To see that in his furniture no wrinkle might be spide.
And forbicause his Cloke was fringde and garded brode with golde,
He cast it on his shoulder up most seemely to beholde.
He takes in hand his charmed rod that bringeth things asleepe
And wakes them when he list againe. And lastly taketh keepe
That on his faire welformed feete his golden shooes sit cleene,
And that all other things therto well correspondent beene.

In Cecrops Court were Chambers three set far from all resort ... [II.920]
With yvorie beddes all furnishe in far most royall sort.

Of which Aglauros had the left and Pandrose had the right
And Herse had the middlemost. She that Aglauros hight
First markt the comming of the God, and asking him his name
Demaunded him for what entent and cause he thither came.
Pleiones Nephew, Maias sonne, did make hir aunswere thus:
I am my fathers messenger, his pleasure to discusse
To mortall folke and hellish fiendes as list him to commaund.
My father is the mightie Jove. To that thou doste demaund
I will not feyne a false excuse. I aske no more but graunt ... [II.930]
To keepe thy sisters counsell close, and for to be the Aunt
Of such the issue as on hir my chaunce shalbe to get.
Thy sister Herse is the cause that hath me hither fet.
I pray thee beare thou with my love that is so firmely set.
Aglauros cast on Mercurie hir scornfull eyes aside,
With which against Minervas will hir secretes late she spide,
Demaunding him in recompence a mighty masse of Golde:
And would not let him enter in until the same were tolde.
The warlike Goddesse cast on hir a sterne and cruell looke,
And fetched such a cutting sigh that forcibly it shooke ... [II.940]
Both brest and brestplate, wherewithall it came unto hir thought
How that Aglauros late ago against hir will had wrought
In looking on the Lemman childe contrarie to hir othe,
The whiche she tooke hir in the chest, for which she waxed wrothe.
Againe she saw hir cancred heart maliciously repine
Against hir sister and the God. And furthermore in fine
How that the golde which Mercurie had given hir for hir meede,
Would make hir both in welth and pride all others to exceede.
    She goes me straight to Envies house, a foule and irksome cave,
    Replete with blacke and lothly filth and stinking like a grave. ... [II.950]

It standeth in a hollow dale where neyther light of Sunne
Nor blast of any winde or Ayre may for the deepenesse come.
A dreyrie sad and dolefull den ay full of slouthefull colde
As which ay dimd with smoldring smoke doth never fire beholde,
When Pallas, that same manly Maide, approched nere this plot,
She staide without, for to the house in enter might she not,
And with hir Javelin point did give a push against the doore.
The doore flue open by and by and fell me in the floore.
There saw she Envie sit within fast gnawing on the flesh
Of Snakes and Todes, the filthie foode that keepes hir vices fresh. ... [II.960]
It lothde hir to beholde the sight. Anon the Elfe arose
And left the gnawed Adders flesh, and slouthefully she goes
With lumpish laysure like a Snayle, and when she saw the face
Of Pallas and hir faire attire adournde with heavenly grace,
She gave a sigh, a sorie sigh, from bottome of hir heart.
Hir lippes were pale, hir cheekes were wan, and all hir face was swart:
Hir bodie leane as any Rake. She looked eke askew:
Hir teeth were furde with filth and drosse, hir gums were waryish blew.
The working of hir festered gall had made hir stomacke greene.
And all bevenimde was hir tongue. No sleepe hir eyes had seene. ... [II.970]
Continuall Carke and cankred care did keepe hir waking still:
Of laughter (save at others harmes) the Helhound can no skill.
It is against hir will that men have any good successe,
And if they have, she frettes and fumes within hir minde no lesse
Than if hir selfe had taken harme. In seeking to annoy
And worke distresse to other folke, hir selfe she doth destroy.
Thus is she torment to hir selfe. Though Pallas did hir hate,
Yet spake she briefly these few wordes to hir without hir gate:
Infect thou with thy venim one of Cecrops daughters three,
It is Aglauros whome I meane, for so it needes must bee. ... [II.980]
This said, she pight hir speare in ground, and tooke hir rise thereon.
And winding from that wicked wight did take hir flight anon.
     The Caitife cast hir eye aside, and seeing Pallas gon,
     Began to mumble with hir selfe the Divels Paternoster,
     And fretting at hir good successe, began to blow and bluster.

She takes a crooked staffe in hand bewreathe with knubbed prickes,
And covered with a coly cloude, where ever that she stickes
Hir filthie feete, she tramples downe and seares both grasse and corne:
That all the fresh and fragrant fieldes seeme utterly forlorne.
And with hir staffe she tippeth off the highest poppie heads. ... [II.990]
Such poyson also every where ungraciously she sheades,
That every Cottage where she comes and every Towne and Citie
Doe take infection at hir breath. At length (the more is pitie)
She found the faire Athenian towne that flowed freshly then
In feastfull peace and joyfull welth and learned witts of men.
And forbicause she nothing saw that might provoke to weepe,
It was a corsie to hir heart hir hatefull teares to keepe.
Now when she came within the Court, she went without delay
Directly to the lodgings where King Cecrops daughters lay,
There did she as Minerva bad. She laide hir scurvie fist ... [II.1000]
Besmerde with venim and with filth upon Aglauros brist,
The whiche she filde with hooked thornes: and breathing on hir face
Did shead the poyson in hir bones: which spred it selfe apace,
As blanke as ever virgin pitch through Lungs and Lights and all.
And to th'intent that cause of griefe abundantly should fall,
She placed ay before hir eyes hir sisters happie chaunce
In being wedded to the God, and made the God to glaunce
Continually in heavenly shape before hir wounded thought.
And all these things she painted out, which in conclusion wrought
Such corsies in Aglauros brest that sighing day and night ... [II.1010]
She gnawde and fretted in hir selfe for very cancred spight.
And like a wretche she wastes hir selfe with restlesse care and pine
Like as the yse whereon the Sunne with glimering light doth shine.
Hir sister Herses good successe doth make hir heart to yerne,
In case as when that fire is put to greenefeld wood or fearne
Whych giveth neyther light nor heate, but smulders quite away:
Sometime she minded to hir Sire hir sister to bewray,
Who (well she knew) would yll abide so lewde a part to play.
And oft she thought with wilfull hande to brust hir fatall threede,
Bicause she woulde not see the thing that made hir heart to bleede. ... [II.1020]
At last she sate hir in the doore and leaned to a post
To let the God from entring in. To whome now having lost
Much talke and gentle wordes in vayne, she said: Sir, leave I pray
For hence I will not (be you sure) onlesse you go away.
I take thee at thy word (quoth he) and therewithall he pusht
His rod against the barred doore, and wide it open rusht.
She strove to set hirself upright: but striving booted not.
Hir hamstrings and hir knees were stiffe, a chilling colde had got ... [II.1030]
Runnes in the flesh from place to place, and makes the sound and pure
As bad or worser than the rest, even so the cold of death
Strake to hir heart, and close hir veines, and lastly stopt hir breath:
She made no profer for to speake, and though she had done so
It had bene vaine. For way was none for language forth to go.
Hir throte congealed into stone: hir mouth became hard stone,
And like an image sate she still, hir bloud was clearely gone, ... [II.1040]
The which the venim of hir heart so fowly did infect,
That ever after all the stone with freckled spots was spect.
When Mercurie had punisht thus Aglauros spightfull tung
And cancred heart, immediatly from Pallas towne he flung.

And flying up with flittering wings did pierce to heaven above.
His father calde him straight aside (but shewing not his love)
Said: Sonne, my trustie messenger and worker of my will,
Make no delay but out of hand flie downe in hast untill
The land that on the left side lookes upon thy mothers light,
Yon same where standeth on the coast the towne that Sidon hight. ... [II.1050]
The King hath there a heirde of Neate that on the Mountaines feede,
Go take and drive them to the sea with all convenient speede.
He had no sooner said the word but that the heirde begun
Driven from the montaine to the shore appointed for to run,
Whereas the daughter of the King was wonted to resort
With other Ladies of the Court there for to play and sport.
Betweene the state of Majestie and love is set such oddes,
As that they can not dwell in one. The Sire and King of Goddes
Whose hand is armd with triplefire, who only with his browne
Makes Sea and Land and Heaven to quake, doth lay his scepter downe ... [II.1060]
With all the grave and stately port belonging thereunto,
And putting on the shape of Bull (as other cattell doe)
Goes lowing gently up and downe among them in the field
The fairest beast to looke upon that ever man beheld.
For why? his colour was as white as any winters snow
Before that eyther trampling feete or Southerne winde it thow.
His necke was brawnd with rolles of flesh, and from his chest before
A dangling dewlap hung me downe good halfe a foote and more.
His horns were small, but yet so fine as that ye would have thought
They had bene made by cunning hand or out of waxe bene wrought. ... [II.1070]
More cleare they were a hundreth fold than is the Christall stone,
In all his forehead fearfull frowne or wrinkle there was none.
No fierce, no grim, nor griesly looke as other cattle have,
But altogether so demure as friendship seemde to crave.
Agenors daughter marveld much so tame a beast to see,
But yet to touche him at the first too bolde she durst not bee.
Annon she reaches to his mouth hir hand with herbes and flowres.
The loving beast was glad thereof and neither frownes nor lowres.
But till the hoped joy might come with glad and fauning cheare
He lickes hir hands and scarce ah scarce the resdue he forbeare. ... [II.1080]
Sometime he friskes and skippes about and showes hir sport at hand
Annon he layes his snowie side against the golden sand.
So feare by little driven away, he offred eft his brest
To stroke and coy, and eft his horns with flowers to be drest.
At last Europa knowing not (for so the Maide was calde)
On whome she venturde for to ride, was nerawhit appalde
To set hir selfe upon his backe. Then by and by the God
From maine drie land to maine moyst Sea gan leysurly to plod.
At first he did but dip his feete within the outmost wave,
And backe againe, then further in another plunge he gave. ... [II.1090]
And so still further till at the last he had his wished pray
Amid the deepe where was no meanes to scape with life away.
The Ladie quaking all for feare with rufull countnance cast
Ay toward shore from whence she came, held with hir righthand fast
One of his horns: and with the left did stay upon his backe.
The weather flaskt and whisked up hir garments being slacke.
The God now having laide aside his borrowed shape of Bull,
Had in his likenesse shewde himselfe: And with his pretie trull
Tane landing in the Isle of Crete. When in that while hir Sire
Not knowing where she was become, sent after to enquire
Hir brother Cadmus, charging him his sister home to bring,
Or never for to come againe: wherein he did a thing,
For which he might both justly kinde, and cruell called bee.
When Cadmus over all the world had sought, (for who is hee
That can detect the thefts of Jove?) and no where could hir see:
Then as an outlaw (too avoyde his fathers wrongfull yre) ... [III.10]
He went to Phebus Oracle most humbly to desire
His heavenly counsell, where he would assigne him place to dwell.
An Heifer all alone in field (quoth Phebus) marke hir well,
Which never bare the pinching yoke, nor drew the plough as yit,
Shall meete thee: follow after hir, and where thou seest hir sit,
There builde a towne, and let thereof Boetia be the name.
Downe from Parnasus stately top scarce fully Cadmus came,
When royling softly in the vale before the herde alone
He saw an Heifer on whose necke of servage print was none.
He followde after leysurly as hir that was his guide, ... [III.20]
And thanked Phebus in his heart that did so well provide.
Now had he past Cephisus forde, and eke the pleasant groundes
About the Citie Panope conteinde within the boundes.
The Heifer staide, and lifting up hir forehead to the skie
Full seemely for to looke upon with hornes like braunches hie,
Did with hir lowing fill the Ayre: and casting backe hir eie
Upon the rest that came aloofe, as softly as she could
Kneelde down, and laide hir hairie side against the grassie mould.
Then Cadmus gave Apollo thankes, and falling flat bylow,
Did kisse the ground and haile the fields which yet he did not know. ... [III.30]
He was about to sacrifice to Jove the Heavenly King,
And bad his servants goe and fetch him water of the spring.
An olde forgrowne unfelled wood stood near at hand thereby,
And in the middes a queachie plot with Sedge and Osiers hie.
Where courbde about with peble stone in likenessee of a bow
There was a spring with silver streames that forth thereof did flow.
Here lurked in his lowring den God Mars his griesly Snake
With golden scales and firie eyes beswolne with poysion blake.
Three spirting tongues, three rowes of teeth within his head did sticke.
No sooner had the Tirian folke set foote within this thicke ... [III.40]
And queachie plot, and deped downe their bucket in the well,
But that to buscle in his den began this Serpent fell,
And peering with a marble head right horribly to hisse.
The Tirians let their pitchers slip for sodaine feare of this,
And waxing pale as any clay, like folke amazde and flaight,
Stooed trembling like an Aspen leafe. The specled serpent straight
Comes trailing out in waving linkes, and knottie rolles of scales,
And bending into bunchie boughts his bodie forth he hales.
And lifting up above the wast himselfe unto the Skie,
He overlooketh all the wood, as huge and big welnie ... [III.50]
As is the Snake that in the heaven about the Nordren pole
Devides the Beares. He makes no stay but deales his dreadfull dole
Among the Tirians. Whether they did take them to their tooles,
Or to their heeles, or that their feare did make them stand like fooles,
And helpe themselves by none of both: he snapt up some alive,
And swept in others with his taile, and some he did deprive
Of life with rankennesse of his breath, and other some againe
He stings and poysons unto death till all at last were slaine.
Now when the Sunne was at his heighth and shadowes waxed short,
And Cadmus saw his companie make tarience in that sort, ... [III.60]
He marveld what should be their let, and went to seeke them out.
His harnesse was a Lions skin that wrapped him about.
His weapons were a long strong speare with head of yron tride,
And eke a light and piercing Dart. And thereunto beside
Worth all the weapons in the world a stout and valiant hart.
When Cadmus came within the wood, and saw about that part
His men lie slaine upon the ground, and eke their cruell fo
Of bodie huge stand over them, and licking with his blo
And blasting tongue their sorie woundes: well trustie friendes (quoth he)
I eyther of your piteous deathes will streight revenger be, ... [III.70]
Or else will die my selfe therefore. With that he raughting fast
A mightie Milstone, at the Snake with all his might it cast.
The stone with such exceding force and violence forth was driven,
As of a fort the bulwarkes strong and walles it would have riven.
And yet it did the Snake no harme: his scales as hard and tough
As if they had bene plates of mayle did fence him well inough,
So that the stone rebounded backe against his freckled slough.
But yet his hardnesse savde him not against the piercing dart.
For hitting right betweene the scales that yeelded in that part
Whereas the joynts doe knit the backe, it thirled through the skin, ... [III.80]
And pierced to his filthy mawe and greedy guts within.
He fierce with wrath wrings backe his head, and looking on the stripe
The Javeling steale that sticked out, betweene his teeth doth gripe.
The which with wresting to and fro at length he forthe did winde,
Save that he left the head thereof among his bones behinde.
When of his courage through the wound more kindled was the ire,
His throteboll sweld with puffed veines, his eyes gan sparkle fire.
There stoode about his smeared chaps a lothly foming froth.
His skaled brest ploughes up the ground, the stinking breath that goth
Out from his black and hellish mouth infectes the herbes full fowle. ... [III.90]
Sometime he windes himselfe in knots as round as any Bowle.
Sometime he stretcheth out in length as straight as any beame.
Anon againe with violent brunt he rusheth like a stremme
Encreast by rage of latefaine raine, and with his mightie sway
Beares downe the wood before his breast that standeth in his way.
Agenors sonne retiring backe doth with his Lions spoyle
Defend him from his fierce assaults, and makes him to recoyle
Aye holding at the weapon's poynyt. The Serpent waxing wood
Doth crashe the steele betwene his teeth, and bites it till the blood
Dropt mixt with poyson from his mouth, did die the greene grasse blacke. ... [III.100]
But yet the wound was verie light because he writhed backe
And puld his head still from the stroke: and made the stripe to die
By giving way, untill that Cadmus following irefully
The stroke, with all his powre and might did through y throte him rive,
And naylde him too an Oke behind the which he eke did clive.
The Serpents weight did make the tree to bend. It grievde the tree
His bodie of the Serpents taile thus scourged for to bee.
While Cadmus wondred at the hugenesse of the vanquisht foe
Upon the sodeaine came a voyce: from whence he could not know.
But sure he was he heard the voyce. Which said, Agenors sonne ... [III.110]
What gazest thus upon this Snake? the time will one day come
That thou thy selfe shalt be a Snake. He pale and wan for feare,
Had lost his speach: and ruffled up stiffe staring stood his heare.
Behold (mans helper at his neede) Dame Pallas gliding through
The vacant Ayre was straight at hand, and bade him take a plough
And cast the Serpents teeth in ground, as of the which should spring
Another people out of hand. He did in every thing
As Pallas bade, he tooke a plough, and earde a furrow low
And sowde the Serpents teeth whereof the foresaid folke should grow.
Anon (a wondrous thing too tell) the clods began to move, ... [III.120]
And from the forrow first of all the pikes appeard above,
Next rose up helmes with fethered crests, and then the Poldrens bright,
Successively the Curets whole, and all the armor right.
Thus grew up men like corn in field in rankes of battle ray
With shieldes and weapons in their hands to feight the field that day
Even so when stages are attirde against some solemne game,
With clothes of Arras gorgeously, in drawing up the same
The faces of the ymages doe first of all them show,
And then by peecemeale all the rest in order seems too grow,
Untill at last they stand out full upon their feete bylow. ... [III.130]
Afrighted at this new found foes gan Cadmus for to take
Him to his weapons by and by resistance for to make.
Stay, stay thy selfe (cride one of them that late before were bred
Out of the ground) and meddle not with civill warres. This sed,
One of the brothers of that brood with launcing sworde he slue.
Another sent a dart at him, the which him overthrue.
The third did straight as much for him and made him yeelde the breath,
(The which he had receyvde but now) by stroke of forced death.
Likewise outraged all the rest untill that one by one
By mutuall stroke of civill warre dispatched everychone, ... [III.140]
This broode of brothers all behewen and weltrde in their blood,
Lay sprawling on their mothers womb, the ground where erst they stood,
Save only five that did remaine. Of whom Echion led
By Pallas counsel, threw away the helmet from his head,
And with his brothers gan to treat attonement for to make.
The which at length (by Pallas helpe) so good successe did take,
That faithful friendship was confirmed and hand in hand was plight.
These afterward did well assist the noble Tyrian knight
In building of the famous towne that Phebus had behight.
Now Thebes stood in good estate, now Cadmus might thou say ... [III.150]
That when thy father banisht thee it was a luckie day.
To joyn aliance both with Mars and Venus was thy chaunce,
Whose daughter thou hadst tane to wife, who did thee much advaunce,
Not only through hir high renowne, but through a noble race
Of sonnes and daughters that she bare: whose children in like case
It was thy fortune for to see all men and women growne.
But ay the ende of every thing must marked be and knowne,
For none the name of blessednesse deserveth to have,
Unlesse the tenor of this life last blessed to his grave.
Among so many prosperus happes that flowde with good successe, ... [III.160]
Thine eldest Nephew was a cause of care and sore distresse.
Whose head was armde with palmed hornes, whose own hounds in y wood
Did pull their master to the ground and fill them with his bloud.
But if you sift the matter well, ye shall not finde desart
But cruell fortune to have bene the cause of this his smart.
For who could doe with oversight? Great slaughter had bene made
Of sundrie sortes of savage beastes one morning, and the shade
Of things was waxed verie short. It was the time of day
That mid betweene the East and West the Sunne doth seeme to stay;
When as the Thebane stripling thus bespoke his companie, ... [III.170]
Still raunging in the waylesse woods some further game to spie.
Our weapons and our toyles are moist and staind with bloud of Deere:
This day hath done inough as by our quarrie may appeare.
Assoone as with hir scarlet wheeles next morning bringeth light,
We will about our worke againe. But now Hiperion bright
Is in the middes of Heaven, and seares the fieldes with firie rayes.
Take up your toyles, and ceasse your worke, and let us go our wayes.
They did even so, and ceast their worke. There was a valley thicke
With Pinauple and Cipresse trees that armed be with pricke.
Gargaphie hight this shadie plot, it was a sacred place ... [III.180]
To chast Diana and the Nymphes that wayted on hir grace.
Within the furthest end thereof there was a pleasant Bowre
So vaulted with the leavie trees, the Sunne had there no powre:
Not made by hand nor mans devise, and yet no man alive,
A trimmer piece of worke than that could for his life contrive.
With flint and Pommy was it wallde by nature halfe about,
And on the right side of the same full freshly flowed out
A lively spring with Christall streame: whereof the upper brim
Was greene with grasse and matted herbes that smelled verie trim.
When Phebe felt hir selfe waxe faint, of following of hir game, ... [III.190]
It was hir custome for to come and bath hir in the same.
That day she having timely left hir hunting in the chace,
Was entred with hir troupe of Nymphes within this pleasant place.
She tooke hir quiver and hir bow the which she had unbent,
And eke hir Javelin to a Nymph that served that intent.
Another Nymph to take hir clothes among hir traine she chose,
Two losde hir buskins from hir legges and pulled of hir hose.
The Thebane Ladie Crocale more cunning than the rest,
Did trusse hir tresses handsomely which hung behind undrest.
And yet hir owne hung waving still. Then Niphe nete and cleene ... [III.200]
With Hiale glistring like the grass in beautie fresh and sheene,
And Rhanis clearer of hir skin than are the rainie drops,
And little bibling Phyale, and Pseke that pretie Mops,
Powrdre water into vessels large to washe their Ladie with.
Now while she keepes this wont, behold, by wandring in the frith
He wist not wither (having staid his pastime till the morrow)
Comes Cadmus Nephew to this thicke: and entring in with sorrow
(Such was his cursed cruell fate) saw Phebe where she washt.
The Damsels at the sight of man quite of countnance dasht,
(Bicause they everichone were bare and naked to the quicke) ... [III.210]
Did beate their handes against their brests,and cast out such a shricke,
That all the wood did ring thereof: and clinging to their dame
Did all they could to hide both hir and eke themselves fro shame.
But Phebe was of personage so comly and so tall,
That by the middle of hir necke she overpeerd them all.
Such colour as appeares in Heaven by Phebus broken rayes
Directly shining on the Cloudes, or such as is alwayes
The colour of the Morning Cloudes before the Sunne doth show,
Such sanguine colour in the face of Phoebe gan to glowe
There standing naked in his sight. Who though she had hir gard ... [III.220]
Of Nymphes about hir: yet she turnde hir bodie from him ward.
And casting backe an angrie looke, like as she would have sent
An arrow at him had she had hir bow there readie bent:
So raught the water in hir hande, and for to wreake the spight,
Besprinckled all the heade and face of the unluckye Knight,
And thus forespake the heavie lot that should upon him light.
Now make thy vaunt among thy Mates, thou sawste Diana bare.
Tell if thou can: I give thee leave: tell heardly: doe not spare.
This done, she makes no further threatens, but by and by doth spread
A payre of lively olde Harts hornes upon his sprinckled head. ... [III.230]
She sharpes his eares, she makes his necke both slender, long and lanke.
She turns his fingers into feete, his armes to spindle shanke.
She wrappes him in a hairie hyde beset with speckled spottes,
And planteth in him fearefulnesss. And so away he trottes,
Full greatly wondring to him selfe what made him in that cace
To be so wight and swift of foote. But when he saw his face
And horned temples in the brooke, he would have cryde alas,
But as for then no kinde of speach out of his lippes could passe.
He sight and brayde: for that was then the speach that did remaine,
And downe the eyes that were not his, his bitter teares did raine. ... [III.240]
No part remayned (save his minde) of that he earst had beene.
What should he doe? turne home againe to Cadmus and the Queene?
Or hyde himselfe among the Woods? Of this he was afayrd,
And of the tother ill ashamde. While doubting thus he stayd:
His houndes espyde him where he was, and Blackfoote first of all
And Stalker speciall good of sent began aloud to call.
The latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Spart.
Then all the kenell fell in round, and everie for his part,
Dyd follow freshly in the chase more swifter than the winde,
Spy, Eateal, Scalecliffe, three good houndes come all of Arcas kinde. ... [III.250]
Strong Kilbucke, currish Savage, Spring, and Hunter fresh of smell,
And Lightfoote who to lead a chase did beare away the bell.
Fierce Woodman hurte not long ago in hunting of a Bore
And Shepeheird woont to follow sheepe and neate to fielde afore.
And Laund a fell and eger bitch that had a Wolfe to Syre:
Another brach callede Greedigut with two hir Puppies by hir.
And Ladon gant as any Greewnd a hownd in Sycion bred,
Blab, Fleetewood, Patch whose flecked skin with sundrie spots was spred:
Wight, Bowman, Royster, Beautie faire and white as winters snow,
And Tawnie full of duskie haires that over all did grow, ... [III.260]
With lustie Ruffler passing all the reside there in strength,
And Tempest best of footemanship in holding out at length.
And Cole, and Swift, and little Woolfe, as wight as any other,
Accompanide with a Ciprian hound that was his native brother,
And Snatch amid whose forehead stoode a starre as white as snowe,
The reside being all as blacke and slicke as any Crowe,
And shaggie Rugge with other twaine that had a Syre of Crete,
And dam of Sparta: Tone of them callede Jollyboy, a great
And large flewd houd: the tother Chorle who ever gnoorring went,
And Ringwood with a shyrle loud mouth the which he freely spent, ... [III.270]
With divers mo whose names to tell it were but losse of tyme.
This fellowes over hill and dale in hope of pray doe clyme.
Through thick and thin and craggie cliffes where was no way to go,
He flyes through groundes where oftentymes he chased had ere tho,
Even from his owne folke is he faine (alas) to flee away.
He strayned oftentymes to speake, and was about to say,
I am Acteon: know your Lorde and Mayster sirs I pray.
But use of wordes and speach did want to utter forth his minde.
Their crie did ring through all the Wood redoubled with the winde.
First Slo did pinch him by the haunch, and next came Kildeere in, ... [III.280]
And Hylbred fastned on his shoulder, bote him through the skinne.
These came forth later than the rest, but coasting thwart a hill,
They did gainecope him as he came, and helde their Master still,
Untill that all the rest came in, and fastned on him too.
No part of him was free from wound. He could none other do
But sigh, and in the shape of Hart with voyce as Hартes are woont,
(For voyce of man was none now left to helpe him at the brunt)
By braying show his secret grief among the Mountaynes hie,
And kneeling sadly on his knees with dreerie teares in eye,
As one by humbling of himselfe that mercy seemde to crave, ... [III.290]
With piteous looke in stead of handes his head about to wave.
Not knowing that it was their Lord, the huntsmen cheere their hounds
With wonted noyse and for Acteon looke about the grounds.
They hallow who could lowdest crie still calling him by name
As though he were not there, and much his absence they do blame,
In that he came not to the fall, but slackt to see the game.
As often as they named him he sadly shook his head,
And faine he would have beene away thence in some other stead,  
But there he was. And well he could have found in heart to see  
His dogges fell deedes, so that to feele in place he had not bee. ... [III.300]  
They hem him in on everie side, and in the shape of Stagge,  
With greedie teeth and griping pawes their Lord in peeces dragge.  
So fierce was cruel Phoebes wrath, it could not be alayde,  
Till of his fault by bitter death the raunsome he had payde.  
Much muttring was upon this fact. Some thought there was extended  
A great deale more extremitie than neded. Some commended  
Dianas doing: saying that it was but worthely  
For safegarde of hir womanhod. Eche partie did applie  
Good reasons to defende their case. Alone the wife of Jove  
Of lyking or misliking it not all so greatly strove, ... [III.310]  
As secretly rejoyst in heart that such a plague was light  
On Cadmus linage: turning all the malice and the spight  
Conceyved earst against the wench that Jove had fet fro Tyre.  
Upon the kinred of the wench. And for to fierce hir ire,  
Another thing cleane overthwart there cometh in the nicke:  
The Ladie Semell great with childe by Jove as then was quicke.  
Hereat she gan to fret and fume, and for to ease hir heart,  
Which else would burst, she fell in hande with scolding out hir part.  
And what a goodyeare have I woon by scolding erst? (she sed)  
It is that arrant queane hir selfe, against whose wicked hed ... [III.320]  
I must assay to give assault: and if (as men me call)  
I be that Juno who in heaven beare greatest swing of all,  
If in my hand I worthie bee to holde the royall Mace,  
And if I be the Queene of Heaven and soveraigne of this place,  
Or wife and sister unto Jove, (his sister well I know:  
But as for wife that name is vayne, I serve but for a show,  
To cover other privie skapes) I will confound that Whore.  
Now (with a mischiefe) is she bagd and beareth out before  
Hir open shame to all the world, and shortly hopes to bee  
The mother of a sonne by Jove, the which hath hapt to mee ... [III.330]  
Not passing once in all my time: so sore she doth presume  
Upon hir beautie. But I trowe hir hope shall soone consume.  
For never let me counted be for Saturns daughter more,  
If by hir owne deare darling Jove on whom she trustes so sore,  
I sende hir not to Styxes streame. This ended up she rose  
And covered in golden cloud to Semelles house she goes.  
And ere she sent away the cloud, she takes an olde wyves shape  
With hoarie haire and riveled skinne, with slow and crooked gate.  
As though she had the Palsey had hir feeble limmes did shake,  
And eke she foitred in the mouth as often as she spake. ... [III.340]  
She seemd olde Beldame Beroe of Epidaure to bee,  
This Ladie Semelles Nourse as right as though it beeene shee.  
So when that after mickle talke of purpose ministred,  
Joves name was upned: by and by she gave a sigh and sed,  
I wish with all my heart that Jove bee cause to thee of this.  
But daughter deare I dreade the worst, I feare it be amisse.
For many Varlets under name of Gods, to serve their lust,
Have into undefiled beddes themselves full often thrust.
And though it bene the mightie Jove yet doth not that suffise,
Onlesse he also make the same apparant to our eyes. ... [III.350]
And if it be even verie hee, I say it doth behove,
He prove it by some open signe and token of his love.
And therefore pray him for to graunt that looke in what degree,
What order, fashion, sort and state he use to companie
With mightie Juno, in the same in everie poynt and cace
To all intents and purposes he thee likewise embrace,
And that he also bring with him his bright threforked mace.
With such instructions Juno had enformed Cadmus Neece:
And she poore sielie simple soule immediately on this
Requested Jove to graunt a boone the which she did not name. ... [III.360]
Aske what thou wilt sweete heart (quoth he) thou shalt not misse the same,
And for to make thee sure hereof, the grisely Stygian Lake,
Which is the feare and God of Gods beare witnesse for thy sake.
She joying in hir owne mischaunce, not having any powre
To rule hir selfe, but making speede to hast hir fatall howre,
In which she through hir Lovers helpe should worke hir own decay,
Sayd: Such as Juno findeth you when you and she doe play
The games of Venus, such I pray thee shew thy selfe to mee
In everie case. The God would faine have stoped hir mouth. But shee
Had made such hast that out it was. Which made him sigh full sore, ... [III.370]
For neyther she could then unwish the thing she wisht before,
Nor he revoke his solemne oth. Wherefore with sorie hart
And heavy countnance by and by to Heaven he doth depart,
And makes to follow after him with looke full grim and stoure
The flakie clouds all grisly blacke, as when they threat a shoure.
To which he added mixt with winde a fierce and flashing flame,
With drie and dreadfull thunderclaps and lightning to the same
Of deadly unavoyded dynt. And yet as much as may
He goes about his vehement force and fiercenesse to allay.
He doth not arme him with the fire with which he did remove ... [III.380]
The Giant with the hundreth handes Typhoeus from above:
It was too cruell and too sore to use agaynst his Love.
The Cyclops made an other kinde of lightning farre more light,
Wherein they put much lesse of fire, lesse fiercenesse, lesser might.
It hight in Heaven the second Mace. Jove armes himselfe with this,
And enters into Cadmus house where Semelles chamber is.
She being mortall was too weake and feeble to withstande
Such troublous tumultes of the Heavens: and therefore out of hande
Was burned in hir Lovers armes. But yet he tooke away
His infant from the mothers wombe unperfect as it lay, ... [III.390]
And (if a man may credit it) did in his thigh it sowe,
Where byding out the mothers tyme, it did to ripenesse grow.
And when the time of birth was come, his Aunt the Ladie Ine
Did nourse him for a while by stealth and kept him trym and fine.
The Nymphes of Nysa afterwarde did in their bowres him hide,
And brought him up with Milke till tyme he might abrode be spyde.
Now while these things were done on earth, and that by fatal doome
The twice born Bacchus had a tyme to mannes estate to come:
They say that Jove disposde to myrth as he and Juno sate
A drinking Nectar after meate in sport and pleasant rate, ... [III.400]
Did fall a jeasting with his wife, and saide: a greater pleasure
In Venus games ye women have than men beyonde all measure.
She answerde no. To trie the truth, they both of them agree
The wise Tyresias in this case indifferent judge to bee,
Who both the man and womans joyes by tryall understood.
For finding once two mightie Snakes engendring in a Wood,
He strake them overthwart the backs, by meanes thereof beholde
(As straunge a thing to be of truth as ever yet was tolde)
He being made a woman straight, seven winter lived so.
The eight he finding them againe did say unto them tho: ... [III.410]
And if to strike ye have such powre as for to turne their shape
That are the givers of the stripe, before you hence escape,
One stripe now will I lende you more. He strake them as beforne
And straight retournd his former shape in which he first was borne.
Tyresias therefore being tane to judge this jesting strife,
Gave sentence on the side of Jove. The which the Queene his wife
Did take a great deale more to heart than needed, and in spight
To wreake hir teene upon hir Judge, bereft him of his sight.
But Jove (for to the Gods it is unleeful to undoe
The things which other of the Gods by any meanes have doe) ... [III.420]
Did give him sight in things to come for losse of sight of eye,
And so his grievous punishment with honour did supplie.
By meanes whereof within a while in Citie, fiele, and towne
Through all the coast of Aony was bruited his renowne.
And folke to have their fortunes read that dayly did resorte,
The first that of his soothfast wordes has proufe in all the Realme,
Was freckled Lyriop, whom sometime surprised in his streame,
The floud Cephisus did enforce. This Lady bare a sonne
Whose beautie at his verie birth might justly love have wonne. ... [III.430]
Narcissus did she call his name. Of whom the Prophet sage
Demaundd if the childe should live to many yeares of age,
Made aunswere, yea full long, so that him selfe he doe not know.
The Soothsayers wordes seemde long but vaine, untill the end did show
His saying to be true in deede by straungenesse of the rage,
And straungeness of the kinde of death that did abridge his age.
For when yeares three times five and one he fully lyved had,
So that he seemde to stande betweene the state of man and Lad,
The hearts of divers trim yong men his beautie gan to move,
And many a Ladie fresh and faire was taken in his love. ... [III.440]
But in that grace of Natures gift such passing pride did raigne,
That to be toucht of man or Mayde he wholly did disdaigne.
A babbling Nymph that Echo hight: who hearing others talke,
By no meanes can restraine hir tongue but that it needes must walke,
Nor of hir selfe hath powre to ginne to speake to any wight,
Espyde him dryving into toyles the fearefull stagges of flight.
This Echo was a body then and not an onely voyce,
Yet of hir speach she had that time no more than now the choyce,
That is to say of many wordes the latter to repeate.
The cause thereof was Junos wrath. For when that with the feate ...
She might have often taken Jove in daliance with his Dames,
And that by stealth and unbewares in middes of all his games:
This elfe would with hir tatling talke deteine hir by the way,
Untill that Jove had wrought his will and they were fled away.
The which when Juno did perceyve, she said with wrathfull mood,
This tongue that hath deluded me shall doe thee little good:
For of thy speech but simple use hereafter shalt thou have.
The deede it selfe did straight confirme the threatnings that she gave.
Yet Echo of the former talke doth double oft the end
And backe againe with just report the wordes earst spoken sende. ...
Now when she saw Narcissus stray about the Forrest wyde,
She waxed warme and step for step fast after him she hyde.
The more she followed after him and neerer that she came,
That hoter ever did she waxe as neerer to hir flame.
Lyke as the lively Brimstone doth which dipt about a match,
And put but softly to the fire, the flame doth lightly catch.
O Lord how often would she faine (if nature would have let)
Entreated him with gentle wordes some favour for to get?
But nature would not suffer hir nor give hir leave to ginne.
Yet (so farre forth as she by graunt at natures hande could winne) ...
As readie with attentive eare she harkens for some sounde,
Whereeto she might replie hir wordes, from which she is not bounde.
By chaunce the stripling being strayde from all his companie,
Sayde: is there any bodie nie? straight Echo answerde: I.
Amazde he castes his eye aside, and looketh round about,
And come (that all the Forrest roong) aloud he calleth out.
And come (sayth she:) he looketh backe, and seeing no man followe,
Why flieste, he cryeth once againe: and she the same doth hallowe.
He still persistes, and wondring much what kinde of thing it was
From which that answering voyce by turne so duely seemde to passe, ...
Sayd: let us joyne. she (by hir will desirous to have said,
In fayth with none more willingly at any time or stead)
Sayd: let us joyne. and standing somewhat in hir owne conceit,
Upon these wordes she left the Wood, and forth she yeedeth streit,
To coll the lovely necke for which she longed had so much.
He runnes his way, and will not be imbraced of no such.
And sayth: I first will die ere thou shalt take of me thy pleasure.
She answere nothing else thereto, but take of me thy pleasure.
Now when she saw hir selfe thus mockt, she gate hir to the Woods,
And hid hir head for verie shame among the leaves and buddes. ...
And ever sence she lyves alone in dennes and hollow Caves.
Yet stacke hir love still to hir heart, through which she dayly raves
The more for sorrow of repulse. Through restlesse carke and care
Hir bodie pynes to skinne and bone, and waxeth wonderous bare.
The bloud doth vanish into ayre from out of all hir veynes,
And nought is left but voyce and bones: the voyce yet still remaynes:
Hir bones they say were turnd to stones. From thence she lurking still
In Woods, will never shewe hir head in field nor yet on hill.
Yet is she heard of every man: it is hir onely sound,
And nothing else that doth remayne alive above the ground. ... [III.500]
Thus had he mockt this wretched Nymph and many mo beside,
That in the waters, Woods, and groves, or Mountaynes did abide.
Thus had he mocked many men. Of which one, miscontent
To see himselfe deluded so, his handes to Heaven up bent,
And sayd: I pray to God he may once feele fierce Cupids fire
As I doe now, and yet not joy the things he doth desire.
The Goddesse Ramnuse (who doth wreake on wicked people take)
Assented to his just request for ruth and pities sake.
There was a Spring withouten mudde as silver cleare and still,
Which neyther sheepeheirds, nor the Goates that fed upon the hill. ... [III.510]
Nor other cattell troubled had, nor savage beast had styrd,
Nor braunch, nor sticke, nor leafe of tree, nor any foule nor byrd.
The moysture fed and kept ay fresh the grasse that grew about,
And with their leaves the trees did keepe the heate of Phoebus out.
The stripling wearie with the heate and hunting in the chase,
And much delighted with the spring and coolenesse of the place,
Did lay him downe upon the brimme: and as he stooped lowe
To staunche his thurst, another thurst of worse effect did growe.
For as he dranke, he chaunst to spie the Image of his face,
The which he did immediately with fervent love embrace. ... [III.520]
He feedes a hope without cause why. For like a foolish noddle
He thinkes the shadow that he sees, to be a lively boddie.
Astraughted like an ymage made of Marble stone he lyes,
There gazing on his shadow still with fixed staring eyes.
Stretcht all along upon the ground, it doth him good to see
his ardent eyes which like two starres full bright and shyning bee,
And eke his fingars, fingars such as Bacchus might beseeme,
And haire that one might worthely Apollos haire it deeme.
His beardlesse chinne and yvorie necke, and eke the perfect grace
Of white and red indifferently bepainted in his face. ... [III.530]
All these he woondreh to beholde, for which (as I doe gather)
Himselfe was to be wondred at, or to be pitied rather.
He is enamored of himselfe for want of taking heede.
And where he lykes another thing, he lykes himselfe in deede.
He is the partie whome he wooes, and suter that doth wooe,
He is the flame that settes on fire, and thing that burneth tooe.
O Lord how often did he kisse that false deceitfull thing?
How often did he thrust his armes midway into the spring,
To have embraste the necke he saw and could not catch himselfe?
He knowes not what it was he sawe. And yet the foolish elfe ... [III.540]
Doth burne in ardent love thereof. The verie selfe the same thing
That doth bewitch and blinde his eyes, encreaseth all his sting,
Thou foundling thou, why doest thou raught the fickle image so?
The thing thou seekest is not there. And if aside thou go,
The thing thou lovest straight is gone. It is none other matter
That thou dost see, than of thy selfe the shadow in the water.
The thing is nothing of it selfe: with thee it doth abide,
With thee it would departe if thou withdrew thy selfe aside.
No care of meate could draw him thence, nor yet desire of rest.
But lying flat against the ground, and leaning on his brest, ... [III.550]
With greedie eyes he gazeth still uppon the falced face,
And through his sight is wrought his bane. Yet for a little space
He turnes and settes himselfe upright, and holding up his hands
With piteous voyce unto the wood that round about him stands,
Cryes out and ses: alas ye Woods, and was there ever any,
That loovde so cruelly as I? you know: for unto many
A place of harbrough have you beene, and fort of refuge strong.
Can you remember any one in all your tyme so long,
That hath so pinde away as I? I see and am full faine,
Howbeit that I like and see I cannot yet attaine: ... [III.560]
So great a blindnesse in my heart through doting love doth raigne.
And for to spight me more withall, it is no journey farre,
No drenching Sea, no Mountaine hie, no wall, no locke, no barre,
It is but even a little droppe that keepes us two asunder.
He would be had. For looke how oft I kisse the water under,
So oft againe with upwarde mouth he ryseth towarde mee,
A man would thinke to touch at least I should yet able bee.
It is a trifle in respect that lettes us of our love.
What wight soever that thou art come hither up above.
O pierlesse piece, why dost thou mee thy lover thus delude? ... [III.570]
Or whither fliste thou of thy friende thus earnestly pursude?
I wis I neyther am so fowle nor yet so growne in yeares,
That in this wise thou shouldst me shoon. To have me to their Feeres,
The Nymphes themselves have sude ere this. And yet (as should appeere)
Thou dost pretende some kinde of hope of friendship by the cheere.
For when I stretch mine armes to thee, thou stretchest thine likewise,
And if I smile thou smilest too: and when that from mine eyes
The teares doe drop, I well perceyve the water stands in thine.
Like gesture also dost thou make to everie beck of mine.
And as by moving of thy sweete and lovely lippes I weene, ... [III.580]
Thou speakest words although mine eares conceive not what they beeene.
It is my selfe I well perceyve, it is mine Image sure,
That in this sort deluding me, this furie doth procure.
I am inamored of my selfe, I doe both set on fire,
And am the same that swelteth too, through impotent desire.
What shall I doe? be woode or woo? whome shall I woo therefore?
The thing I seeke is in my selfe, my plentie makes me poore.
O would to God I for a while might from my bodie part.
This wish is straunge to heare a Lover wrapped all in smart,
To wish away the thing the which he loveth as his heart. ... [III.590]
My sorrowe takes away my strength. I have not long to live,
But in the floure of youth must die. To die it doth not grieve,
For that by death shall come the ende of all my griefe and paine.
I woulde this yongling whome I love might lenger life obtaine:
For in one soule shall now delay we stedfast Lovers twaine.
This said in rage he turns againe unto the foresaide shade,
And rores the water with the teares and sloubring that he made,
That through his troubling of the Well his ymage gan to fade.
Which when he saw to vanish so, Oh whither dost thou flie?
Abide I pray thee heartely, aloud he gan to crie. ... [III.600]
Forsake me not so cruelly that loveth thee so deere,
But give me leave a little while my dazled eyes to cheere
With sight of that which for to touch is utterly denide,
Thereby to feede my wretched rage and furie for a tide.
As in this wise he made his mone, he stripped off his cote
And with his fist outragiously his naked stomacke smote.
A ruddie colour where he smote rose on his stomacke sheere,
Lyke Apples which doe partly white and striped red appeere.
Or as the clusters ere the grapes to ripenesse fully come:
An Orient purple here and there beginnes to grow on some. ... [III.610]
Which things asssoone as in the spring he did beholde againe,
He could no longer beare it out. But fainting straight for paine,
As lith and supple waxe doth melt against the burning flame,
Or morning dewe against the Sunne that glareth on the same:
Even so by piecemale being spent and wasted through desire,
Did he consume and melt away with Cupids secret fire.
His lively hue of white and red, his cheerefulnesse and strength
And all the things that lyked him did wanze away at length.
So that in fine remayned not the bodie which of late
The wretched Echo loved so. Who when she sawe his state, ... [III.620]
Although in heart she angrie were, and mindefull of his pride,
Yet ruing his unhappie case, as often as he cride
Alas, she cride alas likewise with shirle redoubled sound.
And when he beate his breast, or strake his feete agaynst the ground,
She made like noyse of clapping too. these are the wordes that last
Out of his lippes beholding still his woonted ymage past.
Alas sweete boy belovde in vaine, farewell. And by and by
With sighing sound the selfe same wordes the Echo did reply.
With that he layde his wearie head against the grassie place,
And death did cloze his gazing eyes that woondred at the grace ... [III.630]
And beautie which did late adorne their Masters heavenly face.
And afterward when into Hell receyved was his spright,
He goes me to the Well of Styx, and there both day and night
Standes tooting on his shadow still as fondely as before.
The water Nymphes his sisters wept and wayled for him sore,
And on his bodie strowde their haire clipt off and shorne therefore.
The Wood nymphes also did lament. And Echo did rebound
To every sorrowfull noyse of theirs with like lamenting sound.
The fire was made to burne the corse, and waxen Tapers light.
A Herce to lay the bodie on with solemne pompe was dight. ... [III.640]
But as for bodie none remaind: In stead thereof they found
A yellow floure with milke white leaves new sprong upon the ground.
This matter all Achaia through did spreathe the Prophets fame:
That every where of just desert renowned was his name.
But Penthey olde Echions sonne (who proudly did disdaine
Both God and man) did laughe to scorne the Prophets words as vaine,
Upbraiding him most spitefully with lossing of his sight,
And with the fact for which he lost fruition of this light.
The goode old father (for these words his pacience much did move)
Said: O how happie shouldest thou be and blessed from above, ... [III.650]
If thou wert blinde as well as I, so that thou might not see
The sacred rytes of Bacchus band. For sure the time will bee,
And that full shortly (as I gesse) that hither shall resort
Another Bacchus Semelles sonne, whom if thou not support
With pompe and honour like a God, thy carcasse shall be tattred,
And in a thousand places eke about the Woods be scattred.
And for to reade thee what they are that shall perfourme the deede,
It is thy mother and thine Auntes that thus shall make thee bleede.
I know it shall so come to passe, for why thou shalt disdaine,
To honour Bacchus as a God: and then thou shalt with paine ... [III.660]
Feele how that blinded as I am, I sawe for thee too much.
As old Tiresias did pronounce these wordes and other such,
Echions sonne did trouble him. His wordes prove true in deede,
For as the Prophet did forespeake, so fell it out with speede.
Anon this newefound Bacchus commes: the woods and fieldes rebound,
With noyse of shouts and howling out, and such confused sound.
The folke runne flocking out by heapes, men, Mayds, and wives together
The noble men and rascall sorte ran gadding also thither,
The Orgies of this unknowne God full fondely to performe,
The which when Penthey did perceyve, he gan to rage and storme, ... [III.670]
And sayde unto them. O ye ympes of Mars his snake by kinde,
What ayleth you? what fiend of hell doth thus enrage your minde?
Hath tinking sound of pottes and pannes, hath noyse of crooked horne?
Have fonde illusions such a force, that them whom heretoforne
No arming sworde, no bloudie trumpe, no men in battail ray
coulde cause to shrinke, no sheepish shriekes of simple women fray?
And drunken woodnesse wrought by wine and roughts of filthie freakes?
And sound of toying timpanes dauntes and quite their courage breakes?
Shall I at you yee auncient men which from the towne of Tyre,
To bring your housholde Gods by Sea, in safetie did aspyre, ... [III.680]
And setled them within this place the which ye nowe doe yeelde
In bondage quite without all force and fighting in the fielde:
Or woonder at you yonger sorte approching unto mee
More neare in courage and in yeares? whome meeete it were to see
With speare and not with thirse in hande, with glitt'ring helme on hed,
And not with leaves? Now call to minde of whome ye all are bred,
And take the stomackes of that Snake, which being one alone,
Right stoutly in his owne defence confounded many one.
He for his harbrough and his spring his lyfe did nobly spend.
Doe you no more but take a heart your Countrie to defend. ... [III.690]
He put to death right valeant Knightes. Your battaile is with such
As are but Meicocks in effect: and yet ye doe so much
In conquering them, that by the deede the olde renowne ye save,
Which from your fathers by descent this present time ye have.
If fatall destnies doe forbid that Thebe long shall stande,
Would God that men with Canon shot might raze it out of hande.
Would God the noyse of fire and sworde did in our hearing sound:
For then in this our wretchednesse there could no fault be found.
Then might we justly waile our case that all the world might see
Wee should not neede of sheading teares ashamed for to bee. ... [III.700]
But now our towne is taken by a naked beardelesse boy,
Who doth not in the feates of armes nor horse nor armour joy.
But for to moyst his haire with Mirrhe, and put on garlands gay,
And in soft Purple silke and golde his bodie to aray.
But put to you your helping hande, and straight without delay
I will compell him poynt by poynt his lewdnesse to bewray,
Both in usurping Joves high name in making him his sonne,
And forging of these Ceremonies lately now begonne.
Hath King Acrisius heart inough this fondling for to hate,
That makes himselfe to be a God? and for to shut the gate ... [III.710]
Of Argus at his comming there? and shall this rover make
King Penthey and this noble towne of Thebe thus to quake?
Go quickly sirs (these wordes he spake unto his servaunts) go
And bring the Captaine hither bound with speede, why stay ye so?
His Grand sire Cadmus, Athamus and others of his kinne
Reproved him by gentle meanes: but nothing could they winne.
The more intreatance that they made, the fiercer was he still.
The more his friendes did go about to breake him of his will,
The more they did provoke his wrath, and set his rage on fire.
They made him worse in that they sought to bridle his desire. ... [III.720]
So have I seene a brooke ere this, where nothing let the streame,
Runne smooth with little noyse or none: but where as any beame
Or cragged stones did let his course, and make him for to stay:
It went more fiercely from the stoppe with fomie wroth away.
Beholde all bloudy come his men, and straight he then demaunded
Where Bacchus was, and why they had not done as he commaunded?
Sir (aunswerde they) we saw him not, but this same fellow heere
A chiefe companion in his traine and worker in this geere,
Wee tooke by force: and therewithall presented to their Lord
A certaine man of Tirrhene lande, his handes fast bound with cord, ... [III.730]
Whome they, frequenting Bacchus rites had found but late before.
A grim and cruell looke which yre did make to seeeme more sore,
Did Penthey cast upon the man. And though he scarcely stayd
From putting him to tormentes strait: O wretched man (he sayde)
Who by thy worthie death shalt be a sample unto other,
Declare to me the names of thee, thy father and thy mother,
And in what Countrie thou wert borne, and what hath caused thee,
Of these straunge rites and sacrifice, a follower for to bee.
He voyd of feare made aunswere thus, Acetis is my name:
Of Parentes but of lowe degree in Lidy land I came. ... [III.740]
No ground for painfull Oxe to till, no sheepe to beare me wooll
My father left me: no nor horse, nor Asse, nor Cow nor Booll.
God wote he was but poore himselfe. With line and bayted hook
The frisking fishes in the pooles upon his Reede he tooke.
His handes did serve in steade of landes, his substance was his craft.
Now have I made you true accompt of all that he me laft,
As well of ryches as of trades, in which I was his heire
And successour. For when that death bereft him use of aire,
Save water he me nothing left. It is the thing alone
Which for my lawfull heritage I clayme, and other none. ... [III.750]
Soone after (because that loth I was to ay abide
In that poore state) did learne a ship by cunning hande to guide,
And for to knowe the raynie signe, that hight th' Olenien gote,
Which with hir milke did nourish Jove. And also I did note
The Pleiads and the Hiads moyst, and eke the siely Plough,
With all the dwellings of the winds that made the seas so rough,
And eke such Havens as are meete to harbrough vessels in,
With everie starre and heavenly signe that guides to shipmen bin.
Now as by chaunce I late ago did toward Dilos sayle,
I came on coast of Scios Ile, and seeing day to fayle, ... [III.760]
Tooke harbrough there and went a lande. Assoone as that the night
Was spent, and morning gan to peere with ruddie glaring light,
I rose and bad my companie fresh water fetch aboord.
And pointing them the way that led directly to the foorde,
I went me to a little hill, and viewed round about
To see what weather we were lyke to have ere setting out.
Which done, I cald my watermen and all my Mates togerther,
And willeth them all to go a boord my selfe first going thither.
Loe here we are (Opheltes sayd) (he was the Maysters Mate)
And (as he thought) a bootie found in desert fields a late, ... [III.770]
He dragd a boy upon his hande that for his beautie sheene,
A mayden rather than a boy appeared for to beene.
This childe, as one forelade with wine, and dreint with drousie sleepe
Did reele, as though he scarcely coulde himselfe from falling keepe.
I markt his countnance, weede, and pace, no inckling could I see,
By which I might conjecture him a mortall wight to bee.
I thought, and to my fellows sayd: what God I can not tell,
But in this bodie that we see some Godhead sure doth dwell.
What God so ever that thou art, thy favour to us showe,
And in our labours us assist, and pardone these also. ... [III.780]
Pray for thyselfe and not for us (quoth Dictys by and by.)
A nimbler fellow for to clime uppon the Mast on hie
And by the Cable downe to slide, there was not in our keele.
Swart Melanth patrone of the shippe did like his saying weele.
So also did Alcimedon: and so did Libys too,
And black Epopeus eke whose charge it did belong unto
To see the Rowers at their tymes their dueties duely do.
And so did all the rest of them: so sore mennes eyes were blinded
Where covetousenesse of filthie gaine is more than reason minded.
Well sirs (quoth I) but by your leave ye shall not have it so: ... [III.790]
I will not suffer sacriledge within this shippe to go.
For I have here the most to doe. And with that worde I stept
Uppon the Hatches, all the rest from entrance to have kept.
The rankest Ruffian of the route that Lycab had to name,
(Who for a murder being late driven out of Tuscan came
to me for succor) waxed woode, and with his sturdie fist
Did give me such a churlish blow bycause I did resist,
That over board he had me sent, but that with much ado
I caught the tackling in my hand and helde me fast thereto.
The wicket Varlets had a sport to see me handled so. ... [III.800]
Then Bacchus (for it Bacchus was) as though he had but tho
Bene waked with their noyse from sleepe, and that his drousie braine
Discharged of the wine, began to gather sence againe
Said: what a doe? what noyse is this? how came I here I pray?
Sirs tell me whether you doe meane to carie me away.
Feare not my boy (the Patrone sayd) no more but tell me where
Thou doest desire to go a lande, and we will set thee there.
To Naxus ward (quoth Bacchus tho) set ship upon the fome.
There would I have you harbrough take, for Naxus is my home.
Like perjurde Caitifs, by the Sea and all the Gods thereof, ... [III.810]
They falsly swear it should be so, and therewithall in scoffe
They bade me hose up saile and go. Upon the righter hand
I cast about to fetch the winde, for so did Naxus stand.
What means? art mad? Opheltes cride, and therewithall begun
A feare of loosing of their pray through every man to run.
The greater part with head and hand a signe did to me make,
And some did whisper in mine eare the left hand way to take.
I was amazde and said: take charge henceforth who will for me:
For of your craft and wickednesse I will no further be.
Then fell they to reviling me, and all the route gan grudge: ... [III.820]
Of which Ethalion said in scorne: by like in you Sir snudge
Consistes the savegard of us all, and wyth that word he takes
My roume, and leaving Naxus quite, to other countries makes.
The God then dalying with these mates, as though he had at last
Begun to smell their suttle craft, out of the foredecke cast
His eye upon the Sea, and then as though he seemde to weep,
Sayd: sirs to bring me on this coast ye doe not promise keepe,
I see that this is not the land the which I did request.
For what occasion in this sort deserve I to be drest?
What commendation can you win, or praise thereby receive, ... [III.830]
If men a Lad, if many one ye compasse to deceyve?
I wept and sobbed all this while, the wicked villaines laught,
And rowed forth with might and maine, as though they had bene straught.
Now even by him (for sure than he in all the worlde so wide
There is no God more neare at hande at every time and tide),
I sweare unto you that the things the which I shall declare,
Like as they seeme incredible, even so most true they are.
The ship stoode still amid the Sea as in a dustie docke.
They wondering at this miracle, and making but a mocke,
Persist in beating with their Ores, and on with all their sayles: ... [III.840]
To make their Galley to remove, no Art nor labor fayles.
But Ivie troubled so their Ores that forth they could not row:
And both with Berries and with leaves their sailes did overgrow.
And he himselfe with clustred grapes about his temples round,
Did shake a Javeling in his hand that round about was bound
With leaves of Vines: and at his feete there seemed for to couch
Of Tygers, Lynx, and Panthers shapes most ougly for to touch.
I cannot tell you whether feare or woodnesse were the cause,
But every person leapeth up and from his labor drawes.
And there one Medon first of all began to waxen blacke, ... [III.850]
And having lost his former shape did take a courbed backe.
What Monster shall we have of thee (quoth Licab) and with that
This Licabs chappes did waxen wide, his nose trils waxed flat,
His skin waxt tough and scales thereon began anon to grow.
And Libis as he went about the Ores away to throw,
Perceived how his hands did shrinke and were become so short,
That now for finnes and not for hands he might them well report.
Another as he would have claspt his arm about the corde:
Had nere an arme, and so bemaimd in bodie, over boord
He leapeth downe among the waves, and forked is his tayle ... [III.860]
As are the hornes of Phebes face when halfe hir light doth fayle.
They leape about and sprinkle up much water on the ship,
One while they swim above, and downe againe anon they slip.
They fetch their friskes as in a daunce, and wantonly they writhe
Now here now there among the waves their bodies bane and lithe.
And with their wide and hollow nose the water in they snuffe,
And by their noses out againe as fast they doe it puffe.
Of twentie persons (for our ship so many men did beare)
I only did remaine nigh straught and trembling still for feare.
The God could scarce recomfort me, and yet he said: Go too, ... [III.870]
Feare not but saile to Dia ward. His will I gladly doe.
And so as soone as I came there with right devout intent,
His Chaplaine I became. And thus his Orgies I frequent.
Thou makste a processe verie long (quoth Penthey) to th' intent
That (choler being coolde by time) mine anger might relent.
But Sirs (he spake it to his men) go take him by and by,
With cruell torments out of hand goe cause him for to die.
Immediately they led away Acetes out of sight,
And put him into prison strong from which there was no flight.
But while the cruell instruments of death as sword and fire ... [III.880]
Were in preparing wherewithall t'accomplish Penthys yre,
It is reported that the doores did of their owne accord
Burst open and his chaines fall off. And yet this cruell Lorde
Persisteth fiercer than before, not bidding others go
But goes himself unto the hill Cytheron, which as tho
To Bacchus being consecrate did ring of chaunted songs,
And other loud confused sounds of Bacchus drunken throngs.
And even when the bloudie Trumpe doth to the battell sound,
The lustie horse streight neying out bestirres him on the ground,
And taketh courage thereupon t'assaile his emnie proud: ... [III.890]
Even so when Penthey heard afarre the noyse and howling loud
That Bacchus frantick folke did make, it set his heart on fire,
And kindled fiercer than before the sparks of settled ire.
There is a goodly plaine about the middle of the hill,
Environd in with Woods, where men may view eche way at will.
Here looking on these holie rites with lewde prophaned eyes
King Penteys mother first of all hir foresaid sonne espies,
And like a Bedlem first of all she doth upon him runne,
And with hir Javeling furiously she first doth wound hir sonne.
Come hither sisters come, she cries, here is that mighty Bore, ... [III.900]
Here is the Bore that stroyes our fields, him will I strike therefore.
With that they fall upon him all as though they had bene mad,
And clusing all upon a heape fast after him they gad.
He quakes and shakes: his words are now become more meeke and colde:
He now condemnes his owne default, and sayes he was too bolde.
And wounded as he was he cries: Helpe, Aunt Autonoe,
Now for Acteons blessed soule some mercie show to me.
She wist not who Acteon was, but rent without delay
His right hand off: and Ino tare his tother hand away.
To lift unto his mother tho the wretch had nere an arme: ... [III.910]
But shewing hir his maimed corse, and woundes yet bleeding warme,
O mother see, he sayes: with that Agave howleth out:
And writhed with hir necke awrie, and shooke hir haire about.
And holding from his bodie torne his head in bloudie hands,
She cries: O fellowes in this deede our noble conquest stands.
No sooner could the winde have blowen the rotten leaves from trees,
When Winters frost hath bitten them, then did the hands of these
Most wicked women Penteys limmes from one another teare.
The Thebanes being now by this example brought in feare,
Frequent this newfound sacrifice, and with sweete frankinsence ... [III.920]
God Bacchus Altars lode with gifts in every place doe cense.

