THE COMPLETE WORKS
IN VERSE AND PROSE
OF SAMUEL DANIEL.

Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and a Glossarial Index embracing Notes and Illustrations.

BY THE
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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—Biographical.
I. INEDITED INTRODUCTORY POEMS. 1595—1623.
II. SONNETS TO DELIA. 1592.
III. THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND. 1592.
IV. A LETTER FROM OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS. 1599.
V. A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE TO JAMES I. 1603.
VI. A FVNERALL POEME VPON THE DEATH OF THE EARLE OF DEUONSHIRE. 1606.
VII. CERTAINE EPISTLES. 1601-3.
VIII. MUSOPHILUS, OR DEFENCE OF ALL LEARNING. 1603.
IX. OCCASIONAL POEMS, FROM VARIOUS SOURCES, 1593—1607

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.
TO

LEWIS MORRIS, Esq.,

The Poet of
"Songs of Two Worlds," "Epic of Hades," "Songs Unsung,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

I dedicate this first collective and critical edition of the Works of
Samuel Daniel.

SEER AND SAGE—SAMUEL AND DANIEL—
UNITED IN HIS NAME WHOSE WORKS I BRING,
MORRIS, TO THEE. SO WITS OF OLD WOULD RING
QUAINT CHANGES ON A NAME THEY LOVED FULL WELL.
NOR LESS OWN WE TO-DAY THE DULCET SPELL
LAID ON US BY HIS OLD-WORLD CAROLLING:
THOUGHT-LADEN, YET OF SINGER THAT DOES SING;
HALF O' THE EARTH, HALF O' THE SKY,—AS BELL
IN CHURCH-TOWER HEARD FAINT ACROSS MOOR OR MERE.
I LOVE THIS GENTLE SPIRIT, MAN AND BARD;
I WOULD NOT HAVE HIS WREATH GROW DIM OR SERE:
TRUE POET OF OUR AGE, LET THY REGARD
SANCTION MY WORK OF LOVE, AS WITH STOOP'D KNEE
I HONOUR HIM, AND SEEK TO HONOUR THEE.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.
CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prefatory Note</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical. By the Editor</th>
<th>xi</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Inedited Introductory Poems, from Various Sources</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sonnets to Delia</th>
<th>17</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Complaint of Rosamond</th>
<th>79</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A Letter from Octauia to Marcus Antonius</th>
<th>115</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A Panegyrike Congratulorie to James I.</th>
<th>139</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A Vnnerall Poeme Vpon the Death of the Earle of Deuonshire</th>
<th>169</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Certaine Epistles</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Musophilus, or Defence of all Learning</th>
<th>221</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Occasional Poems from Various Sources</th>
<th>257</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOL. I.

Portrait by Alais after the Original Engraving in the Quarto of 1623, with Autograph from Letter in H.M. Public Record Office.

[Face Title-page.]

Facsimile of Letter to the Earl of Devonshire in H.M. Public Record Office (in post 4to only), by Waterlow & Sons (Limited), slightly diminished, as witness the full-sized autograph under portrait.

[Face page xxii.]
closing volume. Toward them I have the pleasure and satisfaction of promised aid from various capable and sympathetic fellow-workers on our elder Poets and Dramatists. In the same volume, the ‘Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical’ will be given, with the completed text before the reader for reference. Therein tributes paid to "well-languaged Daniel," earlier and recent, may be looked for; also evidence of his influence from Shakespeare to Wordsworth and Coleridge. Meantime, if the ‘Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical’—though fuller than any hitherto—is far from being so matterful as I should have wished, it has not been from lack of search or research, or willing helpers. It is infinitely pathetic to find how very little the world knows of its most elect spirits.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction I furnish a dainty reproduction (by Alais) of the portrait of our Worthy—after that in the quarto of 1623—in all the four forms; and underneath it a facsimile of his autograph from the. Letter given in fac-simile (in the largest paper only) from H.M. Public Record Office. I owe thanks to the authorities there for facilitating the fac-simile being taken.

I am not without a hope of adding to our knowledge of Daniel as the Works proceed, as various friends are following up lines of inquiry.

Alexander B. Grosart.

St. George's Vestry, Blackburn, Lancashire,
26th March, 1885.
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION I.—
BIOGRAPHICAL.

DANIEL and Daniell, Danyel and Danyell (and other variants) is a not infrequent surname in England, earlier and later. But there is a tantalizing absence of connecting links, as of anything in any way notable: e.g., the Calendars of State Papers, somewhat preceding and contemporary with our "sweet Singer," bring up a contentious John Daniel and his wife in weary iteration of complaint and appeal*—all long since passed into silence—together with others of the name, but without recognisable relationship between them. Certain Cornwall Daniels appear to have migrated from the "Low Countries," albeit it is just possible that originally they had passed as Merchant-adventurers to 'Middleburg' from Cornwall.† Others are met with in Cheshire and several southern English counties.

The various authorities—Anthony à-Wood to Nightingale and Collinson—unite in describing our Poet as

* 'Calendars,' 1566 to 1618, et alibi.
† In Gentleman’s Magazine, 1826 (vol. xcvi., P. i., pp. 130-2), is an interesting account of Daniels at Penzance in the reign of James I. His father was 'Depute-Governor' at Middleborough (Brabant) in 1613, and the Diarist of this paper notifies that he himself had been born there in 1599.
son of a JOHN DANIEL, a ‘music-master’; and upon this Thomas Fuller writes—“his harmonious mind made an impression on his son’s genius, who proved an exquisite poet,” and again characteristically on Christian and surname—“He carried in his Christian and surname two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures that he abhorred all profaneness” (Worthies: by Nuttall [1840], iii. 104). No one appears to have traced a ‘musical’ John Daniel, except the brother of the name. I am inclined to query whether the fraternal John Daniel has not been split into two John Daniels. Certes, the brother, has left tangible evidence that he was a ‘music-master,’* whilst of the father as such nothing has been transmitted. Anthony à-Wood (Athenæ Oxoniensis, by Bliss, s.n.) has designated Samuel as sprung of “a wealthy family.” ‘Wealth’ was unlikely to belong to a ‘music-master.’ Unfortunately the County Historians in all their big books yield no speck of light on this or aught else—merely perfunctorily repeating after Wood, Fuller, Biographia Britannica (Kippis), Chalmers’ Biographical Dictionary, etc., etc.

There is a shadow of uncertainty on his birth-place. According to Anthony à-Wood he was born at Beckington, near Philip’s Norton (Somerset); but the historian apparently confused his burial-place with his birth-place. The Parish Register of Beckington goes back to 1559; but there is no recorded baptism of any Daniel there until 1567 (as onward). This is decisive on Wood’s

* Dr. Rimbault, in Notes and Queries (1853), No. 179, records John Daniel’s Songs for the Lute, Viol, and Voice, 1606, and that his name occurs among the Musicians for the Lutes and Voices in a Privy Seal of Dec. 20, 1625.
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION,

mistake (Rev. J. L. Sainsbury, M.A., rector of Beckington, to me). Le Neve* assigns it to “Wilmington, in Wiltshire, neare the Plaine of Salisburie.” Unfortunately the earliest-dated Parish-register entry at Wilmington is 1688. Dr. Thomas Fuller, with an express note that he had been ‘certified’ of this by “some of his acquaintance,” states that he was born “not far from Taunton (Somersetshire).” The ‘acquaintance’ cannot have been very intimate, as they were unable to inform him of either the date or place of his death. Again, unluckily, the Parish Registers of St. James’s, Taunton (which at the period might have been accurately described as ‘near’ or ‘nigh’ Taunton), commence only in 1610. That of St. Mary’s, Taunton, commencing before our Daniel’s period, has no Daniel entry whatever.†

As his contemporaries have celebrated him as a ‘Somerset’ man,‡ we may safely assume that Le Neve was misinformed about Wilmington having been his birth-place, and that Fuller was correct in assigning it to “not far from Taunton.” Surely some Somerset antiquary will ‘take trouble’ and elucidate the point. Ad interim, I judge not Taunton itself but (probably) some near-adjointing hamlet was the birth-place; perchance in Taunton Dean, “a parcel of ground round about Taunton,” renowned in a still current proverb.§

* Lansdowne MSS. 983 f. 343.
† The Rev. Samuel Wilkinson, and Arthur Kinglake, Esq., J.P., Taunton, did their utmost to get at data; in vain thus far, save above.
‡ See ‘Memorial-Introduction II. — Critical’ for various notices.
§ “Where should I be born else than in Taunton Dean— with soil so rich that zun (= sun) and zoil (= soil) are all needed?” — i.e. no manure.
Somewhat somnolent Somerset has the distinction of having produced earlier, Hooper the martyr-bishop and Sir James Dyer, Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Harington and Blake and Pym; and later, Bishop Bull, Ralph Cudworth, John Locke, and Henry Fielding; but no recognised Poet except Samuel Daniel (Thomas Coryat not in the running). It is about time Somerset erected some memorial of "well-languaged Daniel"?

The year birth-date was 1562 or 1563. This is arrived at from his entry as 'commoner' in Magdalen Hall, Oxford. This was in 1579, when he was in his seventeenth year; which carries us back to 1562-3. He was thus about a decade of years younger than Spenser (1553) and Sir Philip Sidney (1554), two or three years or thereby younger than Robert Greene ("about 1560"), and a little older than Shakespeare (1564), and Thomas Nashe (1564), and nearly contemporaneous with Michael Drayton (1563).

Of his preparatory education nothing whatever is known. He is alleged to have had an 'excellent tutor' at famous Magdalen. But according to Anthony à-Wood his 'geny' having inclined him rather to lighter studies, he remained under academic training for only "three years," and finally left the University—as did Philip Massinger—"without a degree" (Wood, as before). This brings us to 1582 or 1583. Wood's full account is:—

"He continued about three years, and improved himself much in academical learning, by the benefit of an excellent tutor. But his geny being more prone to easier and smoother studies, than in pecking and hewing at logic, he left the university without the honour of a degree, and exercised it much in English history and poetry, of which he then gave several ingenious specimens" (Ath. Oxon., by Bliss, ii. 268).
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

But though he thus left Oxford, he must have continued his scholarly studies and bookish habits, seeing that in 1584-5 there was published the following considerable book:—

The
Worthy tract of
Paulus Iouius, contayning a
Discourse of rare inuentions, both
Militarie and Amorous
called Impreſe.

Whereunto is added a Preface contayning the Arte of composing them, with
many other notable devises.
By Samuel Daniell, late Student
in Oxenforde.

At London,
Printed for Simon Waterfon.
1585.

In succession to the Translator’s own Epistle-dedicator
ty of the ‘Worthy Tract’ to “The right worshipful, Sir Edward Dimmock, Champion to her Maiestie,” is a
lengthy Epistle “To his good friend Samvel Daniel”
by an (unknown) N. W. from ‘Oxenforde,’ wherein many
well-turned compliments are paid to the young scholar,
closing thus:—

“Thus am I bold to animate and encourage you to your
credite, which if I haue done to long, so vppon occasion did
Tullio, Plato, Seneca: if rudely, ascribe it to simplicitie: if
slightly, to the rarenes of your arte: if to copiously, to too
feruent desire: for seeing that in verbis est aliquod præmium, I
had rather shewe myself to prodigall to my friends then a
snudge: which when you haue read, fier it.”

In his “Defence of Rhyme,” which was addressed
to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, we get a pleasant
glimpse of his position from (probably) 1585 onward:—
He is defending his love of 'rhyme' in verse against Campion's heresy of hexameters, and thus acknowledges his obligations to his patron's mother—

“Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother”:

“Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother, and received the first notion for the formal ordering of these compositions, at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and a grateful memory. Afterwards, drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my muse, I adventured to bestow all my powers therein, perceiving it agreed so well both with the complexion of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me.”

This seems to warrant us in concluding that upon leaving Oxford he was introduced to the 'charmed circle' of Wilton; albeit John Morris (in his Biographical Introduction to his "Selections" from Daniel) thus put it:—

“This may have been the case; but a closer examination will perhaps show his meaning to be, that in the first place he felt a grateful obligation to the Countess of Pembroke, for his having, through her kindness and encouragement, gained his earliest acquaintance with the delights of literature at Wilton, his best school; and that, in the next place, under the patronage of the Earl, he was drawn further on, or enabled to prosecute higher studies at the University. If this be his meaning, then it will appear that, while yet young, he had obtained the notice, and was favoured with the patronage, of Sidney's sister, the excellent Countess of Pembroke” (p. xiv).

The thing cannot be dogmatically pronounced upon under our dim light, but in my judgment he is contrasting the after-delights at Wilton as his 'best school'
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

with the (to him) dry-as-dust studies of Oxford that he had escaped from. This later date of residence at Wilton seems further strengthened by the headings of two of the ‘Delia’ Sonnets which inform us that he went to Italy; and it has been the unvarying tradition that he went thither with a Herbert. Besides, it is in relation to the same Sonnets and kindred poems—from 1590-1 onward—that he pays glowing homage to the illustrious Mary, Countess of Pembroke.* It is pleasant even at this late day to indulge the Pleasures of Imagination in a vision of young Samuel Daniel pursuing his poetical and other cultured studies at Wilton, while Sir Philip Sidney’s death was still a recent memory (1586).

It was in 1591 that Samuel Daniel first came before the world as a Poet. This he did by the semi-furtive publication of twenty-seven of his Love-sonnets by Thomas Nashe in his famous edition of Sidney’s Astrrophel and Stella, ‘edited’ by this fiery Free-lance of our Literature (see ‘Note’ before ‘Delia’). This led to his own publication of the series of Sonnets addressed (mainly) to ‘Delia’ in 1592. This first (authoritative) edition was followed by a second in the same year. A third appeared in 1594.

I do not suppose it is likely now that we shall ever know who ‘Delia’ was. But I for one recognize in these Sonnets a human passion, and not mere ‘sportive wit’ or ‘idle play.’ The grief grows o’times monotonous and even grotesque, but ever and anon there comes the genuine ‘cry’ of a man’s heart in suspensive anguish. He is by no means a strong man—contrariwise reveals

* See Glossarial-Index, s.n., for full notices of all the ‘fair women’ and ‘brave men’ celebrated by Daniel.
a good deal of valetudinarian sentimentalism; yet is there reality of 'love,' and not simply rhyme-craft.

Elsewhere (viz., in Note before 'Delia' and beneath the successive Sonnets) I record the variations of the several editions of 'Delia.' At this point it seems expedient to notice one Sonnet that is found in the first edition alone of 1592. It opens the series. It is headed simply 'To M. P.' John Morris (as before), as have others, explains, "the initials evidently stand for Mary, Countess of Pembroke" (p. 1). But this cannot be. For (a) How should he have used initials only in 1592, and given the name in full in 1594 ('Delia')? (b) Can we conceive such a liberty as a dependant thus using the simple initials M. P.? (c) It has been overlooked that in N. W.'s Epistle before 'Paulus Jovius' (1585) an unmistakable reference is made to 'M. P.' as a common friend and a MAN, thus:

"A frend of mine whom you know, M. P., climing for an Egles nest but defeated by the mallalent of fortune, limned in his studie a Pine tree striken with lightning, carying this mot, Il mio sperar . . . . Yet in despight of fortune he deuised a Pinnace or small Barke, tossed with tempestuous stormes, and on the saile was written expectanda dies, hoping as I think for one sunne shine day to recompence so many gloomy and winter monethes."

Who this M. P. was it is vain to conjecture; but the tone of the opening Sonnet of the 1592 volume utters personal disappointment and "want" and "care."

His 'journeying' to Italy being celebrated in the 'Delia' of 1592 dates it prior to that year. We know not how long or short before. The 47th Sonnet of 1594 is headed "At the Authors going into Italie," and the 48th "This Sonnet was made at the Authors being in
MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

Italy"* (see present vol., pp. 71, 72). More interesting still—and hitherto strangely overlooked—his Verses on the translation of 'Pastor Fido' (see 'Occasional Poems' in the present volume) seem to make a personal reference to a conversation with Guarini, wherein the Italian depreciated the "English tongue." 'Pastor Fido' first appeared in 1590. This fact will require fuller afternotice (in 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical'). The publication of the Sonnets to 'Delia' made him 'famous' at a bound. He was in all men's mouths. He was a new voice in the heaven of English Song. Surrey and Wyatt had now an 'heir.' If thinner in substance, these Sonnets have finer literary form than theirs. His 'Verses commendatory'—as given in 'IX. Occasional Poems' in the present volume—testify that speedily his word went a long way to win public notice.

His 'Complaint of Rosamond' accompanied the 'Delia' Sonnets from the outset, and contained a memorable reference to his 'lady-love.' Between 1591-2 and 1600—wherever located—he must have burned the midnight oil over his Verse. The 1594 'Delia' was accompanied by 'Cleopatra,' a tragedy. In 1595 appeared the 'First Foure Bookes of the Ciuil Wars.' In 1599 was issued 'The Poeticall Essayes of Sam. Danyell, newly corrected and augmented.' This added a fifth Book to the 'Ciuil Wars.' In 1600-1 he prepared his folio of the 'Works of Samuel Daniel, newly augmented.' This fine volume was primarily printed for gift-copies or private circulation. Some copies have special dedicatory poems prefixed (see pp. 4—9 of the

* To Mr. J. Payne Collier belongs the praise of having first observed these headings.
present volume). In 1600 he was engaged as tutor to the (afterwards) renowned Lady Ann Clifford, then in her eleventh year. Dr. Whitaker in his 'Craven' (by Morant, vol. i., pp. 386-7), thus writes:

"Among the papers at Skipton Castle I met with an original book of accounts, filled with memoranda, relating to this lady's education from 1600 to 1602. In the beginning is the following prayer, intended, I suppose, to be used on entering the church—

'O Lord, increase o'r fayth, and make us euermore attentyve hearers, true conceivers, and diligent fullfillers, of thy heauenly will.'

And after—

'To wish and will it is my part,
To you, good lady, from my hart,
The yeares of Nestor God you send,
With hapynes to your life's end!'

These lines are, I think, in the handwriting of Samuel Daniel, her tutor; and when compared with the future history and long life of this young lady, then only eleven years old, it cannot be denied that their prayer was heard. She actually saw ninety years wanting only three, and the 'happiness' of the last thirty had no abatement to her 'life's end.'"

A still more noteworthy memorial of this tutorship is extant in his verse-address to his fair and precocious pupil. It is after the type of his friend Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke's philosophic poetry, more thought-laden than wrought. He must have had a prescient discernment of the strength and intellectual capacity of young 'Lady Anne' (see present vol., p. 213). Doubtless his post at Appleby and Skipton had its pleasantnesses, and the Lady through life held her tutor in grateful memory—as witness his being introduced into a great family picture (still preserved), and his 'Whole Works in Verse' being placed along with Spenser's on
bookshelves introduced into the background, and his monument at Beckington. None the less his Letter to the Lord Chancellor Egerton has these unsatisfied words—

"Such hath been my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of men, I have been constrained to live with children, and contrary to myne owne spirit, putt out of that scene which nature had made my parte" (the present vol., p. 10).

From this memorandum it would seem that Daniel relinquished his tutorship in 1602, in which year first appeared Book VI. of the 'Civil Wars.' He had been 'at Court' toward the close of the foregoing century. There is a kind of vague tradition that Elizabeth appointed him 'Laureate' on the death of Spenser (in 1599). I find no evidence of this. But his 'Panegyrike' to King James must have been composed off-hand and as speedily printed (privately)—seeing that copies are found bound up in the folio of 1601—though it does not appear to have been formally or publicly delivered until 1603 in Rutlandshire, as the heading bears (present vol., p. 141). He is most uncourtly plain-spoken in his 'Panegyrike'; and the King and Queen (Ann) deserve all credit for not taking offence. With all his faults and failings, the new king was in sympathy (in the beginning at any rate), with learning and genius. Equally manly was his splendid verse-epistle to Henry, Earl of Southampton. The Queen must have 'taken' to him right cordially. Whether his office was 'at pleasure' or by a verbal understanding, he was called upon from time to time to prepare 'Masks' and quasi-theatrical entertainments—as his 'Dramatic' productions show, e.g., "Tethys' Festival" and the "Vision of the Twelve
Goddesses,” and “Hymen’s Triumph” and “Queen’s Arcadia.” He must have been frequently at Court, and in intimate association with the royal family and nobility. Latterly he was eclipsed by “rare Ben” (who was surly and malignant toward him), and in his melancholy wrote “bitter things” against himself. His self-depreciation, if it be painful, is not without touch of grotesquerie. He grew weary of ‘high life,’ and secluded himself. Thomas Fuller quaintly describes his periodic retreats thus:—

“As the tortoise burieth himself all the winter in the ground, so Mr. Daniel would be hid at his garden house in Old Street, near London, for some months together (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses); and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowel and Mr. Camden were principal” (Worthies, as before).

Spite of these retirements, he was a keen observer from his “loophole of retreat,” and could express himself incisively. Thus his Tragedy of “Philotas” had been misapplied to the brilliant but unfortunate Earl of Essex. Thereupon the Author added a spirited ‘Vindication’ to the play—‘spirited,’ yet after all we had rather have had it unwritten. And not only so, but it having reached him that his patron-friend, the Earl of Devonshire (‘Stella’s’ lord), was displeased with his use of his name, he addressed to this nobleman (in 1604) a striking Letter, as follows: *

“My Lorde,

‘Vnderstanding yo’ lo: is displeased w: mee, it hath more shaken my harte then I did thinke any fortune could

* See fac-simile from the original in H.M. Public Record Office, in post 4to copies of the present volume, in this place.
have done in respect I have not deserved it, nor done or spoken any thing in this matter of Philotas unworthy of you or me. And now having fully satisfyed my Lord of Cranborne, I crave to vnburthen me of this imputation without your help: and it is the last suite I will ever make. And therefore I beseech you to understand all this great error I have committed.