FINIS TERTII LIBRI.

Length: 10,445 words

Golding Ovid Book III: The Hounds of Acteaon
In a pamphlet Harts, Hounds and Hedingham Elisabeth Sears, with the assistance of research into land deeds and transfers furnished by Charles Bird, provides evidence of a relationship between the names of Actaeon's pack and the environs of the Earl of Oxford's Castle Hedingham.
Translations from Anthony Brian Taylor of the Swansea Institute and from Robert Graves, The Greek Myths.

Golding (modern sp)
1. Blackfoot (Ovid's Pack Melampus [black foot])
2. Stalker (Ovid's Pack Ichnobates [keen, clever])
3. Spy (Ovid's Pack Dorceus)
4. Eatall (Ovid's Pack Pamphagus [eat up, consume])
5. Scalecliff (Ovid's Pack Oribasus [climber?])
6. Killbuck (Nebrophonus [fawn killer])
7. Savage (Ovid's Pack -- none)
8. Spring (Ovid's Pack Laelaps [hurricane])

9. Hunter (Ovid's Pack Theron)

10. Lightfoot (Ovid's pack Pterelas [launcher of feathers])

Oxford property assn: A wood name at Southey Green, in sight of the Castle.
11. Woodman (Ovid's Pack Hylaeus [of the woods])
12. Shepherd (Ovid's Pack Poemenis)
13. Laund (Pasture) (Ovid's Pack Nape)
14. Greedygut (Ovid's Pack Harpyia [snatcher?])

15. 1st puppy
16. 2d puppy
17. Ladon (Ovid's Pack Ladon [grabber; Graves embracer])
18. Blab (Ovid's Pack Canache [barking])
19. Fleetwood (Ovid's Pack Dromas)

Oxford property assn: Adjacent parish of Sibie Hedingham, most of which DeVere property.
20. Patch (Ovid's Pack Sticte)

22. Bowman (Ovid's Pack Tigride)

Oxford property assn: Bowman field (Beaumont). #174
23. Roister (Ovid's Pack Alce)

25. Tawny (Ovid's Pack Asbolus)
26. Ruffer (Ovid's Pack Lacon)
27. Tempest (Ovid's pack Aello [storm foot])
28. Cole (Ovid's Pack -- none)

Oxford property assn: Cole field, #746.
29. Swift (Ovid's Pack Thous [swift])
30. Wolf (Ovid's Pack Lycisce)
31. His brother (Ovid's Pack Cyprius)
32. Snatch (Ovid's Pack Harpalus [grasping])
33. Rug (Ovid's Pack Lachne)
34. Jollyboy (Ovid's Pack Lebros [gluttonous, forceful])
35. Chorle (Ovid's Pack Agridos [fierce tooth])
36. Ringwood (Ovid's Pack Hylactor [barker])

Oxford property assn: Ringewood, a 26-acre parcel in sight of Hedingham Keep. #80
37. Slo (Ovid's Pack Melanchaetes)
38. Killdeer (Ovid's Pack Theridamas)
39. Hillbred (Ovid’s Pack Oresitrophes)

6. Killbuck (Rouse) is named "Bilbucke" by Nims.
7. Savage seems to be a Golding addition, perhaps another aspect of "Hunter" (fierce Theron).
8. Laelops is also the name of the dog given by Procris to Cephalus.
21. Although "wight" is traditionally translated as "white" and assigned to Ovid's "Leucon", This is an unusual spelling of "white" in Golding's Ovid. In other lines in Book III "white" is spelled "white", while "wight" is given the meaning "speedy" or "living being" (both used throughout Golding's Ovid). since No. 24 can also be assigned to "Leucon", it is possible that alternatively "wight" in the case of No. 21, could be a new dog "Speedy" (as in limber, athletic).
24. Beauty, an addition, may be another aspect of Leucon.
36. Ringwood (Rouse) is named "Kingwood" by Nims. In the Oxfordian (Vol. II, Oct. 1999, p. 124) Robert Brazil points out that "Hylactor" (bark, growl) may, with the word "hyle" (wood), combine two meanings to suggest the phrase "barker in the wood".

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Webmaster contact: robertbrazil@juno.com