"First I told the Lords I had written 3 Acts of this tragedie the Christmas before my Lord of Essex troubles, as diuers in the citie could witness. I saide the master of the Revells had permitted it. I said I had read some parte of it to your honor: and this I said having none else of power to grace mee now in Corte & hoping you out of your knowledge of bookes, or furnish me of letters & me, might answere that there is nothing in it disagreeing nor any thing, as I protest there is not, but out of the universall notions of ambition and envy, the petulall argument of bookes or tragedies. I did not say you incouraged me vnto the presenting of it; yf I should I had beene a villayne, for when I shewed it to your honor I was not resoluèd to haue had it acted, nor should it haue bene had not my necessities ouermaistred mee. And therefore I beseech you let not now an Earle of Devonshir ouerthrow what a L. Mountjoy hath done, who hath done me good and I haue done him honor: the world must, or shall know my innocence whilst I haue a pen to shew it, and for you I know I shall liue inter historiam temporis as well as greater men, I must not be such an abject vnto my self as to neglect my reputation, and having bene knowne throughout all England for my virtue, I will not leave a stayne of villanie vpon my name whatsoever error else might skape me unfortunately thorow myne indiscretion, & misvnderstanding the tyme: wherein good my Lord mistake not my harte that hath bene & is a syncere honorer of you and seekes your now for no other end but to cleare it self, and to be held as I ame (though I neuer more come nere you)

"Yo honor"

"pore follower & faithfull Servant,

"SAMUEL DANYEL."

He was early in 1603-4 given charge in some way of the Theatre in connection with the licensing of 'Plays':
e.g., in the Calendars of State Papers under “January 31, 1604,” we read:—

“Grant to Edward Kirkham, Alexander Hawkins, Thos. Kendall and Robert Payne, of license to train up children, to be called ‘Children of the Reveals to the Queen,’ and to exercise them in playing within the Blackfriars in London, or elsewhere; all plays to be allowed by Sam. Danyell” (p. 72).

This must have been a permanent function and post, for under “July 10, 1615,” we find the following:—

“Sir Geo. Buck to John Packer, Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain Somerset. The King has been pleased at the mediation of the Queen on behalf of Sam. Danyell, to appoint a company of youths to perform comedies and tragedies at Bristol, under the name of the Youths of Her Majesty’s Royal Chamber of Bristol. Has consented to it as being without prejudice to the rights of his office” (p. 294).

The late Mr. J. Payne Collier and Peter Cunningham have other entries and notes; but the forgeries of the former, and the unreliableness of the latter, compel me to leave them unutilized. The biographic fact to be accentuated is that he had (in Fuller’s words) “a fair salary” from Queen Ann as “servant in ordinary.” His own language is unmistakable in his verse-address “To her sacred Maiestie”—

“I who by that most blessed hand sustain’d,
In quietnes, do eate the bread of rest:
And by that all-reuiuing powre obtain’d
That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest.”

(Present vol., p. 9.)

Later (1618) his theatrical office must have passed to his brother, John Daniel (Calendars, s.n.).

When he was married, and to whom, still remain unknown. It has been stated—on the usual loose
acceptance of inferential statements—that John Florio married a sister of Daniel. But he had no sister, so far as appears.* The Poet's use of 'brother' in his Verses to him was as 'brother' scholar or writer, not as relative. Only the Christian name—a foreign-like one, as if brought from Italy—Justina, has come down to us. They had no issue.

Equally untraced has been the date of his withdrawal from town to the country. The fact of such withdrawal is thus put by Fuller:

"In his old age he turned husbandman, and rented a farm in Wiltshire near to Devizes. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon; for though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow-husbandman-poet, yet there is more required to make a good farmer than only to say the Georgics by heart; and I question whether his Italian will fit on English husbandry. Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel's fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit. However, he had neither a bank of wealth nor a bank of want; being in a competent condition" (Worthies, as before).

Up to 1618—and so probably to the end—he was designated a Groom of the Privy Chamber to the Queen, as is seen in the royal licence then issued, which granted him the privilege of printing for his personal benefit his 'History of England.' In this licence he is described as "our well-beloved servant Samuel Daniell, one of the Groomes of the Priuie Chamber, to our

* See our edition of Spenser, vol. iii., pp. lxxviii—cii, "Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?"; also Bolton Corney's paper in Notes and Queries, 3rd S., viii., pp. 4, 35, etc. Though mistaken as to Bacon, Corney is certainly right as to Florio and Daniel. I am not aware that Florio had a sister whom Daniel might have married. In his Will there is no mention of a 'Justina' by Florio.
dearest wife the Queen” (Rymer’s Fædera, vol. xvii., p. 22).

His ‘farm’ was near Beckington (Somerset)—where Daniels are found to have been resident*—and was named ‘Ridge.’ It is within hail of Bath—on the highway from Bath to Salisbury—and is still in a pleasant country. Here most probably he wrote his ‘History.’ Our final glimpse of him is in his Will, as follows:†—

“WILL OF SAMUEL DANIEL, THE POET.

“From the original in the Will Office of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

“I, Samuelis | In the name of God, Amen. I, Samuel Danyel,
Danyell | sick in bodie but well in mynde, make heer
my last will and testament.

“First, I comitt my soule unto God, trusting to be saved by
the pretious blood and deathe of my Redeemer, Jesus Christe;
and my body to the earth, to be interred in the parish church
where I dye.

“Item, I bequeathe to my sister, Susan Bowre, one feather
bed, and wth the furniture theart to belonging, and such lynnen
as I shall leave at my house at Ridge.

“Item, I bequeathe to Samuel Bowre xvi.

“Item, to Joane Bowre xvi.

“Item, to Susan Bowre xvi.

“Item, to Mary Bowre xvi.

“For the disposing of all other things, I referre them to my
faithfull brother, John Danyel, whome I here ordaine my sole
executor, to whose care and conscience I comitt the perform-
ance thereof.

“And I likewise appoynt and ordayne my loving friend Mr.
Simon Waterson, and my brother in lawe John Phillipps, to be

* The Parish Register, which begins in 1559, has a Thomas
Daniell baptized in 1567, and an Editha Daniell in 1574.
† Shakspere Society Papers, iv., 156-8.
overseers of this my last will and testament, whereunto I have set my hand and seal. Dated the 4th day of September 1619.

"SAMAUEL DANYEL."

"Witnesses of this my last will and testament."

Umphery X Aldenes mark.

William X Wheatlyes mark.

The Will is written on one side of a sheet of foolscap paper, and signed by the poet himself in a neat but rather tremulous hand. The words "Witnesses of this my last will and testament," are also autograph.

He 'sleeps well' at Beckington. His 'pupil,' the Lady Anne, years after placed a mural monument within the Church. It still bears the following inscription:

HERE LYES' EXPECTINGE THE SECOND COMMING OF OUR LORD & SAUVIOUR JESUS CHRIST Y® DEAD BODY OF SAMUELL DANYELL ESQ THAT EXCELLENT POETT AND HISTORIAN WHO WAS TUTOR TO THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD IN HER YOUTH SHE THAT WAS SOLE DAUGHTER AND HEIRE TO GEORGE CLIFFORD EARLE OF CUBERLAND WHO IN GRATITUDE TO HIM ERRECTED THIS MONUMENT IN HIS MEMORY A LONG TIME AFTER WHEN SHE WAS COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMROKE DORSETT & MOÛTGMERY. HE DYED IN OCTOBER 1619.

Such is the brief story of Samuel Daniel's 'Life.'* The impression left on one, after pondering the facts, is that he was an infirm, over-sensitive man, physically

* Langbaine, s.n., in his 'Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets . . . (1691)' blunders throughout in his account of Daniel—e.g., he represents him as "weary of the world" and as "living . . . till he was near eighty years old"!! (really 57). Wood's Ashmolean MSS. (quoted in Bliss's edition
and intellectually, though (as to Spenser) he led observers to conclude that he was capable of far greater things than ever he wrote. But for a 'Critical' estimate of his work the Reader is respectfully asked to wait until our closing volume.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

of *Ath. Oxon.*, ii. 26) furnishes this singular note—"Sam. Daniel being for the most part *in animo* Catholicus, was at length desired to be openly a Roman Catholic; but he denied, because that when he died he should not be buried in Westminster Abbey, and lie interred there like a Roman Catholic"—oracular and improbable. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' in our closing volume.
I.

INEDITED POEMS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY TO THE

WORKS OF SAMUEL DANIEL.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

1595—1623.
 NOTE.

Examination of the successive issues (private or semi-private and published) of his Poems, reveals that Samuel Daniel was wont to insert special Dedications and Addresses in gift-copies of his books; none of which are found in the Quarto of 1623, or known to Bibliographers or Editors: e.g., in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599 (but incorporating the first 'Four Bookes' of the 'Ciuil Wars,' dated on title-page 1595) there is an overlooked Sonnet to Lord Mountjoy; and again in successive exemplars of the 1601 folio of his 'Works' as 'newly augmented' there occur the following: (a) In the beautiful presentation-copy in the Bodleian there is prefixed a long and characteristic poem on its being deposited in the renowned library. (b) In the British Museum copy (C. 39, h. 23) there is a verse-dedication 'to her sacred Majestie' (= Anne, consort of James I.), which takes the place of the one in the Bodleian, neither having the other. (c) In the Bridgewater copy is an autograph letter to the 'Lord Keeper Egerton,' first published in Censura Literaria (vol. vi. 291-3) and later by the late Mr. J. Payne Collier. On this and another Letter printed by the latter, see our Memorial-Introduction. Further, in the little volume of 'Certaine Small Workes' of 1607 (not of 1611, as stated by the late Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A., 'Anglo-Poetica,' s.n.) is an extremely noticeable verse-address 'To the Reader,' which was revised for the re-issue of the same volume in 1611—the latter supplying a line that had been inadvertently dropped in 1607. Finally, John Daniel introduces the Quarto of 1623 with an Epistle-dedictory to Charles I. Though some of these have mainly reference to the 'Ciuil Wars' poems, yet as being so placed as to be introductory to the Works, it has been deemed expedient to bring them together here. Accordingly the whole will be found in their places. Other inserted and withdrawn Poems—equally unknown with these—are also given in their places, and indicated in relative footnotes (IX. Occasional Poems in the present volume). It is just possible that other gift-copies, more especially of the 1601 folio, may yield other special Poems.

A. B. G.
I. TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, SIR
Charles Blunt Knight, Lord Mountjoy,
and Knight of the most Noble
order of the Garter, and his
most worthy Lord.¹

DO not plant thy great respected name
Here in this front, to th' end thou
shouldst protect
These my endeavours from contempt
or blame,
Which none but their owne forces
must effect:
Nor do I seeke to win thy more respect,
Most learned Lord, by these Essayes of mine,
Since that cleere judgement that did first elect
To favor me, will alwaies keepe me thine:
Nor do I this more honour to assigne,
Unto thy worth, that is not more hereby,
Since th' offrings made vnto the powers deuine,
Enrich not them, but shew mens pietie:
But this I do to th' end if destinie
Shall any monument referue of me,
Those times should see my loue, how willing I
That liu'd by thee, would haue thee liue with me.

S. D.

¹ From "The Poetical Essayes of Sam. Danyel. Newly corrected and
augmented. Aetas prima canat veneres, postrema tumultus. At London.
Printed by P. Short for Simon Waterson, 1599" (4°). "First Foure Bookes
of the Civill Wars," title-page 1595.
II. | S. D.
---|---
TO HIS BOOKE, 
In the Dedicating thereof to the Librarie in Oxford, erected by Sir Thomas Bodley Knight.¹

Eere in this goodly Magazine of witte,
This Storehouse of the choiuest furniture
The world doth yeelde, heer in this exquisite,
And most rare monument, that dooth immure

The glorious reliques of the best of men;
Thou part imperfect worke, voutfased art
A little roome, by him whose care hath beene
To gather all what euer might impart
Delight or Profite to Posteritie;
Whose hospitable bountie heere receiues
Vnder this roose powers of Diuinitie,
Inlodg'd in these transformed shape of leaues.
For which good Worke his Memorie heere liues,
As th' holy guardian of this reuerent place,
Sacred to Woorth, being fit that hee which giues Honour to others, should himeselfe haue grace.

¹ From the 'Works of Samuel Daniel newly augmented,' 1601 (folio), in the Bodleian.
And charitable Bodley that hath thus
Done for the good of these, and other times,
Must live with them, and have his fame with vs.
For well we see our groueling fortune climes
Up to that sphere of glory, to be seen
From farre, by no course else, but by this way
Of doing publique good; this is the meane
To shew we were, how fram'd, of what good clay.

For well we see how priuate heapes (which care
And greedy toyle prouides for her owne endes)
Doe speede with her succeeders, and what share
Is left of all that store, for which it spends
It selfe, not hauing what it hath in use,
And no good t' others nor it selfe conferres:
As if that Fortune mocking our abusse
Would teach vs that it is not ours, but hers
That which we leave: and if we make it not
The good of many, she will take that paine,
And re-dispers th' inclofed parcelles got
From many hands, t' in-common them againe.
Which might aduise vs, that our selues should doe
That worke with judgement, which her blindnesse will,
And passe a State which she cannot vnforme,
And haue th' assurance in our owne name stille.

For this is to communicate with men
That good the world gaue by societie,
And not like beast's of prey, draw all to' our Den
T'inglut our selues, and our owne progenie.
This is to make our giftes immortall giftes,
And thankes to last, whilst men, and bookes shall laft;
This heritage of glory never shiftes
Nor changes Maisters; what thou leau'ft thou haft.
The grounds, the lands, which now thou callest thine,
Have had a thousand lords that term'd them theirs,
And will be soone againe pent from thy line,
By some concussion, change, or waftefull heires.
We can no perpetuitie collate
Upon our race that euer will endure;
It is the worlds demaines, whereof no state
Can be by any cunning made so fure,
But at the change of Lordes for all our paine,
It will returne vnto the world againe.

And therefore did discreet Antiquitie,
Here / (seeing how ill mens priuate cares did speede),
Erect an euerlaft[ing] Granery
Of Artes, the vniverfall State to feede,
And made the worlde their heire, whereby their name
Holdes still a firme possession in the same.
O well giuen landes, wherein all the whole land
Hath an eternall share ! where euery child
Borne vnto Letters, may be bolde to stand
And claime his portion, and not be beguilde.
Happy erected walles whose reuerent piles
Harbour all commers, feede the multitude :
Not like the proudd-built pallace that beguiles
The hungry foule with empty solitude ;
Or onely raide for priuate luxurie
Stands as an open marke for Enuies view,
And being the purchase of felicitie
Is Fortunes in remainder, as her due.
But you, blest you, the happy monuments
Of Charitie and Zeale, stand and beholde
Those vaine expences, and are documents
To shew what glory hath the surest holde.
You tell these times, wherein kind Pietie
Is dead intestate, and true noble Worth
Hath left no heire, that all things with vs die,
Saue what is for the common good brought forth.
Which this iudicious Knight did truely note,
And therefore heere hath happily begunne
To shew this age, that had almost forgot
This way of glory, and thereby hath wonne
So much of Time, as that his memorie
Will get beyond it, and will neuer die.
III. To her sacred Maiestie.¹

EERE sacred Soueraigne, glorious Queen of Peace,
The tumults of disordred times I sing,
To glorifie thy Raigne, and to increase
The wonder of those blessings thou dooost bring
Upon thy land, which ioyes th' intire release
From bloud and forrowes by thy gouerning,
That through affliction we may see our ioyes
And blesse the glorie of Elizaes dayes.

Happier then all thy great Progenitors
That euer fate vpon that powrefull Throne;
Or all thy mightiest neighbour-Gouernors,
Which wonder at the blessings of thy Crowne,
Whose Peace more glorious farre than all their warres,
Have greater powres of admiration showne;
Receive these humble fruites of mine increase,
Offered on th' Altare of thy sacred Peace.

¹ From 1601 folio in British Museum.
I, who by that most blessed hand sustain'd,
In quietness, do eat the bread of rest:
And by that all-reuiving powre obtain'd
That comfort which my Muse and me hath blest,
Bring here this worke of Warre, whereby was gain'd
This blessed Union which these wounds redrest,
That sacred Concord which prepar'd the way
Of glory for thee onely to enjoy.

Where to if these my Labors shall attain,
And which, if Fortune give me leave to end,
It will not be the least worke of thy Raigne,
Nor that which least thy glory shall commend,
Nor shall I hereby vainly entertain
Thy Land, with ydle shadowes to no end,
But by thy Peace, teach what thy blessings are,
The more t' abhorre this execrable warre.
IV. AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF SAMUEL Danyel sent to Lord Keeper Egerton with a present of his Works newly augmented, 1601, extant in the Bridgewater Library.¹

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Amongst all the great workes of your Worthynes, it will not be the leaft that you haue done for me in the preferment of my brother, with whome yet now sometymes I may eat, whilst I write, and fo go on with the worke I haue in hand which God knowes had long since been ended, and your Honour had had that which in my haste I haue prepared for you, could I haue but sustayned myself, and made truce within, and peace with the world.

But such hath been my misery, that whilst I should haue written the actions of men, I haue been constrainyed to liue with children, and contrary to myne owne spirit, putt out of that scene, which nature had made my parte; for could I but liue to bring this labour of mine to the Union of Henry, I should haue the end of all my ambition in this life, and the utmost of my desires; for therein, if wordes can work any

¹ From 'Censura Literaria,' vi., 291-3.
thing vppon the affections of men, I will labour to
giue the best hand I can to the perpetuall closing vp
of these woundes, and to my keeping them so, that
our land may lothe to look ouer those blessed boundes,
which the prouidence of God hath set us, into the horror and confusion of further and former clymes:
and though I know the greatnes of the worke require
a greater spirit than myne, yet we see that in theas
frames of motions, little wheels moue the greater, and
so by degrees turne about the whole; and God knowes
what so poore a muse as myne may worke upon the
affections of men.

But howeuer I shall herein shew my zeal to my
country, and to do that which my soule tells me is fit;
and to this end do I propose to retyre me to my pore home, and not again to see you till I haue paid your
Honor my voues; and will only pray that England,
which so much needes you, may long enjoy the treasure
of your counsell, and that it be not druien to complayne
with that good Roman: *Videntus quibus extinctis juris-
peritis, quam in paucis nunc spes, quam in paucioribus
facultas, quam in multis audacia.*

And for this comfort I haue receiued from your
goodness, I must and euer will remayne your Honour's
in all &c.

I am, &c.,

Samuel Danyel.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Egerton,
Knt., Lord Keeper of the Great
Seale of England.
V. To the Reader.\footnote{From "Certaine Small Workes Heretofore Divulged by Samuel Daniel, one of the Groomes of the Queenes Maiestyes Privie Chamber, & now againe by him corrected and augmented. Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus. At London. Printed by I. W. for Simon Waterfon. 1607." (12\textdegree).}
I may pull downe, raise, and reedifie:
It is the building of my life, the fee
Of Nature, all th’ inheritance that I
Shall leave to those which must come after me;
And all the care I haue is but to see
Those lodgings of m’ affections neatly drest,
Wherein so many noble friends there be
Whose memories with mine must therein rest.
And glad I am that I haue liud to see
This edifice renew’d, who doo but long
To liue t’ amend. For man is a tree
That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long
Before he come t’ his taste; there doth belong
So much t’ experience, and so infinite
The faces of things are, as hardly we
Discerne which lookes the likest vnto right.

Befides these curious times, stuf’d with the store
Of compositions in this kind, to drieue
Me to examine my defects the more,
And oft would make me not my self believe,
Did I not know the world wherein I liue:
Which neither is so wise, as that would seeme
Nor certaine judgement of those things doth giue
That it disliks, nor that it doth esteeme.

I know no work from man yet euer came
But had his marke, and by some error shewd
That it was his, and yet what in the same
Was rare, and worthy, euermore allowd
Safe còuoy for the rest: the good thats sow’d
Though rarely paires our coost, & who so looke t
T’ haue all thinges in perfection, & in frame
In mens inuentions, neuer must read books.
And howsoever here detraction may
Disvalew this my labour, yet I know
There will be foûd therein, that which will pay
The reckoning for the errors which I owe,
And likewise will sufficiently allow
T' an undistasted judgement fit delight,
And let presumptuous selfe-opinion say
The woorsft it can, I know I shall haue right.

I know I shall be read among the rest
So long as men speake english, and so long
As verse and vertue shal be in request,
Or grace to honest industry belong:
And England since I vs thy present tongue,
Thy forme of speech, thou must be my defence
If to new eares it seemes not well exprest;
For though I hold not accent I hold fence.

And since the measures of our tong we see
Confirmd, by no edict of power doth rest
But onely vnderneath the regencie
Of vs and fashion, which may be the best
Is not for my poore forces to contest:
But as the Peacock, seeing himselfe to weake,
Confest the Eagle fairer farre to be,
And yet not in his feathers but his beake;
Authority of powerfull censure may
Preiudicate the forme wherein we mould
This matter of our spirite, but if it pay
The eare with subsstance, we haue what wee wold,
For that is all which must our credit hold.

The rest (how euer gay, or seeming rich
It be in fashion wise men will not wey),
The stamp will not allowe it but the touch.¹

¹ This line only in 1611 edition—dropped inadvertently in 1607.
TO THE WORKS OF DANIEL.

And would to God that nothing falty were
But only that poore accent in my verse,
Or that I could all other recknings cleere
Wherewith my heart stands charg'd, or might reverse
The errors of my iudgement passed here,
Or els where, in my bookes, and vnrehearce
What I haue vainely said, or haue addrest
Vnto neglect, mistaken in the rest.