The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English - credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING
Transcribed and Edited by B.F. copyright © 2002
Web design and additional editing by R. Brazil
Words discussed in the glossary are underlined
THE FOURTH BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.
Yet would not stout Alcithoe, Duke Mineus daughter, bow
The Orgies of this newfound God in conscience to allow
But still she stiffly doth denie that Bacchus is the sonne
Of Jove: and in this heresie hir sisters with hir runne.
The Priest had bidden holiday, and that as well the Maide
As Mistresse (for the time aside all other businesse layde)
In Buckskin cotes, with tresses loose, and garlondes on their heare,
Should in their hands the leavie speares (surnamed Thyrsis) beare,
foretelling them that if they did the Goddes commaundement breake,
He would with sore and grievous plagues his wrath upon them wreake. ... [IV.10]
The women straight both yong and olde doe thereunto obay.
Their yarne, their baskets, and their flax unsponne aside they lay,
And burne to Bacchus frankinsence. Whome solemnly they call
By all the names and titles high that may to him befall:
As Bromius, and Lyeus eke, begotten of the flame,
Twice borne, the sole and only childe that of two mothers came,
Unshorne Thyoney, Niseus, Leneus, and the setter
Of Wines, whose pleasant liquor makes all tables fare the better,
Nyectileus and th'Elelean Sire, Iacchus, Evan eke,
With divers other glorious names that through the land of Greke ... [IV.20]
To thee O Liber wonted are to attributed bee.
Thy youthfull yeares can never wast: there dwelleth ay in thee
A childhod tender, fresh and faire: in Heaven we doe thee see
Surmounting every other thing in beautie and in grace
And when thou standste without thy hornes thou hast a Maidens face.
To thee obeyeth all the East as far as Ganges goes,
Which doth the scorched land of Inde with tawnie folke enclose.
Lycurgus with his twibill sharpe, and Penthey who of pride
Thy Godhead and thy mightie power rebelliously denide,
Thou right redowted didst confounde: thou into Sea didst send ... [IV.30]
The Tyrrhene shipmen. Thou with bittes the sturdy neckes doste bend
Of spotted Lynxes: throngs of Frowes and Satyres on thee tend,
And that olde Hag that with a staffe his staggering limmes doth stay
Scarce able on his Asse to sit for reeling every way.
Thou commest not in any place but that is hearde the noyse
Of gagling womens tatling tongues and showting out of boyes,
With sound of Timbrels, Tabores, Pipes, and Brazen pannes and pots
Confusedly among the rout that in thine Orgies trots.
The Thebane women for thy grace and favour humbly sue,
And (as the Priest did bid) frequent thy rites with reverence due. ... [IV.40]
Alonly Mineus daughters bent of wilfulnesse, with working
Quite out of time to breake the feast, are in their houses lurking:
And there doe fall to spinning yarne, or weaving in the frame,
And kepe their maidens to their worke. Of which one pleasant dame
As she with nimble hand did draw hir slender threede and fine,
Said: Whyle that others idelly doe serve the God of wine,
Let us that serve a better Sainct Minerva, finde some talke
To ease our labor while our handes about our profite walke.
And for to make the time seeme shorte, let eche of us recite,
(As every bodies turne shall come) some tale that may delight. ... [IV.50]
Hir saying likte the rest so well that all consent therein,
And thereupon they pray that first the eldest would begin.
She had such store and choyce of tales she wist not which to tell.
She doubted if she might declare the fortune that befell
To Dircetes of Babilon whose now with scaly hide
In altrd shape the Philistine believeth to abide
In watrie Pooles: or rather how hir daughter taking wings
In shape of Dove on toppes of towres in age now sadly sings:
Or how a certaine water Nymph by witchcraft and by charmes
Converted into fishes dumbe of yongmen many swarmes, ... [IV.60]
Untill that of the selfesame sauce hir selfe did tast at last:
Or how the tree that usde to beare fruite white in ages past,
Doth now beare fruite in manner blacke, by sprincling up of blood.
This tale (bicause it was not stale nor common) seemed good
To hir to tell: and thereupon she in this wise begun,
Hir busie hand still drawing out the flaxen threede she spun:
Within the towne (of whose huge walles so monstrous high and thicke
The fame is given Semyramis for making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard together two yong folke in houses joynde so nere
That under all one roofe well nie both twaine conveyed were. ... [IV.70]
The name of him was Pyramus, and Thisbe calde was she.
So faire a man in all the East was none alive as he,
Nor nere a woman, maide nor wife in beautie like to hir.
This neighbord bred acquaintance first, this neyghbrod first did stirre
The secret sparkes, this neighbrod first an entrance in did showe,
For love to come to that to which it afterward did growe.
And if that right had taken place they had bene man and wife,
But still their Parents went about to let which (for their life)
They could not let. For both their heartes with equall flame did burne.
No man was privie to their thoughts. And for to serve their turne ... [IV.80]
In steade of talke they used signes. The closelier they supprest
The fire of love, the fiercer still it raged in their brest.
The wall that parted house from house had riven therein a crany
Which shronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt of any
Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not love espie)
These lovers first of all found out, and made a way whereby
To talke togither secretly, and through the same did goe
Their loving whisprings verie light and safely to and fro.
Now as at one side Pyramus and Thisbe on the tother
Stoode often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other: ... [IV.90]
O thou envious wall (they sayd) why letst thou lovers thus?
What matter were it if that thou permitted both of us
In armes eche other to embrace? Or if thou thinke that this
Were overmuch, yet mightest thou at least make roume to kisse.
And yet thou shalt not finde us churles: we thinke our selves in det
For this same piece of courtesie, in vouching safe to let
Our sayings to our friendly eares thus freely come and goe.
Thus having where they stooide in vaine complayned of their woe,
When night drew nere, they bade adew and eche gave kisses sweete
Unto the parget on their side, the which did never meete. ... [IV.100]
Next morning with hir cherefull light had driven the starres aside
And Phebus with his burning beames the dewie grasse had drie.
These lovers at their wonted place by foreappointment met.
Where after much complaint and mone they covenanted to get
Away from such as watched them and in the Evening late
To steale out of their fathers house and eke the Citie gate.
And to th' intent that in the fields they strayde not up and dowe
They did agree at Ninus Tumb to meeete without the towne,
And tarie underneath a tree that by the same did grow
Which was a faire high Mulberie with fruite as white as snow. ... [IV.110]
Hard by a coole and trickling spring. This bargaine pleasde them both
And so daylight (which to their thought away but slowly goth)
Did in the Ocean fall to rest, and night from thence doth rise.
As soone as darkenesse once was come, straight Thisbe did devise
A shift to wind hir out of doores, that none that were within
Perceyved hir: and muffling hir with clothes about hir chin,
That no man might discerne hir face, to Ninus Tumb she came
Unto the tree, and sat hir downe there underneath the same.
Love made hir bold. But see the chaunce, there comes besmerde with blood
Above the chappes a Lionesse all foming from the wood ... [IV.120]
From slaughter lately made of kine to staunch hir bloudie thurst
With water of the foresaid spring. Whome Thisbe spying forst,
Afarre by moonelight, thereupon with fearfull steppes gan flie,
And in a darke and yrkesome cave did hide hirselfe thereby.
And as she fled away for hast she let hir mantle fall
The whych for feare she left behind not looking backe at all.
Now when the cruell Lionesse hir thurst had stanched well,
In going to the Wood she found the slender weede that fell
From Thisbe, which with bloudie teeth in pieces she did teare.
The night was somewhat further spent ere Pyramus came there ... [IV.130]
Who seeing in the suttle sande the pring of Lions paw,
Waxt pale for feare. But when also the bloudie cloke he saw
All rent and torne: One night (he sayd) shall lovers two confounde,
Of which long life deserved she of all that live on ground.
My soule deserves of this mischaunce the perill for to beare.
I, wretch, have bene the death of thee, which to this place of feare
Did cause thee in the night to come, and came not here before.
My wicked limmes and wretched guttes with cruell teeth therfore
Devour ye, O ye Lions all that in this rocke doe dwell.
But Cowardes use to wish for death. The slender weede that fell ... [IV.140]
From Thisbe up he takes, and straight doth beare it to the tree,
Which was appointed erst the place of meeting for to bee.
And when he had bewept and kist the garment which he knew,
Receyve thou my bloud too (quoth he) and therewithall he drew
His sworde, the which among his guttes he thrust, and by and by
Did draw it from the bleeding wound beginning for to die,
And cast himselfe upon his backe, the bloud did spin on hie
As when a Conduite pipe is crackt, the water bursting out
Doth shote it selfe a great way off and pierce the Ayre about.
The leaves that were upon the tree besprincled with his blood ... [IV.150]
Were died blacke. The roote also bestained as it stooede,
A deepe darke purple colour straight upon the Berries cast.
Anon scarce ridded of hir feare with which she was agast,
For doubt of disapointing him commes Thisbe forth in hast,
And for hir lover lookes about, rejoycing for to tell
How hardly she had scapt that night the daunger that befell.
And as she knew right well the place and facion of the tree
(As which she saw so late before): even so when she did see
The colour of the Berries turnde, she was uncertaine whither
It were the tree at which they both agreed to meete togethier. ... [IV.160]
While in this douftfull stounde she stooede, she cast hir eye aside
And there beweltred in his bloud hir lover she espide
Lie sprawling with his dying limmes: at which she started backe,
And looked pale as any Box, a shuddring through hir stracke,
Even like the Sea which sodenly with whissing noyse doth move,
When with a little blast of winde it is but toucht above.
But when approching nearer him she knew it was hir love,
She beate hir brest, she shrieked out, she tare hir golden heares,
And taking him betweene hir armes did wash his wounds with teares,
She meynt hir weeping with his bloud, and kissing all his face ... [IV.170]
(Which now became as colde as yse) she cride in wofull case:
Alas what chaunce, my Pyramus, hath parted thee and mee?
Make aunswere O my Pyramus: it is thy Thisb', even shee
Whome thou doste love most heartely, that speaketh unto thee.
Give eare and rayse thy heavie heade. He hearing Thisbes name,
Lift up his dying eyes and having seene hir closde the same.
But when she knew hir mantle there and saw his scabberd lie
Without the swoorde: Unhappy man thy love hath made thee die:
Thy love (she said) hath made thee sley thy selfe. This hand of mine
Is strong inough to doe the like. My love no lesse than thine ... [IV.180]
Shall give me force to worke my wound. I will pursue the dead.
And wretched woman as I am, it shall of me be sed
That like as of thy death I was the only cause and blame,
So am I thy companion eke and partner in the same,
For death which only coulde alas asunder part us twaine,
Shall never so dissever us but we will meete againe.
And you the Parentes of us both, most wretched folke alyve,
Let this request that I shall make in both our names bylive
Entreat ye to permit that we whome chaste and stedfast love
And whome even death hath joynde in one, may as it doth behove ... [IV.190]
In one grave be together layd. And thou unhappie tree
Which shroudest now the corse of one, and shalt anon through mee
Shroude two, of this same slaughter holde the sicker signes for ay,
Blacke be the colour of thy fruite and mourning like alway.
Such as the murder of us twaine may evermore bewray.
This said, she tooke the sword yet warme with slaughter of hir love
And setting it beneath hir brest, did to hir heart it shove.
Hir prayer with the Gods and with their Parentes tooke effect.
For when the frute is throughly ripe, the Berrie is bespect
With colour tending to a blacke. And that which after fire ... [IV.200]
Remained, rested in one Tumbe as Thisbe did desire.
This tale thus tolde a little space of pawsing was betwist,
And then began Leucothoe thus, hir sisters being whist:
This Sunne that with his streaming light al worldly things doth cheer
Was tane in love. Of Phebus loves now list and you shall heare.
It is reported that this God did first of all espie,
(For everie thing in Heaven and Earth is open to his eie.)
How Venus with the warlike Mars advoutrie did commit.
It grieved him to see the fact and so discovered it.
He shewed hir husband Junos sonne th' advoutrie and the place. ... [IV.210]
In which this privie scape was done. Who was in such a case
That heart and hand and all did faile in working for a space.
Anon he featly forgde a net of Wire so fine and slight,
That neyther knot nor nooze therein apparant was to sight.
This piece of worke was much more fine than any handwarpe oofe
Or that whereby the Spider hanges in sliding from the roofe
And furthermore the suttlenesse and slight thereof was such,
It followed every little pull and closde with every touch,
And so he set it handsomly about the haunted couch.
Now when that Venus and hir mate were met in bed togither ... [IV.220]
Hir husband by his newfound snare before convoyed thither
Did snarle them both togither fast in middes of all theyr play
And setting ope the Ivorie doores, callde all the Gods streight way
To see them: they with shame inough fast lockt togither lay.
A certaine God among the rest disposed for to sport
Did wish that he himselfe also were shamed in that sort.
The residue laught and so in heaven there was no talke a while,
But of this Pageant how the Smith the lovers did beguile.
Dame Venus highly stomacking this great displeasure, thought
To be revenged on the part by whome the spight was wrought. ... [IV.230]
And like as he hir secret loves and meetings had bewrayd,
So she with wound of raging love his guerdon to him payd.
What now avayles (Hyperions sonne) thy forme and beautie bright?
What now avayle thy glistring eyes with cleare and piercing sight?
For thou that with thy gleames art wont all countries for to burne,
Art burnt thy selfe with other gleames that serve not for thy turne.
And thou that oughtst thy cherefull looke on all things for to shew
Alonly on Leucothoe doste now the same bestow.
Thou fastnest on that Maide alone the eyes that thou doste owe
To all the worlde. Sometime more rathe thou risest in the East, ... [IV.240]
Sometime againe thou makste it late before thou fall to reast.
And for desire to looke on hir, thou often doste prolong
Our winter nightes. And in thy light thou faylest eke among.
The fancie of thy faultie minde infectes thy feeble sight,
And so thou makste mens hearts afrayde by daunting of thy light,
Thou looxte not pale bycause the globe of Phebe is betweene
The Earth and thee: but love doth cause this colour to be seene.
Thou lovest this Leucothoe so far above all other,
That neyther now for Clymene, for Rhodos, nor the mother
Of Circe, nor for Clytie (who at that present tyde ... [IV.250]
Rejected from thy companie did for thy love abide
Most grievous torments in hir heart) thou seemest for to care.
Thou mindest hir so much that all the rest forgotten are.
Hir mother was Euonyme of all the fragrant clime
Of Arabie esteemde the flowre of beautie in hir time.
But when hir daughter came to age the daughter past the mother
As far in beautie, as before the mother past all other.
Hir father was king Orhcamus and rulde the publike weale
Of Persey, counted by descent the seventh from auncient Bele.
Far underneath the Wysterne clyme of Hesperus doe runne ... [IV.260]
The pastures of the firie steedes that draw the golden Sunne.
There are they fed with Ambrosie in stead of grasse all night
Which doth refresh their werie limmes and keepeth them in plight
To beare their dailie labor out: now while the steedes there take
Their heavenly foode and night by turne his timely course doth make,
The God disguised in the shape of Queene Euonyme
Doth prease within the chamber doore of faire Leucothoe
His lover, whome amid twelve Maides he found by candlelight
Yet spinning on hir little Rocke, and went me to hir right.
And kissing hir as mothers use to kisse their daughters deare, ... [IV.270]
Saide: Maydes, withdraw your selves a while and sit not listning here.
I have a secret thing to talke. The Maides avoyde eche one,
The God then being with his love in chamber all alone,
Said: I am he that metes the yeare, that all things doe beholde,
By whome the Earth doth all things see, the Eye of all the worlde.
Trust me I am in love with thee. The Ladie was so nipt
With sodaine feare that from hir hands both rocke and spindle slipt.
Hir feare became hir wondrous well. He made no mo delayes,
But turned to his proper shape and tooke hys glistring rayes.
The damsell being sore abasht at this so straunge a sight, ... [IV.280]
And overcome with sodaine feare to see the God so bright,
Did make no outrcie nor no noyse, but helde hir pacience still,
And suffred him by forced powre his pleasure to fulfill.
Hereat did Clytie sore repine. For she beyond all measure
Was then enamoured of the Sunne: and stung with this displeasure
That he another Leman had, for verie spight and yre
She playes the blab, and doth defame Leucothoe to hir Syre.
He cruell and unmercifull would no excuse accept,
But holding up hir handes to heaven when tenderly she wept,
And said it was the Sunne that did the deede against hir will: ... [IV.290]
Yet like a savage beast full bent his daughter for to spill,
He put hir deepe in delved ground, and on hir bodie laide
A huge great heape of heavie sand. The Sunne full yll appaide
Did with his beames disperse the sand and made an open way
To bring thy buried face to light, but such a weight there lay
Upon thee, that thou couldst not raise thine hand aloft againe,
And so a corse both voide of bloud and life thou didst remaine.
There never chaunst since Phaetons fire a thing that grieved so sore
The ruler of the winged steedes as this did. And therfore
He did attempt if by the force and vertue of his ray ... [IV.300]
He might againe to lively heate hir frozen limmes convay.
But forasmuch as destenie so great attempts denies,
He sprinkles both the corse it selfe and place wherein it lyes
With fragrant Nectar. And therewith bewayling much his chaunce
Sayd: Yet above the starrie skie thou shalt thy selfe advaunce.
Anon the body in this heavenly liquor steeped well
Did melt, and moisted all the earth with sweete and pleasant smell.
And by and by first taking roote among the cloddes within
By little and by little did with growing top begin
A pretie spirke of Frankincense above the Tumbe to win. ... [IV.310]
Although that Clytie might excuse hir sorrow by hir love
And seeme that so to play the blab hir sorrow did hir move,
Yet would the Author of the light resort to hir no more
But did withholde the pleasant sportes of Venus.usde before.
The Nymph not able of hir selfe the franticke fume to stay,
With restlesse care and pensivenesse did pine hir selfe away.
Bareheaded on the bare cold ground with flaring haire unkempt
She sate abroade both night and day: and clearly did exempt
Hirselfe by space of thrise three dayes from sustnance and repast
Save only dewe and save hir teares with which she brake hir fast. ... [IV.320]
And in that while she never rose but stared on the Sunne
And ever turnde hir face to his as he his corse did runne.
Hir limmes stacke fast within the ground, and all hir upper part
Did to a pale ashcolourd herbe cleane voyde of bloud convart.
The floure whereof part red part white beshadowed with a blew
Most like a Violet in the shape hir countnance overgrew.
And now (though fastned with a roote) she turnes hir to the Sunne
And keepes (in shape of herbe) the love with which she first begunne.
She made an ende: and at hir tale all wondred: some denide
Hir saying to be possible: and other some replide ... [IV.330]
That such as are in deede true Gods may all things worke at will:
But Bacchus is not any such. Thys arguing once made still,
To tell hir tale as others had Alcithoes turne was come.
Who with hir shettle shooting through hir web within the Loome,
Said: Of the shepeheird Daphnyes love of Ida whom erewhile
A jealouse Nymph (bicause he did with Lemans hir beguile)  
For anger turned to a stone (such furie love doth sende:)  
I will not speake: it is to knowe: ne yet I doe entende  
To tell how Scython varyably digressing from his kinde,  
Was sometime woman, sometime man, as liked best his minde. ... [IV.340]  
And Celmus also wyll I passe, who for bicause he cloong  
Most faithfully to Jupiter when Jupiter was yoong,  
Is now become an Adamant. So will I passe this howre  
To shew you how the Curets were engendred of a showre:  
Or how that Crocus and his love faire Smylax turned were  
To little flowres. With pleasant newes your mindes now will I chere.  
Learne why the fountaine Salmacis diffamed is of yore  
Why with his waters overstrong it weakeneth men so sore  
That whoso bathes him there commes thence a perfect man no more.  
The operation of this Well is knowne to every wight. ... [IV.350]  
But few can tell the cause thereof, the which I will recite.  
The waternymphes did nurce a sonne of Mercuries in Ide  
Begot on Venus, in whose face such beautie did abide,  
As well therein his father both and mother might be knowne,  
Of whome he also tooke his name. As soone as he was growne  
To fiftene yeares of age, he left the Countrie where he dwelt  
And Ida that had fostered him. The pleasure that he felt  
To travell Countries, and to see straunge rivers with the state  
Of forren landes, all painfullnesse of travell did abate.  
He travelde through the lande of Lycie to Carie that doth bound ... [IV.360]  
Next unto Lycia. There he saw a Poole which to the ground  
Was Christall cleare. No fennie sedge, no barren reeke, no reede  
Nor rush with pricking poynt was there, nor other moorish weede.  
The water was so pure and shere a man might well have seen  
And numbred all the gravell stones that in the bottome beene.  
The utmost borders from the brim enviromd were with clowres  
Beclad with herbes ay fresh and greene and pleasant smelling flowres.  
A Nymph did haunt this goodly Poole: but such a Nymph as neyther  
To hunt, to run, nor yet to shoote, had any kinde of pleasure.  
Of all the Waterfairies she alonly was unknowne ... [IV.370]  
To swift Diana. As the bruit of fame abrode hath blowne,  
Hir sisters oftentimes would say, take lightsome Dart or bow,  
And in some painefull exercise thine ydle time bestow.  
But never could they hir persuade to runne, to shoote or hunt,  
Or any other exercise as Phebes knightes are wont.  
Sometime hir faire welformed limbes she batheth in hir spring;  
Sometimes she downe hir golden haire with Boxen combe doth bring.  
And at the water as a glasse she taketh counsell ay  
How every thing becommeth hir. Erewhile in fine aray  
On soft sweete hearbes or soft greene leaves hir selfe she nicely layes: ... [IV.380]  
Erewhile againe a gathering flowres from place to place she strayes.  
And (as it chaunst) the selfesame time she was a sorting gayes  
To make a Poisie, when she first the yongman did espie,  
And in beholding him desirde to have his companie.
But though she thought she stooed on thornes untill she went to him:
Yet went she not before she had bedect hir neat and trim,
And framde hir countnance as might seeme most amrous to the eie.
Which done she thus begun: O childe most worthie for to bee
Estemde and taken for a God, if (as thou seemste to mee) ... [IV.390]
Thou be a God, to Cupids name thy beautie doth agree.
Or if thou be a mortall wight, right happie folke are they,
By whome thou camste into this worlde, right happy is (I say)
Thy mother and thy sister too (if any bee): good hap
That woman had that was thy Nurce and gave thy mouth hir pap.
But farre above all other, far more blist than these is shee
Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bedfellow for to bee.
Now if thou have alredy one, let me by stelth obtaine
That which shall pleasure both of us. Or if thou doe remaine
A Maiden free from wedlocke bonde, let me then be thy spouse, ... [IV.400]
And let us in the bridelie bed our selves togither rouse.
This sed, the Nymph did hold hir peace, and therewithall the boy
Waxt red: he wist not what love was: and sure it was a joy
To see it how exceeding well his blushing him became.
For in his face the colour fresh appeared like the same
That is in Apples which doe hang upon the Sunnie side:
Or Ivorie shadowed with a red: or such as is espide
Of white and scarlet colours mixt appearing in the Moone
When folke in vaine with sounding brasse would ease unto hir done.
When at the last the Nymph desirde most instantly but this, ... [IV.410]
As to his sister brotherly to give hir there a kisse,
And therewithall was clasping him about the Ivorie necke:
Leave off (quoth he) or I am gone and leave thee at a becke
With all thy trickes. Then Salmacis began to be afraide,
And, To your pleasure leave I free this place, my friend, she sayde.
Wyth that she turnes hir backe as though she would have gone hir way:
But evermore she looketh backe, and (closely as she may)
She hides hir in a bushie queach, where kneeling on hir knee
She alwayes hath hir eye on him. He as a childe and free,
And thinking not that any wight had watched what he did ... [IV.420]
Romes up and downe the pleasant Mede: and by and by amid
The flattering waves he dippes his feete, no more but first the sole
And to the ancles afterward both feete he plungeth whole.
And for to make the matter short, he tooke so great delight
In coolenesse of the pleasant spring, that streight he stripped quight
His garments from his tender skin. When Salmacis behilde
His naked beautie, such strong pangs so ardently hir hilde,
That utterly she was astraught. And even as Phebus beames
Against a myrrour pure and clere rebound with broken gleames:
Even so hir eyes did sparcle fire. Scarce could she tariance make: ... [IV.430]
Scarce could she any time delay hir pleasure for to take:
She wolde have run, and in hir armes embraced him streight way:
She was so far beside hir selfe, that scarsly could she stay.
He clapping with his hollow hands against his naked sides,
Into the water lithie and baine with armes displayed glydes.
And rowing with his hands and legges swimmes in the water cleare:
Through which his bodie faire and white doth glistringly appeare,
As if a man an Ivorie Image or a Lillie white
Should overlay or close with glasse that were most pure and bright.
The prize is won (crude Salmacis aloud) he is mine owne. ... [IV.440]
And therewithall in all post hast she having lightly throwne
Hir garments off, flew to the Poole and cast hir thereinto
And caught him fast between hir armes, for ought that he could doe:
Yea maugre all his wrestling and his struggling to and fro
She held him still, and kissed him a hundred times and mo.
And wille he nille he with hir handes she toucht his naked brest:
And now on this side now on that (for all he did resist
And strive to wrest him from hir gripes) she clung unto him fast:
And wound about him like a Snake which snatched up in hast
And being by the Prince of Birdes borne lightly up aloft, ... [IV.450]
Doth writhe hir selfe about his necke and griping talants oft;
And cast hir taile about his wings displayed in the winde:
Or like as Ivie runnes on trees about the utter rinde:
Or as the Crabfish having caught his enmy in the Seas,
Doth claspe him in on every side with all his crooked cleas.
But Atlas Nephew still persistes, and utterly denies
The Nymph to have hir hoped sport: she urges him likewise.
And pressing him with all hir weight, fast cleaving to him still,
Strive, struggle, wrest and writhe (she said) thou froward boy thy fill:
Doe what thou canst thou shalt not scape. Ye Goddes of Heaven agree ... [IV.460]
That this same wilfull boy and I may never parted bee.
The Gods were pliant to hir boone. The bodies of them twaine
Were mixt and joyned both in one. To both them did remaine
One countnance: like as if a man should in one barke beholde
Two twigges both growing into one and still togither holde.
Even so when through hir hugging and hir grasping of the tother
The members of them mingled were and fastned both togither,
They were not any lenger two: but (as it were) a toy
Of double shape. Ye could not say it was a perfect boy
Nor perfect wench: it seemed both and none of both to beene. ... [IV.470]
Now when Hermaphroditus saw how in the water sheene
To which he entred in a man, his limmes were weakened so
That out fro thence but halfe a man he was compelde to go,
He lifteth up his hands and said (but not with manly reere):
O noble father Mercurie, and Venus mother deere,
This one petition graunt your son which both your names doth beare,
That whoso commes within this Well may so be weakened there,
That of a man but halfe a man he may fro thence retire.
Both Parentes moved with the chaunce did stablish this desire
The which their double shaped sonne had made: and thereupon ... [IV.480]
Infected with an unknowne strength the sacred spring anon.
Their tales did ende and Mineus daughters still their businesse plie
In spight of Bacchus whose high feast they breake contemptuously. When on the sodaine (seeing nought) they heard about them round Of tubbish Timbrels perfectly a hoarse and jarring sound, With shraming shalmses and gingling belles, and furthermore they felt A cent of Saffron and of Myrrhe that verie hotly smelt. And (which a man would ill beleve) the web they had begun Immediatly waxt fresh and greene, the flaxe the which they spun Did flourish full of Ivie leaves. And part thereof did run ... [IV.490] Abrode in Vines. The threede it selfe in braunches forth did spring, Yong burgeons full of clustred grapes their Distaves forth did bring. And as the web they wrought was dide a deepe darke purple hew, Even so upon the painted grapes the selfesame colour grew. The day was spent, and now was come the time which neyther night Nor day, but even the bound of both a man may terme of right. The house at sodaine seemde to shake, and all about it shine With burning lampes, and glittering fires to flash before their eyen, And Likenesses of ougly beastes with gastfull noyses yeld. For feare whereof in smokie holes the sisters were compeld ... [IV.500] To hide their heads, one here and there another, for to shun The glistering light. And while they thus in corners blindly run, Upon their little pretie limmes a fine crispe filme there goes, And slender finnes in stead of handes their shortned armes enclose. But how they lost their former shape of certaintie to know The darknesse would not suffer them. No feathers on them grow, And yet with shere and velume wings they hover from the ground And when they goe about to speake they make but little sound, According as their bodies give, bewayling their despight By chirping shirly to themselves. In houses they delight ... [IV.510] And not in woods: detesting day they flitter towards night: Wherethrough they of the Evening late in Latin take their name, And we in English language Backes or Reermice call the same. Then Bacchus name was reverenced through all the Theban coast, And Ino of hir Nephewes powre made every where great boast. Of Cadmus daughters she alone no sorowes tasted had, Save only that hir sisters haps perchaunce had made hir sad. Now Juno noting how she waxt both proud and full of scorne, As well by reason of the sonnes and daughters she had borne, As also that she was advaunst by mariage in that towne ... [IV.520] To Athamas, King Aeolus sonne, a Prince of great renowne, But chiefly that hir sisters sonne who nourced was by hir Was then exalted for a God: began thereat to stir, And treading at it in hirselfe said: Coulde this harlots burd Transforme the Lydian watermen, and drowne them in the foord? And make the mother teare the guttes in pieces of hir sonne? And Mineus al three daughters clad with wings, bicause they sponne Whiles others howling up and down like frantick folke did ronne? And can I Juno nothing else save sundrie woes bewaile? Is that sufficient? can my powre no more than so availe? ... [IV.530] He teaches me what way to worke. A man may take (I see)
Example at his enmies hand the wiser for to bee.
He shewes inough and overmuch the force of furious wrath
By Pentheys death: why should not Ine be taught to tread the path
The which hir sisters heretofore and kinred troden hath?
There is a steepe and irksome way obscure with shadow fell
Of balefull yewgh, all sad and still, that leadeth downe to hell.
The foggie Styx doth breath up mistes: and downe this way doe wave
The ghostes of persons lately dead and buried in the grave.
Continuall colde and gastly feare possesse this queachie plot ... [IV.540]
On eyther side: the siely Ghost new parted knoweth not
The way that doth directly leade him to the Stygian Citie
Or where blacke Pluto keepes his Court that never sheweth pitie.
A thousand wayes, a thousand gates that alwayes open stand,
This Citie hath: and as the Sea the streames of all the lande
Doth swallow in his gredie gulfe, and yet is never full:
Even so that place devoureth still and hideth in his gull
The soules and ghostes of all the world: and though that nere so many
Come thither, yet the place is voyd as if there were not any.
The ghostes without flesh, bloud, or bones, there wander to and fro, ... [IV.550]
Of which some haunt the judgement place: and other come and go
To Plutos Court: and some frequent the former trades and Artes
The which they used in their life: and some abide the smartes
And torments for their wickednesse and other yll desartes.
So cruell hate and spightfull wrath did boyle in Junos brest,
That in the high and noble Court of Heaven she coulde not rest:
But that she needes must hither come: whose feet no sooner toucht
The threshold, but it gan to quake. And Cerberus erst coucht
Start sternely up with three fell heades which barked all togethier.
She calld the daughters of the night, the cruell furies, thither: ... [IV.560]
They sate a kembing foule blacke Snakes from off their filthie heare
Before the dungeon doore, the place where Caitives punisht were,
The which was made of Adamant. When in the darke in part
They knew Queene Juno, by and by upon their feete they start.
There Titius stretched out (at least) nine acres full in length,
Did with his bowels feede a Grype that tare them out by strength.
The water fled from Tantalus that tooucht his neather lip,
And Apples hanging over him did ever from him slip.
There also laborde Sisyphus that drave agains the hill
A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downeward still. ... [IV.570]
Ixion on his restlesse wheele to which his limmes were bound
Did flie and follow both at once in turning ever round.
And Danaus daughters forbicause they did their cousins kill,
Drew water into running tubbes which evermore did spill.
When Juno with a louring looke had vewde them all throughout,
And on Ixion specially before the other route,
She turnes from him to Sisyphus, and with an angry cheere
Sayes: Wherefore should this man endure continuall penance here,
And Athamas his brother reigne in welth and pleasure free
Who through his pride hath ay disdaine my husband Jove and Mee? ... [IV.580]
And therewithall she poured out th’ occasion of hir hate,
And why she came and what she would. She would that Cadmus state
Should with the ruine of his house be brought to swyft decay,
And that to mischiefe Athamas the Fiendes should force some way.
She biddes, she prayes, she promises, and all is with a breth,
And moves the furies earnestly: and as these things she seth,
The hatefull Hag Tisiphone with horie ruffled heare,
Removing from hir face the Snakes that loosely dangled there,
Sayd thus: Madame there is no neede long circumstance to make.
Suppose your will already done. This lothsome place forsake, ... [IV.590]
And to the holsome Ayre of heaven your selfe agayne retire.
Queene Juno went right glad away with graunt of hir desire.
And as she woulde have entred heaven, the Ladie Iris came
And purged hir with streaming drops. Anon upon the same
The furious Fiende Tisiphone doth cloth hir out of hand
In garment streaming gorie bloud, and taketh in hir hand
A burning Cresset stepte in bloud, and girdeth hir about
With wreathed Snakes and so goes forth. And at hir going out,
Feare, terror, grief and pensivenesse for companie she tooke,
And also madnesse with his flaight, and gastly staring looke. ... [IV.600]
Within the house of Athamas no sooner foote she set,
But that the postes began to quake and doores looke blacke as Jet.
The sonne withdrew him, Athamas and eke his wife were cast
With ougly sightes in such a feare, that out of doores agast
They would have fled. There stoode the Fiend, and stopt their passage out,
And splaying forth hir filthie armes beknit with Snakes about,
Did tosse and wave hir hateful head. The swarme of scaled snakes
Did make an irksome noyse to heare as she hir tresses shakes.
About hir shoulders some did craule: some trayling downe hir brest
Did hisse and spit out poysen greene, and spirt with tongues infest. ... [IV.610]
Then from amyd hir haire two snakes with venymed hand she drew
Of which shee one at Athamas and one at Ino threw.
The snakes did craule about their breasts, inspiring in their heart
Most grievous motions of the minde: the bodie had no smart
Of any wound: it was the minde that felt the cruell stings.
A poysen made in Syrup wise, shee also with hir brings.
The filthie fome of Cerberus, the casting of the Snake
Echidna, bred among the Fennes about the Stygian Lake:
Desire of gadding foorth abroad: forgetfulnesse of minde:
Delight in mischif: woodnesse: teares: and purpose whole inclinde ... [IV.620]
To cruell murther: all the which shee did together grinde:
And mingling them with new shed bloud had boyled them in brasse,
And stird them with a Hemblock stalke. Now whyle that Athamas
And Ino stood and quakte for feare, this poysen ranke and fell
Shee tourned into both their breasts and made their heartes to swell.
Then whisking often round about hir head hir balefull brand,
She made it soone by gathering winde to kindle in hir hand.
Thus as it were in triumph wise accomplishing hir hest,
To Duskie Plutos emptie Realme shee gettes hir home to rest,
And putteth off the snarled Snakes that girded in hir brest. ... [IV.630]
Immediately King Aeolus sonne starke madde comes crying out
Through all the court: What meane yee Sirs? why go yee not about
To pitch our toyles within this chace? I saw even nowe here ran
A Lyon with hir two yong whelpes. And there withall he gan
To chase his wyfe as if in deede shee had a Lyon beene
And lyke a Bedlem boystouslie he snatcheth from betweene
The mothers armes his little babe Loearchus smyling on him
And reaching foorth his preatie armes, and floong him fiercely from him
A twice or thrice as from a slyng: and dasht his tender head
Against a hard and rugged stone until he sawe him dead. ... [IV.640]
The wretched mother (whither griefe did move hir thereunto)
Or that the poyson spred within did force hir so to doe)
Howld out and frantikly with scattered haire about hir eares
And with hir little Melicert whome hastely shee beares
In naked armes she cryeth out, Hoe Bacchhus. At the name
Of Bacchus Juno gan to laugh and scorning sayde in game:
This guerdon loe thy foster child requiteth for the same.
There hangs a rokke about the Sea the foote whereof is eate
So hollow with the saltish waves which on the same doe beate,
That like a house it keepeth off the moysting showers of rayne. ... [IV.650]
The toppe is rough and shoots his front amiddes the open mayne.
Dame Ino (madnesse made hir strong) did climb this cliff anon
And headlong downe (without regarde of hurt that hoong thereon)
Did throwe hir burden and hir selfe, the water where shee dasht
In sprincling upwarde glistered red. But Venus sore abasht
At this hir Neeces great mischaunce without offence or fault,
Hir Uncle gently thus bespake: O ruler of the hault
And swelling Seas, O noble Neptune whose dominion large
Extendeth to the Heaven, whereof the mightie Jove hath charge,
The thing is great for which I sue. But shewe thou for my sake ... [IV.660]
Some mercie on my wretched friends whome in thine endlesse lake
Thou seest tossed to and fro. Admit thou them among
The Goddes. Of right even here to mee some favour doth belong
At least wise if amid the Sea engendred erst I were
Of Froth, as of the which yet still my pleasaunt name I beare.
Neptunus grafted hir request, and by and by bereft them
Of all that ever mortall was. Insted wherof he left them
A hault and stately majestie: and altring them in hew
With shape and names most meete for Goddes he did them both endew.
Leucothoe was the mothers name, Palemon was the sonne. ... [IV.670]
The Thebane Ladies following hir as fast as they could runne,
Did of hir feete perceive the print upon the utter stone.
And taking it for certaine signe that both were dead and gone,
In making mone for Cadmus house, they wrang their hands and tare
Their haire, and rent their clothes, and railde on Juno out of square,
As nothing just, but more outrageous farre than did behove
In so revenging of hir selfe upon hir husbands love.
The Goddesse Juno could not beare their railing. And in faith:
You also will I make to be as witnesses (she sayeth)
Of my outragious crueltie. And so shee did in deede. ... [IV.680]
For shee that loved Ino best was following hir with speede
Into the Sea. But as shee would hir selfe have downeward cast,
She could not stirre, but to the rock as nailed sticked fast.
The second as shee knockt hir breast, did feele hir armes wax stiffe.
Another as shee stretched out hir hands upon the cliffe,
Was made a stone, and there stoode still ay stretching forth hir hands
Into the water as before. And as an other standes
A tearing of hir ruffled lockes, hir fingers hardened were
And fastned to hir frisled toppe still tearing of hir heare,
And looke what gesture eche of them was taken in that tide, ... [IV.690]
Even in the same transformde to stones, they fastned did abide.
And somewere altered into birds which Cadmies called bee
And in that goolfe with flittring wings still to and fro doe flee.
Nought knoweth Cadmus that his daughter and hir little childe
Admitted were among the Goddes that rule the surges Wilde.
Compellde with griefe and great mishappes that had ensewd togither,
And straunge foretokens often seene since first his comming thither,
He utterly forsakes his towne the which he builded had,
As though the fortune of the place so hardly him bestad,
And not his owne. And fleeting long like pilgrims, at the last ... [IV.700]
Upon the coast of Illirie his wife and he were cast.
Where ny forpind with cares and yeares, while of the chaunces past
Upon their house, and of their toyles and former travails tane
They sadly talkt betweene themselves: Was my speare head the bane
Of that same ougly Snake of Mars (quoth Cadmus) when I fled
From Sidon? or did his teeth in ploughed pasture spred?
If for the death of him the Goddes so cruell vengeaunce take,
Drawen out in length upon my wombe then traile I like a snake.
He had no sooner sayde the worde but that he gan to glide
Upon his belly like a Snake. And on his hardened side ... [IV.710]
He felt the scales new budding out, the which was wholly fret
With speccled droppes of blacke and gray as thicke as could be set.
He falleth groveling on his breast, and both his shankes doe growe
In one round spindle Bodkinwise with sharpned point below.
His armes as yet remayned still: his armes that did remayne,
He stretched out, and sayde with teares that plentuously did raine
Adowne his face, which yet did keepe the native fashion sownd:
Come hither wyfe, come hither wight most wretched on the ground,
And whyle that ought of mee remaynes vouchsafe to touche the same.
Come take mee by the hand as long as hand may have his name, ... [IV.720]
Before this snakish shape doe whole my body over runne.
He would have spoken more when sodainely his tongue begunne
To split in two and speache did fayle: and as he did attempt
To make his mone, he hist: for nature now had cleane exempt
All other speach. His wretched wyfe hir naked stomack beete
And cryde: What meaneth this? deare Cadmus, where are now thy feete?
Where are thy shoulders and thy hands? thy hew and manly face?
With all the other things that did thy princely person grace
Which nowe I overpasse? But why yee Goddes doe you delay
My bodie into lyke misshape of Serpent to convey? ... [IV.730]
When this was spoken, Cadmus lickt his wyfe about the lippes:
And (as this place with which he was acquaynted well) he slippes
Into hir boosome, lovingly embracing hir, and cast
Himselfe about hir necke, as oft he had in tyme forepast.
Such as were there (their folke were there) were flaited at the sight,
For by and by they sawe their neckes did glister slicke and bright.
And on their snakish heades grew crests: and finally they both
Were into verie Dragons tourned, and forth together goth
Tone trayling by the tothers side, untill they gaynd a wood,
The which direct against the place where as they were then stood. ... [IV.740]
And now remembring what they were themselves in tymes forepast,
They neyther shonne nor hurten men with stinging nor with blast.
But yet a comfort to them both in this their altred hew
Became that noble impe of theirs that Indie did subdew,
Whom al Achaia worshipped with temples builded new.
All only Acrise, Abas sonne, (though of the selfesame stocke)
Remaind, who out of Argos walles unkindly did him locke,
And moved wilfull warre against his Godhead: thinking that
There was not any race of Goddes, for he beleved not
That Persey was the sonne of Jove: or that he was conceyved ... [IV.750]
By Danae of golden shower through which shee was deceived.
But yet ere long (such present force hath truth) he doth repent
As well his great impietie against God Bacchus meant,
As also that he did disdaine his Nephew for to knowe.
But Bacchus now full gloriously himselfe in Heaven doth showe.
And Persey bearing in his hand the monster Gorgons head,
That famous spoyle which here and there with snakish haire was spread,
Doth beat the ayre with wavying wings. And as he overflew
The Lybicke sandes, the droppes of bloud that from the fatal head did sew
Of Gorgon being new cut off, upon the ground did fal. ... [IV.760]
Which taking them (and as it were conceyving therwithall)
Engendred sundrie Snakes and wormes: by meanes whereof that clyme
Did swarme with Serpents ever since, even to this present tyme.
From thence he lyke a watrie cloud was caried with the weather,
Through all the heaven, now here, now there as light as any feather.
And from aloft he viewes the earth that underneath doth lie,
And swiftly over all the worlde doth in conclusion flie,
Three times the chilling Beares, three times the Crabbes fel cleas he saw:
Oft times to Weast, oftimes to East did drive him many a flaw.
Now at such time as unto rest the sonne began to drawe, ... [IV.770]
Because he did not thinke it good to be abroad all night,
Within King Atlas western Realme he ceased from his flight,
Requesting that a little space of rest enjoy he might,
Untill such tyme as Lucifer should bring the morning gray,
And morning bring the lightsome Sunne that guides the cherefull day.
This Atlas, Japets Nephewe, was a man that did excell
In stature everie other wight that in the worlde did dwell.
The utmost coast of all the earth and all that Sea wherein
The tyred steedes and wearied Wayne of Phoebus dived bin,
Were in subjection to this King. A thousande flockes of sheepe, ... [IV.780]
A thousand heirdes of Rother beastes he in his fields did keepe:
And not a neighbor did anoy his ground by dwelling nie.
To him the wandering Persey thus his language did applie:
If high renowne of royall race thy noble heart may move,
I am the sonne of Jove himselfe: or if thou more approve
The valiant deeds and hault exploytes, thou shalt perceive in mee
Such doings as deserve with prayse extolled for to bee.
I pray thee of thy courtesie receive mee as thy guest,
And let mee only for this night within thy palace rest.
King Atlas called straight to minde an auncient prophesie ... [IV.790]
Made by Parnassan Themys, which this sentence did implie:
The time shall one day, Atlas, come in which thy golden tree
Shall of hir fayre and precious fruite dispoyld and robbed bee.
And he shall be the sonne of Jove that shall enjoy the pray.
For feare hereof he did enclose his Orchard everie way
With mightie hilles, and put an ougly Dragon in the same
To keepe it. Further he forbad that any straunger came
Within his Realme, and to this knight he sayde presumtuoslie:
Avoyd my land, onlesse thou wilt by utter perill trie
That all thy glorious actes whereof thou doest so loudly lie ... [IV.800]
And Jove thy father be too farre to helpe thee at thy neede.
To these his wordes he added force, and went about in deede
To drive him out by strength of hand. To speake was losse of winde
For neyther could intreating faire nor stoutnesse tourne his minde.
Well then (quoth Persey) sith thou doest mine honour set so light,
Take here a present: and with that he turnes away his sight,
And from his left side drewe mee out Medusas lothly head.
As huge and big as Atlas was he tourned in that stead
Into a mountaine: into trees his beard and locks did passe:
His hands and shoulders made the ridge: that part which lately was ... [IV.810]
His head, became the highest top of all the hill: his bones
Were turnd to stones: and therewithal he grew mee all at once
Beyond all measure up in heighth (for so God thought it best)
So farre that Heaven with all the starres did on his shoulders rest.
In endlesse prison by that time had Aeolus lockt the wind
And now the cheerely morning starre that putteth folke in mind
Then Persey unto both his feete did streight his feathers tie
And girt his Woodknife to his side, and from the earth did stie.
And leaving nations numberlesse beneath him everie way ... [IV.820]
At last upon King Cepheyes fields in Aethiop did he stay.
Where cleane against all right and law by Joves commaundement
Andromad for hir mothers tongue did suffer punishment.
Whome to a rocke by both the armes when fastned hee had seene,
He would have thought of Marble stone shee had some image beene,
But that hir tresses to and fro the whisking winde did blowe,
And trickling teares warme from hir eyes adowne hir cheeks did flow,
Unwares hereat gan secret sparkes within his breast to glow,
His wits were straught at sight thereof and ravisht in such wise,
That how to hover with his wings he scarsly could devise ... [IV.830]
As soone as he had stayd himselfe: O Ladie faire (quoth hee)
Not worthie of such bands as these, but such wherewith we see
Togither knit in lawfull bed the earnest lovers bee,
I pray thee tell mee what thy selfe and what this lande is named
And wherefore thou dost weare these Chains. The Ladie ill ashamed
Was at the sodaine striken domb: and lyke a fearfull maid
Shee durst not speake unto a man. Had not hir handes beene staid
She would have hid hir bashfull face. Howbeit as she might
With great abundance of hir teares shee stopped up hir sight
But when that Persey oftentimes was earnestly in hand ... [IV.840]
To leanere this matter, for bicause shee would not seeme to stand
In stubborne silence of hir faultes, shee tolde him what the land
And what she hight: and how hir mother for hir beauties sake
Through pride did unadvisedly too much upon hir take.
And ere shee full had made an ende, the water gan to rore:
An ougly monster from the deepe was making to the shore
Which bare the Sea before his breast. The Virgin shrieked out.
Hir father and hir mother both stood mourning thereabout,
In wretched ease both twaine, but not so wretched as the maid
Who wrongly for hir mothers fault the bitter raunsome paid. ... [IV.850]
They brought not with them any help: but (as the time and cace
Requird) they wept and wrang their hands, and streightly did embrace
Hir bodie fastened to the rock. Then Persey them bespake,
And sayde: The time may serve too long this sorrow for to make:
But time of helpe must eyther now or never else be take.
Now if I, Persey, sonne of hir whome in hir fathers towre
The mightie Jove begat with childe in shape of golden showre,
Who cut off ougly Gorgons head bespred with snakish heare,
And in the ayre durst trust these winges my body for to beare,
Perchaunce should save your daughters life, I think ye should as then ... [IV.860]
Accept mee for your sonne in lawe before all other men.
To these great thewes (by help of God) I purpose for to adde
A just desert in helping hir that is so hard bestadde.
I covenaunt with you by my force and manhod for to save hir
Conditionly that to my wife in recompence I have hir.
Hir parents tooke his offer streight: for who would sticke thereat?
And praid him faire, and promisde him that for performing that
They would endow him with the ryght of al their Realme beaside.
Like as a Gally with hir nose doth cut the waters wide,
Enforced by the sweating armes of Rowers wyth the tide ... [IV.870]
Even so the monster with his brest did beare the waves aside,
And was now come as neere the rocke as well a man myght fling
Amid the pure and vacant aire a pellet from a sling.
When on the sodaine Persey pusht his foote against the ground,
And stied upward to the clouds his shadow did rebound
Upon the sea: the beast ran fierce upon the passing shade.
And as an Egle when he sees a Dragon in a glade
Lie beaking of his blewish backe against the sunny rayes,
Doth seize upon him unbeware, and with his talents layes
Sure holde upon his scalie necke lest writhing backe his head ... [IV.880]
His cruell teeth might doe him harme: so Persey in that stead
Descending downe the ayre amaine with all his force and might
Did seize upon the monsters backe: and unterneath the right
Finne hard unto the verie hilt his hooked sworde did smight.
The monster being wounded sore did sometime leape aloft,
And sometime under water dive, bestirring him full oft
As doth a chauffed Boare beset with barking Dogges about.
But Persey with his lightsome wings still keeping him without
The monsters reach, with hooked sword doth sometime hew his back
Where as the hollow scales give way: and sometime he doth hacke ... [IV.890]
The ribbes on both his maled sides: and sometime he doth wound
His spindle tayle where into fish it growes most smal and round.
The Whale at Persey from his mouth such waves of water cast,
Bemixed with the purple bloud, that all bedreint at last
His feathers verie heavie were: and doubting any more
To trust his wings now waxing wet, he straight began to sore
Up to a rocke which in the calme above the water stood:
But in the tempest evermore was hidden with the flood.
And leaning thereunto and with his left hand holding just
The top thereof a dozen times his weapon he did thrust ... [IV.900]
Among his guttes. The joyfull noyse and clapping of their hands
The which were made for loosening of Andromad from hir bands,
Filde all the coast and heaven it selfe. The parents of the Maide
Cassiope and Cepheus were glad and well appayde:
And calling him their sonne in law confessed him to bee
The helpe and savegarde of their house. Andromade the fee
And cause of Perseys enterprise from bondes now beyng free,
He washed his victorious hands. And lest the Snakie heade
With lying on the gravell hard should catch some harme, he spred
Soft leaves and certaine tender twigs that in the water grew, ... [IV.910]
And laid Medusas head thereon: the twigs yet being new
And quicke and full of juicie pith full lightly to them drew
The nature of this monstrous head. For both the leafe and bough
Full straungely at the touch thereof became both hard and tough.
The Sea nymphes tride this wondrous fact in divers other roddes
And were full glad to see the chaunge, bicause there was no oddes
Of leaves or twigs or of the seedes new shaken from the coddes.
For still like nature ever since is in our Corall founde:
That looke how soone it toucheth Ayre, it waxeth hard and sounde,
And that which under water was a sticke, above is stone. ... [IV.920]
Three altars to as many Gods he makes of Turfe anon:
Upon the left hand Mercuries: Minervas on the right:
And in the middle Jupiters: to Pallas he did dight
Forthwith he tooke Andromade the price for which he strove 
Endowed with hir fathers Realme. For now the God of Love 
And Hyman unto marriage his minde in hast did move. 
Great fires were made of sweete perfumes, and curious garlandes hung 
About the house, which every where of mirthful musicke rung 
The gladsome signe of merie mindes. The Pallace gates were set ... [IV.930] 
Wide open. None from comming in were by the Porters let. 
All Noblemen and Gentlemen that were of any port 
To this same great and royall feast of Cephey did resort. 
When haveing taken their repast as well of meate as wine 
Their hearts began to pleasant mirth by leysure to encline, 
The valiant Persey of the folke and facions of the land 
Began to be inquisitive. One Linlide out of hand 
The rites and manners of the folke did doe him t' understand. 
Which done he sayd: O worthie knight I pray thee tell us by 
What force or wile thou gotst the head with haires of Adders slie. ... [IV.940] 
Then Persey tolde how underneath colde Atlas lay a plaine 
So fenced in on every side with mountaines high, that vaine 
Were any force to win the same. In entrance of the which 
Two daughters of King Phorcis dwelt whose chaunce and hap was such 
That one eye served both their turnes: whereof by wilie slight 
And stealth in putting forth his hand he did bereve them quight, 
As they from t'one to tother were delivering of the same. 
From whence by long blind crooked wayes unhandsomly he came 
Through gastly groves by ragged cliffs unto the drerie place 
Whereas the Gorgons dwelt: and there he saw (a wretched case) ... [IV.950] 
The shapes as well of men as beasts lie scattered everie where 
In open fields and common wayes, the which transformed were 
From living things to stones at sight of foule Medusas heare, 
But yet that he through brightnesse of his monstrous brazen shield 
The which he in his left hand bare, Medusas face beheld. 
and while that in a sound dead sleepe were all hir Snakes and she, 
He softly pared off hir head: and how that he did see 
Swift Pegasus the winged horse and eke his brother grow 
Out of their mothers new shed bloud. Moreover he did show 
A long discourse of all his happes and not so long as trew: ... [IV.960] 
As namely of what Seas and landes the coasts he overflew, 
And eke what starres with stying wings he in the while did vew. 
But yet his tale was at an end ere any lookt therefore. 
Upon occasion by and by of wordes reherst before 
There was a certaine noble man demaunded him wherefore 
Shee only of the sisters three haire mixt with Adders bore. 
Sir (aunswerde Persey) sith you aske a matter worth report 
I graunt to tell you your demaunde. She both in comly port 
And beautie, every other wight surmounted in such sort, 
That many suters unto hir did earnestly resort. ... [IV.970] 
And though that whole from top to toe most bewtifulfull she were, 
In all hir bodie was no part more goodly than hir heare.
I know some parties yet alive, that say they did hir see.
It is reported how she should abusde by Neptune bee
In Pallas church: from which fowle facte Joves daughter turnde hir eye,
And with hir Target hid hir face from such a villanie.
And lest it should unpunisht be, she turnde hir seemely heare
To lothly Snakes: the which (the more to put hir foes in feare)
Before hir brest continually she in her shield doth beare.

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Webmaster contact: robertbrazil@juno.com

The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding

ORIGINAL SPELLING
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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined

474
THE FYFT BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.
Now while that Danaes noble sonne was telling of these things
Amid a throng of Cepheys Lordes, through al the Pallace rings
A noyse of people nothing like the sound of such as sing
At wedding feastes, but like the rore of such as tidings bring
Of cruell warre. This sodaine chaunge from feasting unto fray
Might well be likened to the Sea, whych standing at a stay
The woodnesse of the windes makes rough by raising of the wave.
King Cephys brother Phyney was the man that rashly gave
The first occasion of this fray. Who shaking in hys hand
A Dart of Ash with head of steele, sayd: Loe: loe here I stand ... [V.10]
To chalenge thee that wrongfully my ravisht spouse doste holde.
Thy wings nor yet thy forged Dad in shape of feyned golde
Shall now not save thee from my handes. As with that word he bent
His arme aloft, the foresaid Dart at Persey to have sent,
What doste thou brother (Cephey cride) what madnesse moves thy minde
To doe so foule a deede? is this the friendship he shall finde
Among us for his good deserts? And wilt thou needes require
The saving of thy Neeces life with such a foule despight?
Whome Persey hath not from thee tane: but (if thou be advisde)
But Neptunes heavie wrath bicause his Sea nymphes were despisde: ... [V.20]
But horned Hammon; but the beast which from the Sea arrived
On my deare bowels for to feede. That time wert thou deprived
Of thy betroothed, when hir life upon the losing stoode:
Onlesse perchaunce to see hir lost it woulde have done thee good,
And easde thy heart to see me sad. And may it not suffice
That thou didst see hir to the rocke fast bound before thine eyes
And didst not helpe hir beyng both hir husband and hir Eame?
Onlesse thou grudge that any man should come within my Realme
To save hir life, and seeke to rob him of his just rewarde?
Which if thou thinke to be so great, thou shouldest have had regarde ... [V.30]
Before, to fetch it from the rocke to which thou sawste it bound.
I pray thee, brother, seeing that by him the meanes is found
That in mine age without my childe I go not to the grounde,
Permit him to enjoy the price for which we did compundede,
And which he hath by due desert of purchase deerely bought.
For brother, let it never sinke nor enter in thy thought
That I set more by him than thee: but this may well be sed
I rather had to give hir him than see my daughter dead.
He gave him not a worde againe: but looked eft on him,
And eft on Persey irefully with countnance stoure and grim, ... [V.40]
Not knowing which were best to hit: and after little stay
He shooke his Dart, and flung it forth with all the powre and sway
That Anger gave at Perseys head. But harme it did him none,
It stucked in the Bedsteddes head that Persey sate upon.
Then Persey sternely starting up and pulling out the Dart
Did throw it at his foe agayne, and therewithall his hart
Hadh cliven asunder, had he not behinde an Altar start.
The Altar (the more the pitie was) did save the wicked wight.
Yet threw he not the Dart in vaine: it hit one Rhetus right
Amid the forehead: who therewith sanke downe, and when the steele ... [V.50]
Was plucked out, he sprawlde about and spurned with his heele,
And all berayd the boorde with bloud. Then all the other rout
As fierce as fire flang Dartes: and some there were that cried out
That Cephey with his sonne in lawe was worthy for to die.
But he had wound him out of doores protesting solemnly
As he was just and faithful Prince, and swearing eke by all
The Gods of Hospitalitie, that that same broyle did fall
Full sore against his will. At hand was warlie Pallas streight
And shadowed Persey with hir shielde, and gave him heart in feight.
There was one Atys borne in Inde, (of faire Lymniace ... [V.60]
The River Ganges daughter thought the issue for to be),
Of passing beautie which with rich aray he did augment.
He ware that day a scarlet Cloke, about the which there went
A garde of golde: a cheyne of golde he ware about his necke:
And eke his haire perfumde with Myrrhe a costly crowne did decke.
Full sixtene yeares he was of age: such cunning skill he coulde
In darting, as to hit his marke farre distant when he would.
Yet how to handle Bow and shaftes much better did he know,
Now as he was about that time to bende his horned Bowe,
A firebrand Persey raught that did upon the Aultar smoke, ... [V.70]
And dasht him overtwhart the face with such a violent stroke,
That all bebattred was his head, the bones asunder broke.
When Lycabas of Assur lande, his moste assured friend
And deare companion, being no dissembler of his miend,
Which most entierly did him love, behelde him on the ground
Lie weltring with disfigurde face, and through that grievous wound
Now gasping out his parting ghost, his death he did lament,
And taking hastily up the Bow that Atys erst had bent:
Encounter thou with me (he saide) thou shalt not long enjoy
Thy triumphing in braverie thus, for killing of this boy, ... [V.80]
By which thou getst more spight than praise. All this was scarsly sed,
But that the arrow from the string went streyned to the head.
Howbeit Persey (as it hapt) so warely did it shunne,
As that it in his coteplights hung. Then to him did he runne
With Harpe in his hand bestaind with grim Medusas blood,
And thrust him through the brest therwith. He quothing as he stood
Did looke about where Atys lay with dim and dazeling eyes,
Now waving under endlesse night: and downe by him he lies,
And for to comfort him withall togethier with him dies.
Behold through gredie haste to feight one Phorbas, Methions son, ... [V.90]
A Swevite: and of Lybie lande one callede Amphimedon
By fortune sliding in the blood with which the ground was wet,
Fell downe: and as they woulde have rose, Perseus fauchon met
With both of them. Amphimedon upon the ribbes he smote,
And with the like celeritie he cut me Phorbas Throte.
But unto Erith, Actors sonne, that in his hand did holde
A brode browne Bill, with his short sword he durst not be too bolde
To make approch. With both his handes a great and massie cup
Embost with cunning portrayture aloft he taketh up,
And sendes it at him. He spewes up red bloud: and falling downe ... V.100
Upon his backe, against the ground doth knocke his dying crowne.
Then downe he Polydemon throwes, extract of royall race,
And Abaris the Scithian, and Clytus in like case,
And Elice with his unshorne lockes, and also Phlegias,
And Lycet, olde Sperchesies sonne, with divers other mo,
That on the heapes of corses slaine he treads as he doth go.
And Phyney daring not presume to meet his foe at hand,
Did cast a Dart, which hapt to light on Idas who did stand
Aloofe as neuter (though in vaine) not medling with the Fray.
Who casting backe a frowning looke at Phyney, thus did say: ... [V.110]
Sith whether that I will or no compeld I am perforce
To take a part, have Phyney here him whome thou doste enforce
To be thy foe, and with this wound my wrongfull wound requite.
But as he from his body pulle the Dart, with all his might
To throw it at his foe againe, his limmes so feebled were
With losse of bloud, that downe he fell and could not after steare.
There also lay Odites slaine the chiefe in all the land
Next to King Cephey, put to death by force of Clymens hand.
Protenor was by Hypsey killde, and Lyncide did as much
For Hypsey. In the throng there was an auncient man and such ... [V.120]
A one as loved righteousnesse and greatly feared God:
Emathion called was his name: whome sith his yeares forbad
To put on armes, he feights with tongue, inveying earnestly
Against that wicked war the which he banned bitterly.
As on the Altar he himselfe with quivering handes did stay,
One Cromis tiped off his head: his head cut off streight way
Upon the Altar fell, and there his tongue not fully dead
Did bable still the banning wordes the which it erst had sed,
And breathed forth his fainting ghost among the burning brandes.
Then Brote and Hammon brothers, twins, stout champions of their hands ... [V.130]
In wrestling Pierlesse (if so be that wrestling could sustaine
The furious force of slicing swordes) were both by Phyney slaine.
And so was Alphit, Ceres Priest, that ware upon his crowne
A stately Miter faire and white with Tables hanging downe.
Thou also Japets sonne for such affaires as these unmeete
But meete to tune thine instrument with voyce and Ditie sweete,
The worke of peace, wert thither callde th' assemblie to rejoyce
As with his Violl in his hand he stoode a good way off,
There commeth to him Petalus and sayes in way of scoffe: ... [V.140]
Go sing the resdue to the ghostes about the Stygian Lake,
And in the left side of his heade his dagger poynyt he strake.
He sanke downe deade with fingers still yet warbling on the string
And so mischaunce knit up with wo the song that he did sing.
But fierce Lycormas could not beare to see him murdred so
Without revengement. Up he caught a mightie Leaver tho
That wonted was to barre the doore a right side of the house
And therewithall to Petalus he lendeth such a souse
Full in the noodle of the necke, that like a snetcht Ox
Stright tumbling downe, against the ground his groveling face he knox. ... [V.150]
And Pelates, a Garamant, attempted to have caught
The left doore barre: but as thereat with stretched hand he raught,
One Coryt, sonne of Marmarus did with a javelin stricke
Him through the hand, that to the wood fast Nayled did it sticke.
As Pelates stoode fastned thus, one Abas goard his side:
He could not fall, but hanging still upon the poste there dide
Fast Nayled by the hand. And there was overthrowne a knight
Of Perseyes band callde Melaney, and one that Dorill hight,
A man of greatest landes in all the Realme of Nasamone.
That occupide so large a grounde as Dorill was there none, ... [V.160]
Nor none that had such store of corne. There came a Dart askew
And lighted in his Coddes, the place where present death doth sew.
When Alcion of Barcey, he that gave this deadly wound,
Beheld him yesking forth his ghost and falling to the ground
With watrie eyes the white turnde up: Content thy selfe, he said,
With that same little plot of grounde whereon thy corse is layde,
In stead of all the large fat fieldes which late thou didst possesse.
And with that word he left him dead. Perseus to redresse
This slaughter and this spightfull taunt, straignt snatched out the Dart
That sticked in the fresh warme wound, and with an angrie hart ... [V.170]
Did send it at the throwers head: the Dart did split his nose
Even in the middes, and at his necke againe the head out goes:
So that it peered both the wayes. Whiles fortune doth support
And further Persey thus, he killles (but yet in sundrie sort)
Two brothers by the mother: t'one callde Clytie, tother Dane.
For on a Dart through both his thighes did Clytie take his bane:
And Danus with another Dart was striken in the mouth.
There died also Celadon, A gypsie of the South:
And so did bastart Astrey too, whose mother was a Jew:
And sage Ethion well foresene in things that should ensew, ... [V.180]
But utterly beguilde as then by Birdes that aukly flew,
King Cepheyes harnessesbearer callde Thoactes lost his life,
And Agyrt whom for murthering late his father with a knife
The worlde spake shame of. Nathlesse much more remainde behinde
Than was dispatched out of hand: for all were full in minde
To murder one. The wicked throng had sworn to spend their blood
Against the right, and such a man as had deserved good.
A tother side (although in vaine) of mere affection stood
The Father and the Motherinlaw, and eke the heavie bride,
The world spake shame of. Nathlesse much more remainde behinde
Whom filled with their piteous playnt the Court on everie side. ... [V.190]
But now the clattring of the swordes and harness at that tide
With grievous grones and sighes of such as wounded were or dide,
Did raise up such a cruell rore that nothing could be heard.
For fierce Bellona so renewde the battell afterward,
That all the house did swim in blood. Duke Phyney with a rout
Of more than a thousand men environ’d round about
The valiant Persey all alone. The Dartes of Phyney’s bande
Came thicker than the Winters hayle doth fall upon the lande,
By both his sides, his eyes and eares. He warely thereupon
Withdrawes, and leanes his backe against a huge great arche of stone; ... [V.200]
And being safe behind, he settes his face against his foe
Withstanding all their fierce assaultes. There did assaile him tho’
Upon the left side Molpheus, a Prince of Choanie.
And on the right Ethemon, borne hard by in Arabie.
Like as the Tyger when he heares the lowing out of Neate
In sundrie Medes, enforced sore through abstinement from meate,
Would faine be doing with them both, and can not tell at which
Were best to give adventure first: so Persey who did itch
To be at host with both of them, and doubtfull whether side
To turne him on, the right or left, upon advantage spide ... [V.210]
Did wound me Molphey on the leg, and from him quight him drave.
He was contented with his flight: for why Ethemon gave
No respite to him to pursue: but like a frantick man
Through egrenesse to wounde his necke, without regarding whan
Or how to strike for haste, he burst his brittle sword in twain
Against the Arche: the poynt whereof rebounding backe againe,
Did hit himselfe upon the throte. Howbeit that same wound
Was unsufficient for to sende Ethemon to the ground.
He trembled holding up his handes for mercie, but in vaine,
For Persey thrust him through the heart with Hermes hooked skaine. ... [V.220]
But when he saw that valiantnesse no lenger could avayle,
By reason of the multitude that did him still assayle:
Sith you your selves me force to call mine enemie to mine ayde,
I will do so: if any friend of mine be here (he sayd)
Sirs, turne your faces all away: and therewithall he drew
Out Gorgons head. One Thessalus streight raging to him flew,
And sayd: Go seeke some other man whome thou mayst make abasht
With these thy foolish juggling toyes. And as he would have dasht
His Javeling in him with that worde to kill him out of hand,
With gesture throwing forth his Dart all Marble did he stand. ... [V.230]
His sworde through Lyncids noble heart had Amphix thought to shove:
His hand was stone, and neyther one nor other way could move:
But Niley who did vaunt himselfe to be the Rivers sonne
That through the boundes of Aegypt land in channels seven doth runne,
And in his shielde had graven part of silver, part of golde
The said seven channels of the Nile, sayd: Persey here beholde
From whence we fetch our piedegree: it may rejoyce thy hart
To die of such a noble hand as mine. The latter part
Of these his words could scarce be heard: the dint thereof was drownde:
Ye would have thought him speaking still with open mouth: but sound ... V.240]
Did none forth passe: there was for speache no passage to be found.
Rebuking them cries Eryx: Sirs, it is not Gorgons face,
It is your owne faint heartes that make you stonie in this case.
Come let us on this fellow run and to the ground he beare
That feightes by witchcraft: as with that his feete forth stepping were,
They stacke still fastened to the floore: he could not move aside,
An armed image all of stone he speachlesse did abide.
All these were justly punished. But one there was a knight
Of Perseys band, in whose defence as Acont stoode to feight,
He waxed overgrowne with stone at ugly Gorgons sight. ... [V.250]
Whome still as yet Astyages supposing for to live,
Did with a long sharpe arming sworde a washing blow him give.
The sword did clinke against the stone and out the sparcles drive.
While all amazde Astyages stoode wondring at the thing,
The selfsame nature on himselfe the Gorgons head did bring.
And in his visage which was stone a countnance did remaine
Of wondring still. A wearie worke it were to tell you plaine
The names of all the common sort. Two hundred from that fray
Did scape unslaine: but none of them did go alive away.
The whole two hundred every one at sight of Gorgons heare ... [V.260]
Were turned into stockes of stone. Then at the length for feare
Did Phyney of his wrongfull war forthinke himselfe full sore.
But now (alas) what remedie? he saw there stand before
His face, his men like Images in sundrie shapes all stone.
He knew them well, and by their names did call them everychone:
Desiring them to succor him: and trusting not his sight
He feeles the bodies that were next, and all were Marble quight.
He turnses himselfe from Persey ward and humbly as he standes
He wries his armes behind his backe: and holding up his handes,
O noble Persey, thou hast got the upper hand, he sed. ... [V.270]
Put up that monstruous shield of thine; put up that Gorgons head
That into stones transformeth men: put up, I thee desire.
Not hatred, nor bicause to reigne as King I did aspire,
Have moved me to make this fray. The only force of love
In seeking my betrothed spouse, did hereunto me move.
The better title seemeth thine bicause of thy desert:
And mine by former promise made. It irkes me at the heart
In that I did not give the place. None other thing I crave
O worthie knight, but that thou graunt this life of mine to save.
Let all things else beside be thine. As he thus humbly spake ... [V.280]
Nor daring looke at him to whome he did entreatance make,
The thing (quoth Persey) which to graunt both I can finde in heart,
And is no little courtesie to shewe without desert
Upon a Coward, I will graunt, O fearfull Duke, to thee.
Set feare aside: thou shalt not hurt with any weapon bee.
I will moreover so provide as that thou shalt remaine
An everlasting monument of this dayes toyle and paine.
The pallace of my Fathrinlaw shall henceforth be thy shrine
Where thou shalt stand continually before my spouses eyen,
That of hir husband having ay the Image in hir sight, ... [V.290]
She may from time to time receyve some comfort and delight.
He had no sooner sayd these wordes but that he turnde his shielde
With Gorgons heade to that same part where Phyney with a mielde
And fearfull countnance set his face. Then also as he wride
His eyes away, his necke waxt stiffe, his teares to stone were dride.
A countnance in the stonie stocke of feare did still appeare
With humble looke and yeelding handes and gastly ruthfull cheare.
With conquest and a noble wife doth Persey home repaire
And in revengement of the right against the wrongfull heyre,
As in his Graundsires just defence, he falles in hand with Prete ... [V.300]
Who like no brother but a foe did late before defeate
King Acrise of his townes by warre and of his royall seate.
But neyther could his men of warre nor fortresse won by wrong
Defend him from the griesly looke of grim Medusa long.
And yet thee, foolish Polydect of little Seriph King,
Such rooted rancor inwardly continually did sting,
That neyther Perseys prowesse tride in such a sort of broyles
Nor yet the perils he endurde, nor all his troublous toyles
Could cause thy stomacke to relent. Within thy stonie brest
Workes such a kinde of festred hate as cannot be represt. ... [V.310]
Thy wrongfull malice hath none ende. Moreover thou of spite
Repining at his worthy praise, his doings doste backbite:
Upholding that Medusas death was but a forged lie:
So long till Persey for to shewe the truth apparantly,
Desiring such as were his friendes to turne away their eye,
Drue out Medusas ougly head. At sight whereof anon
The hatefull Tyran Polydect was turned to a stone.
The Goddesse Pallas all this while did keepe continually
Hir brother Persey companie, till now that she did stie
From Seriph in a hollow cloud, and leaving on the right ... [V.320]
The Iles of Scyre and Gyaros, she made from thence hir flight
Directly over that same Sea as neare as eye could ame
To Thebe and Mount Helicon, and when she thither came,
She stayde hir selfe, and thus bespake the learned sisters nine:
A rumor of an uncouth spring did pierce these eares of mine
The which the winged stede should make by stamping with his hoofe.
This is the cause of my repaire: I would for certaine proofe
Be glad to see the wondrous thing. For present there I stoode
And saw the selfesame Pegasus spring of his mothers blood.
Dame Uranie did entertaine and answere Pallas thus: ... [V.330]
What cause so ever moves your grace to come and visit us,
Most heartely you welcome are: and certaine is the fame
Of this our Spring, that Pegasus was causer of the same.
And with that worde she led hir forth to see the sacred spring.
Who musing greatly with hir selfe at straungenesse of the thing,
Surveyde the Woodes and groves about of auncient stately port.
And when she saw the Bowres to which the Muses did resort,
And pleasant fields beclad with herbes of sundrie hew and sort,
She said that for their studies sake they were in happie cace
And also that to serve their turne they had so trim a place. ... [V.340]
Then one of them replied thus: O noble Ladie who
(But that your vertue greater workes than these are calles you to)
Should else have bene of this our troupe, your saying is full true.
To this our trade of life and place is commendation due.
And sure we have a luckie lot and if the world were such
As that we might in safetie live, but lewdnesse reignes so much
That all things make us Maides afraide. Me thinkes I yet do see
The wicked Tyran Pyren still: my heart is yet scarce free
From that same feare with which it hapt us flighted for to bee.
This cruell Pyren was of Thrace and with his men of war ... [V.350]
The land of Phocis had subdude, and from this place not far
Within the Citie Dawlis reigne by force of wrongfull hand,
One day to Phebus Temples warde that on Parnasus stand
As we were going, in our way he met us courteously,
And by the name of Goddesses saluting reverently
Said: O ye Dames of Meonie (for why he knew us well)
I pray you stay and take my house untill this storme (there fell
That time a tempest and a showre) be past: the Gods aloft
Have entred smaller sheddes than mine full many a time and oft.
The rainie wether and hys wordes so moved us, that wee ... [V.360]
To go into an outer house of his did all agree.
As soone as that the showre was past and heaven was voyded cleare
Of all the Cloudes which late before did every where appeare,
Until that Boreas had subdude the rainie Southerne wind
We woulde have by and by bene gone. He shet the doores in minde
To ravishe us: but wee with wings escaped from his hands.
He purposing to follow us, upon a Turret stands,
And sayth he needes will after us the same way we did flie.
And with that worde full frantickly he leapeth downe from hie,
And pitching evelong on his face the bones asunder crasht, ... [V.370]
And dying, all abrode the ground his wicked bloud bedasht.
Now as the Muse was telling this, they heard a noyse of wings
And from the leavie boughes aloft a sound of greeting rings.
Minerva looking up thereat demaunded whence the sounde
Of tongues that so distinctly spake did come so plaine and rounde?
She thought some woman or some man had greeted hir that stounde.
It was a flight of Birdes. Nyne Pies bewailing their mischaunce
In counterfetting everie thing from bough to bough did daunce.
As Pallas wondred at the sight, the Muse spake thus in summe:
These also being late ago in chalenge overcome, ... [V.380]
Made one kinde more of Birdes than was of auncient time beforne.
In Macedone they were about the Citie Pella borne
Of Pierus, a great riche Chuffe, and Euip, who by ayde
Of strong Lucina travailing nine times, nine times was laide
Of daughters in hir childbed safe. This fond and foolish rout
Of doltish sisters taking pride and waxing verie stout,
Becausethey were in number nine came flocking all togethers
Through all the townes of Thessalie and all Achaia hither,
And us with these or such like wordes to combate did provoke.
Cease off, ye Thespian Goddesses, to mocke the simple folke ... [V.390]
With fondnesse of your Melodie. And if ye thinke in deede
Ye can doe ought, contend with us and see how you shall speede.  
I warrant you ye passe us not in cunning nor in voyce.  
Ye are here nine, and so are we. We put you to the choyce,  
That eyther we will vanquish you and set you quight beside  
Your fountain made by Pegasus which is your chiepest pride,  
And Aganippe too: or else confounde you us, and we  
Of all the woods of Macedone will dispossessed be  
As farre as snowie Peonie: and let the Nympes be Judges  
Now in good sooth it was a shame to cope with suchie Drudges, ... [V.400]  
But yet more shame it was to yeeld. The chosen Nympes did sweare  
By Styx, and sate them downe on seates of stone that grewed there.  
Then streight without commission or election of the rest,  
The formost of them preasing forth undecently, profest  
The chalenge to performe: and song the battels of the Goddes.  
She gave the Giants all the praise, the honor and the oddes,  
Abasing sore the worthie deedes of all the Gods. She telles  
How Typhon issuing from the earth and from the deepest helles,  
Made all the Gods above afaide, so greatly that they fled  
And never staide till Aegypt land and Nile whose streame is shed ... [V.410]  
In channels seven, received them forwearied all togither:  
And how the Helhound Typhon did pursue them also thither.  
By meanes wherof the Gods eche one were faine themselves to hide  
In forged shapes. She saide that Jove the Prince of Gods was wride  
In shape of Ram: which is the cause that at this present tide  
Joves ymage which the Lybian folke by name of Hammon serve,  
Is made with crooked welked horns that inward still doe terve:  
That Phebus in a Raven lurkt, and Bacchus in a Geate,  
And Phebus sister in a Cat, and Juno in a Neate,  
And Venus in the shape of Fish, and how that last of all ... [V.420]  
Mercurius hid him in a Bird which Ibis men doe call.  
This was the summe of all the tale which she with rolling tung  
And yeling throteboll to hir harpe before us rudely sung.  
Our turne is also come to speake, but that perchaunce your grace  
To give the hearing to our song hath now no time nor space.  
Yes yes (quoth Pallas) tell on forth in order all your tale:  
And downe she sate among the trees which gave a pleasant swale.  
The Muse made aunswere thus: To one Calliope here by name  
This chalenge we committed have and ordring of the same.  
Then rose up faire Calliope with goodly bush of heare ... [V.430]  
Trim wreathed up with yvie leaves, and with hir thumbe gan steare  
The quivering strings, to trie them if they were in tune or no.  
Which done, she playde upon hir Lute and song hir Ditie so:  
Dame Ceres first to breake the Earth with plough the maner found,  
She first made corne and stover soft to grow upon the ground.  
She first made lawes: for all these things we are to Ceres bound.  
Of hir must I as now intreate: would God I could resound  
Hir worthie laude: she doubtesse is a Goddesse worthie praise.  
Bicause the Giant Typhon gave presumptuously assayes  
To conquer Heaven, the howgie Ile of Trinacris is layd ... [V.440]
Upon his limmes, by weight whereof perforce he downe is weyde.  
He strives and strugles for to rise full many a time and oft.  
But on his right hand toward Rome Pelorus standes aloft:  
Pachynnus standes upon his left: his legs with Lilybie  
Are pressed downe: his monstrous head doth under Aetna lie.  
From whence he lying bolt upright with wrathfull mouth doth spit  
Out flames of fire. He wrestleth oft and walloweth for to wit  
And if he can remove the weight of all that mightie land  
Or tumble downe the townes and hilles that on his bodie stand.  
By meanes whereof it commes to passe that oft the Earth doth shake: ... [V.450]  
And even the King of Ghostes himselfe for verie feare doth quake,  
Misdoubting lest the Earth should clive so wide that light of day  
Might by the same pierce downe to Hell and there the Ghostes affray.  
Forecasting this, the Prince of Fiendes forsooke his darksome hole,  
And in a Chariot drawen with Steedes as blacke as any cole  
The whole foundation of the Ile of Sicill warely vewde.  
When throughly he had sercht eche place that harme had none ensewde,  
As carelessly he raungde abrode, he chaunted to be seen  
Of Venus sitting on hir hill: who taking streight between  
Hir armes hir winged Cupid, said: My sonne, mine only stay, ... [V.460]  
My hand, mine honor and my might, go take without delay  
Those tooles which all wightes do subdue, and strike them in the harte  
Of that same God that of the world enjoyes the lowest part.  
The Gods of Heaven, and Jove himselfe, the powre of Sea and Land  
And he that rules the powres on Earth obey thy mightie hand:  
And wherefore then should only Hell still unsubdued stand?  
Thy mothers Empire and thine own why doste thou not advaunce?  
The third part of al the world now hangs in doubtful chaunce.  
And yet in heaven too now, their deedes thou seest me faine to beare.  
We are despisde: the strength of love with me away doth weare. ... [V.470]  
Seeste not the Darter Diane and dame Pallas have already  
Exempted them from my behestes? and now of late so heady  
Is Ceres daughter too, that if we let hir have hir will,  
She will continue all hir life a Maid unwedded still.  
For that is all hir hope, and marke whereat she mindes to shoote.  
But thou (if ought this gracious turne our honor may promote,  
Or ought our Empire beautifie which joyntly we doe holde,)  
This Damsell to hir uncle joyne. No sooner had she tolde  
These wordes, but Cupid opening streight his quiver chose therefro  
One arrow (as his mother bade) among a thousand mo. ... [V.480]  
But such a one it was, as none more sharper was than it,  
Nor none went streighter from the Bow the aimed marke to hit.  
He set his knee against his Bow and bent it out of hande,  
And made his forked arrowes steale in Plutos heart to stande.  
Neare Enna walles there standes a Lake: Pergusa is the name.  
Cayster heareth not mo songs of Swannes than doth the same.  
A wood environs everie side the water round about,  
And with his leaves as with a yeule doth keepe the Sunne heat out.  
The boughes doe yeelde a coole fresh Ayre: the moystnesse of the grounde
Yeeldes sundrie flowres: continuall spring is all the yeare there founde. ... [V.490]

While in this garden Proserpine was taking hir pastime,
In gathering eyther Violets blew, or Lillies white as Lime,
And while of Maidenly desire she fillde hir Maund and Lap,
Endevoring to outgather hir companions there, by hap
Dis spide hir: lovde hir: caught hir up: and all at once well nere,
So hastie, hote, and swift a thing is Love as may appeare.
The Lady with a wailing voyce afright did often call
Hir mother and hir waiting Maides, but Mother most of all.
And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
By chaunce she let hir lap slip downe, and out hir flowres went. ... [V.500]
And such a sillie simplenesse hir childish age yet beares,
That even the verie losse of them did move hir more to teares.
The Catcher drives his Chariot forth, and calling every horse
By name, to make away apace he doth them still enforce:
And shakes about their neckes and Manes their rustie bridle reynes
And through the deepest of the Lake perforce he them constreynes.
And through the Palik pooles, the which from broken ground doe boyle
And smell of Brimstone verie ranke: and also by the soyle
Where as the Bacchies, folke of Corinth with the double Seas,
Betweene unequall Havons twaine did reere a towne for ease. ... [V.510]
Betweene the fountaines of Cyane and Arethuse of Pise
An arme of Sea that meetes enclosde with narrow homes there lies.
Of this the Poole callede Cyane which beareth greatest fame
Among the Nymphes of Sicilie did algates take the name.
Who vauncing hir unto the waste amid hir Poole did know
Dame Proserpine, and said to Dis: Ye shall no further go:
You cannot Ceres sonneinlawe be, will she so or no.
You should have sought hir courteously and not enforst hir so.
And if I may with great estates my simple things compare,
Anapus was in love with me: but yet he did not fare ... [V.520]
As you doe now with Proserpine. He was content to woo
And I unforst and unconstreind consented him untoo.
This said, she spreaded forth hir armes and stopt him of his way.
His hastie wrath Saturnus sonne no lenger then could stay.
But chearing up his dreadfull Steedes did smight his royall mace
With violence in the bottome of the Poole in that same place.
The ground streight yeelded to his stroke and made him way to Hell,
And downe the open gap both horse and Chariot headlong fell.
Dame Cyan taking sore to heart as well the ravishment
Of Proserpine against hir will, as also the contempt ... [V.530]
Against hir fountains priviledge, did shrowde in secret hart
An inward corsie comfortlesse, which never did depart
Untill she melting into teares consumde away with smart.
The selfesame waters of the which she was but late ago
The mighty Goddesse, now she pines and wastes hirselfe into.
Ye might have seene hir limmes wex lith, ye might have bent hir bones.
Hir nayles wext soft: and first of all did melt the smallest ones:
As haire and fingars, legges and feete: for these same slender parts
Doe quickly into water turne, and afterward converts
To water, shoulder, backe, brest, side: and finally in stead ... [V.540]
Of lively bloud, within hir veynes corrupted there was spred
Thinne water: so that nothing now remained whereupon
Ye might take holde, to water all consumed was anon.
The carefull mother in the while did seeke hir daughter deare
Through all the world both Sea and Land, and yet was nere the neare.
The Morning with hir deawy haire hir slugging never found,
Nor yet the Evening star that brings the night upon the ground.
Two seasoned Pynetrees at the mount of Aetna did she light
And bare them restlesse in hir handes through all the dankish night.
Againe as soone as chierfull day did dim the starres, she sought ... [V.550]
Hir daughter still from East to West. And being overwrought
She caught a thirst: no liquor yet had come within hir throte.
By chaunce she spied nere at hand a pelting thatched Cote
Wyth peevish doores: she knockt thereat, and out there commes a trot.
The Goddesse asked hir some drinke and she denide it not:
But out she brought hir by and by a draught of merrie go downe
And therewithall a Hotchpotch made of steeped Barlie browne
And Flaxe and Coriander seede and other simples more
The which she in an Earthen pot together sod before.
While Ceres was a eating this, before hir gazing stood ... [V.560]
A hard faaste boy, a shrewde pert wag, that could no maners good:
He laughed at hir and in scorne did call hir greedie gut.
The Goddesse being wroth therewith, did on the Hotchpotch put
The liquor ere that all was eate, and in his face it threw.
Immediatly the skinne thereof became of speckled hew,
And into legs his armes did turn: and in his altred hide
A wrigling tayle streight to his limmes was added more beside.
And to th’ intent he should not have much powre to worken scathe,
His bodie in a little roume togither knit she hathe.
For as with pretie Lucerts he in facion doth agree: ... [V.570]
So than the Lucert somewhat lesse in every poynt is he.
The poore old woman was amazde: and bitterly she wept:
She durst not touche the uncouthie worme, who into corners crept.
And of the flecked spottes like starres that on his hide are set
A name agreeing thereunto in Latine doth he get.
It is our Swift whose skinne with gray and yellow specks is fret.
What Lands and Seas the Goddesse sought it were too long to saine.
The worlde did want. And so she went to Sicill backe againe.
And is in going every where she serched busily,
She also came to Cyane: who would assuredly ... [V.580]
Have tolde hir all things, had she not transformed bene before.
But mouth and tongue for uttrance now would serve hir turne no more.
Howbeit a token manifest she gave hir for to know
What was become of Proserpine. Her girdle she did show
Still hovering on hir holie poole, which slightly from hir fell
As she that way did passe: and that hir mother knew too well.
For when she saw it, by and by as though she had but then
Bene new advertisde of hir chaunce, she piteously began
To rend hir ruffled haire, and beate hir handes against hir brest.
As yet she knew not where she was. But yet with rage opprest, ... [V.590]
She curst all landes, and said they were unthankfull everychone,
Yea and unworthy of the fruietes bestowed them upon.
But bitterly above the rest she banned Sicilie,
In which the mention of hir losse she plainely did espie.
And therefore there with cruelle hand the earing ploughes she brake,
And man and beast that tilde the grounde to death in anger strake.
She marrde the seede, and eke forbade the fieldes to yeelde their frute.
The plenteousnesse of that same Ile of which there went suche bruit
Through all the world, lay dead: the corne was killed in the blade:
Now too much drought, now too much wet did make it for to fade. ... [V.600]
The starres and blasting windes did hurt, the hungry foules did eate
The corne to ground: the Tines and Briars did overgrow the Wheate.
And other wicked weedes the corne continually annoy,
Which neyther tyth nor toyle of man was able to destroy.
Then Arethuse, floud Alpheys love, lifts from hir Elean waves
Hir head, and shedding to hir eares hir deawy haire that waves
About hir foreheade sayde: O thou that art the mother deare
Both of the Maiden sought through all the world both far and neare,
And eke of all the earthly fruietes, forbeare thine endlesse toyle,
And be not wroth without a cause with this thy faithfull soyle: ... [V.610]
The Lande deserves no punishment. Unwillingly, God wote,
She opened to the Ravisher that violently hir smote.
It is not sure my native soyle for which I thus entreate.
I am but here a sojurner, my native soyle and seate
In Pisa and from Ely towne I fetch my first discent.
I dwell but as a straunger here: but sure to my intent
This Contrie likes me better farre than any other land.
Here now I Arethusa dwell: here am I setled: and
I humbly you beseche extend your favor to the same.
A time will one day come when you to mirth may better frame, ... [V.620]
And have your heart more free from care, which better serve me may
To tell you why I from my place so great a space doe stray,
And unto Ortygie am brought through so great Seas and waves.
The ground doth give me passage free, and by the lowest caves
Of all the Earth I make my way, and here I raise my heade,
And looke upon the starres agayne neare out of knowledge fled.
Now while I underneath the Earth the Lake of Styx did passe,
I saw your daughter Proserpine with these same eyes. She was
Not merrie, neyther rid of feare as seemed by hir cheere.
But yet a Queene, but yet of great God Dis the stately Feere: ... [V.630]
But yet of that same droupie Realme the chiefe and sovereigne Peere.
Hir mother stooede as starke as stone, when she these newes did heare,
And long she was like one that in another worlde had beene.
But when hir great amazednesse by greatnesse of hir teene
Was put aside, she gettes hir to hir Chariot by and by
And up to heaven in all post haste immediately doth stie.
And there beslowbred all hir face: hir haire about hir eares, To royall Jove in way of plaint this spightfull tale she beares: As well for thy bloud as for mine a suter unto thee I hither come. If no regard may of the mother bee ... [V.640]
Yet let the childe hir father move, and have not lesser care Of hir (I pray) because that I hir in my bodie bare. Behold our daughter whome I sought so long is found at last: If finding you it terme, when of recoverie meanes is past. Or if you finding do it call to have a knowledge where She is become. Hir ravishment we might consent to beare, So restitution might be made. And though there were to me No interest in hir at all, yet forasmuche as she Is yours, it is unmeete she be bestowde upon a theefe.
Jove aunswerde thus: My daughter is a jewell deare and leefe: ... [V.650]
A collup of mine owne flesh cut as well as out of thine. But if we in our heartes can finde things rightly to define, This is not spight but love. And yet Madame in faith I see No cause of such a sonne in law ashamed for to bee, So you contented were therewith. For put the case that hee Were destitute of all things else, how greate a matter ist Joves brother for to be? but sure in him is nothing mist. Nor he inferior is to me save only that by lot The Heavens to me, the Helles to him the destnies did allot. But if you have so sore desire your daughter to divorce, ... [V.660]
Though she againe to Heaven repayre I doe not greatly force. But yet conditionly that she have tasted there no foode: For so the destnies have decreed. He ceaste: and Ceres stoode Full bent to fetch hir daughter out: but destnies hir withstooode, Because the Maide had broke hir fast. For as she hapt one day In Plutos Ortyard rechlessely from place to place to stray, She gathering from a bowing tree a ripe Pownegarnet, tooke Seven kernels out and sucked them. None chaunst hereon to looke, Save onely one Ascalaphus whome Orphne, erst a Dame Among the other Elves of Hell not of the basest fame, ... [V.670]
Bare to hir husbande Acheron within hir duskie den. He sawe it, and by blabbing it ungraciously as then, Did let hir from returning thence. A grievous sigh the Queene Of Hell did fetch, and of that wight that had a witnesse beene Against hir made a cursed Birde. Upon his head she shead The water of the Phlegeton: and by and by his head Was nothing else but Beake and Downe, and mightie glaring eyes. Quight altred from himselfe betweene two yellow wings he flies. He growth chiefly into head and hooked talants long And much adoe he hath to flaske his lazie wings among. ... [V.680]
The messenger of Morning was he made, a filthie fowle, A signe of mischiefe unto men, the sluggish skreching Owle. This person for his lavish tongue and telling tales might seeme To have deserved punishment. But what should men esteeme To be the verie cause why you, Acheloes daughters, weare
Both feete and feathers like to Birdes, considering that you beare
The upper partes of Maidens still? And commes it so to passe
Bicause when Ladie Proserpine a gathering flowers was,
Ye Meremaides kept hir companie? Whome after you had sought
Through all the Earth in vaine, anon of purpose that your thought ... [V.690]
Might also to the Seas be knowen, ye wished that ye might
Upon the waves with hovering wings at pleasure rule your flight.
And had the Goddes to your request so pliant, that ye found
With yellow feathers out of hand your bodies clothed round:
Yet lest that pleasant tune of yours ordyneyd to delight
The hearing, and so high a gift of Musicke perish might
For want of uttrance, humaine voyce to utter things at will
And countnance of virginitie remained to you still.
But meane betweene his brother and his heavie sister goth
God Jove, and parteth equally the yeare betweene them both. ... [V.700]
And now the Goddesse Proserpine indifferently doth reigne
Above and underneath the Earth, and so doth she remaine
One halfe yeare with hir mother and the residue with hir Feere.
Immediatly she altred is as well in outwarde cheere
As inwarde minde. For where hir looke might late before appeere
Sad even to Dis, hir countnance now is full of mirth and grace
Even like as Phebus having put the watrie cloudes to chace,
Doth shew himself a Conqueror with bright and shining face.
Then fruitfull Ceres void of care in that she did recover
Hir daughter, prayde thee, Arethuse, the storie to discover. ... [V.710]
What caused thee to fleete so farre and wherefore thou became
A sacred spring? The waters whist. The Goddesse of the same
Did from the bottome of the Well hir goodly head up reare.
And having dried with hir hand hir faire greene hanging heare,
The River Alpheys auncient loves she thus began to tell.
I was (quoth she) a Nymph of them that in Achaia dwell.
There was not one that earnester the Lawndes and forests sought
Or pitcht hir toyles more handsomly. And though that of my thought
It was no part, to seeke the fame of beautie: though I were
All courage: yet the pricke and prise of beautie I did beare. ... [V.720]
My overmuch commended face was unto me a spight.
This gift of bodie in the which another would delight,
I, rudesbye, was ashamed of: me thought it was a crime
To be belikte. I beare it well in minde that on a time
In comming wearie from the chase of Stymphalus, the heate
Was fervent, and my traveling had made it twice as great.
I founde a water neyther deepe nor shallow which did glide
Without all noyse, so calme that scarce the moving might be spide.
And throughly to the very ground it was so crispe and cleare,
That every little stone therein did plaine aloft appeare. ... [V.730]
The horie Sallowes and the Poplars growing on the brim
Unset, upon the shoring bankes did cast a shadow trim.
I entred in, and first of all I deeped but my feete:
And after to my knees. And not content to wade so fleete,
I put off all my clothes, and hung them on a Sallow by
And threw my selfe amid the streame, which as I dallyingly
Did beate and draw, and with my selfe a thousand maistries trie,
In casting of mine armes abrode and swimming wantonly:
I felt a bubling in the streame I wist not how nor what,
And on the Rivers nearest brim I stept for feare. With that, ... [V.740]
O Arethusa, whither runst? and whither runst thou, cride
Floud Alphey from his waves againe with hollow voyce. I hide
Away unclothed as I was. For on the further side
My clothes hung still. So much more hote and eger then was he,
And for I naked was, I seemde the readier for to be.
My running and his fierce pursuite was like as when ye see
The sillie Doves with quivering wings before the Gossehauke stie,
The Gossehauke sweeping after them as fast as he can flye.
To Orchomen, and Psophy land, and Cyllen I did holde
Out well, and thence to Menalus and Erymanth the colde, ... [V.750]
And so to Ely. All this way no ground of me he wonne.
But being not so strong as he, this restlesse race to runne
I could not long endure, and he could hold it out at length.
Yet over plaines and wooddie hilles (as long as lasted strength)
And stones, and rockes, and desert groundes I still maintaind my race.
The Sunne was full upon my backe. I saw before my face
A lazie shadow: were it not that feare did make me see't.
But certenly he feared me with trampling of his feete:
And of his mouth the boystous breath upon my hairlace blew.
Forwearied with the toyle of flight: Helpe, Diane, I thy true ... [V.760]
And trustie Squire (I said) who oft have caried after thee
Thy bow and arrowes, now am like attached for to bee.
The Goddesse moved, tooke a cloude of such as scattred were
And cast upon me. Hidden thus in mistie darkenesse there
The River poard upon me still and hunted round about
The hollow cloude, for feare perchaunce I should have scaped out.
And twice not knowing what to doe he stalkt about the cloude
Where Diane had me hid, and twice he called out aloude:
Hoe Arethuse, hoe Arethuse. What heart had I poore wretch then?
Even such as hath the sillie Lambe that dares not stirre nor quetch when ... [V.770]
He heares the howling of the Wolfe about or neare the foldes,
Or such as hath the squatted Hare that in hir foorme beholdes
The hunting houndes on every side, and dares not move a wit,
He would not thence, for why he saw no footing out as yit.
And therefore watcht he narrowly the cloud and eke the place.
A chill colde sweat my sieged limmes opprest, and downe apace
From all my bodie steaming drops did fall of watrie hew.
Which way so ere I stird my foote the place was like a stew.
The deaw ran trickling from my haire. In halfe the while I then
Was turnde to water, that I now have tolde the tale agen. ... [V.780]
His loved waters Alphey knew, and putting off the shape
Of man the which he tooke before because I should not scape,
Returned to his proper shape of water by and by
Of purpose for to joyne with me and have my companie.
But Delia brake the ground, at which I sinking into blinde
Bycorners, up againe my selfe at Ortigie doe winde,
Right deare to me bicause it doth Dianas surname beare,
And forbicause to light againe I first was rayed there.
Thus far did Arethusa speake: and then the fruitfull Dame
Two Dragons to hir Chariot put, and reyning hard the same, ... [V.790]
Midway betweene the Heaven and Earth she in the Ayer went,
And unto Prince Triptolemus hir lightsome Chariot sent
To Pallas Citie lode with corne, commaunding him to sowe
Some part in ground new broken up, and some thereof to strow
In ground long tillde before. Anon the yong man up did stie
And flying over Europe and the Realme of Asias hie,
Alighted in the Scithian land. There reyned in that coast
A King callede Lyncus, to whose house he entred for to host.
And being there demaunded how and why he thither came,
And also of his native soyle and of his proper name, ... [V.800]
I hight (quoth he) Triptolemus and borne was in the towne
Of Athens in the land of Greece, that place of high renowne.
I neyther came by Sea nor Lande, but through the open Aire
I bring with me Dame Ceres giftes which being sowne in faire
And fertile fields may fruitfull Harvests yeelde and finer fare.
The savage King had spight, and to th' intent that of so rare
And gracious gifts himselfe might seeme first founder for to be,
He entertainde him in his house, and when asleepe was he,
He came upon him with a sword: but as he would have killde him,
Dame Ceres turnde him to a Lynx, and waking tother willde him ... [V.810]
His sacred Teemeware through the Ayre to drive abrode agen.
The chiefe of us had ended this hir learned song, and then
The Nymphes with one consent did judge that we the Goddesses
Of Helicon had wonne the day. But when I sawe that these
Unnurtred Damsels overcome began to fall a scolding,
I sayd: so little sith to us you thinke your selves beholding,
For bearing with your malapartnesse in making chalenge, that
Besides your former fault, ye eke doe fall to rayling flat,
Abusing thus our gentlenesse: we will from hence proceede
The punishment, and of our wrath the rightfull humor feede. ... [V.820]
Euippyes daughters grinnd and jeerde and set our threatnings light.
But as they were about to prate, and bent their fists to smight
Theyr wicked handes with hideous noyse, they saw the stumps of quilles.
New budding at their nayles, and how their armes soft feather hilles.
Eche saw how others mouth did purse and harden into Bill,
And so becoming uncouth Birdes to haunt the woods at will.
For as they would have clapt their handes their wings did up them heave,
And hanging in the Ayre the scoldes of woods did Pies them leave.
Now also being turnde to Birdes they are as eloquent
As ere they were, as chatttring still, as much to babling bent. ... [V.830]