Which I do hope to liue yet to retract
And craue that England neuer will take note
That it was mine. Ile disauow mine act,
And wish it may for euer be forgot.
I trust the world will not of me exact
Against my will, that hath all els I wrote.
I will aske nothing therein for my paine
But onely to haue in mine owne againe.
TO THE HIGH AND MOST IL-
lustrious Prince Charles His Excellence.¹

SIR:

Resents to gods were offered by the
hands of graces; and why not those
of great Princes, by those of the
Muses? To you therefore Great
Prince of Honor, and Honor of
Princes; I ioyntly present Poesie
and Musicke: in the one the seruice
of my defunct Brother, in the other, the duty of my selfe
living, in both the devotion of two Brothers, your High-
nes Humble seruants. Your Excellence then who is
of such recommendable fame, with all Nations, for the
curiosity of your rare Spirit to underfand, and ability
of Knowledge to iudge of all things, I humbly inuite;
leaving the Songs of his Muse, who living so sweetly
chanted the glory of your High Name: Sacred is the
fame of Poets, Sacred the name of Princes; To which

Humbly bowes, and vowes

Himself, euer your
Highness'se Seruant,
John Daniel.

¹ From the 'Works' of 1623 (4°).
THE
WHOLE
VWORKES OF
SAMVEL DANIEL ESQUIRE
in Poetrie.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for
SIMON WATERSON, and are to be
sold at his shoppe in Paules Church-
yard, at the Signe of the Crowne.
1623.
The title-page of the Quarto of 1623 is given on other side, as it is our foundation-text. See Prefatory Note and Memorial-Introduction.—G.
II.
SONNETS TO DELIA.
1592.
NOTE.

The 'Sonnets to Delia' and 'Complaint of Rosamond,' as having been the Poet's first verse-publication, as well as perhaps his most abiding proofs of his faculty, take inevitably the foremost places in any critical reproduction of his Poems. The publication of the Sonnets was in a manner forced, if we are to credit the Author's statement in his preface to the first edition (1592). The reference is to the quasi-surreptitious edition of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella' of 1591, the "rascally bookseller" being Thomas Newman, and the editor no less than Thomas Nashe. To this now very rare volume were "added sundry other rare Sonnets of divers Noblemen and Gentlemen." The larger proportion consists of twenty-seven of Daniel's Sonnets to Delia. Full details of these in the sequel of this Note.

The following is the original title-page, which is within a pretty wood-cut border:—

Delia.

Contayning certayne Sonnets: with the complaint of Rosamond.

(. . .)

$\textit{Aetas prima canat veneres}$

$\textit{postrema tumultus}$.

AT LONDON.

Printed by I. C. for Simon Waterfon, dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Crowne.

1592.
On verso is this Note:

To the Reader.
Gentle Reader, I pray thee correct these faults
escaped in the printing, finding them as they
are noted here following.
Sonnet 5. most unkindest, read sweete unkindest.
Sonnet 14. Yer leaft, read Yet leaft.
Sonnet 20. desires, read defiers.
Sonnet 36. yee, read yce
Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow.
Sonnet 44. turnes, read turnes.

The second edition was issued in the same year, though not so marked. As the above errata are found corrected in it, we are guided to distinguish it from the other, as second, not first. The following is its title-page, which is within a somewhat poor architectural design, with two tiny miniatures in top corners (a man and a woman), and flowers in the bottom corners. The dove, = Holy Spirit, is above in arch, and the legend Δω, etc.:—

ΔΙΟΣ ΑΠΙΟΧΙΟΝ
DELIB.

Containing
certaine Son-
ets: with the
complaynt of Ro-
Famond.

Ætas prima ca-
nat veneres postre-
ma tumul-
tus.

1592
AT LONDON
Printed by J. C. for S.
Waterforne.

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, in his "Bibliography of Old English Literature" (s. n.), describes a third edition, also of 1592. There was none such. He has confounded the actual first edition with the second, and mis-entered the first, and made a third out of the second. He and others also prove to be mistaken in asserting that an exemplar of the first edition (entered by Hazlitt as second) is at Chatsworth. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire
informs me that no such book appears ever to have been in his library. Fortunately a perfect copy of the first and an only slightly imperfect copy of the second edition, exist in the Bodleian (Malone and Tanner books). A third edition, in a very charming little volume (18mo), was published in 1594. Its title-page, within a miniature copy of the title-page of 1592, second edition, is as follows:

**Delia**

**and**

**Rosamond**

**augmented.**

**Cleopatra.**

---

**By**

**Samuel Daniel.**

---

Ætas prima ca-
net veneres postru-
ma tumul-
tus.

---

1594.

Printed at London for Simon Waterston, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the Crowne.

On verso of Sonnet to Countess of Pembroke:—

Gentle Reader correct these faultes escaped in the printing.

Sonnet 18. lyne 3. for error, reade terrors.
G 1. page 2. for Condemning, read Conducting,
In L. page 16. Marke the Speaker, and read thus
The injustice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely satifie it selfe, not vs.
In the last chorus, for care, reade cure.

A careful collation shows that these three editions were all Daniel himself supervised throughout. Later texts give a few isolated and verbal changes, but the little volume of 1594 was evidently meant to be the ultimate text. Accordingly, at the bottom of each page of our edition of the 'Sonnets to Delia,' there are furnished the various readings and other alterations of these three editions, respectively designated 1, 2, 3;
and also such as occur in the folios of the 'Works' of 1601 and 1602 (quite distinct), these again being designated respectively ↓, ↓. It is to be understood that wherever ↓, ↓ are not adduced they agree with our own foundation-text of 1623. It has been my anxious endeavour to record everything in any way noticeable, not however noting all mere orthographic changes or minor punctuations. The following table gives the contents and varying arrangement of the five editions named:—

1592—FIRST EDITION.

I. Title and errata (verso).

II. Prose-epistle to Countess of Pembroke.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sonnet</th>
<th>Vnto...</th>
<th>so 1594, 1601, and 1602.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Goe...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>If...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>These...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Whilst...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Faire...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>O had the...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>Thou poore...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>If thus...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>O then...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>Teares...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>My spottes...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>Behold...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>Thoše amber...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>If that...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>Happie...</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>Since...</td>
<td>in 1594 and 1601-2, 17 Why should I sing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>Restore...</td>
<td>in 1594 is 19 19 and 20 in ↓, ↓ What, etc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>If Beautie...</td>
<td>20 21 in ↓, ↓</td>
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<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Come death...</td>
<td>21 22 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>Thoše forrowing...</td>
<td>22 24 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22.</td>
<td>Falše hope...</td>
<td>23 25 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>Looke...</td>
<td>24 26 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24.</td>
<td>If I in vaine...</td>
<td>28—not in ↓, ↓.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>Raigne...</td>
<td>25 27 in ↓, ↓</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>Whilft...</td>
<td>26 27 is 27 of ↓, and 28 in ↓, ↓</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>The starre...</td>
<td>29 31 in ↓, ↓</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>Rayfing...</td>
<td>30 And yet... 28 is 31, and in ↓, ↓</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>O why...</td>
<td>32 34 in ↓, ↓</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>I once...</td>
<td>33 35 &quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PREFATORY NOTE.

Sonnet 31. Looke... in 1594 is 34 36 in 4, 8. [xxxiii.]
32. But loue... " 35 37 " (but misprinted
33. When... " 36 38 [sic].
34. When Winter... " 37 38 [sic].
35. Thou canst... " 38 39 is 40 in 4.
36. O be not... " 39 41 in 4, 8.
37. Delia... " 40 42 "
38. Faire... " 41 43 "
39. Reade... " 42 44 "
40. My Cynthia... " 43 45 "
41. How long... " 44 46 "
42. Beautie... " 45 47 "
43. I must... " 46 48 "
44. Drawne... " 47 O whether, etc., and 44 is 48 in 94, and so 4, 8, and 50 is 51 in 4, 8.
45. Care-charmer... " 49 51 in 4, 8.
46. Set... " 50 As to the Roman in 51, and
47. Like as... " 52 54 in 4, 8. [53 in 4, 8.
48. None... " 53 55 "
49. Unhappy... " 54 56 "
50. Loe here... " 55 57 "
An Ode... ibid. ibid.
The Complaint of Rosamond... " "
A Pastoral... " "

1592—SECOND EDITION.

Title, etc., and Sonnets 1 to 26 same as 1st edition.
27 Still in the trace...
28 Oft doe I mufe...
29—30 as in 1st ed.
31 To M. P., and 27 of 1, again marked 31.
32 (numbered xxx.), My cares...
33 misprinted xxxii. is 28 of 1.
34 is 30 of 1.
33 (2nd) is 29 of 1.
35 is 31 of 1.
36 is 32 of 1.
37 is 33 of 1.
38 is 34 of 1.
PREFATORY NOTE.

Sonnet 39 is 35 of 1.
40 is 36 of 1.
41 is 37 of 1.
42 is 38 of 1.
43—46 lacking in Bodleian copy.
47 is 43 of 1.
48 is 44 of 1.
49 is 45 of 1.
50 is 46 of 1.
51 is 47 of 1.
52 is 48 of 1.
An Ode...
The Complaint...

Summarily, the first edition contained 50 Sonnets, the second 52, the third 55, the fourth and fifth 57, and following the third (substantially)—ours 60, exclusive of additions in the sequel of this Note from volume of 1591. In the Memorial-Introduction I make remarks on certain of the various readings and alterations and additions and withdrawals.

I would now submit the result of a collation of Thomas Newman’s or Thomas Nashe’s pre-publication of a considerable proportion of these Sonnets. The selection is headed as though it made a single continuous Poem thus—“The Author of this Poeme, S. D.,” and commences with “Goe wayling,” etc., for introduction (our Sonnet 2); and here in the outset a better reading than the Author’s presents itself, viz.—‘Goe wayling verfe the infant of my lone’ for ‘infants’; and in l. 12, ‘crueltie’ for ‘pitty’ [badly], and ll. 13, 14 run—

‘Knock at her hard heart: say, I perifh for her,  
And feare this deed will make the world abhor her.’

Then comes as Sonnet 1 our 1st; Sonnet 2 our 24th. Sonnet 3 was not reprinted by Daniel, but asserts its authorship. It is as follows:—

‘The onely birde alone that Nature frames,  
When weary of the tedious life thee liues,  
By fier dies, yet finds new life in flames:  
Her ahes to her shape new essence giues.  
For hapleffe loe euen with mine owne defires  
I figured on the table of my hart,  
The goodlieft shape that the worlds eye admires,  
And so did perifh by my proper arte.’
And still I toyle to change the Marble brest
Of her whose sweete Idee I adore,
Yet cannot finde her breath into my rest;
Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.
O blessed he that ioyes his stone and arte,
Vnhappie I to loue a stonic harte.'

Sonnet 4 is our 3rd, and offers these variations:—
1. 2, '... and afflicated songs' for 'lamentable songs.'
Il. 4, 5, '... who like to me doe fare
May moue them, sigh thereat and mone my wrongs.'
1. 6, '... my foules dirstresse.'
Il. 7, 8, '... you will note what is awry,
Whilft blind ones see no error in my verse.'
1. 9, '... hap and error leades.'
1. 10, 'the' for 'your.'
Il. 11, '... sorrow reads.'