FINIS QUINTI LIBRI.
Tritonia unto all these wordes attentive hearing bendes
And both the Muses learned song and rightfull wrath commendes.
And thereupon within hir selfe this fancie did arise:
It is no matter for to prayse: but let our selfe devise
Some thing to be commended for: and let us not permit
Our Majestie to be despisde without revenging it.
And therewithall she purposed to put the Lydian Maide
Arachne to hir neckeverse who (as had to hir bene saide)
Presumed to prefer hir selfe before hir noble grace
In making cloth. This Damsell was not famous for the place ... [VI.10]
In which she dwelt, nor for hir stocke, but for hir Arte. Hir Sier
Was Idmon, one of Colophon, a pelting Purple Dier.
Hir mother was deceast: but she was of the baser sort,
And egall to hir Make in birth, in living, and in port.
But though this Maide were meanly borne, and dwelt but in a shed
At little Hypep: yet hir trade hir fame abrode did spred
Even all the Lydian Cities through. To see hir wondrous worke
The Nymphes that underneath the Vines of shadie Tmolus lurke
Their Vineyards oftentimes forsooke. So did the Nymphes also
About Pactolus oftentimes their golden streames forgo. ... [VI.20]
And evermore it did them good not only for to see
Hir clothes already made, but while they eke a making bee
Such grace was in hir workmanship. For were it so that shee
The newshorne fleeces from the sheepe in bundels deftly makes,
Or afterward doth kemb the same, and drawes it out in flakes
Along like cloudes, or on the Rocke doth spinne the handwarpe woofe,
Or else embroydreth, certenly ye might perceive by proofe
She was of Pallas bringing up, which thing she nathelesse
Denyeth, and disdaining such a Mistresse to confessse,
Let hir contend with me, she saide: and if she me amend ... [VI.30]
I will refuse no punishment the which she shall extend.
Minerva tooke an olde wives shape and made hir haire seeme gray,
And with a staffe hir febled limmes pretended for to stay.
Which done, she thus began to speake: Not all that age doth bring
We ought to shonne. Experience doth of long continuance spring.
Despise not mine admonishment. Seeke fame and chiefe report
For making cloth, and Arras worke, among the mortall sort.
But humbly give the Godsesse place: and pardon of hir crave
For these thine unadvised wordes. I warrant thou shalt have
Forgivennesse, if thou aske it hir. Arachne bent hir brewes ... [VI.40]
And lowring on hir, left hir worke: and hardly she eschewes
From flying in the Ladies face. Hir countnance did bewray
Hir moodie minde: which bursting forth in words she thus did say:
Thou commest like a doting foole: thy wit is spent with yeares:
Thy life hath lasted over long as by thy talke appeares.
And if thou any daughter have, or any daughrinlawe,
I would she heard these wordes of mine: I am not such a Daw,
But that without thy teaching I can well ynoough advise
My selfe. And lest thou shouldest thinke thy words in any wise
Avail, the selfesame minde I keepe with which I first begonne. ... [VI.50]
Why commes she not hirselfe I say? this matche why doth she shonne?
Then said the Godsesse: Here she is. And therewithall she cast
Hir olde wives riveled shape away, and shewde hir selfe at last
Minerva like. The Nymphes did straignt adore hir Majestie.
So did the yong newmaried wives that were of Migdonie.
The Maiden only unabasht woulde nought at all relent.
But yet she blusht and sodenly a ruddynesse besprent
Hir cheekes which wanzd away againe, even like as doth the Skie
Looke sanguine at the breake of day, and turneth by and by
To white at rising of the Sunne. As hote as any fire ... [VI.60]
She sticketh to hir tackling still. And through a fond desire
Of glorie, to hir owne decay all headlong forth she runnes.
For Pallas now no lenger warnes, ne now no lenger shunnes
Ne seekes the chalenge to delay. Immediatly they came
And tooke their places severally, and in a severall frame
Eche streynde a web, the warpe whereof was fine. The web was tide
Upon a Beame. Betweene the warpe a stay of reede did slide.
The woofe on sharpened pinnes was put betwixt the warp, and wrought
With fingars. And as oft as they had through the warpe it brought,
They strake it with a Boxen combe. Both twayne of them made hast: ... [VI.70]
And girding close for handsomnesse their garments to their wast
Bestirde their cunning handes apace. Their earnestnesse was such
As made them never thinke of paine. They weaved verie much
Fine Purple that was dide in Tyre, and colours set so trim
That eche in shadowing other seemde the very same with him.
Even like as after showres of raine when Phebus broken beames
Doe strike upon the Cloudes, appeares a compast bow of gleames
Which bendeth all over the Heaven: wherein although there shine
A thousand sundry colours, yet the shadowing is so fine,
That looke men nere so wistly, yet beguileth it their eyes: ... [VI.80]
So like and even the selfsame thing eche colour seemes to rise
Whereas they meeete, which further off doe differ more and more.
Of glittring golde with silken threede was weaved there good store.
And stories put in portrayture of things done long afore.
Minerva painted Athens towne and Marsis rocke therein,
And all the strife betweene herselfe and Neptune, who should win
The honor for to give the name to that same noble towne.
In loftie thrones on eyther side of Jove were settled downe
Six Peeres of Heaven with countnance grave and full of Majestie,
And every of them by his face discerned well might be. ... [VI.90]
The Image of the mightie Jove was Kinglike. She had made
Neptunus standing striking with his long thre tyned blade
Upon the ragged Rocke: and from the middle of the clift
She portrayd issuing out a horse, which was the noble gift
For which he chalengde to himselfe the naming of the towne.
She picturde out hirselfe with shielde and Morion on hir crowne
With Curet on hir brest, and Speare in hand with sharpened ende.
She makes the Earth (the which hir Speare doth seeme to strike) to sende
An Olyf tree with fruite thereon: and that the Gods thereat
Did wonder: and with victorie she finisht up that plat. ... [VI.100]
Yet to th'intent examples olde might make it to be knowne
To hir that for desire of praise so stoutly helde hir owne,
What guerdon she shoulde hope to have for hir attempt so madde,
Foure like contentions in the foure last corners she did adde.
The Thracians Heme and Rodope the formost corner hadde:
Who being sometime mortall folke usurpt to them the name
Of Jove and Juno, and were turnde to mountaines for the same.
A Pigmie womans piteous chaunce the second corner shewde,
Whome Juno turned to a Crane (bicause she was so lewde
As for to stand at strile with hir for beautie) charging hir ... [110]
Against hir native countriefolke continuall war to stir.
The thirde had proude Antigone, who durst of pride contende
In beautie with the wife of Jove: by whome she in the ende
Was turned to a Storke. No whit availed hir the towne
Of Troy, or that Laomedon hir father ware a crowne,
But that she, clad in feathers white, hir lazie wings must flap.
And with a bobbed Bill bewayle the cause of hir missehap.
The last had chyldelesse Cinyras: who being turnde to stone,
Was picture prostrate on the grounde, and weeping all alone,
And culling fast betweene his armes a Temples greeces fine ... [VI.120]
To which his daughters bodies were transformde by wrath divine.
The utmost borders had a wreath of Olyf round about,
And this is all the worke the which Minerva portrayd out.
For with the tree that she hirselfe had made but late afore
She bounded in hir Arras cloth, and then did worke no more.
The Lydian maiden in hir web did portray to the full
How Europe was by royall Jove beguilde in shape of Bull.
A swimming Bull, a swelling Sea, so lively had she wrought,
That Bull and Sea in very deede ye might them well have thought.
The Ladie seemed looking backe to landwarde and to crie ... [VI.130]
Upon hir women, and to feare the water sprinkling hie,
And shrinking up hir fearfull feete. She portrayd also there
Asteriee struggling with an Erne which did away hir beare.
And over Leda she had made a Swan his wings to splay.
She added also how by Jove in shape of Satyr gaye
The faire Antiope with a paire of children was besped:
And how he tooke Amphitrios shape when in Alcmenas bed
He gate the worthie Hercules: and how he also came
To Danae like a shoure of golde, to Aegine like a flame,
A sheepeherd to Mnemosyne, and like a Serpent sly ... [VI.140]
To Proserpine. She also made Neptunus leaping by
Upon a Maide of Aelous race in likenesse of a Bull,
And in the streame Enipeus shape begetting on a trull
The Giants Othe and Ephialt, and in the shape of Ram
Begetting one Theophane Bisalties ympe with Lam,
And in a lusty Stalions shape she made him covering there
Dame Ceres with the yellow lockes, and hir whose golden heare
Was turnde to crawling Snakes: on whom he gate the winged horse.
She made him in a Dolphins shape Melantho to enforce.
Of all these things she missed not their proper shapes, nor yit ... [VI.150]
The full and just resemblance of their places for to hit.
In likenesse of a Countrie cloyne was Phebus picture there,
And how he ware Gossehaukes wings, and now a Lions heare.
And how he in a shepeherdes shape was practising a wile
The daughter of one Macarie, dame Issa, to beguile.
And how the faire Erygone by chaunce did suffer rape
By Bacchus who deceyved hir in likenesse of a grape.
And how that Saturne in the shape of Genet did beget
The double Chiron. Round about the utmost Verdge was set
A narrow Traile of pretie floures with leaves of Ivie fret. ... [VI.160]
Not Pallas, no, nor spight it selfe could any quarrell picke
To this hir worke: and that did touch Minerva to the quicke.
Who thereupon did rende the cloth in pieces every whit,
Bicause the lewdnesse of the Gods was blased so in it.
And with an Arras weavers combe of Box she fiercely smit
Arachne on the forehead full a dozen times and more.
The Maide impacient in hir heart, did stomacke this so sore,
That by and by she hung hirselfe. Howbeit as she hing,
Dame Pallas plying hir estate, did stay hir in the string
From death, and said: Lewde Callet live: but hang thou still for mee. ... [VI.170]
And lest hereafter from this curse that time may set thee free,
I will that this same punishment enacted firmely bee,
As well on thy posteritie for ever as on thee.
And after when she should depart, with juice of Hecats flowre
She sprinkled hir: and by and by the poysion had such powre,
That with the touch thereof hir haire, hir eares, and nose did fade:
And verie small it both hir head and all hir bodie made.
In steade of legs, to both hir sides sticke fingsars long and fine:
The rest is bellie. From the which she nerethelse doth twine
A slender threed, and practiseth in shape of Spider still ... [VI.180]
The Spinners and the Websters crafts of which she erst had skill.
All Lydia did repine hereat, and of this deedee the fame
Through Phrygie ran, and through the world was talking of the same.
Before hir marriage Niobe had knowen hir verie well,
When yet a Maide in Meonie and Sipyle she did dwell.
And yet Arachnes punishment at home before hir eyes,
To use discreter kinde of talke it could hir not advise,
Nor (as behoveth) to the Gods to yeelde in humble wise.
For many things did make hir proud. But neyther did the towne
The which hir husband builded had, nor houses of renowne ... [VI.190]
Of which they both descended were, nor yet the puissance
Of that great Realme wherein they reignde so much hir minde enhaunce
(Although the liking of them all did greatly hir delight)
As did the offspred of hir selfe. And certenly she might
Have bene of mothers counted well most happie, had she not
So thought hir selfe. For she whome sage Tyresias had begot,
The Prophet Manto, through instinct of heavenly powre, did say
These kind of wordes in open strete: Ye Thebanes go your way
Apace, and unto Laton and to Latons children pray,
And offer godly Frankincense, and wreath your haire with Bay. ... [VI.200]
Latona by the mouth of me commaundes you so to do.
The Thebane women by and by obeying thereunto,
Deckt all their heads with Laurell leaves as Manto did require,
And praying with devout intent threw incense in the fire.
Beholde out commeth Niobe environde with a garde
Of servaunts and a solemne traine that followed afterward.
She was hirselfe in raiment made of costly cloth of golde
Of Phrygia facion verie brave and gorgeous to beholde.
And of hir selfe she was right faire and beautifull of face,
But that hir wrathfull stomake then did somewhat staine hir grace. ...

She moving with hir portly heade hir haire the which as then
Did hang on both hir shoulders loose, did pawse a while, and when
Wyth loftie looke hir stately eyes she rolled had about:
What madnesse is it (quoth she) to prefer the heavenly rout
Of whome ye doe but heare, to such as daily are in sight?
Or why should Laton honored be with Altars? Never wight
To my most sacred Majestie did offer incense. Yit
My Father was that Tantalus whome only as most fit
The Gods among them at their boordes admitted for to sit.
A sister of the Pleyades is my mother. Finally ...

My Graund sire on the mothers side is that same Atlas hie
That on his shoulderes beareth up the heavenly Axeltree.
Againe my other Graundfather is Jove, and (as you see)
He also is my Fathrinlawe, wherein I glorie may.
The Realme of Phrygia here at hand doth unto me obay.
In Cadmus pallace I thereof the Ladie doe remaine
And joyntly with my husbande I as peerlesse Princesse reigne
Both over this same towne whose walles my husbands harpe did frame,
And also over all the folke and people in the same.
In what soever corner of my house I cast mine eye, ...

A worlde of riches and of goods I everywhere espie.
Moreover for the beautie, shape, and favor grown in me,
Right well I know I doe deserve a Goddesse for to be.
Besides all this, seven sonnes I have and daughters seven likewise,
By whome shall shortly sonneinlawes and daughtrinlawes arise.
Judge you now if that I have cause of Statelynesse or no.
How dare ye then prefer to me Latona that same fro
The Titan Ceus ympe, to whome then readie downe to lie
The hugy Earth a little plot to childe on did denie?
From Heaven, from Earth, and from the Sea your Goddesse banisht was, ...

And as an outcast through the world from place to place did passe,
Untill that Delos pitying hir, sayde Thou doste fleete on land
And I on Sea, and thereupon did lende hir out of hand
A place unstable. Of two twinnes there brought abed was she:
And this is but the seventh part of the issue borne by me.
Right happy am I. Who can this deny? and shall so still
Continue. Who doth doubt of that? Abundance hath and will
Preserve me. I am greater than that frowarde fortune may
Empeache me. For although she should pull many things away,
Yet should she leave me many more. My state is out of feare. ...