Sonnet 5 is our 11th. In 1. 1, for 'winne' it reads 'gaines,' and Il. 9-10 read—
'Though frozen will may not be thawed with teseres,
Though my foules Idoll skorneth all my vows.'

l. 11, 'to deafned eares.' Sonnet 6 is our 37th, and opens, 'Why doth my Mistress,' and l. 10 reads 'the power of your face'; l. 11, 'To admire';
l. 12 (badly) 'cause' for 'cafe,' and closes—
'I feare your change not flower nor Hyacinth,
Medusa's eye may turne ... .'

Sonnet 7 is our 14th: l. 4 reads 'thee' for 'thofe'; l. 6, 'stroke' for 'wound'; l. 8, 'that' for 'this fort'; l. 9, 'I lift' for 'And lift'; l. 10, 'this' for 'the' repeated; and l. 14, 'Ladie' for 'Delia'—showing delicacy on Nashe's part. Sonnet 8 is our 13th, and reads l. 7, 'goodliest' for 'fairest'; l. 10, 'sweete Idee' for 'sweeest grace'; and l. 13, 'O blessed he that ioyes' for 'But happy,' etc. Sonnet 9 is our 27th, and yields these variations—l. 3, 'And close the way'; l. 4, 'bitter' for 'better' [very doubtful]; ll. 5-6—
'Whilest garding thus the windowes of my thought
My freedomes tyrant glorying in hir art :'

l. 11, 'But (ah) sweete' for 'Small is the victorie.'

Sonnet 10 is our 28th, and blunders in reading 'yeelds ... who gaines,
and 'and sigh' (l. 14). Sonnet 11, again, was not accepted by Daniel, but equally again reveals its authorship. It is as follows:—
' The flie Inchanter when to worke his will
And secret wrong on some forspoken wight,
Frames waxe, in forme to represent aright
The poore vnThe witting wretch he means to kill,
And prickes the image fram'd by Magicks skill,
Whereby to vexe the partie day and night:
Like hath the done, whose shew bewitcht my fight,
To beauties charmes, her Louers bloud to spil.
For first, like waxe the fram'd me by her eyes,
Whose rayes sharp poynted set vpon my brest,
Martyres my life, and plagues me on this wife,
With lingers paine to perifh in vrest.
Nought could (faue this) my sweetest faire suffice,
To trie her arte on him that loues her bift.'

Sonnet 12 is our 19th, and has only slight variations, e.g., l. 1, 'treasure'
for 'tresses,' and l. 10, 'voysce yeold to Hermomius sphareas.' Sonnet 13
is another that only appears in 1591 volume, but once more is self-authenticating. It is as follows:

'The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere,
Vpon thine Altare (Paphian power) I place;
The greeneous shipwracke of my travels deere,
In bulged barke, all perifh'd in disgrace.
That traitor Loue, was Pilot to my woe,
My Sailes were loose, spread with my sighes of griefe,
The twine lights which my haples course did shew,
Hard by th' inconstant sands of fals e reliefe,
Where two bright stars which led my view apart,
A Syrens voice allure'd me come so neare,
To perifh on the marble of her hart,
A danger which my soule did newer feare:
   Lo thus he fares that trusts a calme too much;
   And thus fare I whose credit hath beene such.'

Sonnet 14 is our 48th, and presents these various readings:

l. 3, '.... dies' for 'dries.'
l. 6, '.... the night wandring.'
l. 7, 'Nor euer hath his impost paid more ....'
l. 8, '.... my foules Queene hath euer beene.'
ll. 9-11, 'Yet her hard rocke firme fixt for ay removing
   No comfort to my cares she euer giveth
   Yet had I ......... louing.'
PREFATORY NOTE.

l. 12, 'Than to imbrace . . . .'
l. 13, 'I feare . . . . rainging.'

Sonnet 15 is our 15th, and has these readings:—
l. 1, 'If a true . . . .'
l. 3, 'Steruen.'

ll. 9-12, 'If I have wept the day and sighd the night,
Whilft thrice the Sun approch't his northern bound: If such a faith hath euer wrought aright, And well deserud, and yet no favour found.'

ll. 13-14, ' . . . . the whole world it may see 
. . . . . the most hurt be.'

Sonnet 16 is our 18th, and only these variations occur: l. 6, 'exacte' for 'exact,' and l. 7, 'So long and pure a faith no taiour.'

Sonnet 17 is the fourth and last of the Sonnets given by Newman and Nashe, but not reprinted by Daniel, albeit as certainly his. It is as follows:—

'Way but the cause, and give me leave to plaine me, For all my hurt, that my harts Queene ha.h wrought it; Shee whom I loue so deare, the more to paine me, Withholds my right, where I have dearely bought it. Dearly I bought that was so highly rated, Euen with the price of bloud and bodies wafting, Shee would not yeeld that ought might be abated, For all shee saw my Loue was pure and lasting, And yet now fcornes performance of the passion, And with her prescence Justice ouer ruleth, Shee tells me flat her beauty beares no action, And so my plea and proces the excludeth: What wrong shee doth, the world may well perceiue it, To accept of faith at first, and then to leaue it.'

Sonnet 18 is our 29th, and gives these various readings:—
ll. 4-5, 'When it had hop'd . . . . . .
My faith of priviledge could no whit . . . . . .'
l. 7, 'Whereby she had no cause once to . . . . . .'
l. 10, 'No comforts liue, w[h]ich falling spirits erecteth';
l. 14, 'And by her hand that . . . . where I had hope to . . . .'

Sonnet 19 is our 26th, and presents these:—
l. 2, ' . . . . thought to thought . . . . lead . . . .'
l. 3, 'Fortunes Orphan, hers and the worlds'
PREFATORY NOTE.

l. 4. 'bad' for 'sad' [very poor]
l. 6. ' . . . . . . . . neuer summe yet.'
l. 7. 'A pleasinge grieue impressed hath . . . . . '
ll. 9-10, 'Yet . . . . musst not.'

Sonnet 20 is our 16th, but after the version in Nashes beneath *in loco.*
It badly reads in l. 2 'hart' for 'hurt' and 'mooued' for 'inur'd';
in l. 6 of our 16th reads ' . . . . mercy (mercie yet my merit)' which is
better ; l. 9, 'Yet since'; l. 10, 'Still sorrowes'; and ll. 12-14 run:

'And nothing but her loue and my harts payning:
Weep howres, griewe daies, sigh months, and still mourn yeerly,
Thus musst I doe because I loue her dearlie.'

Sonnet 21 is also our 21st, and has these variations:

l. 1, ' . . . bright be doubled . . . . ' [bad]
ll. 2, 5, ' . . . . . cannot shine through . . . .
And Disdaines vapors are thus . . . .
 . . . . . to me quite darkened is,
Why trouble I the world then with my . . . .
l. 7, . . . . 'ruthfull' for 'ruthlesse' . . . . [bad].
l. 8, ' . . . . my vtunedd . . . . '
ll. 11, ' . . . . still hold her most deare vntill my . . . .

Our Sonnet 22 in Nashe's text opens—

'Come Death the Anchor hold of al my thoughts,
    My laft reftor whereeto my soule appealeth:
For all too long on earth my fancie dotes,
    Whiles dearest blood my fierie passions sealeth.'

Sonnet 22 is our 24th, and gives these various readings:

l. 1, 'fire' for 'smoake . . . .'
l. 2, 'These are the . . . .'
l. 3, 'And these my tyrants cruell minde fulfils.'
ll. 6-8, ' . . . . that yet respecths no whit
    My youth, vntimely withered with my teares
    By winter woes . . . .'
ll. 11, ' . . . . the bliffe . . . .'

Sonnet 23 is our 9th, and offers in l. 1 a much better reading, which we
accept in text—'To paint on fluds,' on which see various readings *in loco.*
Most of these also excellent :

ll. 3-4, 'With prone aspect still tending . . . .
    Sad horror, pale greese, prostrate despaire.'
PREFATORY NOTE.

ll. 6-8, 'Rise vp to wailie, lie down to sigh, to . . .
With ceaseles toyle Caries restlesse stones . . . .
. . . . and mone . . . . whilst . . . .'
l. 9, ' . . . to languish in such care . . . .'
l. 10-12, 'Loathing the light, the world, my selfe, and all,
With interrupted sleepes, frethe greces repaire
And breathe out horror in perplexed thrall.'
l. 14, 'Loe then . . . .'

Sonnet 24 is our 30th (from 1592 *), and gives these variations:—

ll. 2-5, 'My cares draws on my everlasting night
And horrors fable clowds dims my liues funne;
That my liues funne, and thow my worldly light,
Shall rise no more to me: my daies are donne.'

And these—

ll. 7-8, ' . . . . I'll goe,
And dresse a bed of flowers.'
l. 9, 'why that.'
l. 10, ' . . . fault . . . and . . . .'
l. 13, 'Although the world this deed of hirs may . . . .'

Sonnet 25 is our 32nd, and thus variantly reads—

l. 1, 'my' for 'this.'
ll. 2-3, ' . . . . crying
. . . bloud and bloudie trying.'
ll. 12-13, 'My Ocean teares drowne me and quench my . . .
Whiles faith doth bid my cruel Faire adieu.'—[bad].

Sonnet 26 is our 59th, and thus opens, 'To' being a self-correcting misprint for 'Lo,' and 'imprest' for 'impreffe':—

'To beare the imprest of a faith not faining,
That dutie paies and her disdaine extorteth:
These beare the meslage of my wofull paining,
These olie braunches mercie still exorteth.'

And there are further these:—

l. 5, ' . . . plaints with chaste desires . . . .'
l. 9, ' . . . poore foule) I live exild from . . . .'
l. 11, ' . . . liberties . . . .'
l. 13-14, 'What shall I doo but sigh and wailie the while,
My martyrdome excedes the highest stile.'
Sonnet 27 is our 38th, and gives these slight verbal various readings:—
1. 'may' for 'shall.'
2. 'And . . . may . . . .'
4. ' . . . power not . . . .'
6. ' . . . the worlds eie doth . . . .'
7. ' . . . her praise to . . . .'
8. ' . . . fades the flowers . . . . fed . . . .'

Sonnet 28 (including the Introductory one as 1) is our 36th, and finally presents these variations:—
1. 'hope for 'hopes.'
3. 'meane' for 'meanes,' and 'presumes' for 'presum'd.'
4. 'For disdaines thunderbolt made me retire.'

At the close is added, instead of the simple 'S. D.' of the commencement, these words—'Finis, Daniell.'