Of thys my huge and populous race surmise you that it were
Possible some of them should misse: yet can I never be
So spoyled that no mo than two shall tarie styll with me.
Leave quickly thyse lewde sacrifice, and put me off this Bay
That on your heads is wreathed thus. They laide it streight away
And left their holie rites undone, and closely as they may
With secret whispering to themselves to Laton they dyd pray.
How much from utter barrennesse the Goddesse was: so much
Disdeind she more: and in the top of Cynthus framed such
Complaint as this to both hir twinnes. Lo I your mother deare, ... [VI.260]
Who in my bodie once you twaine with painefull travail beare,
Loe I whose courage is so stout as for to yeelde to none
Of all the other Goddesses except Joves wife alone,
Am lately doubted whether I a Goddesse be or no.
And if you helpe not, children mine, the case now standeth so
That I the honor must from hence of Altars quight forgo.
But this is not mine only griefe. Besides hir wicked fact
Most railing words hath Niobe to my defacing rackt.
She durst prefer her Barnes to you. And as for me, she naamde
Me barren in respect of hir, and was no whit ashaamde ... [VI.270]
To shewe hir fathers wicked tongue which she by birth doth take.
This said: Latona was about entreatance for to make.
Cease off (quoth Phebus) long complaint is nothing but delay
Of punishment, and the selvesame wordes did Phebe also say.
And by and by they through the Ayre both gliding swiftly downe,
On Cadmus pallace hid in cloudes did light in Thebe towne.
A fielde was underneath the wall both levell, large and wide,
Betrampled every day with horse that men therin did ride,
Where store of Carres and Horses hoves the cloddes to dust had trode.
A couple of Amphions sonnes on lusty coursers rode ... [VI.280]
In this same place. Their horses faire Coperisons did weare
Of scarlet: and their bridles brave with golde bedecked were.
Of whome as Niobs eldest sonne Ismenos hapt to bring
His horse about, and reynde hime in to make him keepe the ring,
He cride alas: and in his brest with that an arrow stacke
And by and by hys dying hand did let the bridle slacke.
And on the right side of the horse he slipped to the ground.
The second brother Sipylus did chaunce to heare the sound
Of Quivers clattring in the Ayre, and giving streight the reyne
And spur togither to his horse, began to flie amayne: ... [VI.290]
As doth the master of a ship: who when he sees a shoure
Approaching, by some mistie cloud that ginnes to gloume and loure
Doth clap on all his sayles because no winde should scape him by
Though nere so small. Howbeit as he turned for to flie,
He was not able for to scape the Arrow which did stricke
Him through the necke. The nocke thereof did shaking upward sticke,
The head appeared at his throte. And as he forward gave
Himselfe in flying: so to ground he groveling also drave,
And toppled by the horses mane and feete amid his race,
And with his warme newshedded bloud berayed all the place. ... [VI.300]
But Phedimus, and Tantalus, the heir of the name
Of Tantalus, his Graundfather, who customably came
From other dailie exercise to wrestling, had begun
To close, and eache at other now with brest to brest to run,
When Phebus Arrow being sent with force from streyned string
Did strike through both of them as they did fast togither cling.
And so they sighed both at once, and both at once for paine
Fell downe to ground, and both of them at once their eyes did streine
To see their latest light, and both at once their ghostes did yeelde.
Alphenor this mischance of theirs with heavie heart behelde, ...
And scratcht and beate his wofull brest: and therewith flying out
To take them up between his armes, was as he went about
This work of kindly pitie, killde. For Phebus with a Dart
Of deadly dint did rive him through the Bulke and brake his hart.
And when the steale was plucked out, a percell of his liver
Did hang upon the hooked heade: and so he did deliver
His life and bloud into the Ayre departing both togethier.
But Damasichthon (on whose heade came never scissor) felt
Mo woundes than one. It was his chaunce to have a grievous pelt
Upon the verie place at which the leg is first begun ...
And where the hamstrings by the joynt with supple sinewes run
And while to draw this arrow out he with his hand assaide,
Another through his wezant went, and at the feathers staide.
The bloud did drive out this againe, and spinning high did spout
A great way off, and pierst the Ayre with sprinkling all about.
The last of all Ilionie with stretched handes, and speche
Most humble (but in vaine) did say: O Gods I you beseche
Of mercie all in generall. He wist not what he saide
Ne how that unto all of them he ought not to have praide.
The God that helde the Bow in hande was moved: but as then ...
The Arrow was alredie gone so farre, that backe agen
He could not call it. Neerthelesse the wound was verie small
Of which he dide, for why his heart it did but lightly gall.
The rumor of the mischiefe selfe, and mone of people, and
The weeping of hir servants gave the mother t' understand
The sodaine stroke of this mischaunce. She wondred verie much
And stormed also that the Gods were able to doe such
A deede, or durst attempt it, yea she thought it more than right
That any of them over hir should have so mickle might.
Amphion had fordone himselfe alreadie with a knife, ...
And ended all his sorrowes quite togethier with his life.
Alas, alas how greatly doth this Niobe differ here
From tother Niobe who alate disdaining any Pere
Did from Latonas Altars drive hir folke, and through the towne
With haultie looke and stately gate went pranking up and downe,
Then spighted at among hir own, but piteous now to those:
That heretofore for hir deserts had bene hir greatest foes.
She fallyth on the corses colde, and taking no regard,
Bestowde hir kysses on hir sonnes as whome she afterwarde
Did know she never more shoulde kisse. From whome she lifting thoe ...
Hir blew and broosed armes to heaven sayd: O thou cruell foe
Latona, feede, yea feede thy selfe I say upon my woe
And overgorge thy stomacke, yea and glut thy cruell hart
With these my present painefull pangs of bitter griping smart.
In corseseven I seven times deade am caried to my grave.
Rejoyce thou foe and triumph now in that thou seemste to have
The upper hande. What? upper hand? no no it is not so.
As wretched as my case doth seeme, yet have I left me mo
Then thou for all thy happinesse canst of thine owne account.
Even after all these corseseven yet I still doe thee surmount. ... [VI.360]
Upon the ende of these same wordes the twanging of the string
In letting of the Arrow flie was clearly heard: which thing
Made every one save Niobe aeraide. Hir heart was so
With sorrowe hardnede, that she grew more bolde. Hir daughters tho
Were standing all with mourning weede and hanging haire before
Their brothers coffins. One of them in pulling from the sore
An Arrow sticking in his heart, sanke downe upon hir brother
With mouth to mouth, and so did yeelde hir fleeting ghost. Another
In comforting the wretched case and sorrow of hir mother
Upon the sodaine held hir peace. She stricken was within ... [VI.370]
With double wound: which caused hir hir talking for to blin
And shut hir mouth: but first hir ghost was gone. One all in vaine
Attempting for to scape by flight was in hir flying slaine.
Another on hir sisters corse doth tumble downe starke dead.
This quakes and trembles piteously, and she doth hide hir head.
And when that sixe with sundrye woundes dispatched were and gone,
At last as yet remained one: and for to save that one,
Hir mother with hir bodie whole did cling about hir fast,
And wrying hir did over hir hir garments wholly cast:
And cried out: O leave me one: this little one yet save: ... [VI.380]
Of many but this only one the least of all I crave.
But while she prayd, for whome she prayd was kild. Then down she sate
Bereft of all hir children quite, and drawing to hir fate,
Among hir daughters and hir sonnes and husband newly dead.
Hir cheeke waxt hard, the Ayre could stirre no haire upon hir head.
The color of hir face was dim and clearly voide of blood,
And sadly under open lids hir eyes unmoved stood.
In all hir bodie was no life. For even hir verie tung
And palat of hir mouth was hard, and eche to other clung.
Hir Pulses ceased for to beate, hir necke did cease to bow, ... [VI.390]
Hir armes to stir, hir feete to go, all powre forwent as now.
And into stone hir verie wombe and bowels also bind.
But yet she wept: and being hoyst by force of whirling wind
Was caried into Phrygie. There upon a mountaines top
She weepeth still in stone. From stone the drerie teares do drop.
Then all both men and women fearde Latonas open ire
And far with greater sumptuousnesse and earnerst desire
Did worship the great majestie of this their Goddesse who
Did beare at once both Phebus and his sister Phebe too.
And through occasion of this chaunce, (as men are wont to do ... [VI.400]
In cases like) the people fell to telling things of old
Of whome a man among the rest this tale ensuing told.
The auncient folke that in the fieldes of fruitfull Lycia dwelt
Due penance also for their spight to this same Goddesse felt.
The basenesse of the parties makes the thing it selfe obscure.
Yet is the matter wonderfull. My selfe I you assure
Did presently beholde the Pond, and saw the very place
In which this wondrous thing was done. My father then in case,
Not able for to travell well by reason of his age,
To fetch home certaine Oxen thence made me to be his page, ... [VI.410]
Appointing me a countryman of Lycia to my guide.
With whome as I went plodding in the pasture groundes, I spide
Amids a certaine Pond an olde square Aultar colourd blacke
With cinder of the sacrifice that still upon it stacke.
About it round grew wavering Reedes. My guide anon did stay:
And softly, O be good to me, he in himselfe did say.
And I with like soft whispering did say, Be good to mee.
And then I askt him whether that the Altar wee did see
Belonged to the Waternymphes, or Faunes or other God
Peculiar to the place it selfe upon the which we yod. ... [VI.420]
He made me aunswere thus: My guest, no God of countrie race
Is in this Altar worshipped. That Goddesse claymes this place,
From whome the wife of mightie Jove did all the world forfend:
When wandring restlesse here and there full hardly in the end
Unsetled Delos did receyve then floting on the wave,
As tide and weather to and fro the swimming lland drave.
There maugre Juno (who with might and main against hir strave)
Latona staying by a Date and Olyf tree that sted
In travail, of a paire of twinnes was safely brought abed.
And after hir delivrance folke report that she for feare ... [VI.430]
Of Junos wrath did flie from hence, and in hir armes did beare
Hir babes which afterwarde became two Gods. In which hir travell
In Sommer when the scorching Sunne is wont to burne the gravell
Of Lycie countrie where the fell Chymera hath his place,
The Goddesse wearie with the long continuance of hir race,
Waxt thirstie by the meanes of drought with going in the Sunne.
Hir babes had also suckt hir brestes as long as milke wold runne.
By chaunce she spide this little Pond of water here bylow.
And countrie Carles were gathering there these Osier twigs that grow
So thicke upon a shrubbie stalke: and of these rushes greene: ... [VI.440]
And flags that in these moorish plots so rife of growing beene.
She comming hither kneelinged downe the water up to take
To coole hir thirst. The churlish cloynes forfended hir the Lake.
Then gently said the Goddesse: Sirs, why doe you me forfend
The water? Nature doth to all in common water send.
For neither Sunne, nor Ayre, nor yet the Water private bee,
I seeke but that which natures gift hath made to all things free.
And yet I humbly crave of you to graunt it unto mee.
I did not go about to wash my werie limmes and skin,
I would but only quench my thirst. My throte is scalt within ... [VI.450]
For want of moysture: and my chappes and lippes are parching drie:
And scarsly is there way for wordes to issue out thereby.
A draught of water will to me be heavenly Nectar now.
And sure I will confess I have received life of you.
Yea in your giving of a drop of water unto mee,
The case so standeth as you shall preserve the lives of three.
Alas let these same sillie soules that in my bosome stretch
Their little armes (by chaunce hir babes their pretie dolles did retch)
To pitie move you. What is so hard that would not yeeld
To this the gentle Goddesses entreatance meeke and meeld? ... [VI.460]
Yet they for all the humble wordes she could devise to say,
Continued in their willfull moode of churlish saying nay,
And threatned for to sende hir thence onlesse she went away,
Reviling hir most spightfully. And not contented so,
With handes and feete the standing Poole they troubled to and fro,
Until with trampling up and downe maliciously, the soft
And slimie mud that lay beneath was raised up aloft.
With that the Goddess was so wroth that thirst was quight forgot.
And unto such unworthy Carles hirselfe she humbleth not:
Ne speaketh meaner wordes than might beseeme a Goddess well. ... [VI.470]
But holding up hir handes to heaven: For ever mought you dwell
In this same Pond, she said: hir wish did take effect with speede.
For underneath the water they delight to be in deede.
Now dive they to the bottome downe, now up their heads they pop,
Another while with sprawling legs they swim upon the top.
And oftentimes upon the banke they have a minde to stond,
And oftentimes from thence againe to leape into the Pond.
And there they now doe practise still their filthy tongue to scold
And shamelessly (though underneath the water) they doe hold
Their former wont of brawling still amid the water cold. ... [VI.480]
Their voices stil are hoarse and harsh, their throtes have puffed goles,
Their chappes with brawling widened are, their hammer headed Jowls
Are joyned to their shoulders just, the neckes of them doe seeme
Cut off, the ridgebone of their backe stickes up of colour greene.
Their paunch which is the greatest part of all their trunck is gray,
And so they up and downe the Pond made newly Frogges doe play.
When one of Lyce (I wote not who) had spoken in this sort,
Another of a Satyr streight began to make report,
Whome Phebus overcomming on a pipe (made late ago
By Pallas) put to punishment. Why flayest thou me so, ... [VI.490]
Alas, he cride, it irketh me. Alas a sorie pipe
Deserveth not so cruelly my skin from me to stripe.
For all his crying ore his eares quight pulled was his skin.
Nought else he was than one whole wounde. The griesly bloud did spin
From every part, the sinewes lay discovered to the eye,
The quivering veynes without a skin lay beating nakedly.
The panting bowels in his bulke ye might have numbred well,
And in his brest the shere small strings a man might easly tell.
The Countrie Faunes, the Gods of Woods, the Satyrs of his kin,
The Mount Olympus whose renowne did ere that time begin, ... [V.500]
And all the Nymphes, and all that in those mountaines kept their sheepe,
Or grazed cattell thereabouts, did for this Satyr weepe.
The fruitfull earth waxt moyst therewith, and moysted did receyve
Their teares, and in his bowles deepe did of the same conceyve,
And when that she had turned them to water, by and by
She sent them forth againe aloft to see the open Skie.
The River that doth rise thereof beginning there his race,
In verie deepe and shoring bankes to Seaward runnes apace
Through Phrygie, and according as the Satyr, so the streame
Is called Marsias, of the brookes the clearest in that Realme. ... [VI.510]
With such examples as these same the common folke returnde
To present things, and every man through all the Citie moornde
For that Amphion was destroyde with all his issue so.
But all the fault and blame was laide upon the mother tho.
For hir alonly Pelops mournde (as men report) and hee
In opening of his clothes did shewe that everye man might see
His shoulder on the left side bare of Ivorie for to bee.
His shoulder at his birth was like his tother both in hue
And flesh, untill his fathers handes most wickedly him slue,
And that the Gods when they his limmes agaime togither drue, ... [VI.520]
To joyne them in their proper place and forme by nature due,
Did finde out all the other partes, save only that which grue
Betwene the throteboll and the arme, which when they could not get
This other made of Ivorie white in place thereof they set
And by that meanes was Pelops made againe both whole and sound.
The neyghbor Princes thither came, and all the Cities round
About besought their Kings to go and comfort Thebe: as Arge
And Sparta, and Mycene which was under Pelops charge
And Calydon unhated of the frowning Phebe yit,
The welthie towne Orchomenos, and Corinth which in it ... [VI.530]
Had famous men for workmanship in mettals: and the stout
Messene which full twentie yeares did hold besiegers out.
And Patre, and the lowly towne Cleona, Nelines Pyle,
And Troyzen not surnamed yet Pittheia for a while.
And all the other Borough townes and Cities which doe stand
Within the narrow balke at which two Seas doe meete at hand,
Or which do bound upon the balke without in maine firme land.
Alonly Athens (who would thinke) did neither come nor send.
Warre barred them from courtesy the which they did intend.
The King of Pontus with an host of savage people lay ... [VI.540]
In siege before their famous walles and curstly did them fray.
Untill that Tereus, King of Thrace, approching to their ayde,
Did vanquish him, and with renowne was for his labor payde.
And sith he was so puissant in men and ready coyne,
And came of mightie Marsis race, Pandion sought to joyne
Aliance with him by and by, and gave him to his Feere
His daughter Progne. At this match (as after will appeare)
Was neyther Juno, President of mariage wont to bee,
Nor Hymen, no nor any one of all the graces three.
The Furies snatching Tapers up that on some Herce did stande ... [VI.550]
Did light them, and before the Bride did beare them in their hande.
The Furies made the Bridegromes bed. And on the house did ruck
A cursed Owle the messenger of yll successe and lucke.
And all the night time while that they were lying in their beds,
She sate upon the bedsteds top right over both their heds.
Such handsell Progne had the day that Tereus did hir wed.
Such handsell had they when that she was brought of childe abed.
All Thracia did rejoyce at them, and thankt their Gods, and willd
That both the day of Prognes match with Tereus should be hild
For feastfull, and the day likewise that Ilys first was borne: ... [VI.560]
So little know we what behoves. The Sunne had now outworne
Five Harvests, and by course five times had run his yearly race,
When Progne flattring Tereus saide: If any love or grace
Betweene us be, send eyther me my sister for to see,
Or find the meanes that hither she may come to visit mee.
You may assure your Fathrinlaw she shall againe returne
Within a while. Ye doe to me the highest great good turne
That can be, if you bring to passe I may my sister see.
Immediatly the King commaundes his shippes aflote to bee.
And shortly after, what with sayle and what with force of Ores, ... [VI.570]
In Athens haven he arrives and landes at Pyrey shores.
As soone as of his fathrinlaw the presence he obtainde,
And had of him bene courteously and friendly entertainde,
Unhappie handsell entred with their talking first togither.
The errandes of his wife, the cause of his then comming thither,
He had but new begon to tell, and promised that when
She had hir sister seene, she should with speede be sent agen:
When (see the chaunce) came Philomele in raiment very rich,
And yet in beautie farre more rich, even like the Fairies which
Reported are the pleasant woods and water springs to haunt, ... [VI.580]
So that the like apparell and attire to them you graunt.
King Tereus at the sight of hir did burne in his desire,
As if a man should chaunce to set a gulfe of corne on fire,
Or burne a stacke of hay. Hir face in deede deserved love.
But as for him, to fleshly lust even nature did him move.
For of those countries commonly the people are above
All measure prone to lecherie. And therefore both by kinde
His flame encreast, and by his owne default of vicious minde.
He purposde fully to corrupt hir servants with reward:
Or for to bribe hir Nurce, that she should slenderly regarde ... [VI.590]
Hir dutie to hir mistresseward. And rather than to fayle,
The Ladie even hirselfe with gifts he minded to assayle,
And all his kingdome for to spend, or else by force of hand
To take hir, and in maintenance thereof by sword to stand.
There was not under heaven the thing but that he durst it prove,
So far unable was he now to stay his lawlesse love.
Delay was deadly. Backe againe with gredie minde he came
Of Prognes errands for to talke: and underneath the same
He workes his owne ungraciousnesse. Love gave him power to frame
His talke at will. As oft as he demaunded out of square, ... [VI.600]
Upon his wives importunate desire himselfe he bare.
He also wept: as though his wife had willed that likewise.
O God, what blindnesse doth the heartes of mortall men disguise?
By working mischiefe Tereus gets him credit for to seeme
A loving man, and winneth praise by wickednesse extreeme.
Yea and the foolish Philomele the selfesame thing desires.
Who hanging on hir fathers necke with flattring armes, requires
Against hir life and for hir life his licence for to go
To see hir sister. Tereus beholde his wistly tho,
And in beholding handles hir with heart. For when he saw ... [VI.610]
Hir kisse hir father, and about his necke hir armes to draw,
They were all spurres to pricke him forth, and wood to feede his fire,
And foode of forcing nourishment to further his desire.
As oft as she hir father did betweene hir armes embrace,
So often wished he himselfe hir father in that case.
For nought at all should that in him have wrought the greater grace.
Hir father could not say them nay, they lay at him so sore,
Right glad thereof was Philomele and thanked him therefore.
And wretched wench she thinkes she had obtained such a thing,
As both to Progne and hir selfe should joy and comfort bring, ... [VI.620]
When both of them in verie deed should afterward it rew.
To endward of his daily race and travell Phebus drew,
And on the shoring side of Heaven his horses downeward flew.
A princely supper was preparde, and wine in golde was set:
And after meate to take their rest the Princes did them get.
But though the King of Thrace that while were absent from hir sight,
Yet swelted he: and in his minde resolving all the night
Hir face, hir gesture, and hir hands, imaginde all the rest
(The which as yet he had not seene) as like his fancie best.
He feedes his flames himselfe. No winke could come within his eyes, ... [VI.630]
For thinking ay on hir. As soone as day was in the skies,
Pandion holding in his hand the hand of Tereus priest
To go his way, and shedding teares betooke him thus his guest:
Deare sonneinlaw I give thee here (sith godly cause constraines)
This Damsell. By the faith that in thy Princely heart remaines,
And for our late alliance sake, and by the Gods above,
I humbly beseeche that as a Father thou doe love
And maintaine hir, and that as soone as may be (all delay
Will unto me seeme over long) thou let hir come away,
The comfort of my carefull age on whome my life doth stay. ... [VI.640]
And thou my daughter Philomele (it is inough ywis
That from hir father set so farre thy sister Progne is)
If any sparke of nature doe within thy heart remayne,
With all the haste and speede thou canst returne to me againe.
In giving charge he kissed hir: and downe his cheekes did raine
The tender teares, and as a pledge of faith he tooke the right
Handes of them both, and joyning them did eche to other plight,
Desiring them to beare in minde his commendations to
His daughter and hir little sonne. and then with much ado
For sobbing, at the last he bad adew as one dismaid. ... [VI.650]
The foremisgiving of his minde did make him sore afraid.
As soone as Tereus and the Maide togher were aboord,
And that their ship from land with Ores was haled on the foord,
The fielde is ours, he cride aloude, I have the thing I sought
And up he skipt, so barbrous and so beastly was his thought,
That scarce even there he could forbeare his pleasure to have wrought.
His eye went never off of hir: as when the scarefull Erne
With hooked talants trussing up a Hare among the Ferne,
Hath laid hir in his nest, from whence the prisoner can not scape,
The ravening fowle with greedi eyes upon his pray doth gape. ... [VI.660]
Now was their journey come to ende: now were they gone aland
In Thracia, when that Tereus tooke the Ladie by the hand,
And led hir to a pelting graunge that peakishly did stand
In woods forgrown. There waxing pale and trembling sore for feare,
And dreading all things, and with teares demaunding sadly where
His sister was, he shet hir up: and therewithall bewraide
His wicked lust, and so by force bicause she was a Maide
And all alone he vanquisht hir. It booted nought at all
That she on sister, or on Sire, or on the Gods did call.
She quaketh like the wounded Lambe which from the Wolves hore teeth ... [VI.670]
New shaken thinkes hir selfe not safe: or as the Dove that seeth
Hir fethers with hir owne bloud staynde, who shuddring still doth feare
The greedi Hauke that did hir late with griping talants teare.
Anon when that this mazednesse was somewhat overpast,
She rent hir haire, and beate hir brest, and up to heavenward cast
Hir hands in mourningwise, and said: O cankerd Carle, O fell
And cruell Tyrant, neyther could the godly teares that fell
Adowne my fathers cheekes when he did give thee charge of mee,
Ne of my sister that regarde that ought to be in thee,
Nor yet my chaaste virginitie, nor conscience of the lawe ... [VI.680]
Of wedlocke, from this villanie thy barbrous heart withdraw?
Is made a Cucqueane: and thy selfe through this offence of thee
Art made a husband to us both, and unto me a foe,
Behold thou hast confounded all. My sister through mee
A just deserved punishment for lewdly doing so.
But to th’ intent, O perjurde wretch, no mischiefe may remaine
Unwrought by thee, why doest thou from murdring me refraine?
Would God thou had it done before this wicked rape. From hence
Then should my soule most blessedly have gone without offence.
But if the Gods doe see this deede, and if the Gods, I say, ... [VI.690]
Be ought, and in this wicked worlde beare any kinde of sway
And if with me all other things decay not, sure the day
Will come that for this wickednesse full dearly thou shalt pay.
Ye I my selfe rejecting shame thy doings will bewray.
And if I may have power to come abrode, them blase I will
In open face of all the world. Or if thou keepe me still
As prisoner in these woods, my voyce the verie woods shall fill,
And make the stones to understand. Let Heaven to this give eare
And all the Gods and powers therein if any God be there.
The cruell tyrant being chaaft and also put in feare ...
With these and other such hir wordes, both causes so him stung
That drawing out his naked sword that at his girdle hung,
He tooke hir rudely by the hair, and wrung hir hands behind hir,
Compelling hir to holde them there while he himselfe did bind hir.
When Philomela sawe the sworde, she hoapt she should have dide,
And for the same hir naked throte she gladly did provide.
But as she yirnde and called ay upon hir fathers name,
And strived to have spoken still, the cruell tyrant came
And with a paire of pinsons fast did catch hir by the tong,
And with his sword did cut it off. The stumpe whereon it hung ...
Did patter still. The tip fell downe and quivering on the ground
As though that it had murmured it made a certaine sound.
And as an Adders tayle cut off doth skip a while: even so
The tip of Philomelaas tongue did wriggle to and fro,
And nearer to hir mistresseward in dying still did go.
And after this most cruell act, for certaine men report
That he (I scarcely dare believe) did oftentimes resort
To maymed Philomela and abusde hir at his will:
Yet after all this wickednesse he keeping countnance still,
Durst unto Progone home repaire. And she immediatly ...
Demandeumed where hir sister was. He sighing feynedly
Did tell hir falsly she was dead: and with his sulttle teares
He maketh all his tale to seeme of credit in hir eares.
Hir garments glittiring all with golde she from hir shoulders teares
And puts on blacke, and setteth up an emptie herce, and keepes
A solemne obite for hir soule, and piteously she weepes
And wailith for hir sisters fate who was not in such wise
As that was, for to be bewailde. The Sunne had in the Skies
Past through the twelve celestiall signes, and finisht full a yeare.
But what should Philomela doe? She watched was so neare ...
That start she could not for hir life. The walles of that same graunge
Were made so high of maine hard stone, that out she could not raunge.
Againhe hir tonguelesse mouth did want the utterance of the fact.
Great is the wit of pensivenesse, and when the head is rakt
With hard misfortune, sharpe forecast of practise entereth in.
A warpe of white upon a frame of Thracia she did pin,
And weaved purple letters in betwene it, which bewraide
The wicked deed of Tereus. And having done, she praide
A certaine woman by hir signes to beare them to hir mistresse.
She bare them and deliverde them not knowing nerethelssse ...
What was in them. The Tyrants wife unfolded all the clout,
And of hir wretched fortune red the processe whole throughout.
She held hir peace (a wondrous thing it is she should so doe)
But sorrow tide hir tongue, and wordes agreeable unto
Hir great displeasure were not at commaundment at that stound.
And weep she could not. Ryght and wrong she reckeneth to confound,
And on revengement of the deede hir heart doth wholly ground.
It was the time that wives of Thrace were wont to celebrate
The three yeare rites of Bacchus which were done a nighttimes late,
A nighttimes soundeth Rhodope of tincling pannes and pots: ... [VI.750]
A nighttimes giving up hir house abrode Queene Progne trots
Disguisde like Bacchus other froes and armed to the proofe
With all the frenticke furniture that serves for that behoofe.
Hir head was covered with a vine. About hir loose was tuckt
A reddeer es skin, a lightsome Launce upon hir shoulder ruckt.
In post gaddes terrible Progne through the woods, and at hir heeles
A flocke of froes. And where the sting of sorrow which she feeleth
Enforceth hir to furiousnesse, she foynes it to proceede
Of Bacchus motion. At the length she finding out in deede
The outset Graunge howlde out, and cride, Now well, and open brake ... [VI.760]
The gates, and streight hir sister thence by force of hand did take,
And veyling hir in like attire of Bacchus, hid hir head
With ivie leaves, and home to Court hir sore amazed led.
As soone as Philomela wist she set hir foote within
That cursed house, the wretched soule to shudther did begin,
And all hir face waxt pale. Anon hir sister getting place
Did pull off Bacchus mad attire, and making bare hir face
Embraced hir betweene hir armes. But she considering that
Queene Progne was a Cucqueane made by meanes of hir, durst nat
Once raise hir eyes: but on the ground fast fixed helde the same. ... [VI.770]
And where she would have taken God to witnesse that the shame
And villanie was wrought to hir by violence, she was fayne
To use hir hand in stead of speache. Then Progne chaafaft amaine,
And was not able in hir selfe hir choler to restraine.
But blaming Philomela for hir weeping, said these wordes:
Thou must not deale in this behalfe with weeping, but with swordes:
Or with some thing of greater force than swords. For my part, I
Am readie, yea and fully bent all mischiefe for to trie.
This pallass will I eyther set on fire, and in the same
Bestow the cursed Tereus the worker of our shame: ... [VI.780]
Or pull away his tongue: or put out both his eyes: or cut
Away those members which have thee to such dishonor put:
Or with a thousand woundes expulse that sinfull soule of his.
The thing that I doe purpose on is great, what ere it is.
I know not what it may be yet. While Progne hereunto
Did set hir minde, came Itys in, who taught hir what to doe.
She staring on him cruelly, said: Ah, how like thou art
Thy wicked father, and without moe wordes a sorrowfull part
She purposed, such inward ire was boyling in hir heart.
But notwithstanding when hir sonne approched to hir neare, ... [VI.790]
And lovingly had greeted hir by name of mother deare,
And with his pretie armes about the necke had hugde hir fast,
And flattring wordes with childish toyes in kissing forth had cast,
The mothers heart of hirs was then constreyned to relent,
Asswaged wholy was the rage to which she erst was bent,
And from hir eyes against hir will the teares enforced went.
But when she saw how pitie did compell hir heart to yeelde,
She turned to hir sisters face from Itys, and behelde
Now t'one, now tother earnestly and said: Why tattles he
And she sittes dumbe bereft of tongue? as well why calles not she ... [VI.800]
Me sister, as this boy doth call me mother? Seest thou not,
Thou daughter of Pandion, what a husband thou hast got?
Thou growest wholy out of kinde. To such a husband as
Is Tereus, pitie is a sinne. No more delay there was.
She dragged Itys after hir, as when it happes in Inde
A Tyger gets a little Calfe that suckes upon a Hynde
And drags him through the shadie woods. And when that they had found
A place within the house far off and far above the ground,
The Progne strake him with a sword now plainly seeing whother
He should, and holding up his handes, and crying mother, mother, ... [VI.810]
And flying to hir necke: even where the brest and side doe bounde,
And never turnde away hir face. Inough had bene that wound
Alone to bring him to his ende. The tother sister slit
His throte. And while some life and soule was in his members yit,
In gobbits they them rent: whereof were some in Pipkins boyld,
And other some on hissing spits against the fire were broyld,
And with the gellied bloud of him was all the chamber foyld.
To this same banquet Progne bade hir husband knowing nought
Nor nought mistrusting of the harme and lewdnesse she had wrought.
And feyning a solemnitie according to the guise ... [VI.820]
Of Athens, at the which there might be none in any wise
Besides hir husband and hir selfie, she banisht from the same
Hir householde folke and sojourners, and such as guestwise came.
King Tereus sitting in the throne of his forefathers, fed
And swallowed downe the selfesame flesh that of his bowels bred.
And he (so blinded was his heart) Fetch Itys hither, sed.
No lenger hir most cruell joy dissemble could the Queene.
But of hir murther coveting the messenger to beene,
She said: The thing thou askest for, thou hast within. About
He looked round, and asked where? To put him out of dout, ... [VI.830]
As he was yet demaunding where, and calling for him, out
Lept Philomele with scattred haire aflaughter like one that fled
Had from some fray where slaughter was, and threw the bloody head
Of Itys in his fathers face. And never more was shee
Desirous to have had hir speache, that able she might be
Hir inward joy with worthie wordes to witnesse franke and free.
The tyrant with a hideous noyse away the table shoves:
And reerres the fiends from Hell. One while with yawning mouth he proves
To perbrake up his meate againe, and cast his bowels out.
Another while with wringing handes he weeping goes about. ... [VI.840]
And of his sonne he termes himselfe the wretched grave. Anon
With naked sword and furious heart he followeth fierce upon
Pandions daughters. He that had bene present would have deemde
Their bodies to have hovered up with fethers. As they seemde,
So hovered they with wings in deede. Of whome the one away
To woodward flies, the other still about the house doth stay.
And of their murther from their brestes not yet the token goth,
For even still yet are stainde with blooud the fethers of them both.
And he through sorrow and desire of vengeance waxing wight,
Became a Bird upon whose top a tuft of feathers light ... [VI.850]
In likenesse of a Helme ts crest doth trimly stand upright.
In stead of his long sword, his bill shootes out a passing space:
A Lapwing named is the Bird, all armed seemes his face.
The sorrow of this great mischaunce did stop Pandions breath
Before his time, and long ere age determinde had his death.
Erecthey reigning after him the government did take:
A Prince of such a worthinesse as no man well can make
Resolution, if he more in armes or justice did excell.
Foure sonnes, and daughters foure he had. Of which a couple well
Did eche in beautie other match. The one of these whose name ... [VI.860]
Was Procris unto Cephalus, King Aeolus sonne, became
A happie wife. The Thracians and King Tereus were a let
To Boreas: so that long it was before the God could get
His dearbeloved Orithya, while trifling he did stand
With faire entreatance rather than did use the force of hand.
But when he saw he no reliefe by gentle meanes could finde,
Then turning unto boystous wrath (which unto that same winde
Is too familiar and too much accustomed by kinde)
He said: I served am but well: for why laid I apart
My proper weapons, fiercenesse, force, and ire, and cruell hart? ... [VI.870]
And fell to fauning like a foole, which did me but disgrace?
For me is violence meete. Through this the pestred cloudes I chace.
Through this I tosse the Seas. Through this I turne up knottie Okes,
And harden Snow, and beate the ground in hayle with sturdie strokes,
When I my brothers chaunce to get in open Ayre and Skie.
(For that is my fielde in the which my maisteries I doe trie)
I charge upon them with such brunt, that of our meeting smart
The Heaven betweene us soundes, and from the hollow Cloudes doth start
Enforced fire. And when I come in holes of hollow ground,
And fiersly in those emptie caves doe rouse my backe up round, ... [VI.880]
I trouble even the ghostes, and make the verie world to quake.
This helpe in wooing of my wife (to speede) I should have take.
Erecthey should not have bene prayde my Fatherinlaw to bee:
He should have bene compelde thereto by stout extremitie.
In speaking these or other wordes as sturdie, Boreas gan
To flaske his wings. With waving of the which he raysed than
So great a gale, that all the earth was blasted therewithall,
And troubled was the maine brode Sea. And as he traylde his pall
Bedusted over highest tops of things, he swept the ground.
And having now in smokie cloudes himselfe enclosed round, ... [VI.890]
Betweene his duskie wings he caught Orithya straught for feare,
And like a lover, verie soft and easily did hir beare.
And as he flew, the flames of love enkindled more and more
By meanes of stirring. Neither did he stay his flight before
He came within the land and towne of Cicons with his pray.
And there soone after being made his wife she hapt to lay
Hir belly, and a paire of boyes she at a burthen brings,
Who else in all resembled full their mother, save in wings
The which they of their father tooke. Howbeit (by report)
They were not borne with wings upon their bodies in this sort. ... [VI.900]
While Calais and Zetes had no beard upon their chin,
They both were callow. But as soone as haire did once begin
In likenesse of a yellow Downe upon their cheekes to sprout,
Then (even as comes to passe in Birdes) the feathers budded out
Together on their pinyons too, and spreaded round about
On both their sides. And finally when childhod once was spent
And youth came on, togethry they with other Minyes went
To Colchos in the Galley that was first devisde in Greece,
Upon a sea as then unknowen, to fetch the golden fleece.
FINIS SEXTI LIBRI.
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Webmaster contact:    robertbrazil@juno.com
THE SEVENTH BOOKE of Ovids Metamorphosis.
And now in ship of Pagasa the Mynies cut the seas.
And leading under endlessse night his age in great disease
Of scarcitie was Phiney seene, and Boreas sonnes had chaste
Away the Maidenfaced foules that did his victels waste.
And after suffring many things in noble Jasons band,
In muddie Phasis gushing streame at last they went aland.
There while they going to the King demaund the golden fleece
Brought thither certaine yeares before by Phryxus out of Greece,
And of their dreadfull labors wait an answere to receive:
Aeetas daughter in hir heart doth mightie flames conceyve. ... [VII.10]
And after strugling verie long, when reason could not win
The upper hand of rage: she thus did in hir selfe begin:
In vaine, Medea, doste thou strive: some God what ere he is
Against thee bendes his force. For what a wondrous thing is this?
Is any thing like this which men doe terme by name of Love?
For why should I my fathers hestes esteeme so hard above
All measure? sure in very deede they are too hard and sore.
Why feare I lest yon straunger whome I never saw before
Should perish? what should be the cause of this my feare so great?
Unhappie wench (and if thou canst) suppressse this uncouth heat ... [VII.20]
That burneth in thy tender brest: and if so be I coulde,
A happie turne it were, and more at ease then be I shoulde.
But now an uncouth maladie perforce against my will
Doth hale me. Love persuades me one, another thing my skill.
The best I see and like: the worst I follow headlong still.
Why being of the royall bloud so fondly doste thou rave,
Upon a straunger thus to dote, desiring for to have
An husband of another world? at home thou mightest finde
A lover meete for thine estate on whome to set thy minde.
And yet it is but even a chaunce if he shall live or no: ... [VII.30]
God graunt him for to live. I may without offence pray so,
Although I lovde him not: for what hath Jason trespast me?
Who woulde not pitie Jasons youth onlesse they cruell be?
What creature is there but his birth and prowesse might him move?
And setting all the rest asyde, who woulde not be in love
With Jasons goodlie personage? my heart assuredly
Is toucht therewith. But if that I provide not remedie,  
With burning breath of blasting Bulles needes sindged must he bee. 
Of seedes that he himselfe must sow a harvest shall he see  
Of armed men in battell ray upon the ground up grow ... [VII.40]  
Against the which it hoveth him his manhode for to show. 
And as a pray he must be set against the Dragon fell. 
If I these things let come to passe, I may confesse right well  
That of a Tyger I was bred: and that within my brest  
A heart more harde than any steele or stonie rocke doth rest. 
Why rather doe I not his death with wrathfull eyes beholde?  
And joy with others seeing him to utter perill solde?  
Why doe I not enforce the Bulles against him? Why, I say,  
Exhort I not the cruell men which shall in battell ray  
Arise against him from the ground? and that same Dragon too ... [VII.50]  
Within whose eyes came never sleepe? God shield I so should doo.  
But prayer smally bootes, except I put to helping hand. 
And shall I like a Caytife then betray my fathers land? 
Shall I a straunger save whome we nor none of ours doth know? 
That he by me preserved may without me homeward row?  
And take another to his wife, and leave me, wretched wight,  
To tormentes? If I wist that he coulde worke me such a spight,  
Or could in any others love than only mine delight, 
The Churle should die for me. But sure he beareth not the face 
Like one that wold doe so. His birth, his courage, and his grace ... [VII.60]  
Doe put me clearly out of doubt he will not me deceyve,  
No nor forget the great good turnes he shall by me receyve. 
Yet shall he to me first his faith for more assurance plight  
And solemly he shall be sworne to keepe the covenant right.  
Why fearste thou now without a cause? step to it out of hand:  
And doe not any lenger time thus lingring fondly stand. 
For ay shall Jason thinke himselfe beholding unto thee:  
And shall thee marrie solemnly: yea honored shalt thou bee  
Of all the Mothers great and small throughout the townes of Greece 
For saving of their sonnes that come to fetch the golden fleece. ... [VII.70]  
And shall I then leave brother, sister, father, kith and kin?  
And household Gods, and native soyle, and all that is therein?  
And saile I know not whither with a straunger? Yea: why not?  
My father surely cruell is, my Countrie rude God wot:  
My brother yet a verie babe: my sister I dare say  
Contented is with all hir heart that I should go away:  
The greatest God is in my selfe: the things I doe forsake  
Are trifles in comparison of those that I shall take. 
For saving of the Greekish ship renowned shall I bee.  
A better place I shall enjoy with Cities riche and free, ... [VII.80]  
Whose fame doth flourish fresh even here, and people that excell  
In civill life and all good Artes: and whome I would not sell  
For all the goods within the worlde, Duke Aesons noble sonne.  
Whome had I to my lawfull Feere assuredly once wonne,  
Most happie yea and blest of God I might my selfe account,
And with my head above the starres to heaven I should surmount.
But men report that certaine rockes (I know not what) doe meete
Amid the waves, and monstrously againe asunder fleete:
And how Charybdis, utter foe to ships that passe thereby,
Now sowpeth in, now speweth out the Sea incessantly, ... [VII.90]
And ravening Scylla being hemde with cruell dogs about,
Amids the gulfe of Sicilie doth make a barking out.
What skilleth that? As long as I enjoy the thing I love,
And hang about my Jasons necke, it shall no whit me move
To saile the daungerous Seas: as long as him I may embrace
I cannot surely be afaide in any kinde of case.
Or if I chaunce to be afaide, my feare shall only tende
But for my husband. Callste thou him thy husband? Doste pretende
Gay titles to thy foule offence, Medea? nay not so:
But rather looke about how great a lewdnesse thou doste go, ... [VII.100]
And shun the mischiefe while thou mayst. She had no sooner said
These wordes, but right and godlinesse and shamefastnesse were staid
Before hir eyes, and frantick love did flie away dismaid.
She went me to an Altar that was dedicate of olde
To Perseys daughter Hecate (of whome the witches holde
As of their Goddesse) standing in a thicke and secrete wood
So close it coulde not well be spide: and now the raging mood
Of furious love was well alaide and clearely put to flight:
When spying Aesons sonne, the flame that seemed quenched quight
Did kindle out of hand againe. Hir cheekees began to glowe ... [VII.110]
And flushing over all hir face the scarlet bloud did flowe.
And even as when a little sparke that was in ashes hid,
Uncovered with the whisking windes is from the ashes rid,
Eftsoones it taketh nourishment and kindleth in such wise,
That to his former strength againe and flaming it doth rise:
Even so hir quailed love which late ye would have thought had quight
Bene vanisht out of minde, as soone as Jason came in sight
Did kindle to his former force in vewing of the grace
With which he did avaunce himselfe then comming there in place.
And (as it chaunced) farre more faire and beautifull of face ... [VII.120]
She thought him then than ever erst, but sure it doth behove
Hir judgement should be borne withall bicause she was in love.
She gapte and gazed in his face with fixed staring eyen
As though she never had him seene before that instant time.
So farre she was beside hir selfe she thought it should not bee
The face of any worldly wight the which she then did see.
She was not able for hir life to turne hir eyes away,
But when he tooke hir by the hand and speaking gan to pray
Hir softly for to succor him, and promisde faithfully
To take hir to his wedded wife, she falling by and by ... [VII.130]
A weeping, said: Sir, what I doe I see apparrantly.
Not want of knowledge of the truth but love shall me deceive.
You shalbe saved by my meanes. And now I must receive
A faithfull promise at your hand for saving of your life.
He made a solemn vow, and sware to take hir to his wife,
By triple Hecates holy rites, and by what other power
So ever else had residence within that secret bower,
And by the Sire of him that should his Fathrinlaw become
Who all things doth behold, and as he hopte to overcome
The dreadfull daungers which he had soone after to assay. ... [VII.140]
Duke Jason being credited receivde of hir streight way
Enchaunted herbes: and having learntde the usage of the same,
Departed thence with merrie heart, and to his lodging came.
Next Morne had chaste the streming stars: and folke by heapes did flocke
To Marsis sacred field, and there stooede thronging in a shocke,
To see the straunge pastimes. The King most stately to beholde
With yvorie Mace above them all did sit in throne of golde.
Anon the brazenhoved Bulles from stonie nostrils cast
Out flakes of fire: their scalding breath the growing grasse did blast.
And looke what noise a chimney full of burning fewell makes, ... [VII.150]
Or Flint in softning in the Kell when first the fire it takes
By springling water thereupon: such noyse their boyling brests
Turmoyling with the firie flames enclosed in their chests,
Such noise their scorched throtebolles make. Yet stoutly Jason went
To meete them. They their dreadfull eyes against him grimly bent,
And eke their hornes with yron tipt: and strake the dust about
In stamping with their cloven clees: and with their belonging out
Set all the fiele upon a smoke. The Mynies seeing that
Were past their wits with sodaine feare, but Jason feeled nat
So much as any breath of theirs: such strength hath sorcerie. .. [VII.160]
Their dangling Dewlaps with his hand he coyd unfearfully.
And putting yokes upon their neckes he forced them to draw
The heaviie burthen of the plough which erst they never saw,
And for to breake the fiele which erst had never felt the share.
The men of Colchos seeing this, like men amazed fare.
The Mynies with their shouting out their mazednesse augment,
And unto Jason therewithall give more encouragement.
Then in a souldiers cap of steele a Vipers teeth he takes,
And sowes them in the new plowde fiele. The ground then soking makes
The seede foresteepte in poyson strong, both supple lithe and soft, ... [VII.170]
And of these teeth a right straunge graine there growes anon aloft.
For even as in the mothers wombe an infant doth begin
To take the lively shape of man, and formed is within
To due proportion piece by piece in every limme, and when
Full ripe he is, he takes the use of Aire with other men:
So when that of the Vipers teeth the perfect shape of man
Within the bowelles of the earth was formed, they began
To rise togethier orderly upon the fruitfull fiele:
And (which a greater wonder is) immediatly they wiede
Their weapons growing up with them, whom when the Greekes behilde ... [VII.180]
Preparing for to push their Pikes (which sharply headed were)
In Jasons face, downe went their heads, their heartes did fant for feare:
And also she that made him safe began abasht to bee.
For when against one naked man so huge an armie shee
Beheld of armed enmies bent, hir colour did abate
And sodainly both voyd of bloud and lively heate she sate.
And lest the chaunted weedes the which she had him given before
Should faile at neede, a helping charme she whispred overmore,
And practisde other secret Artes the which she kept in store.
He casting streight a mightie stone amid his thickest foes, ... [VII.190]
Doth voyde the battell from him selfe and turnes it unto those.
These earthbred brothers by and by did one another wound
And never ceased till that all lay dead upon the ground.
The Greekes were glad, and in their armes did clasp their Champion stout,
And clining to him earnestly embraced him about.
And thou O fond Medea too couldst well have found in hart
The Champion for to have embraste, but that withheld thou wart
By shamefastnesse, and yet thou hadst embraced him, if dread
Of stayning of thine honor had not staid thee in that stead.
But yet as far forth as thou maist, thou doste in heart rejoyce, ... [VII.200]
And secretly (although without expressing it in voyce)
Doste thanke thy charmes and eke the Gods as Authors of the same.
Now was remaining as the last conclusion of this game,
By force of chaunted herbes to make the watchful Dragon sleepe
Within whose eyes came never winke: who had in charge to keepe
The goodly tree upon the which the golden fleeces hung.
With crested head, and hooked pawes, and triple spirting tung,
Right ougly was he to beholde. When Jason had besprent
Him with the juice of certaine herbes from Lethey River sent,
And thrice had mumbled certaine wordes which are of force to cast ... [VII.210]
So sound a sleepe on things that even as dead a time they last,
Which make the raging surges calme and flowing Rivers stay,
The dreadfull Dragon by and by (whose eyes before that day
Wist never erst what sleeping ment) did fall so fast asleepe
That Jason safely tooke the fleece of golde that he did keepe.
Of which his bootie being proud, he led with him away
And so with conquest and a wife he losde from Colchos strand,
And in Larissa haven safe did go againe aland.
The auncient men of Thessalie togither with their wives ... [VII.220]
To Church with offrings gone for saving of their childrens lives.
Great heapes of fuming frankincense were fryed in the flame
And vowed Bulles to sacrifice with hornes faire gilded came.
But from this great solemnitie Duke Aeson was away,
Now at deathes door and spent with yeares. Then Jason thus gan say:
O wife to whome I doe confesse I owe my life in deede,
Though al things thou to me hast given, and thy deserts exceede
Belyepe: yet if enchantment can, (for what so hard appeares
Which strong enchantment can not doe?) abate thou from my yeares,
And add them to my fathers life. As he these wordes did speake, ... [VII.230]
The teares were standing in his eyes. His godly sute did breake
Medeas heart: who therewithall bethought hir of hir Sire
In leaving whome she had exprest a far unlike desire.
But yet bewraying not hir thoughts, she said: O Husband fie,
What wickednesse hath scapt your mouth? Suppose you then that I
Am able of your life the terme where I will to bestow?
Let Hecat never suffer that. Your sute (as well you know)
Against all right and reason is. But I will put in proofe
A greater gift than you require and more for your behoofe.
I will assay your father's life by cunning to prolong, ... [VII.240]
And not with your yeares for to make him yong againe and strong:
So our threeformed Goddessse graunt with present helpe to stand
A furthrer of the great attempt the which I take in hand.
Before the Moone should circelwise close both hir hornes in one
Three nightes were yet as then to come. As soon as that she shone
Most full of light, and did behold the earth with fulsome face,
Medea with hir haire not trust so much as in a lace,
But flaring on hir shoulders twaine, and barefoote with hir gowne
Ungirded, gate hir out of doores and wandred up and downe
Alone the dead time of the night. Both Man, and Beast, and Bird ... [VII.250]
Were fast asleepe: the Serpents slie in trayling forward stird
So softly as ye would have thought they still asleepe had bene.
The moysting Ayre was whist. No leafe ye could have moving sene.
The starres alonly faire and bright did in the welkin shine
To which she lifting up hir handes did thrise hirselfe encline:
And thrice with water of the brooke hir haire besprincled shee:
And gasping thrise she opte hir mouth: and bowing downe hir knee
Upon the bare hard ground, she said: O trustie time of night
Most faithfull unto privities, O golden starres whose light
Doth jointly with the Moone succeede the beames that blaze by day ... [VII.260]
To compass this our great attempt and art our chiepest stay:
Ye Charmes and Witchcrafts, and thou Earth which both with herbe and weed
Of mightie working furnishest the Wizardes at their neede:
Ye Ayres and windes: ye Elves of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye everychone
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme Seas rough, and make the rough Seas plaine,
And cover all the Skie with Cloudes and chase them thence againe. ... [VII.270]
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers jaw.
And from the bowels of the Earth both stones and trees doe draw.
Whole woods and Forestes I remove. I make the Mountaines shake,
And even the Earth it selfe to grone and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves: and thee O lightsome Moone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy perill soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of firie Bulles ye quenched for my sake
And caused their unwieldie neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the Earthbred brothers you a mortall war did set ... [VII.280]
And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were never shet.
By meanes whereof deceiving him that had the Golden fleece
In charge to keepe, you sent it thence by Jason into Greece.
Now have I neede of herbes that can by vertue of their juice
To flowring prime of lustie youth old withred age reduce.
I am assure ye will it graunt. For not in vaine have shone
These twincling starres, ne yet in vaine this Chariot all alone
By drought of Dragons hither comes. With that was fro the Skie
A Chariot softly glaunced downe, and stayed hard thereby.
As soone as she had gotten up, and with hir hand had coyd ...
[VII.290]
The Dragons reined neckes, and with their bridles somewhat toyd,
They mounted with hir in the Ayre, whence looking downe she saw
The pleasant Temp of Thessalie, and made hir Dragons draw
To places further from resort: and there she tooke the view
What herbes on high mount Pelion, and what on Ossa grew,
And what on mountaine Othris and on Pyndus growing were,
And what Olympus (greater than mount Pyndus far) did beare.
Such herbes of them as liked hir she pullede up roote and rinde
Or cropt them with a hooked knife. And many she did finde
Upon the bankes of Apidane agreeing to hir minde: ...
[VII.300]
And many at Amphrisus foords: and thou Enipeus eke
Didst yeelde hir many pretie weedes of which she well did like.
Peneus and Sperchius streames contributarie were,
And so were Boebes rushie bankes of such as growed there.
About Anthedon which against the Ile Euoeoa standes,
A certaine kind of lively grasse she gathered with her handes,
The name whereof was scarcely knowen or what the herbe could doe
Untill that Glaucus afterward was chaunged thereinto.
Nine dayes with winged Dragons drawen, nine nights in Chariot swift
She searching everie field and frith from place to place did shift. ...
[VII.310]
She was no sooner home returnde but that the Dragons fell
Which lightly of hir gathered herbes had taken but the smell,
Did cast their sloughes and with their sloughes their riveled age forgo.
She would none other house than heaven to hide hir head as tho:
But kept hir still without the doores: and as for man was none
That once might touch hir. Altars twayne of Turfe she builded: one
Upon hir left hand unto Youth, another on the right
To tryle Hecat. Both the which as soone as she had dight
With Vervain and with other shrubbes that on the fieldes doe rise,
Not farre from thence she digde two pits: and making sacrifice ...
[VII.320]
Did cut a couple of blacke Rams throtes and filled with their blood
The open pits, on which she pourde of warme milke pure and good
A boll full, and another boll of honie clarifide.
And babling to hir selfe therewith full bitterly she cride
On Pluto and his ravishit wife the sovereigne states of Hell,
And all the Elves and Gods that on or in the Earth doe dwell,
To spare olde Aesons life a while, and not in hast deprive
His limmes of that same aged soule which kept them yet alive.
Whome when she had sufficiently with mumbling long besought,
She bade that Aesons feebled corse should out of doores be brought ...
[VII.330]
Before the Altars. Then with charmes she cast him in so deepe
A slumber, that upon the herbes he lay for dead asleepe.
Which done she willed Jason thence a great way off to go
And likewise all the Ministers that served hir as tho:
And not presume those secretes with unhallowed eyes to see.
They did as she commaundd them. When all were voyded, shee
With scattred haire about hir eares like one of Bacchus froes
Devoutly by and by about the burning Altars goes:
And dipping in the pits of bloud a sort of clifted brandes
Upon the Altars kindled them that were on both hir handes. ... [VII.340]
And thrise with brimstone, thrise with fire, and thrise with water pure
She purged Aesons aged corse that slept and slumbred sure.
The medicine seething all the while a wallop in a pan
Of brasse, to spirt and leape aloft and gather froth began.
There boyled she the rootes, seedes, flowres, leaves, stalkes and juice togither
Which from the fieldes of Thessalie she late had gathered thither.
She cast in also precious stones fetcht from the furthest East
And, which the ebbing Ocean washt, fine gravell from the West.
She put thereto the deaw that fell upon a Monday night:
And flesh and feathers of a Witch, a cursed odious wight ... [VII.350]
Which in the likenesse of an Owle abrode a nightes did flie,
And Infants in their cradels chaunge or sucke them that they die.
The singles also of a Wolfe which when he list could take
The shape of man, and when he list the same againe forsake.
And from the River Cyniphis which is in Lybie lande
She had the fine sheere scaled filmes of water snayles at hand.
And of an endlesse lived hart the liver had she got,
To which she added of a Crowe that then had lived not
So little as nine hundred yeares the head and Bill also.
Now when Medea had with these and with a thousand mo ... [VII.360]
Such other kinde of namelesse things bestead hir purpose through
For lengthning of the old mans life, she tooke a withered bough
Cut lately from an Olyf tree, and jumbling all togither
Did raise the bottome to the brim: and as she stirred hither
And thither with the withered sticke, behold it waxed greene.
Anon the leaves came budding out: and sodenly were seene
As many berries dangling downe as well the bough could beare.
And where the fire had from the pan the scumming cast, or where
The scalding drops did fall, the ground did springlike flourish there,
And flowres with fodder fine and soft immediatly arose. ... [VII.370]
Which when Medea did behold, with naked knife she goes
And cuttes the olde mans throte: and letting all his old bloud go
Supplies it with the boyled juice: the which when Aeson tho
Had at his mouth or at his wounde receyved in, his heare
As well of head as beard from gray to coleblacke turned were.
His leane, pale, hore, and withered corse grew fulsome, faire and fresh:
His furrowed wrinkles were fulfilde with yong and lustie flesh.
His limmes waxt frolicke, baine and lithe: at which he wondring much,
Remembred that at fortie yeares he was the same or such.
And as from dull unwieldsome age to youth he backward drew: ... [VII.380]
Even so a lively youthfull spright did in his heart renew.
The wonder of this monstrous act had Bacchus seene from hie,
And finding that to youthfull yeares his Nurses might thereby
Restored bee, did at hir hand receive it as a gift.
And lest deceitfull guile should cease, Medea found a shift
To fayne that Jason and hir selfe were falne at oddes in wroth:
And thereupon in humble wise to Pelias Court she goth.
Where forbicause the King himselfe was feebled sore with age,
His daughters entertainde hir, whome Medea, being sage,
Within a while through false pretence of feyned friendship brought ... [VII.390]
To take hir baite. For as she tolde what pleasures she had wrought
For Jason, and among the rest as greatest sadly tolde
How she had made his father yong that withred was and olde,
And taried long upon that point: they hoped glad and faine
That their olde father might likewise his youthful yeares regaine.
And this they craving instantly did proffer for hir paine
What recompence she would desire. She helde hir peace a while
As though she doubted what to doe: and with hir suttle guile
Of counterfetted gravitie more eger did them make.
As soone as she had promisde them to doe it for their sake, ... [VII.400]
For more assurance of my graunt, your selves (quoth she) shall see
The oldest Ram in all your flocke a Lambe streight made to bee
By force of my confections strong. Immediatly a Ram
So olde that no man thereabouths remembred him a Lam
Was thither by his warped hornes which turned inward to
His hollow Temples, drawne: whose withred throte she slit in two.
And when she cleane had drayned out that little bloud that was,
Upon the fire with herbes of strength she set a pan of brasse,
And cast his carcasse thereinto. The Medicine did abate
The largeness of his limmes and seard his dossers from his pate, ... [VII.410]
And with his hornes abridgde his yeares. Anon was plainly heard
The bleating of a new yeand Lambe from mid the Kettleward.
And as they wondred for to heare the bleating, streight the Lam
Leapt out, and frisking ran to seeke the udder of some Dam.
King Pelias daughters were amazde. And when they did beholde
Hir promise come to such effect, they were a thousand folde
More earnest at hir than before. Thrise Phoebus having pluckt
The Collars from his horses neckes, in Iber had them duckt.
And now in Heaven the streaming starres the fourth night shined cleare:
When false Medea on the fire had hanged water shere, ... [VII.420]
With herbes that had no powre at all. The King and all his garde
Which had the charge that night about his person for to warde
Were through hir nightspels and hir charmes in deadly sleepe all cast.
And Pelias daughters with the Witch which eggde them forward, past
Into his chamber by the watch, and compast in his bed.
Then: Wherefore stand ye doubting thus like fooles, Medea sed.
On: draw up your swordes: and let ye out his old bloud, that I may
Fill up his emptie veynes againe with youthfull bloud streight way,
Your fathers life is in your handes: it lieth now in you
To have him olde and withred still or yong and lustie. Now ... [VII.430]
If any nature in ye be, and that ye doe not feede
A fruitelesse hope, your dutie to your father doe with speede.
Expulse his age by sword, and let the filthy matter out.
Through these persuasions which of them so ever went about
To shewe himselfe most naturall, became the first that wrought
Against all nature: and for feare she should be wicked thought,
She executes the wickednesse which most to shun she sought.
Yet was not any one of them so bolde that durst abide
To looke upon their father when she strake, but wrude aside
Hir eyes: and so their cruell handes not marking where they hit ... [VII.440]
With faces turnde another way at all aventure smit.
He all beweltred in his bloud awaked with the smart,
And maimde and mangled as he was did give a sodeyne start
Endevoring to have risen up. But when he did beholde
Himselfe among so many swordes, he lifting up his olde
Pale waryish armes, said: Daughters mine what doe ye? Who hath put
These wicked weapons in your hands your fathers throte to cut?
With that their heartes and handes did faint. And as he talked yet,
Medea breaking off his wordes, his windpipe quickly slit,
And in the scalding liquor torne did drowne him by and by. ... [VII.450]
But had she not with winged wormes streight mounted in the skie
She had not scaped punishment, but stying up on hie
She over shadie Pelion flew where Chyron erst did dwell,
And over Othrys and the grounds renoumde for that befell
To auncient Ceramb: who such time as old Deucalions flood
Upon the face of all the Earth like one maine water stood,
By helpe of Nymphes with fethered wings was in the Ayer lift,
And so escaped from the floud undrowned by the shift.
She left Aeolian Pytanie upon hir left hand: and
The Serpent that became a stone upon the Lesbian sand. ... [VII.460]
And Ida woods where Bacchus hid a Bullocke (as is sayd)
In shape of Stag the which his sonne had theevishe convayde.
And where the Sire of Corytus lies buried in the dust.
The fieldes which Meras (when he first did into barking brust)
Affraide with straungenesse of the noyse. And eke Eurypils towne
In which the wives of Cos had hornes like Oxen on their crowne
Such time as Hercles with his hoste departed from the Ile,
And Rhodes to Phoebus consecrate: and lalyse where ere while
The Telchines with their noysome sight did every thing bewitch.
At which their hainous wickednesse Jove taking rightfull pritch, ... [VII.470]
Did drowne them in his brothers waves. Moreover she did passe
By Ceos and olde Carthey walles where Sir Alcidamas
Did wonder how his daughter should be turned to a Dove.
The Swannie Temp and Hyries Poole she viewed from above,
The which a sodeine Swan did haunt. For Phyllie there for love
Of Hyries sonne did at his bidding Birdes and Lions tame,
And being wilde to breake a Bull performed streight the same:
Till wrothfull that his love so oft so streightly should him use,  
When for his last reward he askt the Bull, he did refuse  
To give it him. The boy displeasde, said: Well, thou wilt anon ... [VII.480]  
Repent thou gave it not: and leapt downe headlong from a stone.  
They all supposde he had bene falne: but being made a Swan  
With snowie feathers in the Ayre to flacker he began.  
His mother Hyrie knowing not he was preserved so,  
Resolved into melting teares for pensivenesse and wo,  
And made the Poole that beares hir name. Not far from hence doth stand  
The Citie Brauron, where sometime by mounting from the land  
With waving pinions Ophyes ympe, dame Combe, did eschue  
Hir children which with naked swordes to slea hir did pursue.  
Anon she kend Calaurie fieldes which did sometime pertaine ... [VII.490]  
To chast Diana where a King and eke his wife both twaine  
Were turnde to Birdes. Cyllene hill uon hir right hand stood,  
In which Menephron like a beast of wilde and savage moode  
To force his mother did attempt. Far thence she spide where sad  
Cephisus mourned for his Neece whome Phebus turned had  
To ugly shape of swelling Seale: and Eumelles pallace faire  
Lamenting for his sonnes mischaunce with whewling in the Aire.  
At Corinth with hir winged Snakes at length she did arrive.  
Here men (so auncient fathers said that were as then alive)  
Did breede of deawie Mushrommes. But after that hir teene ... [VII.500]  
With burning of hir husbands bride by witchcraft wreakt had beene  
And that King Creons pallace she on blasing fire had seene,  
And in hir owne deare childrens bloud had bathde hir wicked knife  
Not like a mother but a beast bereving them of life:  
Lest Jason should have punisht hir she tooke hir winged Snakes,  
And flying thence againe in haste to Pallas Citie makes,  
Which saw the auncient Periphas and rightuous Phiney too  
Togither flying, and the Neece of Polypemon who  
Was fastened to aaire of wings as well as t'other two.  
Aegeus enterteined hir wherein he was to blame ... [VII.510]  
Although he had no further gone but staid upon the same.  
He thought it not to be inough to use hir as his guest  
Onlesse he tooke hir to his wife. And now was Thesey prest,  
Unknowne unto his father yet, who by his knightly force  
Had set from robbers cleare the balke that makes the straigh divorce  
Between the seas Ionian and Aegean. To have kilde  
This worthie knight, Medea had a Goblet redie fillde  
With juice of Flintwoort venemous the which she long ago  
Had out of Scythie with hir brought. The common bruit is so  
That of the teeth of Cerberus this Flintwoort first did grow. ... [VII.520]  
There is a cave that gapeth wide with darksome entrie low,  
There goes a way slope downe by which with triple cheyne made new  
Of strong and sturdie Adamant the valiant Hercle drew  
The currish Helhounde Cerberus: who dragging arsward still  
And writhing backe his scowling eyes because he had no skill  
To see the Sunne and open day, for verie moodie wroth
Three barkings yelled out at once, and spit his slavering froth
Upon the greenish grasse. This froth (as men suppose) tooke roote
And thriving in the battling soyle in burgeons forth did shooote,
To bane and mischief men withall: and forbicause the same ... [VII.530]
Did grow upon the bare hard Flints, folke gave the foresaid name
Of Flintwoort thereunto. The King by egging of his Queene
Did reach his sonne this bane as if he had his enmie beene.
And Thesey of this treason wrought not knowing ought had tane
The Goblet at his fathers hand which helde his deadly bane:
When sodenly by the Ivorie hilts that were upon his sword
Aegeus knew he was his sonne: and rising from the borde
Did strike the mischiefe from his mouth. Medea with a charme
Did cast a mist and so scapte death deserved for the harme
Entended. Now albeit that Aegeus were right glad ... [VII.540]
That in the saving of his sonne so happy chaunce he had,
Yet grieved it his heart full sore that such a wicked wight
With treason wrought against his sonne should scape so cleare and quight.
Then fell he unto kindling fire on Altars everie where
And glutted all the Gods with gifts. The thicke neckt Oxen were
With garlands wreathd about their hornes knockt downe for sacrifice.
A day of more solemnitie than this did never rise.
Before on Athens (by report). The auncients of the Towne
Made feastes: so did the meaner sort, and every common clowne.
And as the wine did sharpe their wits, they sung this song: O knight ... [VII.550]
Of peerlesse prowesse Theseus, thy manhod and thy might
Through all the coast of Marathon with worthie honor soundes,
For killing of the Cretish Bull that wasted those same groundes.
The folke of Cremyon thinke themselves beholden unto thee.
By thee the land of Epiadaure behelde the clubbish sonne
Of Vulcane dead. By thee likewise the countrie that doth runne
Along Cephisus bankes behelde the fell Procrustes slaine.
The dwelling place of Ceres, our Eleusis glad and faine,
Beheld the death of Cercyon. That orpid Sinis who ... [VII.560]
Abusde his strength in bending trees and tying folke thereto,
Their limmes asunder for to teare when loosened from the stops
The trees unto their proper place did trice their streyned tops,
Was killde by thee. Thou made the way that leadeth to the towne
Alcathoe in Beotia cleare by putting Scyron downe.
To this same outlawes scattred bones the land denied rest,
And likewise did the Sea refuse to harbrough such a guest:
Till after floting to and fro long while as men doe say
At length they hardened into stones: and at this present day
The stones are called Scyrons clifffes. Now if we should account ... [VII.570]
Thy deedes togethre with thy yeares, thy deedes would far surmount
Thy yeares. For thee, most valiant Prince, these publike vowes we keepe
For thee with cherefull heartes we quaffe these bolles of wine so deepe.
The Pallace also of the noyse and shouting did resounde
The which the people made for joy. There was not to be founde
In all the Citie any place of sadness. Nathelasse
(So hard it is of perfect joy to find so great excess,
But that some sorrow therewithall is medled more or lesse),
Ægeus had not in his sonnes recoverie such delight,
But that there followed in the necke a piece of fortunes spite. ... [VII.580]
King Minos was preparing war, who though he had great store
Of ships and souldiers yet the wrath the which he had before
Conceyved in his fathers brest for murthring of his sonne
Androgeus made him farre more strong and fiercer for to ronne
To rightfull battell to revenge the great displeasure donne.
Howbeit he thought it best ere he his warfare did begin
To finde the meanes of forreine aides some friendship for to win.
And thereupon with flying fleete where passage did permit
He went to visit all the Iles that in those seas doe sit.
Anon the Iles Astypaley and Anaphey both twaine ... [VII.590]
The first constreynde for feare of war, the last in hope of gaine,
Tooke part with him. Low Myconey did also with him hold
So did the chalkie Cymoley, and Syphney which of olde
Was verie riche with veynes of golde, and Scyros full of bolde
And valiant men, and Seryphey the smooth or rather fell,
And Parey which for Marblestone doth bear away the bell.
And Sythney which a wicked wench callede Arne did betray
For mony: who upon receit thereof without delay
Was turnde to a birde which yet of golde is gripple still,
And is as blacke as any cole, both fethers, feete and bill. ... [VII.600]
A Cadowe is the name of hir. But yet Olyarey
And Didymey, and Andrey eke, and Tene, and Gyarey,
And Pepareth where Olive trees most plenteously doe grow,
In no wise would agree their helpe on Minos to bestow.
Then Minos turning lefthandwise did sayle to Oenope
Where reigne that time King Aecus. This Ile had called be
Of old by name of Oenope: but Aecus turnde the name
And after of his mothers name Aegina callede the same.
The common folke ran out by heapes desirous for to see
A man of such renowne as Minos bruited was to bee. ... [VII.610]
The King three sonnes Duke Telamon, Duke Peley, and the yong
Duke Phocus went to meete with him. Old Aecus also clung
With age, came after leysurely, and asked him the cause
Of his repaire. The ruler of the hundred Shires gan pause:
And musing on the inward griefe that nipt him at the hart,
Did shape him answere thus: O prince vouchsafe to take my part
In this same godly warre of mine: assist me in the just
Revenge of my murthred sonne that sleepe in the dust.
I crave your comfort for his death. Aeginas sonne replide:
Thy suite is vaine: and of my Realme perfors must be denide. ... [VII.620]
For unto Athens is no lande more sure than this alide:
Such leagues betweene us are which shall infringde for me abide.
Away went Minos sad: and said: full dearly shall thou bie
Thy leagues. He thought it for to be a better policie
To threaten war than war to make, and there to spend his store
And strength which in his other needes might much availe him more.
As yet might from Oenopia walles the Cretish fleete be kend.
When thitherward with puffed sayles and wind at will did tend
A ship from Athens, which anon arriving at the strand
Set Cephal with Ambassade from his Countrimen aland. ... [VII.630]
The Kings three sonnes though long it were since last they had him seene,
Yet knew they him. And after olde acquaintance eft had beene
Renewde by shaking hands, to Court they did him streight convoy.
This Prince which did allure the eyes of all men by the way,
As in whose stately person still remained to be seene
The markes of beautie which in flowre of former yeares had beene,
Went holding out an Olife braunch that grew in Atticke lande
And for the reverence of his age there went on eyther hand
A Nobleman of yonger yeares. Sir Clytus on the right
And Butes on the left, the sonnes of one that Pallas hight. ... [VII.640]
When greeting first had past betweene these Nobles and the King,
Then Cephal setting streight abroche the message he did bring,
Desired aide: and shewde what leagues stoode then in force betweene
His countrie and the Aeginites, and also what had beene
Decreed betwixt their aunceters, concluding in the ende
That under colour of this war which Minos did pretende
To only Athens, he in deede the conquest did intende
Of all Achaia. When he thus by helpe of learned skill
His countrie message furthred had, King Aecus leaning still
His left hand on his scepter, saide: My Lordes, I would not have ... [VII.650]
Your state of Athens seeme so straunge as succor here to crave.
I pray commaund. For be ye sure that what this Ile can make
Is yours. Yea all that ere I have shall hazard for your sake.
I want no strength. I have such store of souldiers, that I may
Both vex my foes and also keepe my Realme in quiet stay.
And now I thinke me blest of God that time doth serve to showe
Without excuse the great good will that I to Athens owe.
God holde it sir (quote Cephalus) God make the number grow
Of people in this towne of yours: it did me good alate
When such a goodly sort of youth of all one age and rate ... [VII.660]
Did meete me in the streete. But yet me thinkes that many misse
Which at my former being here I have beheld ere this.
At that the King did sigh, and thus with plaintfull voice did say:
A sad beginning afterward in better lucke did stay.
I would I plainly could the same before your faces lay.
Howbeit I will disorderly repeate it as I may.
And lest I seeme to wearie you with overlong delay,
The men that you so mindfully enquire for lie in ground
And nought of them save bones and dust remayneth to be found.
But as it hapt what losse thereby did unto me redound? ... [VII.670]
A cruell plague through Junos wrath who dreadfully did hate
This Land that of hir husbands Love did take the name alate,
Upon my people fell: as long as that the maladie
None other seemde than such as haunts mans nature usually,
And of so great mortalitie the hurtfull cause was hid,
We strove by Phisicke of the same the Pacients for to rid.
The mischief overmaistred Art: yea Phisick was to seeke
To doe it selfe good. First the Aire with foggie stinking reeke
Did daily overdreepe the earth: and close culme Clouds did make
The wether faint: and while the Moone foure times hir light did take ... [VII.680]
And fillde hir emptie hornes therewith, and did as often slake:
The warme South windes with deadly heate continually did blow.
Infected were the Springs, and Ponds, and streames that ebbe and flow.
And swarmes of Serpents crawld about the fieldes that lay unfillde
Which with their poison even the brookes and running water fillde.
In sodaine dropping downe of Dogs, of Horses, Sheepe and Kine,
Of Birds and Beasts both wild and tame as Oxen, Wolves, and Swine,
The mischiefe of this secret sore first outwardly appeeres.
The wretched Plowman was amazde to see his sturdie Steeres
Amid the furrow sinking downe ere halfe his worke was donne. ... [VII.690]
Whole flocks of sheepe did faintly bleate, and therewithall begonne
Their fleece for to fall away and leave the naked skin,
And all their bodies with the rot attainted were within.
The lustie Horse that erst was fierce in field renowne to win
Against his kinde grew cowardly: and now forgetting quight
The auncient honor which he preast so oft to get in fight,
Stooed sighing sadly at the Racke as wayting for to yeelde
His wareie life without renoune of combat in the fielde.
The Boare to chafe, the Hinde to rune, the cruell Beare to fall
Upon the herdes of Rother beastes had now no lust at all. ... [VII.700]
A languishing was falne on all. In wayes, in woods, in plaines,
The filthie carions lay, whose stinche, the Ayre it selfe distaines.
(A wondrous thing to tell) not Dogges, not ravening Foules, nor yit
Horecoted Wolves would once attempt to tast of them a bit.
Looke, where they fell, there rotted they: and with their savor bred
More harme, and further still abrode the foule infection spred.
With losse that touched yet more nere, on Husbandmen it crept,
And ragingly within the walles of this great Citie stept.
It tooke men first with swelting heate that scalt their guts within:
The signes whereof were steaming breath and firie colourde skin. ... [VII.710]
The tongue was harsh and swolne, the mouth through drought of burning veines
Lay gaping up to hale in breath, and as the pacient streines
To draw it in, he suckes therewith corrupted Aire beside.
No bed, no clothes though nere so thinne the pacients could abide.
But laide their hardened stomaches flat against the bare colde ground
Yet no abatement of the heate therein their bodies found:
But heth the earth, and as for Leache was none that helpe could hight.
The Surgians and Phisitians too were in the selfesame plight.
Their curelesse cunning hurt themselves. The nerer any man
Approcheth his diseased friend, and doth the best he can ... [VII.720]
To succor him most faithfully, the sooner did he catch
His bane. All hope of health was gone. No easment nor dispatch
Of this disease except in death and burial did they finde.  
Looke, whereunto that eche mans minde and fancie was enclinde,  
That followed he. he never past what was for his behoofe.  
For why? that nought could doe them good was felt too much by proofe.  
In everie place without respect of shame or honestie  
At Wels, at brookes, at ponds, at pits, by swarmes they thronging lie:  
But sooner might they quench their life than staunch their thirst thereby.  
And therewithall so heavie and unwieldie they become, ... [VII.730]  
That wanting power to rise againe, they died there. Yet some  
The selfesame waters guzled still without regard of feare,  
So weary of their lothsome beds the wretched people were,  
That out they lept: or if to stand their feeble force denide,  
They wallowed downe and out of doores immediatly them hide:  
It was a death to every man his owne house to abide.  
And for they did not know the cause whereof the sickness came,  
The place (because they did it know) was blamed for the same.  
Ye should have seene some halfe fordead go plundring here and there  
By highways sides while that their legges were able them to beare. ... [VII.740]  
And some lie weeping on the ground or rolling piteously  
Their wearie eyes which afterwards should never see the Skie:  
Or stretching out their limmes to Heaven that overhangs on hie,  
Some here, some there, and yonder some, in what so ever coste  
Death finding them enforced them to yeelde their fainting Ghoste.  
What heart had I, suppose you, then, or ought I then to have?  
In faith I might have lothde my life, and wisht me in my grave  
As other of my people were. I could not cast mine eie  
In any place, but that dead folke there strowed I did spie  
Even like as from a shaken twig when rotten Apples drop, ... [VII.750]  
Or Mast from Beches, Holmes or Okes when Poales doe scare their top.  
You stately Church with greeces long against our Court you see:  
It is the shrine of Jupiter. What Wight was he or shee  
That on those Altars burned not their frankincense in vaine?  
How oft, yet even with Frankincense that partly did remaine  
Still unconsumed in their hands, did die both man and wife,  
As eche of them with mutuall care did pray for others life?  
How often dyde the mother there in suing for hir sonne,  
Unheard upon the Altarstone, hir prayer scarce begonne?  
How often at the Temple doore even while the Priest did bid ... [VII.760]  
His Beades, and poure pure wine betwene their hornses, at sodaine slid  
The Oxen downe without stroke given? Yea once when I had thought  
My selfe by offring sacrifice Joves favor to have sought,  
For me, my Realme, and these three ymps, the Oxe with grievous grone  
Upon the sodaine sunke me downe: and little bloud or none  
Did issue scarce to staine the knife with which they slit his throte.  
The sickly inwards eke had lost the signes whereby we note  
What things the Gods for certaintie would warne us of before:  
For even the verie bowels were attainted with the sore.  
Before the holie Temple doores, and (that the death might bee ... [VII.770]  
The more dispitefull) even before the Altars did I see
The stinking corses scattred. Some with haltars stopt their winde,
By death expulsing feare of death: and of a wilfull minde
Did haste their ende, which of it selfe was coming on apace.
The bodies which the plague had slaine were (O most wretched case)
Not caried forth to buriall now. For why such store there was
That scarce the gates were wyde enoufh for Coffins forth to passe.
So eyther lothly on the ground unburied did they lie,
Or else without solemnitie were burnt in bonfires hie.
No reverence nor regard was had. Men fell together by ... [VII.780]
The eares for firing. In the fire that was prepared for one
Another straungers corse was burnt. And lastly few or none
Were left to mourne. The sillie soules of Mothers with their small
And tender babes, and age with youth as Fortune did befall
Went wandring gasly up and dowe unmourned for at all.
In fine so farre outrageously this helpelesse Murren raves,
There was not wood inough for fire, nor ground inough for graves.
Astonied at the stourenesse of so stout a storme of ills
I said: O father Jupiter whose mightie power fulfills
Both Heaven and Earth, if flying fame report thee not amisse ... [VII.790]
In vouching that thou didst embrace in way of Love ere this
The River Asops daughter, faire Aegina even by name,
And that to take me for thy sonne thou count it not a shame:
Restore thou me my folke againe, or kill thou me likewise.
He gave a signe by sodaine flash of lightning from the Skies,
And double peale of Thundercracks. I take this same (quoth I)
And as I take it for a true and certaine signe whereby
Thou doest confirme me for thy sonne: so also let it be
A hansell of some happie lucke thou mindest unto me.
Hard by us as it hapt that time, there was an Oken tree ... [VII.800]
With spreaded armes as bare of boughes as lightly one shall see.
This tree (as all the rest of Okes) was sacred unto Jove
And sprouted of an Acorne which was fet from Dodon grove.
Here markt we how the pretie Ants, the gatherers up of graine,
One following other all along in order of a traine,
Great burthens in their little mouthes did painfully sustaine:
And nimbly up the rugged barke their beaten path maintaine.
As wondring at the swarme I stoode, I said: O father deere
As many people give thou me, as Ants are creeping heere.
And fill mine empty walles againe. Anon the Oke did quake, ... [VII.810]
And unconstreynde of any blast, his loftie braunches shake,
The which did yeeld a certaine sound. With that for dreadfull feare
A shuddring through my bodie strake and up stoode stiffe my heare.
But yet I kissed reverently the ground and eke the tree.
Howbeit I durst not be so bolde of hope acknowne to bee.
Yet hoped I: and in my heart did shroude my secret hope.
Anon came night: and sleepe upon my carefull carcasse crope.
Me thought I saw the selvesame Oke with all his boughes and twigs,
And all the Pismerees creeping still upon his tawnts and sprigs,
Which trembling with a sodaine brayd these Harvest folke off threw ... [VII.820]
And shed them on the ground about, who on the sodaine grew
In bignesse more and more, and from the earth themselves did lift:
And stoode upright against the tree: and therewithall did shift
Their maygernessse, and coleblacke hue, and number of their feete:
And clad their limmes with shape of man. Away my sleepe did fleete.
And when I wooke, misliking of my dreame I made my mone
That in the Gods I did perceive but slender helpe or none.
But straight much trampling up and downe and shuffling did I heare,
Of people talking in my house me thought I heard the reare. ... [VII.830]
Now while I musing on the same supposde it to have been
Some fancie of the foolish dreame which lately I had seen,
Behold, in comes me Telamon in hast, and thrusting ope
My Chamber doore, said: Sir, a sight of things surmounting hope
And credit shall you have: come forth. Forth came I by and by
And even such men for all the world there standing did I spie
As in my sleepe I dreamed of, and knew them for the same.
They comming to me greeted me, their sovereigne Lord, by name.
And I (my vowes to Jove performde) my Citie did devide
Among my new inhabiters: and gave them land beside ... [VII.840]
Which by decease of such as were late owners of the same
Lay wast. And in remembrance of the race whereof they came,
The name of Emets I them gave. Their persons you have seen:
Their disposition is the same that erst in them hath been.
They are a sparing kinde of folke, on labor wholly set,
A hgatherer, and a hoorder up of such as they doe get.
These fellowes being like in yeares and courage of the minde,
Shall go a warfare ny as soone as that the Esterne winde
Which brought you hitherluckely, (the Eastern winde was it)
That brought them thither) turning, to the Southern coast doe flit. ... [VII.850]
With this and other such like talke they brought the day to ende.
The Even in feasting, and the night in sleeping they did spende.
The Sunne next Morrows in the heaven with golden beames did burne,
And still the Eastern winde did blow and hold them from returne.
Sir Pallas sonnes to Cephal came (for he their elder was)
And he and they to Aecus Court togither forth did passe.
The King as yet was fast asleepe. Duke Phocus at the gate
Did meete them, and receyved them according to their state.
For Telamon and Peleus alreadie forth were gone,
To muster Souldiers for the warres. So Phocus all alone ... [VII.860]
Did leade them to an inner roume, where goodly Parlours were,
And caused them to sit them downe. As he was also there
Now sitting with them, he beheld a Dart in Cephals hand
With golden head, the stele whereof he well might understand
Was of some straunge and unknown tree. When certain talke had past
A while of other matters there, I am (quoth he) at last
A man that hath delight in woods and loves to follow game
And yet I am not able sure by any meanes to ame
What wood your Javeling stele is of. Of Ash it can not bee.
For then the colour should be browne. And if of Cornell tree, ... [VII.870]
It would be full of knubbed knots. I know not what it is:
But sure mine eies did never see a fairer Dart than this.
The one of those same brethren twaine replying to him said:
Nay then the speciall propertie will make you more dismaid,
Than doth the beautie of this Dart. It hitteth whatsoever
He throwes it at. The stroke thereof by Chaunce is ruled never.
For heaving done his feate, it flies all bloudie backe agen
Without the helpe of any hand. The Prince was earnest then
To know the truth of all: as whence so riche a present came,
Who gave it him, and whereupon the partie gave the same. ... [VII.880]
Duke Cephal answerde his demaund in all points (one except)
The which (as knowne apparantly) for shame he overlept:
His beautie namely, for the which he did receive the Dart.
And for the losse of his deare wife right pensive at the hart,
He thus began with weeping eies: This Dart, O Goddesse sonne,
(Ye ill would thinke it) makes me yirne, and long shall make me donne,
If long the Gods doe give me life. This weapon hath undonne
My deare beloved wife and me. O would to God this same
Had never unto me bene given. There was a noble Dame
That Procris hight (but you perchaunce have oftner heard the name ... [VII.890]
Of great Orythia whose renowne was bruited so by fame,
That blustering Boreas ravisht hir.) To this Orythia shee
Was sister. If a bodie should compare in ech degree
The face and natures of them both, he could none other deeme
But Procris worthier of the twaine of ravishment should seeme.
Hir father and our mutuall love did make us man and wife.
Men said I had (and so I had in deede) a happie life.
Howbeit Gods will was otherwise, for had it pleased him
Of all this while, and even still yet in pleasure should I swim.
The second Month that she and I by band of lawfull bed ... [VII.900]
Had joynde togither bene, as I my masking Toyles did spred,
To overthrow the homed Stags, the early Morning gray
Then newly having chased night and gun to breake the day,
From Mount Hymettus highest tops that freshly flourish ay,
Espide me, and against my will conveyde me quight away.
I trust the Goddesse will not be offended that I say
The troth of hir. Although it would delight one to beholde
Hir ruddie cheekes: although of day and night the bounds she holde:
Although on juice of Ambrosie continually she feede:
Yet Procris was the only Wight that I did love in deede. ... [VII.910]
On Procris only was my heart: none other word had I
But Procris only in my mouth: still Procris did I crie.
I upned what a holy thing was wedlocke: and how late
It was ago since she and I were coupled in that state.
Which band (and specially so soone) it were a shame to breake.
The Goddesse being moved at the words that I did speake,
Said: Cease thy plaint, thou Carle, and keepe thy Procris still for me.
But (if my minde deceyve me not) the time will shortly be
That wish thou wilt thou had hir not. And so in anger she
To Procris sent me backe againe. In going homeward as ... [VII.920]
Upon the Goddesse sayings with my selfe I musing was,
I gan to dreade bad measures lest my wife had made some scape.
Hir youthfull yeares begarnished with beautie, grace and shape,
In maner made me to believe the deede already done.
Againe hir maners did forbid mistrusting over soone.
But I had bene away: but even the same from whom I came
A shrewde example gave how lightly wives doe run in blame:
But we poore Lovers are afraide of all things. Hereupon
I thought to practise feates: which thing repented me anon:
And shall repent me while I live. The purpose of my drifts ... [VII.930]
Was for t' assault hir honestie with great rewards and gifts.
The Morning fooding this my feare, to further my device,
My shape (which thing me thought I felt) had altered with a trice.
By meanes whereof anon unknowne to Pallas towne I came,
And entred so my house: the house was clearely voide of blame:
And shewed signes of chastitie in mourning ever sith
Their maister had bene rapt away. A thousand meanes wherewith
To come to Procris speach had I devisde: and scarce at last
Obteinde I it. As soone as I mine eie upon hir cast,
My wits were ravisht in such wise that nigh I had forgot ... [VII.940]
The purposde triall of hir troth. Right much adoe God wot
I had to holde mine owne that I the truth bewrayed not.
To keepe my selfe from kissing hir full much adoe I had
As reason was I should have done. She looked verie sad.
And yet as sadly as she lookte, no Wight alive can show
A better countenance than did she. Hir heart did inward glow
In longing for hir absent spouse. How beautifull a face
Thinke you, Sir Phocus, was in hir whome sorrow so did grace?
What should I make report how oft hir chast behaviour strave
And overcame most constantly the great assaults I gave? ... [VII.950]
Or tell how oft she shet me up with these same words? To one
(Where ere he is) I keepe my selfe, and one but he alone
Shall sure enjoy the use of me. What creature having his
Wits perfect would not be content with such a proofe as this
Of hir most stedfast chastitie? I could not be content:
But still to purchase to my selfe more wo I further went.
At last by profering endlesse welth, and heaping gifts on gifts,
In overlading hir with wordes I drave hir to hir shifts.
Then cride I out: Thine evill heart my selfe I tardie take.
Where of a straunge advouterer the contenance I did make, ... [VII.960]
I am in deede thy husband. O unfaithfull woman thou,
Even I my selfe can testifie thy lewde behavior now.
She made none answere to my words, but being stricken dum
And with the sorrow of hir heart alonly overcum,
Forsaketh hir entangling house, and naughtie husband quight:
And hating all the sort of men by reason of the spight
That I had wrought hir, straide abrode among the Mountaines hie,
And exercisde Dianas feates. Then kindled by and by
A fiercer fire within my bones than ever was before,
When she had thus forsaken me by whome I set such store. ... [VII.970]
I prayde hir she woulde pardon me, and did confesse my fault.
Affirming that my selfe likewise with such a great assault
Of richesse might right well have bene enforst to yeelde to blame,
The rather if performance had ensewed of the same.
When I had this submission made, and she sufficiently
Reveengde hir wronged chastitie, she then immediatly
Was reconcile: and afterward we lived many a yeare
In joy and never any jarre betweene us did appeare.
Besides all this (as though hir love had bene too small a gift)
She gave me eke a goodly Grewnd which was of foote so swift, ... [VII.980]
That when Diana gave him hir, she said he should outgo
All others, and with this same Grewnd she gave this Dart also
The which you see I hold in hand. Perchaunce ye faine would know
What fortune to the Grewnd befell. I will unto you show
A wondrous case. The straungenesse of the matter will you move.
The krinkes of certaine Prophesies surmounting farre above
The reach of auncient wits to read, the Brookenymphes did expound:
And mindlesse of hir owne darke doubts Dame Themis being found,
Was as a rechelesse Prophetisse throwne flat against the ground.
For which presumptuous deede of theirs she tooke just punishment. ... [VII.990]
To Thebes in Baeotia streight a cruell beast she sent,
Which wrought the bane of many a Wight. The countryfolk did feed
Him with their cattell and themselves, untill (as was agreed)
That all we youthfull Gentlemen that dwelled there about
Assembling pitcht our corded toyles the champion fields throughout.
But Net ne toyle was none so hie that could his wightnesse stop,
He mounted over at his ease the highest of the top.
Then everie man let slip their Grewnds, but he them all outstript
And even as nimbly as a birde in daliance from them whipt.
Then all the field desired me to let my Laelaps go: ... [VII.1000]
(The Grewnd that Procris unto me did give was named so)
Who strugling for to wrest his necke already from the band
Did stretch his collar. Scarsly had we let him off of hand
But that where Laelaps was become we could not understand.
The print remained of his feete upon the parched sand,
But he was clearly out of sight. Was never Dart I trow,
Nor Pellet from enforced Sling, nor shaft from Cretish bow,
That flew more swift than he did runne. There was not farre fro thence
About the middle of the Laund a rising ground, from whence
A man might overlooke the fieldes. I gate me to the knap ... [VII.1010]
Of this same hill, and there beheld of this straunge course the hap
In which the beast seemes one while caught, and were a man would think,
Doth quickly give the Grewnd the slip, and from his bighting shrink:
And like a wilie Foxe he runnes not forth directly out,
Nor makes a windlassse over all the champion fieldes about,
But doubling and indenting still avoydes his enimies lips,
And turning short, as swift about as spinning wheele he whips,  
To disappoint the snatch. The Grewnd pursuing at an inch  
Doth cote him, never losing ground: but likely still to pinch  
Is at the sodaine shifted off. Continually he snatches ... [VII.1020]

In vaine: for nothing in his mouth save only Aire he latches.
Then thought I for to trie what helpe my Dart at neede could show.  
Which as I charged in my hand by levell aime to throw,  
And set my fingars to the thongs, I lifting from bylow  
Mine eies, did looke right forth againe, and straight amids the field  
(A wondrous thing) two Images of Marble I beheld:  
Of which ye would have thought the t'one had fled on still apace  
And that with open barking mouth the tother did him chase.  
In faith it was the will of God (at least if any Goddes  
Had care of them) that in their pace there should be found none oddes. ... [VII.1030]

Thus farre: and then he held his peace. But tell us ere we part  
(Quoth Phocus) what offence or fault committed hath your Dart?  
His Darts offence he thus declarde: My Lorde, the ground of all  
My grief was joy. Those joyes of mine remember first I shall.  
It doth me good even yet to thinke upon that blissfull time  
(I meane the fresh and lustie yeares of pleasant youthfull Prime)  
When I a happie man enjoyde so faire and good a wife,  
And she with such a loving make did lead a happie life.  
The care was like of both of us, the mutuall love all one.  
She would not to have line with Jove my presence have forgone. ... [VII.1040]

Ne was there any Wight that could of me have wonne the love,  
No though Dame Venus had hir selfe descended from above.  
The glowing brands of love did burne in both our brests alike.  
Such time as first with crased beames the Sunne is wont to strike  
The tops of Towres and mountaines high, according to the wont  
Of youthfull men, in woodie Parkes I went abrode to hunt.  
But neither horse nor Hounds to make pursuit upon the scent.  
Nor Servingman, nor knottie toyle before or after went,  
For I was safe with this same Dart. When wearie waxt mine arme  
With striking Deere, and that the day did make me somewhat warme, ... [VII.1050]

Withdrawing for to coole my selfe I sought among the shades  
For Aire that from the valleyes colde came breathing in at glades.  
The more excessive was my heate the more for Aire I sought.  
I waited for the gentle Aire: the Aire was that that brought  
Refreshing to my wearie limmes. And (well I bear't in thought)  
Come Aire I wonted was to sing, come ease the paine of me  
Within my bosom lodge thy selfe most welcome unto me,  
And as thou heretofore art wont abate my burning heate.  
By chaunce (such was my destinie) proceeding to repeate  
Mo words of dalliance like to these, I used for to say ... [VII.1060]

Great pleasure doe I take in thee: for thou from day to day  
Doste both refresh and nourish me. Thou makest me delight  
In woods and solitarie grounds. Now would to God I might  
Receive continuall at my mouth this pleasant breath of thine.  
Some man (I wote not who) did heare these doubtfull words of mine,
And taking them amiss supposde that this same name of Aire
The which I callde so oft upon, had bene some Ladie faire:
He thought that I had lovde some Nymph. And thereupon streightway
He runnes me like a Harebrainde blab to Procris, to bewray
This fault as he surmised it: and there with lavish tung ... [VII.1070]
Reported all the wanton words that he had heard me sung.
A thing of light beliefe is love. She (as I since have harde)
For sodeine sorrow swounded downe: and when long afterwarde
She came againe unto hir selfe, she said she was accurst
And borne to cruell destinie: and me she blamed wurst
For breaking faith: and frettat at a vaine surmised shame
She dreaded that which nothing was: she fearde a headlesse name.
She wist not what to say or thinke. The wretch did greatly feare
Deceit: yet could she not beleve the tales that talked were.
Onlesse she saw hir husbands fault apparant to hir eie, ... [VII.1080]
She thought she would not him condemne of any villanie.
Next day as soone as Morning light had driven the night away,
I went abrode to hunt againe: and speeding, as I lay
Upon the grasse, I said: Come, Aire, and ease my painfull heate.
And on the sodaine as I spake there seemd for to beate
A certaine sighing in mine eares of what I could not gesse.
But ceasing not for that I still proceeded nathelesse:
And said, O come, most pleasant Aire. With that I heard a sound
Of russling softly in the leaves that lay upon the ground.
And thinking it had bene some beast I threw my flying Dart. ... [VII.1090]
It was my wife. Who being now sore wounded at the hart,
Cride out, Alas. As soone as I perceyved by the shrieke
It was my faithfull spouse, I ran me to the voiceward lieke
A madman that had lost his wits. There found I hir halfe dead,
Hir scattred garments staining in the bloud that she had bled,
And (wretched creature as I am) yet drawing from the wound
The gift that she hir selfe had given. Then softly from the ground
I lifted up that bodie of hirs of which I was more chare
Than of mine owne, and from hir brest hir clothes in hast I tare.
And binding up hir cruell wound I strived for to stay ... [VII.1100]
The bloud, and prayd she would not thus by passing so away
Forsake me as a murtherer: she waxing weake at length
And drawing to hir death apace, enforced all hir strength
To utter these few wordes at last: I pray thee humbly by
Our bond of wedlocke, by the Gods as well above the Skie
As those to whome I now must passe, as ever I have ought
Deserved well by thee, and by the Love which having brought
Me to my death doth even in death unfaded still remaine,
To nestle in thy bed and mine let never Aire obtaine.
This sed, she held hir peace, and I perceyved by the same ... [VII.1110]
And tolde hir also how she was beguiled in the name.
But what avayled telling then? she quoathde: and with hir bloud
Hir little strength did fade. Howbeit as long as that she could
See ought, she stared in my face and gasping still on me

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Even in my mouth she breathed forth hir wretched ghost. But she
Did seeme with better cheare to die for that hir conscience was
Discharged quight and cleare of doubtes. Now in conclusion as
Duke Cephal weeping told this tale to Phocus and the rest
Whose eyes were also moyst with teares to heare the pitious gest,
Behold King Aecus and with him his eldest sonnes both twaine ... [VII.1120]
Did enter in and after them there followed in a traine
Of well appointed men of warre new levied: which the King
Delivered unto Cephalus to Athens towne to bring.

FINIS SEPTIMI LIBRI.
Length: 12,425 words

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Webmaster contact: robertbrazil@juno.com

The Fifteen Books of
Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1567
The first translation into English -
credited to Arthur Golding
ORIGINAL SPELLING
Transcribed and Edited by B.F. copyright © 2002
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Words discussed in the glossary are underlined
The day starre now beginning to disclose the Morning bright
And for to clense the droupie Skie from darkenesse of the night,
The Eastern wind went downe and flakes of foggie Clouds gan show,
And from the South a merrie gale on Cephals sayles did blow.
The which did hold so fresh and large, that he and all his men
Before that he was looked for arrived safe agen
In wished Haven. In that while King Minos with his fleete
Did waste the cost of Megara. And first he thought it meete
To make a triall of the force and courage of his men
Against the towne Alcathoe where Nisus reigned then. ... [VIII.10]
Among whose honorable haire that was of colour gray,
One scarlet haire did grow upon his crowne, whereon the stay
Of all his Kingdome did depende. Sixe times did Phoebe fill
Hir horsnes with borrowed light, and yet the warre hung wavering still
In fickle fortunes doubtfull scaales: and long with fleeting wings
Betwene them both flew victorie. A Turret of the Kings
Stood hard adjoyning to the Wall which being touched rings,
For Phoebus (so men say) did lay his golden Violl there,
And so the stones the sound thereof did ever after beare.
King Nisus daughter oftentimes resorted to this Wall ... [VIII.20]
And strake it with a little stone to raise the sound withall,
In time of peace. And in the warre she many a time and oft
Behelde the sturdie stormes of Mars from that same place aloft.
And by continuance of the siege the Captaines names she knew,
Their armes, horse, armor and aray in everie band and crew.
But specially above the rest she noted Minos face.
She knew inough and more than was inough as stoode the case.
For were it that he hid his head in Helme with fethered crest,
To hir opinion in his Helme he stayned all the rest.
Or were it that he tooke in hand of steele his target bright, ... [VIII.30]
She thought in weelding of his shielde he was a comly Knight.
Or were it that he raisde his arme to throw the piercing Dart,
The Ladie did commend his force and manhode joynde with Art.
Or drew he with his arrow nickt his bended Bow in hand
She sware that so in all respectes was Phoebus wont to stand.
But when he shewde his visage bare, his Helmet laid aside,
And on a Milke white Steede brave trapt, in Purple Robe did ride,
She scarce was Mistresse of hir selfe, hir wits were almost straught.
A happie Dart she thought it was that he in fingars caught,
And happie called she those reynes that he in hand had raught. ... [VIII.40]
And if she might have had hir will, she could have founde in harte,
Among the enmies to have gone. She could have found in hart,
From downe the highest Turret there hir bodie to have throwne,
Among the thickest of the Tents of Gnossus to have flowne,
Or for to ope the brazen gates and let the enmie in,
Or whatsoever else she thought might Minos favor win.
And as she sate beholding still the King of Candies tent,
She said: I doubt me whether that I rather may lament
Or of this wofull warre be glad. It grieves me at the hart
That thou O Minos unto me thy Lover enmie art. ... [VIII.50]
But had not this same warfare bene, I never him had knowne.
Yet might he leave this cruell warre, and take me as his owne.
A wife, a feere, a pledge for peace he might receive of me.
O flore of beautie, O thou Prince most peerlesse: if that she
That bare thee in hir wombe were like in beautie unto thee,
A right good cause had Jove on hir enamored for to bee.
Oh happie were I if with wings I through the Aire might glide
And safely to King Minos Tent from this same Turret slide.
Then would I utter who I am, and how the fire flame
Of Cupid burned in my brest, desiring him to name ... [VIII.60]
What dowrie he would aske with me in loan of his love,
Save only of my Fathers Realme no question he should move.
For rather than by traitrous meanes my purpose should take place,
Adue, desire of hoped Love. Yet oftentimes such grace
Hath from the gentle Conqueror proceeded erst, that they
Which toke the foyle have found the same their profit and their stay.
Assuredly the warre is just that Minos takes in hand,
As in revengement of his sonne late murthered in this land.
And as his quarrell seemeth just, even so it cannot faile,
But rightfull warre against the wrong must (I beleve) prevaile. ... [VIII.70]
Now if this Citie in the ende must needes be taken, why
Should his owne sworde and not my Love be meanes to win it by?
It were yet better he should speede by gentle meanes without
The slaughter of his people, yea and (as it may fall out)
With spending of his owne bloud too. For sure I have a care
O Minos lest some Souldier wound thee ere he be aware.
For who is he in all the world that hath so hard a hart
That wittingly against thy head would aime his cruell Dart?
I like well this devise, and on this purpose will I stand:
To yeelde my selfe endowed with this Citie to the hand ... [VIII.80]
Of Minos: and in doing so to bring this warre to ende.
But smally it availeth me the matter to intende.
The gates and yssues of this towne are kept with watch and warde,
And of the Keyes continually my Father hath the garde.
My Father only is the man of whom I stand in dreede,
My Father only hindreth me of my desired speede.
Would God that I were Fatherlesse. Tush, everie Wight may bee
A God as in their owne behalfe, and if their hearts be free
From fearefulnesse. For fortune works against the fond desire
Of such as through faint heartednesse attempt not to aspire. ... [VIII.90]
Some other feeling in hir heart such flames of Cupids fire
Already would have put in prooфе some practise to destroy
What thing so ever of hir Love the furtherance might anoy
And why should any woman have a bolder heart than I?
Through fire and sword I boldly durst adventure for to flie.
And yet in this behalfe at all there needes no sword nor fire,
There needeth but my fathers haire to accomplish my desire.
That Purple haire of his to me more precious were than golde:
That Purple haire of his would make me blest a thousand folde:
That haire would compasse my desire and set my heart at rest. ... [VIII.100]

Night (chiefest Nurce of thoughts to such as are with care opprest)
Approched while she spake these words, and darknesse did encrease
Hir boldnesse. At such time as folke are wont to finde release
Of cares that all the day before were working in their heds,
By sleepe which falleth first of all upon them in their beds,
Hir fathers chamber secretly she entered: where (alasse
That ever Maiden should so farre the bounds of Nature passe)
She robde hir Father of the haire upon the which the fate
Depended both of life and death and of his royall state.
And joying in hir wicked prey, she beares it with hir so ... [VIII.110]

As if it were some lawfull spoyle acquired of the fo.
And passing through a posterne gate she marched through the mid
Of all hir enmies (such a trust she had in that she did)
Untill she came before the King, whom troubled with the sight
She thus bespake: Enforst, O King, by love against all right
I Scylla, Nisus daughter, doe present unto thee heere
My native soyle, my household Gods, and all that else is deere
For this my gift none other thing in recompence I crave
Than of thy person which I love, fruition for to have.
And in assurance of my love receyve thou here of mee ... [VIII.120]

My fathers Purple haire: and thinke I give not unto thee
A haire but even my fathers head. And as these words she spake,
The cursed gift with wicked hand she profered him to take.
But Minos did abhorre hir gift: and troubled in his minde
With straungenesse of the heynous act so sore against hir kinde,
He aunswerde: O thou slaunder of our age, the Gods expell
Thee out of all this world of theirs and let thee no where dwell.
Let rest on neither Sea nor Land be graunted unto thee.
Assure thy selfe that as for me I never will agree
That Candie, Joves owne foster place (as long as I there raigne), ... [VIII.131]
Shall unto such a monstrous Wight a Harbrow place remaine.
This said, he like a righteous Judge among his vanquisht foes
Set order under paine of death. Which done he willed those
That served him to go aboore and Anchors up to wey.
When Scylla saw the Candian fleete aflote to go away,
And that the Captaine yelded not so good reward as shee
Had for hir lewdnesse looked for: and when in fine she see
That no entreatance could prevale, then bursting out in ire
With stretched hands and scattred haire, as furious as the fire
She shraming cryed out aloud: And whither doste thou flie ... [VIII.140]
Rejecting me, the only meanes that thou hast conquerde by?
O cankerde Churle preferde before my native soyle, preferd
Before my father, whither flyste, O Carle of heart most hard?
Whose conquest as it is my sinne, so doth it well deserve
Reward of thee, for that my fault so well thy turne did serve.
Doth neither thee the gift I gave, nor yet my faithfull love,
Nor yet that all my hope in thee alonly rested, move?
For whither shall I now resort forsaken thus of thee?
To Megara the wretched soyle of my nativitie?
Behold it lieth vanquished and troden under foote. ... [VIII.150]
But put the case it flourisht still: yet could it nothing boote.
I have forecloesd it to my selfe through treason when I gave
My fathers head to thee. Whereby my countriefolke I drave
To hate me justly for my crime. And all the Realmes about
My lewde example doe abhorre. Thus have I shet me out
Of all the world that only Crete might take me in, which if
Thou like a Churle denie, and cast me up without relief,
The Ladie Europ surely was not mother unto thee:
But one of Affricke Sirts where none but Serpents fostred bee,
But even some cruel Tiger bred in Armen or in Inde, ... [VIII.160]
Or else the Gulfe Charybdis raisde with rage of Southerne winde.
Thou wert not got by Jove: ne yet thy mother was beguilde
In shape of Bull: of this thy birth the tale is false compilde.
But rather some unwieldie Bull even altogether wilde
That never lowed after Cow was out of doubt thy Sire.
O father Nisus, put thou me to penance for my hire.
Rejoyce thou in my punishment, thou towne by me betrayd.
I have deserved (I confesse) most justly to be payd
With death. But let some one of them that through my lewdnesse smart
Destroy me, why dost thou that by my crime a gainer art, ... [VIII.170]
Commit like crime thy selfe? Admit this wicked act of me
As to my land and Fatherward in deede most hainous be.
Yet oughtest thou to take it as a friendship unto thee.
But she was meete to be thy wife, that in a Cow of tree
Could play the Harlot with a Bull, and in hir wombe could beare
A Barne, in whome the shapes of man and beasts confounded were.
How sayst thou, Carle? compell not these my words thine eares to glow?
Or doe the windes that drive thy shyps, in vaine my sayings blow?
In faith it is no wonder though thy wife Pasiphae
Preferrde a Bull to thee, for thou more cruel wert than he. ... [VIII.180]
Now wo is me. To make more hast it standeth me in hand.
The water sounds with Ores, and hales from me and from my land.
In vaine thou striveth, O thou Churle, forgetfull quight of my
Desertes: for even in spight of thee pursue thee still will I.
Upon thy courbed Keele will I take holde: and hanging so
Be drawen along the Sea with thee where ever thou do go.
She scarce had said these words, but that she leaped on the wave
And getting to the ships by force of strength that Love hir gave
Upon the King of Candies Keele in spight of him she clave.
Whome when hir father spide (for now he hovered in the aire, ... [VIII.190]
And being made a Hobby Hauke did soare between a paire
Of nimble wings of yron Mayle) he soused downe amaine
To seaze upon hir as she hung, and would have torne hir faine
With bowing Beake. But she for feare did let the Caricke go:
And as she was about to fall, the lightsome Aire did so
Uphold hir that she could not touch the Sea as seemed tho.
Anon all feathers she became, and forth away did flie
Transformed to a pretie Bird that stieth to the Skie.
And forbicause like clipped haire hir head doth beare a marke,
The Greekes it Cyris call, and we doe name the same a Larke. ... [VIII.200]
As soone as Minos came aland in Crete, he by and by
Performde his vowes to Jupiter in causing for to die
A hundred Bulles for sacrifice. And then he did adorne
His Pallace with the enmies spoyles by conquest wonne beforne.
The slander of his house encreast: and now appeared more
The mothers filthie whoredome by the monster that she bore
Of double shape, an ugly thing. This shamefull infamie,
This monster borne him by his wife he mindes by policie
To put away, and in a house with many nookes and krinks
From all mens sights and speach of folke to shet it up he thinks. ... [VIII.210]
Immediatly one Daedalus renowned in that lande
For fine devise and workmanship in building, went in hand
To make it. He confounds his worke with sodaine stops and stayes,
And with the great uncertaintie of sundrie winding wayes
Leades in and out, and to and fro, at divers doores astray.
And as with trickling streame the Brooke Maeander seemes to play
In Phrygia, and with doubtfull race runnes counter to and fro,
And meeting with himselfe doth looke if all his streame or no
Come after, and retiring eft cleane backward to his spring
And marching eft to open Sea as straignt as any string, ... [VIII.220]
Indenteth with reversed streame: even so of winding wayes
Unnumerable Daedalus within his worke conveyes.
Yea scarce himselfe could find the meanes to winde himselfe well out:
So busie and so intricate the house was all about.
Within this Maze did Minosset the Monster that did beare
The shape of man and Bull. And when he twise had fed him there
With bloud of Atticke Princes sonnes that given for tribute were,
The third time at the ninth yeares end the lot did chaunce to light
On Theseus, King Aegaeus sonne: who like a valiant Knight
Did overcome the Minotaur: and by the policie ... [VIII.230]
Of Minos eldest daughter (who had taught him for to tie
A clew of Linnen at the doore to guide himselfe thereby)
As busie as the turnings were, his way he out did finde,
Which never man had done before. And straignt he having winde,
With Minos daughter sailde away to Dia: where (unkinde
And cruell creature that he was) he left hir post alone
Upon the shore. Thus desolate and making dolefull mone
God Bacchus did both comfort hir and take hir to his bed.
And with an everlasting starre the more hir fame to spred,
He tooke the Chaplet from hir head, and up to Heaven it threw. ... [VIII.240]
The Chaplet thirled through the Aire: and as it gliding flew,
The precious stones were turnd to starres which blased cleare and bright,
And tooke their place (continuing like a Chaplet still to sight)
Amid betwixt the Kneeler Downe and him that gripes the Snake.
Now in this while gan Daedalus a wearinesse to take
Of living like a banisht man and prisoner such a time
In Crete, and longed in his heart to see his native Clime.
But Seas enclosed him as if he had in prison been.
Then thought he: though both Sea and Land King Minos stop fro me,
I am assurede he cannot stop the Aire and open Skie. ... [VIII.250]
To make my passage that way then my cunning will I trie.
Although that Minos like a Lord held all the world beside:
Yet doth the Aire from Minos yoke for all men free abide.
This sed: to uncoth Arts he bent the force of all his wits
To alter natures course by craft. And orderly he knits
A rowe of fethers one by one, beginning with the short,
And overmatching still ech quill with one of longer sort.
That on the shoring of a hill a man would thinke them grow.
Even so the countrie Organipes of Oten reedes in row
Ech higher than another rise. Then fastned he with Flax ... [VIII.260]
The middle quilles, and joyned in the lowest sort with Wax.
And when he thus had finisht them, a little he them bent
In compass, that the verie Birdes they full might represent.
There stode me by him Icarus, his sonne, a pretie Lad.
Who knowing not that he in handes his owne destruction had,
With smiling mouth did one while blow the fethers to andfro
Which in the Aire on wings of Birds did flask not long ago:
And with his thumbes another while he chafes the yellow Wax
And lets his fathers wondrous worke with childish toyes and knacks.
As soon as that the worke was done, the workman by and by ... [VIII.270]
Did peise his body on his wings, and in the Aire on hie
Hung wavering: and did teach his sonne how he should also flie.
I warne thee (quoth he), Icarus, a middle race to keepe.
For if thou hold too low a gate, the dankenesse of the deepe
Will overlade thy wings with wet. And if thou mount too hie,
The Sunne will singde them. Therfore see betweene them both thou flie.
I bid thee not behold the Starre Bootes in the Skie.
Nor looke upon the bigger Beare to make thy course thereby,
Nor yet on Orions naked sword. But ever have an eie
To keepe the race that I doe keepe, and I will guide thee right. ... [VIII.280]
In giving couensell to his sonne to order well his flight,
He fastned to his sholders twaine a paire of uncoth wings.
And as he was in doing it and warning him of things,
His aged cheekes were wet, his hands did quake, in fine he gave
His sonne a kisse the last that he alive should ever have.
And then he mounting up aloft before him tooke his way
Right fearfull for his followers sake: as is the Bird the day
That first she tolleth from her nest among the braunches hie
Hir tender yong ones in the Aire to teach them for to flie.
So heartens he his little sonne to follow teaching him ... [VIII.290]
A hurtfull Art. His owne two wings he waveth verie trim,
And looketh backward still upon his sonnes. The fishermen