It may be helpful to add here, collectively, the succession of the 1591 Sonnets, together with the first lines:—

Goe wayling verfe the infant of my loue,

Sonnet 1. If so it hap the Off spring of my care,
2. These sorrowing sighs, the smokes of mine annoy;
3. The onely birde alone that Nature frames,
4. Teares, vowes and prayers gaines the hardeste hearts,
5. Why doth my Miftrses credit fo her glaffe,
6. These amber locks are those fame nets (my Deare)
7. Behold what hap Pigmation had to frame,
8. Oft and in vaine my rebels thoughts haue ventred,
9. Raigne in my thoughts, faire hand, sweete eye, rare voice,
10. The flie Inchanter, when to worke his will,
11. Restore thy treasure to the golden ore,
12. The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere
13. My Cynthias hath the waters of mine eies,
14. If a true heart and faith vnfaineed,
15. Since the first looke that led me to this error,
16. Way but the caufe, and give me leaue to plaine me,
17. Whilft by her eies pursfude, my poore heart flue it
18. Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,
19. Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
20. If Beautie bright be doubled with a frowne,
21. Come Death the anchor hold of al my thoughts,
22. If this be Loue to drawe a wareie breath,
23. My cares drawes on my euerlafting night,
24. The Starre of my mifhape imposde my paining
Sonnet 25. To heare the impoft of a faith not faining,
26. I once may fee when yeares may wrecke my wrong,
27. Raifing my hope on hills of high defire,

The critical student will perceive that saving four or five bad readings, probably from misreading the MS., the text of these twenty-seven Daniel Sonnets as printed by Newman and Nashe can hold their own against the Author's, and gives no sanction to his condemnation of the 1591 text, albeit his wrath may have been justified by the surreptitious way in which the transcript had been secured. It is well for us that these twenty-seven Sonnets were thus prematurely published. We are (so to say) admitted by them to the Poet's study, and get a vision of him at work and of the processes of his thought and emotion. The four rejected Sonnets are of special biographic interest. But the reader will find more in our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical,' on the various readings, etc., of the "Delian sonnety."

It only remains to add here the line-arrangements of the three editions:

1592—FIRST AND SECOND.

1594.

In 1594 edition, the prose-epistle to the Countess of Pembroke is cancelled, and a fresh Sonnet-dedication substituted. I place it after the Prose Epistle and separate from the 'Sonnets to Delia.' On the 'M. P.' and neighbour sonnet of 1592 (2nd ed.)—assigned by various to the Countess of Pembroke in flagrant error—see our 'Memorial-Introduction I.—Biographical.' In the various readings and notes beneath each Sonnet α stands for the Quarto of 1623, and, as before noted, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 for 1592 1st and 2nd, 1594 3rd, 1601 4th, and 1602 5th edition.

A. B. G.
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
Ladie Mary Countesse of Pembroke.

RIGHT Honorable, although I rather
defired to keep in the private passions
of my youth, from the multitude, as
things utterd to my selfe, and confe-
crated to silence: yet seeing I was
betrade by the indiscretion of a greedie
Printer, and had some of my secrets
bewraide to the world, uncorrected: doubting the like of
the rest, I am forced to publish that which I neuer ment.
But this wrong was not onely doone to mee, but to him
whose unmatchable lines haue indued the like misfortune;
Ignorance sparing not to commit sacrilege upon so holy
reliques. Yet Astrophel flying with the wings of his own
fame, a higher pitch then the gross-fighted can discern,
hath registred his owne name in the Annals of eternitie,
and cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised. And for
my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that
my unboldned Muse, is forced to appeare so rawly in
publique; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance
of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath
made the happie and judicall Patronesse of the Muses
(a glory hereditary to your house) to preserue them from
those hideous Beastes, Oblivion and Barbarisme. Wherby
you doe not onely possess the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must survive your selfe. And if my times heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your honourable favour, and recorde the zealouse dutie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obligation for euer.

Samuel Danyell.
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE
Lady Mary, Countesse of Pembroke.¹

ORDER of these, glory of other times,
O thou whom Enuy eu'n is forst t'
admyre:
Great Patroness of these my humble
Rymes,
Which thou from out thy greatnes
doost inspire:
Sith onely thou haft deign'd to rayse them higher,
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine owne,
Begotten by thy hand, and my desire,
Wherein my Zeale, and thy great might is showne.¹⁰
And seeing this vnto the world is knowne,
O leave not, still to grace thy worke in mee:
Let not the quickning feede be ouer-throwne,
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.
Whereof, the travaile I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory, (Madam) must be thine.

¹ 1594 A I, instead of the Prose Epistle-dedicatorie of 1592,—as on
PP. 33—34.
TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

Vnto the boundlesse Oce'an of thy beautie,
    Runnes this poore Riper, charg'd with streames
    of zeal
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.
Here I vnclaspe the Booke of my charg'd soule,
    Where I haue caft th'accounts of all my care:
Here haue I summ'd my sighs, here I inrole
How they were spent for thee; looke what they are:
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
    And see how iust I reckon with thine eies:
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And crose my cares ere greater summes arise.
Reade it (sweet maide) though it be done but sleightly;
    Who can shew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

accepted from heading 'To Delia.'

Sonnet 1.  l. 1, 'boundles' 1, 3, 4, 6, 8; not in 1; l. 2, 'Runs' 1, 4, 6, 8; ibid., 'riuer' 1, 4, 6, 8; 'Ryuer' 8; ibid., 'zeale' 1, 4, 6, 8; nothing 1, 8—
the colon accepted: l. 3, 'duett' 1, 8; 'duty' 8; l. 4, 'heere' 1, 8, and so throughout: ibid., 'playnts' 1, 'reueale.'—period for nil accepted from
1, 4, 6, 8; l. 5, 'booke' 1, 4, 6, 8; l. 7, 'fidges' 1, 4, 6, 8; ibid., 'enroule
1, 8; 'enrole' 8; 'inrole' 8; l. 8, 'Howe' 1, 8; l. 8, 'thee'; Looke' 8;
same in 1, 4, 6, but small '1' for accepted: ibid., 'are' 1, 4, 6;
8; : l. 10, 'thyne eyes' 1; 'thine eyes' 4, 6; 'thine eies' 8; l. 11,
'trueth' 1; l. 13, no ( ) in 1; ibid., 'maid' 1, 8; ibid., 'doone
sleightly' 1, 8; 'sleightly' 4, 6; l. 14, 'thewe' 1, 8.
SONNET. II.

Go wailing Verse, the Infants of my love,
Mine.ua-like, brought forth without a mother:
Present the Image of the cares I prove,
Witness your Fathers grieve exceeds all other.
Sigh out a Story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair:
A Monument that whoseoeuer sees
May justly praise, and blame my loveless Faire.
Say her disdain hath dried up my blood,
And starved you, in succour still denying:
Press to her eyes, importune me some good.
Waken her sleeping pity with your crying,
Knocke at that hard hart, begge till you have mou'd
her,
And tell th'vnkinde, how dearly I have lou'd her.

SONNET. III.

If so it hap, this off-spring of my care,
These fatal Anthemaeus, sad and mornefull Songs:
Come to their view, who like afflicted are;
Let them yet figh their owne, and more my wrongs.
But vntoucht hearts, with vnaffected eie,
Approach not to behold so great distresse:
Cleere-fighted you, foone note what is awrie,
Whilst blinded ones mine errours neuer gesse.
DELIA.

You blinded soules whom youth and errour leade,
You out-cast Eaglets, daezeled with your Sunne:
Ah you, and none but you my sorrowes reade,
You best can judge the wrongs that she hath done.
That she hath done, the motiuue of my paine,
Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdain.

Sonnet 3. l. 2, 'fad and mornefull' 1, 2, 3, accepted for 'lamentable' of 1, 2, and a: l. 4, 'yet figh their' 1, 2, accepted for 'Let them figh for their' of 1, 2, and 'Ah let them figh theyr' of 2. l. 6, 'so great distresse' 1, 2, 3, accepted for 'my heauineffe' of 1, 2, and a: l. 7, qy., after 'Clere-fighted'? but as in text in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5: l. 8, 'ones' 1, 2, 3, accepted for 'soules' of 1, 2, and a: l. 9, 'errours' 1, 2, 3: l. 11, 'Ah' 1, 2, 3, accepted for 'Do' of 1, 2, and a: l. 12, 'dunne' 1, 2: l. 13, 'doone' 1, 2.

SONNET. III.

These plaintiuue Verse, the Postes of my desire,
Which haft for succour to her flow regard:
Beare not report of any slender fire,
Forging a grieue to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my passions limnd for outward hew,
For that no colours can depaint my forrowes:
Delia her selfe, and all the world may view
Best in my face, how cares haue tild deepe forrowes.
No Bayes I seeke to decke my mourning brow,
O cleere-eyde Rector of the holy Hill:
My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
Of interceffion but to moue her will.
These lines I vse, t'vnburthen mine owne hart;
My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of Art.

Sonnet 4. l. 2: accepted from 1, 2, 3 for of 1, 2, and a: l. 8, 'how' 1, 2, accepted for 'where' of 1, 2, and a, but not 'hath' of 1, 2: l. 11, 'craue ... bow' 1, 2: l. 12, 'Of her milde pittie and relenting will' 1, 2; 'Of interceffion to a Tyrants will' 1, 2; 'Of interceffion but to moue her will' 1, 2, as in a. See errata of 1 in Note before these Sonnets.
SONNET. V.

Hilft youth and error led my wandring minde,
And set my thoughts in heedlesse wayes to range:
All vnawares, a Goddesse chaste I finde,
(Diana-like) to worke my fudden change.
For her no sooner had mine eyes bewraied,
But with disdaigne to see me in that place;
With fairest hand, the sweet vnkindest Maid,
Cast water-cold Disdaigne vpon my face.
Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,
Which still is chac'd, while I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts, set on me by my Faire:
My thoughts (like Houndes) pursue me to my death.
Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

Sonnet 5. L 4, no ( ) in 1, 2; L 5, 'my view' 1, 2; 'mine eye' 1, 2:
L 7, 'most vnkindest' 1: L 8, 'Casts' 1, 2: L 12, no ( ) in 1, 2.

SONNET. VI.

Aire is my Loue, and cruell as she's faire;
Her brow shades frownnes, although her eyes are funny,
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despaire;
And her disdaines are Gall, her fauours Hunny.
A modest Maid, deckt with a blush of honor,
Whose feete doe tread greene paths of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her:
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint above.
CHAFTITIE and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
    Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
    And had she pity to conioyne with those,
    Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

SONNET. VII.

Or had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
    Then had no finger pointed at my lightnesse:
The world had never knowne what I doe finde,
    And cloudes obscure had shaded still her brightnesse.
Then had no Cenfors eye these lines furuaid,
    Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine
No Sunne my blush and error had bewraid,
    Nor yet the world haue heard of such disdain.
Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
    No downe-cast looke had signified my misse:
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
    Did force me grone out griefes, and ytter this.
For being full, should I not then haue spoken,
My fence oppress'd, had faild, and heart had broken.

Sonnet 7.  L. 1, 'For' ; but in 1, 'O'—perhaps preferable, albeit the 'For' catches up L. 13 of Sonnet VI.
SONNET. VIII.