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Then standing angling by the Sea, and shepheardes leaning then
On sheepehookes, and the Ploughmen on the handles of their Plough,
Beholding them, amazed were: and thought that they that through
The Aire could flie were Gods. And now did on their left side stand
The Iles of Paros and of Dele and Samos, Junos land:
And on their right, Lebinthos and the faire Calydna fraught
With store of honie: when the Boy a frolicke courage caught
To flie at randon. Whereupon forsaking quight his guide, ... [VIII.300]
Of fond desire to flie to Heaven, above his boundes he stide.
And there the nerennesse of the Sunne which burnd more hote aloft,
Did make the Wax (with which his wings were glewed) lithe and soft.
As soone as that the Wax was melt, his naked armes he shakes,
And wanting wherewithall to wave no helpe of Aire he takes.
But calling on his father loud he drowned in the wave:
And by this chaunce of his those Seas his name for ever have.
His wretched Father (but as then no father) cride in feare:
O Icarus, O Icarus, where art thou? tell me where
That I may finde thee, Icarus. He saw the feathers swim ... [VIII.310]
Upon the waves, and curst his Art that so had spighted him.
At last he tooke his bodie up and laid it in a grave,
And to the Ile the name of him then buried in it gave.
And as he of his wretched sonne the corse in ground did hide,
The cackling Partrich from a thicke and leavie thorne him spide,
And clapping with his wings for joy aloud to call began.
There was of that same kinde of Birde no mo but he as than
In times forepast had none bene seene. It was but late anew
Since he was made a bird: and that thou, Daedalus, mayst rew:
For whyle the world doth last thy shame shall thereupon ensew. ... [VIII.320]
For why thy sister, ignorant of that which after hapt,
Did put him to thee to be taught full twelve yeares old and apt
To take instruction. He did marke the middle bone that goes
Through fishes, and according to the paterne tane of those
He filed teeth upon a piece of yron one by one
And so devised first the Saw where erst was never none.
Moreover he two yron shankes so joynde in one round head,
That opening an indifferent space, the one point downe shall tread,
And tother draw a circle round. The finding of these things,
The spightfull heart of Daedalus with such a malice stings, ... [VIII.330]
That headlong from the holy towre of Pallas downe he thrue
His Nephew, feyning him to fall by chaunce, which was not true.
But Pallas (who doth favour wits) did stay him in his fall
And chaunging him into a Bird did clad him over all
With feathers soft amid the Aire. The quicknesse of his wit
(Which erst was swift) did shed it selfe among his wings and feete.
And as he Partrich hight before, so hights he Partrich still.
Yet mounteth not this Bird aloft ne seemes to have a will
To build hir nest in tops of trees among the boughes on hie
But flecketh nere the ground and layes hir egges in hedges drie. ... [VIII.340]
She ever since all lofty things doth warely shun for feare.
And now forwarried Daedalus alighted in the land
Within the which the burning hilles of firie Aetna stand.
To save whose life King Cocalus did weapon take in hand,
For which men thought him merciful. And now with high renowne
Had Theseus ceast the wofull pay of tribute in the towne
Of Athens. Temples decked were with garlands every where,
And supplications made to Jove and warlicke Pallas were
And all the other Gods, to whome more honor for to show, ... [VIII.350]
Gifts, blud of beasts, and frankincense the people did bestow
As in performance of their vowes. The right redoubted name
Of Theseus through the lande of Greece was spred by flying fame.
And now the folke that in the land of rich Achaia dwelt,
Praid him of succor in the harmses and perils that they felt.
Although the land of Calydon had then Meleager:
Yet was it faine in humble wise to Theseus to prefer
A supplication for the aide of him. The cause wherfore
They made such humble suit to him was this. There was a Bore
The which Diana for to wreake hir wrath conceyvde before ... [VIII.360]
Had thither as hir servant sent the countrie for to waast.
For men report that Oenie when he had in storehouse plaast
The full encrease of former yeare, to Ceres did assigne
The firstlings of his corne and fruits: to Bacchus, of the Wine;
And unto Pallas Olife oyle. This honoring of the Gods
Of graine and fruits who put their help to toyling in the clods,
Ambitiously to all, even those that dwell in heaven did clime.
Dianas Altars (as it hapt) alonly at that time
Without reward of Frankincense were overskipt (they say).
Even Gods are subject unto wrath. He shall not scape away ... [VIII.370]
Unpunisht, though unworshipped he passed me wyth spight:
He shall not make his vaunt he scapt me unrevenged quite,
Quoth Phoebe. And anon she sent a Bore to Oenies ground
Of such a huegnenes as no Bull could ever yet be found,
In Epyre: but in Sicilie are Bulles much lesse than hee.
His eies did glister blud and fire: right dreadfull was to see
His brawned necke, right dreadfull was his haire which grew as thicke
With pricking points as one of them could well by other sticke.
And like a front of armed Pikes set close in battell ray
The sturdie bristles on his back stoode staring up alway. ... [VIII.380]
The scalding fome with gnashing hoarse which he did cast aside,
Upon his large and brawned shield did white as Curdes abide.
Among the greatest Oliphants in all the land of Inde,
A greater tush than had this Boare, ye shall not lightly finde.
Such lightning flashed from his chappes, as seared up the grasse.
Now trampled he the spindling corne to ground where he did passe,
Now ramping up their riped hope he made the Plowmen weepe.
And chankt the kernell in the eare. In vaine their floores they sweepe:
In vaine their Barnes for Harvest long, the likely store they keepe.
The spreaded Vines with clustred Grapes to ground he rudely sent, ... [VIII.390]
And full of Berries laden boughs from Oliffe trees he rent.
On cattell also did he rage. The shepheard nor his dog,
Nor yet the Bulles could save the herdes from outrage of this Hog.
The folke themselves were faine to flie. And yet they thought them not
In saffety when they had themselves within the Cittie got.
Untill their Prince Meleager, and with their Prince a knot
Of Lords and lustie gentlemen of hand and courage stout,
With chosen fellowes for the nonce of all the Lands about,
Inflamed were to win renowne. The chiefe that thither came
Were both the twinnes of Tyndarus of great renowne and fame, ... [VIII.400]
The one in all activitie of manhode, strength and force,
The other for his cunning skill in handling of a horse.
And Jason he that first of all the Gallie did invent:
And Theseus with Pirithous betwene which two there went
A happie leage of amitie: And two of Thesties race:
And Lynce, the sonne of Apherie and Idas, swift of pace.
And fierce Leucyppus and the brave Acastus with his Dart
In handling of the which he had the perfect skill and Art.
And Caeny who by birth a wench, the shape of man had wonne
And Drias and Hippothous: and Phoenix eke the sonne ... [VIII.410]
Of olde Amyntor: and a paire of Actors ympes: and Phyle
Who came from Ellis. Telamon was also there that while:
And so was also Peleus, the great Achilles Sire:
And Pherets sonne: and Iolay, the Thebane who with fire
Helpt Hercules the monstrous heads of Hydra off to seare.
The lively Lad Eurytion and Echion who did beare
The prickte and prise for footemanship, were present also there.
And Lelex of Narytium too. And Panopie beside:
And Hyle: and cruell Hippasus: and Naestor who that tide
Was in the Prime of lustie youth: moreover thither went ... [VIII.420]
Three children of Hippocon from old Amicle sent.
And he that of Penelope the fathrinlaw became.
And eke the sonne of Parrhasus, Ancaesus cald by name.
There was the sonne of Ampycus of great forecasting wit:
And Oeclies sonne who of his wife was unbetrayed yit.
And from the Cittie Tegea there came the Paragone
Of Lycey forest, Atalant, a goodly Ladie, one
Of Schoenyss daughters, then a Maide. The garment she did weare
A brayed button fastned at hir gorget. All hir heare
Untrimmed in one only knot was trussed. From hir left ... [VIII.430]
Side hanging on hir shoulder was an Ivorie quiver deft:
Which being full of arrowes, made a clatterring as she went.
And in hir right hand she did beare a Bow already bent.
Hir furniture was such as this. Hir countnance and hir grace
Was such as in a Boy might well be cald a Wenches face,
And in a Wench be cald a Boyes. The Prince of Calydon
No sooner cast his eie on hir, but being caught anon
In love, he wisht hir to his wife. But unto this desire
God Cupid gave not his consent. The secret flames of fire
He haling inward still did say: O happy man is he ... [VIII.440]
Whom this same Ladie shall vouchsave hir Husband for to be.
The shortnesse of the time and shame would give him leave to say
No more: a worke of greater weight did draw him then away.
A wood thick growen with trees which stoode unfelled to that day
Beginning from a plaine, had thence a large prospect throughout
The falling grounds that every way did muster round about.
As soone as that the men came there, some pitched up the toyles
Some took the couples from the Dogs, and some pursue the foyles
In placed wheer the Swine had tract: desiring for to spie
Their owne destruction. Now there was a hollow bottom by, ... [VIII.450]
To which the watershots of raine from all the high grounds drew.
Within the compasse of this pond great store of Osiers grew:
And Sallowes lithe, and flackring Flags, and moorish Rushes eke,
And lazie Reedes on little shankes, and other baggage like.
From hence the Bore was rowzed out, and fiersly forth he flies
Among the thickest of his foes like thunder from the Skies,
When Clouds in meeting force the fire to burst by violence out.
He beares the trees before him downe, and all the wood about
Doth sound of crashing. All the youth with hideous noyse and shout
Against him bend their Boarspeare points with hand and courage stout. ... [VIII.460]
He rushes forth among the Dogs that held him at a bay,
And now on this side now on that, as any come in way,
He rippes their skinnes and splitteth them, and chaseth them away,
Echion first of all the route a Dart at him did throw,
Which mist and in a Maple tree did give a little blow.
The next (if he that threw the same had used lesser might),
The backe at which he aimed it was likely for to smight.
It overflew him. Jason was the man that cast the Dart.
With that the sonne of Ampycus sayd: Phoebus (if with hart
I have and still doe worship thee) now graunt me for to hit ... [VIII.470]
The thing that I doe levell at. Apollo graunts him it
As much as lay in him to graunt. He hit the Swine in deede.
But neyther entred he his hide nor caused him to bleede.
For why Diana (as the Dart was flying) tooke away
The head of it: and so the Dart could headlesse beare no sway.
But yet the moodie beast thereby was set the more on fire
And chafing like the lightning swift he uttreth forth his ire.
The fire did sparkle from his eyes: and from his boyling brest
He breathed flaming flakes of fire conceyved in his chest.
And looke with what violent brunt a mightie Bullet goes ... [VIII.480]
From engines bent against a wall, or bulwarks full of foes:
With even such violence rusht the Swine among the Hunts amayne,
And overthrew Eupalamon and Pelagon both twaine
That in the right wing placed were. Their fellowses stepping to
And drawing them away, did save their lives with much ado.
But as for poore Enesimus, Hippocoons sonne had not
The lucke to scape the deadly dint. He would away have got,
And trembling turnde his backe for feare. The Swine him overtooke,
And cut his hamstrings, so that straight his going him forsooke.
And Naestor to have lost his life was like by fortune ere ...
[VIII.490]
The siege of Troie, but that he tooke his rist upon his speare:
And leaping quickly up upon a tree that stood hard by,
Did safely from the place behold his foe whome he did flie.
The Boare then whetting sharpe his tuskes against the Oken wood
To mischiefe did prepare himselfe with fierce and cruell mood.
And trusting to his weapons which he sharpened had anew,
In great Orithyas thigh a wound with hooked groyne he drew.
The valiant brothers, those same twinnes of Tandarus (not yet
Celestiall signes), did both of them on goodly coursers sit
As white as snow: and ech of them had shaking in his fist ...
[VIII.500]
A lightsome Dart with head of steele to throw it where he lyst.
And for to wound the bristled Bore they surely had not mist
But that he still recovered so the coverts of the wood,
That neyther horse could follow him, nor Dart doe any good.
Still after followed Telamon, whom taking to his feete
No heede at all for egernesse, a Maple roote did meete,
Which tripped up his heeles, and flat against the ground him laid.
And while his brother Peleus relieved him, the Maid
Of Tegea tooke an arrow swift, and shot it from hir bow.
The arrow lighting underneath the havers eare bylow, ...
[VIII.510]
And somewhat rasing of the skin, did make the bloud to show.
The Maid hirselfe not gladder was to see that luckie blow,
Than was the Prince Meleager. He was the first that saw,
And first that shewed to his Mates the blud that she did draw:
And said: For this thy valiant act due honor shalt thou have.
The men did blush, and cheering up ech other courage gave
With shouting, and disorderly their Darts by heaps they threw.
The number of them hindred them, not suffring to ensew
That any lighted on the marke at which they all did ame.
Behold, enragde against his ende the hardie Knight that came ...
[VIII.520]
From Arcadie, rusht rashly with a Pollax in his fist
And said: You yonglings learne of me what difference is betwist
A wenchs weapons and a mans: and all of you give place
To my redoubted force. For though Diana in this chase
Should with hir owne shield him defend, yet should this hand of mine
Even maugre Dame Dianas heart confound this orped Swine.
Such boasting words as these through pride presumptuously he crakes:
And streynyng out himselfe upon his tiptoes streight he takes
His Pollax up with both his hands. But as this bragger ment
To fetch his blow, the cruell beast his malice did prevent: ...
[VIII.530]
And in his coddes (the speeding place of death) his tusshes puts,
And rippeth up his paunche. Downe falles Ancaeus and his guts
Come tumbling out besmearde with bloud, and foyled all the plot.
Pirithous, Ixions sonne, at that abashed not:
But shaking in his valiant hand his hunting staffe did goe
Still stoutly forward face to face t` encounter with his foe
To whome Duke Theseus cride afarre: O dearer unto mee
Than is my selfe, my soule I say, stay: lawfull we it see
For valiant men to keepe aloofe. The over hardie hart
In rash adventring of him selfe hath made Ancaeus smart. ... [VIII.540]
This sed, he threw a weightie Dart of Cornell with a head
Of brasse: which being leveled well was likely to have sped,
But that a bough of Chestnut tree thick leaved by the way
Did latch it, and by meanes thereof the dint of it did stay.
Another Dart that Jason threw, by fortune mist the Bore,
And light betwene a Mastifes chaps, and through his guts did gore,
And naild him to the earth. The hand of Prince Meleager
Plaid hittymissie. Of two Darts his first did flie too far,
And lighted in the ground: the next amid his backe stickt fast.
And while the Bore did play the fiend and turned round agast, ... [VIII.550]
And grunting flang his fome about togither mixt with blood,
The giver of the wound (the more to stirre his enmies mood,)
Stept in, and underneath the shield did thrust his Boarspeare through.
Then all the Hunters shouting out demeaned joy inough.
And glad was he that first might come to take him by the hand.
About the ugly beast they all with gladnesse gazing stand
And wondering what a field of ground his carcasse did possesse,
They durst not any be so bolde to touch him. Nerethelesse, They every one of them with his bloud their hunting staves made red.
Then stepped forth Meleager, and treading on his hed ... [VIII.560]
Said thus: O Ladie Atalant, receive thou here my fee,
And of my glorie vouch thou safe partaker for to bee.
Immediatly the ugly head with both the tusshes brave
And eke the skin with bristles stur right griesly, he hir gave.
The Ladie for the givers sake, was in hir heart as glad
As for the gift. The rest repinde that she such honor had.
Through all the rout was murmuring. Of whom with roring reare
And armes displayd that all the field might easly see and heare.
The Thesties cried: Dame, come off and lay us downe this geare.
And thou a woman offer not us men so great a shame, ... [VIII.570]
As we to toyle and thou to take the honor of our game.
Ne let that faire smooth face of thine beguile thee, lest that hee
That being doted in thy love did give thee this our fee,
Be over farre to rescow thee. And with that word they tooke
The gift from hir, and right of gift from him. He could not brooke
This wrong: but gnashing with his teeth for anger that did boyle
Within, said fiersly: learne ye you that other folkes dispoyle
Of honor given, what diffrence is betweene your threats, and deedes.
And therewithall Plexippus brest (who no such matter dreedes)
With wicked weapon he did pierce. As Toxey doubting stood ... [VIII.580]
What way to take, desiring both t’ advenge his brothers blood,
And fearing to be murthered as his brother was before,
Meleager (to dispatch all doubts of musing any more)
Did heate his sword for companie in bloud of him againe,
Before Plexippus bloud was cold that did thereon remaine.
Althaea going toward Church with presents for to yild
Due thankes and worship to the Gods that for hir sonne had kild
The Boare, beheld hir brothers brought home dead: and by and by
She beate hir brest, and filde the towne with shrieking piteously.
And shifting all hir rich aray, did put on mourning weede ... [VIII.590]
But when she understooede what man was doer of the deede,
She left all mourning, and from teares to vengeance did proceede.
There was a certaine firebrand which when Oenies wife did lie
In childebed of Meleager, she chaunced to espie
The Destnies putting in the fire: and in the putting in,
She heard them speake these words, as they his fatall threede did spin:
O lately borne, like time we give to thee and to this brand.
And when they so had spoken, they departed out of hand.
Immediatly the mother caught the blazing bough away,
And quenched it. This bough she kept full charely many a day: ... [VIII.600]
And in the keeping of the same she kept hir sonne alive.
But now intending of his life him clearly to deprive,
She brought it forth, and causing all the coales and shivers to
Be layed by, she like a foe did kindle fire thereto.
Fowre times she was about to cast the firebrand in the flame:
Fowre times she pulled backe hir hand from doing of the same.
As mother and as sister both she strove what way to go:
The divers names drew diversly hir stomacke to and fro.
Hir face waxt often pale for feare of mischiefe to ensue:
And often red about the eies through heate of ire she grew. ... [VIII.610]
One while hir looke resembled one that threatened cruelnesse:
Another while ye would have thought she minded pitiousnesse.
And though the cruell burning of hir heart did drie hir teares,
Yet burst out some. And as a Boate which tide contrarie beares
Against the winde, feeles double force, and is compeld to yeelde
To both, so Thesties daughter now unable for to weelde
Hir doubtful passions, diversly is caried off and on,
And chaungeably she waxes calme, and stormes againe anon.
But better sister ginneth she than mother for to be.
And to th' intent hir brothers ghosts with bloud to honor, she ... [VIII.620]
In meaning to be one way kinde, doth worke another way
Against kinde. When the plagie fire waxt strong she thus did say:
Let this same fire my bowels burne. And as in cursed hands
The fatall wood she holding at the Hellish altar stands;
She said: Ye triple Goddesses of wreake, ye Helhounds three
Beholde ye all this furious fact and sacrifice of mee.
I wreake, and do against all right: with death must death be payde:
In mischiefe mischiefe must be heapt: on corse must corse be laide.
Confounded let this wicked house with heaped sorrowes bee.
Shall Oenie joy his happy sonne in honor for to see ... [VIII.630]
And Thlestie mourne bereft of his? Nay: better yet it were,
That eche with other companie in mourning you should beare.
Ye brothers Ghostes and soules new dead I wish no more, but you
To feele the solemn obsequies which I prepare as now:
And that mine offring you accept, which dearly I have bought
The yssue of my wretched wombe. Alas, alas what thought
I for to doe? O brothers, I besech you beare with me.
I am his mother: so to doe my hands unable be.
His trespasse I confesse deserves the stopping of his breath:
But yet I doe not like that I be Author of his death. ... [VIII.640]
And shall he then with life and limme, and honor too, scape free?
And vaunting in his good successe the King of Calidon bee?
And you deare soules lie raked up but in a little dust?
I will not surely suffer it. But let the villaine trust
That he shall die, and draw with him to ruine and decay
His Kingdome, Countrie and his Sire that doth upon him stay.
Why where is now the mothers heart and pitie that should raigne
In Parents? and the ten Monthes paines that once I did sustaine?
O would to god thou burned had a babie in this brand,
And that I had not tane it out and quencht it with my hand. ... [VIII.650]
That all this while thou lived hast, my goodnesse is the cause.
And now most justly unto death thine owne desert thee drawes.
Receive the guerdon of thy deede: and render thou agen
Thy twice given life, by bearing first, and secondarly when
I caught this firebrand from the flame: or else come deale with me
As with my brothers, and with them let me entumbed be.
I would, and cannot. What then shall I stand to in this case?
One while my brothers corses seeme to prease before my face
With lively image of their deaths. Another while my minde
Doth yeelde to pitie, and the name of mother doth me blinde. ... [VIII.660]
Now wo is me. To let you have the upper hand is sinne:
But nerethelasse the upper hand O brothers doe you win.
Condicionly that when that I to comfort you withall
Have wrought this feate, my selfe to you resort in person shall.
This sed, she turnde away hir face, and with a trembling hand
Did cast the deathfull brand amid the burning fire. The brand
Did eyther sigh, or seeme to sigh in burning in the flame,
Which sorie and unwilling was to fasten on the same.
Meleager being absent and not knowing ought at all
Was burned with this flame: and felt his bowels to appall ... [VIII.670]
With secret fire. He bare out long the paine with courage stout.
But yet it grieved him to die so cowardly without
The shedding of his bloud. He thought Anceus for to be
A happie man that dide of wound. With sighing called he
Upon his aged father, and his sisters, and his brother,
And lastly on his wife too, and by chaunce upon his mother.
His paine encreased with the fire, and fell therewith againe:
And at the selfe same instant quight extingisht were both twaine.
And as the ashes soft and hore by leysure overgrew
The glowing coales: so leysurly his spirit from him drew. ... [VIII.680]
Then drooped stately Calydon. Both yong and olde did mourne,
The Lords and Commons did lament, and maried wives with torne
And tattred haire did crie alas. His father did beray
His horie head and face with dust, and on the earth flat lay,
Lamenting that he lived had to see that wofull day
For now his mothers giltie hand had for that cursed crime
Done execution on hir selfe by sword before hir time.
If God to me a hundred mouthes with sounding tongues should send,
And reason able to conceyve, and thereunto should lend
Me all the grace of eloquence that ere the Muses had,... [VIII.690]
I could not shew the wo wherewith his sisters were bestad.
Unmindfull of their high estate, their naked brests they smit,
Untill they made them blacke and blew. And while his bodie yit
Remained, they did cherish it, and cherish it againe.
They kist his bodie: yea they kist the chist that did containe
His corse. And after that the corse was burnt to ashes, they
Did presse his ashes with their brests: and downe along they lay
Upon his tumb, and there embraste his name upon the stone,
And filde the letters of the same with teares that from them gone.
At length Diana satisfide with slaughter brought upon ... [VIII.700]
The house of Oenie, lifts them up with fethers everichone,
(Save Gorgee and the daughtrinlaw of noble Alcmene) and
Makes wings to stretch along their sides, and horned nebbs to stand
Upon their mouthes. And finally she altring quight their faire
And native shape, in shape of Birds dooth send them through the Aire.
The noble Theseus in this while with others having donne
His part in killing of the Boare, to Athens ward begonne
To take his way. But Acheloy then being swolne with raine
Did stay him of his journey, and from passage him restraine.
Of Athens valiant knight (quoth he) come underneath my roofe,... [VIII.710]
And for to passe my raging streame as yet attempt no proofe.
This brooke is wont whole trees to beare and evelong stones to carry
With hideous roring down his streame. I oft have seene him harry
Whole shepcotes standing nere his banks, with flocks of sheepe therein.
Nought booted buls their strength: nought steedes by swiftnes there could win.
Yea many lustie men this brooke hath swallowed, when the snow
From mountaines molten, caused him his banks to overflow.
The best is for you for to rest untill the River fall
Within his boundes: and runne ageine within his chanell small.
Content (quoth Theseus): Acheloy, I will not sure refuse ... [VIII.720]
Thy counsell nor thy house. And so he both of them did use.
Of Pommy hollowed diversly and ragged Pebble stone
The walles were made. The floore with Mosse was soft to tread upon.
The roofe thereof was checkerwise with shelles of Purple wrought.
And Perle. The Sunne then full two parts of day to end had brought,
And Theseus downe to table sate with such as late before
Had friendly borne him companie at killing of the Bore.
At one side sate Ixions sonne, and on the other sate
The Prince of Troyzen, Lelex, with a thin hearde horie pate.
And then such other as the brooke of Acarnania did ... [VIII.730]
Vouchsafe the honor to his boord and table for to bid,
Who was right glad of such a guest. Immediatly there came
Barefooted Nymphes who brought in meate. And when that of the same
The Lords had taken their repast, the meate away they tooke,
And set downe wine in precious stones. Then Theseus who did looke
Upon the Sea that underneath did lie within their sight,
Said: tell us what is yon same place, (and with his finger right
Hee poynted thereunto) I pray, and what that Iland hight,
Although it seemeth mo than one. The River answerd thus,
It is not one mayne land alone that kenned is of us. ... [VIII.740]
There are upon a fyve of them. The distaunce of the place,
Dooth hinder to discerne between eche Ile the perfect space.
And that the lesse yee woonder may at Phoebees act alate,
To such as had neglected her uppon contempt or hate,
Theis Iles were sumtyme Waternimphes: who having killed Neate,
Twycye fye, and called to theyr feast the Country Gods to eate,
Forgetting mee kept frolicke cheere. At that gan I to swell,
And ran more large than ever erst, and being over fell
In Stomacke and in stremme, I rent the wood from wood, and feeld
From feeld, and with the ground the Nymphes as then with stomachs meeld ... [VIII.750]
Remembring mee, I tumbled to the Sea. The waves of mee
And of the sea the ground that erst all whole was woont to bee
Did rend asunder into all the Iles you yonder see,
And made a way for waters now to passe betweene them free.
They now of Urchins have theyr name. But of theis Ilands, one
A great way off (behold yee) stands a great way off alone,
As you may see. The Mariners doo call it Perimell.
With her (shee was as then a Nymph) so farre in love I fell,
That of her maydenhod I her spoyld: which thing displeasd so sore
Her father Sir Hippodamas, that from the craggy shore ... [VIII.760]
He threw her headlong downe to drowne her in the sea. But I
Did latch her straignt, and bearing her aflote did lowd thus crie:
O Neptune with thy threetynde Mace who hast by lot the charge
Of all the waters wylde that bound uppon the earth at large,
To whom wee holy streames doo runne, in whome wee take our end:
Draw neere, and gently to my boone effectually attend.
This Ladie whome I beare aflote myselfe hath hurt. Bee meeke
And upright. If Hippodamas perchaunce were fatherleeke,
Or if that he extremitie through outrage did not seeke,
He oughted to have pitied her and for to beare with mee. ... [VIII.770]
Now help us Neptune, I thee pray, and condescend that shee
Whom from the land her father's wrath and cruelnesse dooth chace
Who through her fathers cruelnesse is drownd: may find the grace
To have a place: or rather let hirselde become a place
And I will still embrace the same. The King of Seas did move
His head, and as a token that he did my sute approve,
He made his surges all to shake. The Nymph was sore afrayd.
Howbeet shee swam, and as she swam, my hand I softly layd
Upon her brest which quivered still. And whyle I toucht the same,
I sensibly did feele how all her body hard became: ... [VIII.780]
And how the earth did overgrow her bulk. And as I spake,
New earth enclosesd hir swimming limbes, which by and by did take
Another shape, and grew into a mighty Ile. With that
The River ceast and all men there did woonder much thereat.
Pirithous being over hault of mynde and such a one
As did despyse bothe God and man, did laugh them everychone
To scorne for giving credit, and sayd thus: The woords thou spaakst
Are feyned fancies, Acheloy: and overstrong thou maakst
The Gods: to say that they can give and take way shapes. This scoffe
Did make the heerers all amazde, for none did like thereof. ... [VIII.790]
And Lelex of them all the man most rype in yeeres and wit,
Sayd thus: Unmeasurable is the powre of heaven, and it
Can have none end. And looke what God dooth mynd to bring about,
Must take effect. And in this case to put yee out of dout,
Upon the hilles of Phrygie neere a Teyle there stands a tree
Of Oke enclosed with a wall. Myself the place did see.
For Pithey untoo Pelops feelds did send mee where his father
Did sumtyme reigne. Not farre fro thence there is a poole which rather
Had bene dry ground inhabited. But now it is a meare
And Moorecocks, Cootes, and Cormorants doo breede and nestle there. ... [VIII.800]
The mightie Jove and Mercurie his sonne in shape of men
Resorted thither on a tyme. A thousand houses when
For roome to lodge in they had sought, a thousand houses bard
Theyr doores against them. Nerethelesse one Cotage afterward
Receyved them, and that was but a pelting one in deede.
The rooife thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.
Howbee't two honest auncient folke, (of whom she Baucis hight
And he Philemon) in that Cote theyr fayth in youth had plight:
And in that Cote had spent theyr age. And for they paciently
Did beare theyr simple povertie, they made it light thereby, ... [VIII.810]
And shewed it no thing to bee repyned at at all.
It skilles not whether there for Hyndes or Maister you doo call,
For all the household were but two: and both of them obeyde,
And both commaunded. When the Gods at this same Cotage staid,
And ducking downe their heads, within the low made Wicket came,
Philemon bringing ech a stoole, bade rest upon the same
Their limmes: and busie Baucis brought them cuishons homely geere.
Which done, the embers on the harth she gan abrode to steere,
And laid the coales togethier that were raakt up over night,
And with the brands and dried leaves did make them gather might, ... [VIII.820]
And with the blowing of hir mouth did make them kindle bright.
Then from an inner house she fetcht seare sticks and clifted brands,
And put them broken underneath a Skillet with hir hands.
Hir Husband from their Gardenplot fetcht Coleworts. Of the which
She shreaded small the leaves, and with a Forke tooke downe a flitch
Of restie Bacon from the Balke made blacke with smoke, and cut
A peece thereof, and in the pan to boyling did it put.
And while this meate a seething was, the time in talke they spent,
By means whereof away without much tedousnesse it went.
There hung a Boawle of Beeche upon a spirget by a ring. ... [VIII.830]
The same with warmed water filld the two old folke did bring
To bathe their guests foule feete therein. Amid the house there stood
A Couch whose bottom sides and feete were all of Sallow wood,
And on the same a Mat of Sedge. They cast upon this bed
A covering which was never wont upon it to be spred
Except it were at solemne feastes: and yet the same was olde
And of the coursest, with a bed of sallow meete to holde.
The Gods sate downe. The aged wife right chare and busie as
A Bee, set out a table, of the which the thirde foote was
A little shorter than the rest. A tyleshaerd made it even ... [VIII.840]
And toile away the shoringnesse: and when they had it driven
To stand up levell, with greene Mintes they by and by it wipte.
Then set they on it Pallas fruite with double colour stripte.
And Cornels kept in pickle moyst, and Endive, and a roote
Of Radish, and a jolly lump of Butter fresh and soote,
And Egges reare roasted. All these Cates in earthen dishes came.
Then they set downe a graven cup made also of the same
Selve kinde of Plate, and mazers made of Beech whose inner syde
Was rubd with yellow wax. And when they pawsed had a tyde,
Hot meate came pyping from the fyre. And shortly thereupon ... [VIII.850]
A cup of greene hedg wyne was brought. This tane away, anon
Came in the latter course, which was of Nuts, Dates, dryed figges,
Sweete smelling Apples in a Mawnd made flat of Osier twigges,
And Prunes and Plums and Purple grapes cut newly from the tree,
And in the middes a honnycomb new taken from the Bee.
Besydes all this there did ensew good countnance overmore,
With will not poore nor nigardly. Now all the whyle before,
As often as Philemon and Dame Baucis did perceyve
The emptie Cup to fill alone, and wyne to still receyve,
Amazed at the straungenesse of the thing, they gan streyght way ... [VIII.860]
With fearfull harts and hands hilld up to frame themselves to pray.
Desyrying for theyr slender cheere and fare to pardoned bee.
They had but one poore Goose which kept theyr little Tennantree,
And this to offer to the Gods theyr guestes they did intend.
The Gander wyght of wing did make the slow old folke to spend
Theyr paynes in vayne, and mokt them long. At length he seemd to flye
For succor to the Gods themselves, who bade he should not dye.
For wee bee Gods (quoth they) and all this wicked towneship shall
Abye their gylt. On you alone this mischeef shall not fall.
No more but give you up your house, and follow up this hill ... [VIII.870]
Together, and upon the top therof abyde our will.
They both obeyd. And as the Gods did lead the way before,
They lagged slowly after with theyr staves, and labored sore
Ageinst the rysing of the hill. They were not mickle more
Than full a flyghtshot from the top, when looking backe they saw
How all the towne was drowned save their lyttle shed of straw.
And as they wondred at the thing and did bewayle the case
Of those that had theyr neighbours beene, the old poore Cote so base
Whereof they had beene owners erst, became a Church. The proppes
Were turned into pillars huge. The straw uppon the toppes ... [VIII.880]
Was yellow, so that all the roof did seeme of burnisht gold:
The floore with marble paved was. The doores on eyther fold
Were graven. At the sight hereof Philemon and his make
Began to pray in feare. Then Jove thus gently them bespake:
Declare thou ryghtuoowe man, and thou O woman meeete to have
A ryghtuoowe howsband, what yee would most cheefly wish or crave.
Philemon taking conference a little with his wyfe,
Declared bothe theyr meenings thus: We covet during lyfe,
Your Chapleynes for to bee to keepe your Temple. And bycause
Our yeeres in concord wee have spent, I pray when death neere drawes, ... [VIII.890]
Let bothe of us togher leave our lives: that neyther I
Behold my wives deceace, nor shee see myne when I doo dye.
Theyr wish had sequele to theyr will. As long as lyfe did last,
They kept the Church. And beeing spent with age of yeares forepast,
By chaunce as standing on a tyme without the Temple doore
They told the fortune of the place, Philemon old and poore
Saw Baucis floorish greene with leaves, and Baucis saw likewyse
Philemon braunching out in boughes and twigs before hir eyes.
And as the Bark did overgrow the heads of both, eche spake
To other whyle they myght. At last they eche of them did take ... [VIII.900]
Theyr leave of other bothe at once, and therewithall the bark
Did hyde their faces both at once. The Phrygians in that park
Doo at this present day still shew the trees that shaped were
Of theyr two bodies, growing yit togither joyntly there.
Theis things did auncient men report of credit verie good.
For why there was no cause why they should lye. As I there stood
I saw the garlands hanging on the boughes, and adding new
I sayd: Let them whom God dooth love be Gods, and honor dew
Bee given to such as honor him with feare and reverence trew.
He hild his peace, and bothe the thing and he that did it tell ... [VIII.910]
Did move them all, but Theseus most. Whom being mynded well
To heere of woondrous things, the brooke of Calydon thus bespake:
There are, O valiant knyght, sum folke that had the powre to take
Straunge shape for once, and all their lyves continewed in the same.
And other sum to sundrie shapes have power themselves to frame,
As thou, O Protew, dwelling to the sea that cleepes the land.
For now a yoonker, now a boare, anon a Lyon, and
Streyght way thou didst become a Snake, and by and by a Bull
That people were afraid of thee to see thy horned skull.
And oftentymes thou seemde a stone, and now and then a tree, ... [VIII.920]
And counterfetting water sheere thou seemedst oft to bee
Aa River: and another whyle contrarie thereunto
Thou wart a fyre. No lesser power than also thus to doo
Had Erisichthons daughter whom Awtolychus tooke to wyfe.
Her father was a person that despysed all his lyfe
The powre of Gods, and never did vouchsauf them sacrifyse.
He also is reported to have heaven in wicked wyse
The grove of Ceres, and to fell her holy woods which ay
Had undiminisht and unhackt continewed to that day.
There stood in it a warrie Oke which was a wood alone. ... [VIII.930]
Upgon it round hung fillets, crownes, and tables, many one,
The vowes of such as had obteynd theyr hearts desyre. Full oft
The Woodnymphes undernebath this tree did fetch theyr frisks aloft
And oftentymes with hand in hand they daunced in a round
About the Trunk, whose bignesse was of timber good and sound
Full fifteene fadom. All the trees within the wood besyde,
Were unto this, as weedes to them: so farre it did them hyde.
Yit could not this move Triops sonne his axe therefro to hold,
But bade his servants cut it downe. And when he did behold
Them stunting at his hest, he snatcht an axe with furious mood ... [VIII.940]
From one of them, and wickedly sayd thus: Although thys wood
Not only were the derling of the Goddesse, but also
The Goddesse even herself: yet would I make it ere I go
To kisse the clowers with her top that pranks with braunches so.
This spoken, as he sweatk his axe asyde to fetch his blow,
The manast Oke did quake and sygh, the Acornes that did grow
Thereon togither with the leaves to wex full pale began,
And shrinking in for feare the boughes and braunches looked wan.
As soone as that his cursed hand had wounded once the tree,
The blood came spinning from the carf, as freshly as yee see ... [VIII.950]
It issue from a Bullocks necke whose throte is newly cut
Before the Altar, when his flesh to sacrifyse is put.
They were amazed everychone. And one among them all
To let the wicked act, durst from the tree his hatchet call.
The lewd Thessalian facing him sayd: Take thou heere to thee
The guerdon of thy godlynesse, and turning from the tree,
He chopped off the fellowes head. Which done, he went agen
And hewed on the Oke. Streight from amid the tree as then
There issued such a sound as this: Within this tree dwell I
A Nymph to Ceres very deere, who now before I dye ... [VIII.960]
In comfort of my death doo give thee warning thou shalt bye
Thy dooing deere within a whyle. He goeth wilfully
Still thorrough with his wickednesse, untill at length the Oke
Puld partly by the force of ropes, and cut with axis stroke,
Did fall, and with his weyght bare downe of under wood great store.
The Wood nymphes with the losses of the woods and theyrs ryght sore
Amazed, gathered on a knot, and all in mourning weeede
Went sad to Ceres, praying her to wreake that wicked deede
Of Erisichtons. Ceres was content it should bee so.
And with the moving of her head in nodding to and fro, ... [VIII.970]
Shee shooke the feelides which laden were with frutefull Harvest tho,
And therewithall a punishment most piteous shee proceeedes
To put in practyse: were it not that his most heynous deedes
No pitie did deserve to have at any bodies hand.
With helpelesse hungar him to pyne, in purpose shee did stand.
And forasmuch as shee herself and Famin myght not meete
(For fate forbiddeth Famin to abyde within the leete
Where plentie is) shee thus bespake a fayrie of the hill:
There lyeth in the utmost bounds of Tartarie the chill
A Dreerie place, a wretched soyle, a barreine plot: no grayne, ... [VIII.980]
No frute, no tree is growing there: but there dooth ay remayne
Unweeldeome cold, with trembling feare, and palenesse white as clowt,
And foodlesse Famin. Will thou her immediatly withowt
Delay to shed herself into the stomake of the wretch,
And let no plentie staunch her force but let her working stretch
Above the powre of mee. And lest the longnesse of the way
May make thee wearie, take thou heere my charyot: take I say
My draggons for to beare thee through the aire. In saying so
She gave hir them. The Nymph mounts up, and flying thence as tho
Alyghts in Scythy land, and up the cragged top of hye ... [VIII.990]
Mount Caucasus did cause hir Snakes with much adoo to stye.
Where seeking long for Famin, shee the gaptoothd elfe did spye
Amid a barreine stony feeld a ramping up the grasse
With ougly nayles and chanking it. Her face pale coloured was.
Hir heare was harsh and shirle, her eyes were sunken in her head.
Her lyppes were hore with filth, her teeth were furd and rusty red.
Her skinne was starched, and so sheere a man myght well espye
The verie bowels in her bulk how every one did lye.
And eke above her courbed loynes her withered hipses were seene.
In stead of belly was a space where belly should have beene. ... [VIII.1000]
Her brest did hang so sagging downe as that a man would weene
That scarcely to her ridgebone had hir ribbes beene fastened well.
Her leannesse made her joynts bolne big, and kneepannes for to swell.
And with exceeding might knubs her heeles behynd boyned out.
Now when the Nymph behild this elfe afarre, (she was in dout
To come too neere her:) shee declarde her Ladies message. And
In that same little whyle although the Nymph aloof did stand,
And though shee were but newly come, yit seemed shee to feele
The force of Famin. Wheruppon shee turning bake her wheele
Did reyne her dragons up aloft: who streyght with courage free ... [VIII.1010]
Conveyd her into Thessaly. Although that Famin bee
Ay contrarype to Ceres woork, yit did shee then agree
To do her will and glyding through the Ayre supported by
The wynd, she found th' appoynted house: and entring by and by
The caytifs chamber where he slept (it was in tyme of nyght)
Shee hugged him betweene her armes there snorting bolt upryght,
And breathing her into him, blew uppon his face and brest,
That hungar in his emptie veynes myght woorke as hee did rest.
And when she had accomplished her charge, shee then forsooke
The frutefull Clymates of the world, and home ageine betooke ... [VIII.1020]
Herself untoo her frutelesse feeldes and former dwelling place.
The gentle sleepe did all this whyle with fethers soft embrace
The wretched Erisichtons corse. Who dreaming streight of meate
Did stirre his hungry jawes in vayne as though he had to eate
And chanking tooth on tooth apace he gryndes them in his head,
And occupies his emptie throte with swallowing, and in stead
Of food devoures the lither ayre. But when that sleepe with nyght
Was shaken off, immediatly a furious appetite
Of feeding gan to rage in him, which in his greedy gummes
And in his meatlesse maw dooth reigne unstauncht. Anon there cummes ... [VIII.1030]
Before him whatsoever lives on sea, in aire or land:
And yit he crieth still for more. And though the platters stand
Before his face full furnished, yit dooth he still complayne
Of hungar, craving meate at meale. The food that would susteine
Whole householdes, Townships, Shyres and Realmes suffyce not him alone.
The more his pampered paunch consumes, the more it maketh mone
And as the sea receyves the brookes of all the worldly Realmes,
And yit is never satisfyde for all the forreine streames,
And as the fell and ravening fyre refuseth never wood,
But burneth faggots numberlesse, and with a furious mood ... [VIII.1040]
The more it hath, the more it still desyreth evermore,
Encreacing in devouring through encreasement of the store:
So wicked Erisichtons mouth in swallowing of his meate
Was ever hungry more and more, and longed ay to eate.
Meate tolld in meate: and as he ate the place was empty still.
The hungr of his brinklesse Maw, the gulf that nowght might fill,
Had brought his fathers goods to nowght. But yit continewed ay
His cursed hungar unappeasd: and nothing could alay
The flaming of his starved throte. At length when all was spent,
And into his unfilled Maw bothe goods and lands were sent, ... [VIII.1050]
An only daughter did remayne unworthy to have had
So lewd a father. Hir he sold, so hard he was bestad.
But shee of gentle courage could no bondage well abyde.
And therfore stretching out her hands to seaward there besyde,
Now save mee, quoth shee, from the yoke of bondage I thee pray,
O thou that my virginitie enjoyest as a pray.
Neptunus had it. Who to this her prayer did consent.

And though her maister looking backe (for after him shee went)
Had newly seene her, yit he turnd hir shape and made hir man,
And gave her looke of fisherman. Her mayster looking than ... [VIII.1060]
Upon her, sayd: Good fellow, thou that on the shore doost stand
With angling rod and bayted hooke and hanging lyne in hand,
I pray thee as thou dost desyre the Sea ay calme to thee,
And fishes for to byght thy bayt, and striken still to bee,
Tell where the frizzletopped wench in course and sluttish geere
That stooide right now uppon this shore (for well I wote that heere
I saw her standing) is become. For further than this place
No footestep is appeering. Shee perceyving by the cace
That Neptunes gift made well with her, and beeing glad to see
Herself enquiryd for of herself, sayd thus: Who ere you bee ... [VIII.1070]
I pray you for to pardon mee. I turned not myne eye
At'one syde ne a toother from this place, but did apply
My labor hard. And that you may the lesser stand in dowt,
So Neptune further still the Art and craft I go abowt,
As now a whyle no living Wyght uppon this levell sand
(Myself excepted) neyther man nor woman heere did stand.
Her maister did beleev her words: and turning backward went
His way beguyld: and streight to her her native shape was sent.
But when her father did perceyve his daughter for to have
A bodye so transformable, he oftentymes her gave ... [VIII.1080]
For monny. But the damzell still escaped, now a Mare
And now a Cow, and now a Bird, a Hart, a Hynd, or Hare,
And ever fed her hungry Syre with undeserved fare.
But after that the maladie had wasted all the meates
As well of store as that which shee had purchast by her feates:
Most cursed keytife as he was, with bighting hee did rend
His fleshe, and by diminishing his bodye did intend
To feed his bodye, till that death did speede his fatall end.
But what meene I to busye mee in forreine matters thus?
To alter shapes within precinct is lawfull even to us, ... [VIII.1090]
My Lords. For sumtime I am such as you do now mee see,
Sumtyme I wynd mee in a Shake: and oft I seeme to bee
A Capteine of the herd with hornses. For taking hornses on mee
I lost a tyne which heeretofore did arme mee as the print
Dooth playnly shew. With that same word he syghed and did stint.
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298. Calydna: Calymne.
497. Orithya: this should be Hippasus, son of Eurytas.