Thou poore heart sacrifiz'd vnto the fairest,
Haft sent the incense of thy sighs to heauen:
And stille against her frownes fresh vowes repairest,
And made thy passions with her beautie euen.
And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart
Tolde the dumbe message of my hidden griefe:
And oft with carefull turnes, with silent Art,
Did treate the cruelle faire to yeeld reliefe.
And you my Verfe, the Advocates of Loue,
Haue followed hard the Processe of my cafe:
And vrg'd that title which doth plainlye prowe,
My faith should win, if Iustice might haue place.
Yet though I see, that nought we doe, can moue,
Tis not disdaine must make me leaue to loue.

Sonnets. 8. l. 8, 'dread' MS. : l. 14, 'leaue'—accepted for 'cease' of 2, 8, 3, and a.

SONNET. IX.

If this be loue, to draw a wearye breath,
To paint on floods, till the shore crie to th'aire:
With downeward lookes, still reading on the earth,
These sad memorials of my loues dispaire:
If this be loue, to warre against my soule,
Lie downe to waile, rife vp to sigh and grieue,
The neuer-resting stone of Care to roule,
Still to complaine my griefes, whilst none relieue.
If this be loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,
    Haunting vntrodden paths to waile apart;
    My pleasures-horror,"Musicke tragicke notes,
    Teares in mine eyes," and sorrow at my hart.
If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
Then doe I loue and draw this weariest breath.

SONNET. X.

    Hen doe I loue, and draw this weariest breath,
        For her the cruell Faire, within whose brow
    I written finde the sentence of my death,
        In vnkinde Letters; wrote she cares not how.
    Thou powre that rul'ft the confines of the night,
        Laughter louing Goddesse, worldly pleasures Queene,
    Intenerat that heart that sets so light,
        The truest loue that euer yet was seene.
And cause her leaue to triumph in this wise,
        Upon the prostrate spoyle of that poore hart
    That serues a Trophey to her conquering eies,
        And must their glory to the world impart.
Once let her know, sh'hath done enough to proue me,
And let her pitte if she cannot loue me.

Sonnet 10. l. i, 'O then I loue' ; 'O then loue I' ;
        'O thou' ; 'Gods'; l. 4,
    'wrought' ;—perhaps preferable: l. 5, 'O thou' ;
    in l. 11 period.
SONNET. XI.

Eares, vowes, and prayers, winne the hardest hart,
   Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I spent in vaine;
Teares cannot oftent flint, nor vowes conuarte,
   Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.
I lose my teares where I haue lost my loue,
   I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vaine, a mercileffe to moue:
   So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet, though I cannot winne her will with teares,
   Though my soules Idoll scorneth all my vowes;
   Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares,
No fauour though, the cruell faire allowes,
Yet will I weeppe, vow, pray to cruell shee:
   Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, melties, and yeeldes we fee.

Sonnet II. In l. 11 the : in 's obscures the continuous thought, but perhaps a, after 'though' in l. 12 is better. It is so in Nashe's text of 1591 (in loco)—accepted.

SONNET. XII.

My spotlesse loue houers with purest wings,
   About the Temple of the proudest frame:
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
   Which cleere our clouded world with brightest flame.
M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
   Afect no honor but what she can giue:
My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
   I weigh no comfort vnlesse she relieue.
For she that can my heart imparadise,
   Holdes in her fairest hand what dearest is,
   My fortunes wheeleth the circle of her eies,
   Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.
All my liues sweet consists in her alone,
   So much I love the most vnloving one.

Sonnet 12.  l. 1, 'hoouers with white' 1, 2; l. 6, 8, 'me' at close in 1, 2; cf. Sonnet ix., ll. 6, 8: l. 11, 'wheele' 1; 'wheele's' 8, 8, 8.

SONNET. XIII.

Behold what hap Pigmalion had to frame
   And carue his proper grieue vpon a stone;
   My heawy fortune is much like the fame,
   I worke on flint, and thats the cause I mone.
For haplesse loe euen with mine owne desires,
   I figure on the table of mine hart,
   The fairest forme, that all the world admires,
   And so did perishe by my proper art.
And stille I toyle, to change the Marble breft
   Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore,
   Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
   Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
But happy he that joy'd his stone and art,
   Unhappy I, to loue a stony hart.

Sonnet 13.  l. 6, 'my' 1, 2; l. 7, 'forme, the worlds eye' 1, 2—perhaps preferable, but occurs elsewhere in these Sonnets (see Glossarial-Index s.v.).

SONNET. XLI

Hose snary locks, are those same nets (my Deere)
   Wherewith my liberty thou didst furprize;
   Loue was the flame that fired me so neere,
   The Dart transpierling, were those Christall eies.
Strong is the net, and fervent is the flame;
Deepe is the wound my sighes can well report:
Yet do I loue, adore, and prayse the same,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this sort.
And lift not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bond, the flame, the wound that festreth so,
By knife, by liquor, or by salue to deale:
So much I pleafe to perifh in my woe.
Yet leaft long traualies be aboue my strength,
Good DELIA lose, quench, heale me now at length.

Sonnet 14.  l. 1, 'amber' 1; 2: ibid, no ( ) in 1, 2: l. 6, 'do' 1; 'doo'
3, 4: l. 13, 'Yer' 1—put in errata.

SONNET. XV.

If that a loyall hart and faith vnfailned,
    If a sweet languish with a chaft desire,
If hunger-staruen thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherisht but with fire:
And if a brow with cares characters painted,
    Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken
To her that fits in my thoughts Temple sainted,
And laies to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open:
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
    And had my sighes stille tending on her name;
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And she (th'vnkindest maid) stille scorns the same:
Let this suffice, that all the world may see
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must be.

Sonnet 15.  l. 5, 'caracters' 1: l. 8, a misprints 'Vultar': l. 13, 'the
world yet may see' 1, 2.
SONNET. XVI.

Happy in sleepe, waking content to languish,
    Imbracing clouds by night, in day time
    mourne,
My ioys but shadowes, touch of truth, my anguishing,
    Griefes euer springing, comforts neuer borne.
And still expecting when she will relent,
    Growne hoarse with crying mercy, mercy giue,
    So many vowes, and praiers hauing spent,
That weary of my life, I loath to liue.
And yet the Hydra of my cares renues
    Still new borne sorrowes of her freth disdaine:
And still my hope the Sommer windes purfues,
    Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my state, my griefes do touch so nereely,
And thus I liue because I loue her deerly.

Sonnet 16.  l. 2, ‘more’ 1, 2:
'All things I loath faue her and mine owne anguish,
    Pleaf'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorn.
Nought doe I crave, but love, death, or my Lady,
    Hoarse with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit;
So many vowes and prayers euer made I,
    That now at length t' yeeld, meere pittie were it.
    But still the Hydra of my cares renuing,
Renues new sorrowes of her freth disdaining;
    Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing:
Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.
    Waile all my life, my griefes do touch so nereely,
    And thus I liue, because I loue her deerely.'
So in 1, 2, but 2 in last l. reads ‘thus' for ‘this' of 1 (error): ‘myselue' in l. 8 in 2.
SONNET. XVII.

Why should I sing in verse, why should I frame
These sad neglected notes for her deare sake?
Why should I offer vp vnto her name,
The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
Why should I strive to make her liue for euer,
That never deignes to giue me ioy to liue?
Why should m'affliicted Muse so much endeuour,
Such honour vnto crueltie to giue?
If her defects have purchasht her this fame,
What should her vertues do, her smiles, her loue?
If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
What passions would her milder fauours moue?
Fauours (I thinke) would enence quite overcome,
And that makes happy Louers euer dombe.

Sonnet 17. First appeared in t, and is in t, t, and a.

SONNET. XVIII.

Ince the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending:
Still have I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my sorrowes never ending.
Yet cannot leave her loue that holds me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines me;
See what reward he hath that servs the vngratefull,
So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.
Still must I whet my yong desires abated,
Vpon the flint of such a hart rebelling;
And all in vaine, her pride is fo innated,
She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my foule did loue her,
(And that with teares) yet all this will not moue her.

Sonnet 18. 1. 7, 'th' 1, 2, 3: 1. 4, no ( ) in 1, 4, and so throughout in them—this is xvii. in 1592.

SONNET. XIX.

Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
Yeeld Cithereas fonne those Arkes of loue;
Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue,
Yeeld thy hands pride vnsto th'Iuory white,
T' Arabian odors giue thy breathing sweete:
Restore thy blush vnsto Aurora bright,
To Thetis giue the honour of thy feete.
Let Venus haue thy graces, her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice giue back vnsto the Spheares:
But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind,
To Hyrcan Tygres, and to ruthles Beares.
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

Sonnet 19. See variations in introductory Note to these Delian Sonnets.

SONNET. XX.

Hat it is to breathe and liue without life:
How to be pale with anguish, red with feare,
T'haue peace abroad, and nought within but strife:
With to be present, and yet shun t'appeare:
DELIA.

How to be bold far off, and bashfull neare:
How to thinke much, and haue no words to speake:
To craue redresse, yet hold affliction deare:
To haue affection strong, a body weake,
Neuer to finde, and euermore to seeke:
And seeke that which I dare not hope to finde:
T’affect this life, and yet this life disseeke:
Gratselfull t’another, to my selfe vnkinde.
This cruell knowledge of these contraries,
DELIA my hart hath learnt out of those eyes.


SONNET. XXI.

If beauty thus be clowded with a frowne,
That pitty shines no comfort to my blis,
And vapours of disdaine so ouergrowne
That my liues light wholly in-darkned is.
Why should I more molest the world with cries?
The ayre with fighes, the earth below with teares?
Sith I liue hatefull to those ruthless eies,
Vexing with vntun’d moane her dainty eares.
If I haue lou’d her dearer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And still must hold her deare till after death,
And that all this mooues not her thoughts a whit,
Yet sure she cannot but must thinke a part,
She doth me wrong, to grieue so true a heart.

Sonnet 21 is xix. in 1, 9: l. 4, ‘thus wholly darkned’ 1, 3, 9: l. 7,
‘Since’ 1, 9: l. 12, ‘And if that all this cannot move’ 1, 9; l. 13, 14—
‘Yet let her say that she hath doone me wrong,
To vie me thus and knowe I lou’d so long’ 1, 9, 9.
SONNET. XXII.

Ome Time the anchor-hold of my desire,
My last Refort whereto my hopes appeale,
Cause once the date of her disdaine t'expire:
Make her the sentence of her wrath repeale.
Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beauty, steale
Powre from those eyes, which pitty cannot spare;
Deale with those dainty cheekes as she doth deale.
With this poore heart consumed with dispaire.
This heart made now the prospectue of care,
By louing her, the cruell Faire that liues,
The cruell Fayre that sees I pine for her,
And neuer mercy to thy merit giues.
Let her not still triumph ouer the prize.
Of mine affections taken by her eies.

Sonnet 22. l. 1, 'death ... of all my thoughtes' 1, 2, 8; l. 2, 'soule appealeth' 1, 2; 'appeales' 2; l. 3, 'For all too long on earth my fancy dotes' 1, 2, 8; l. 4, 'Whilst my best blood my younge defires sealeth' 1, 2; 'Whilst age vpon my wasted body steales' 2; ll. 5—14—

'That hart is now the prospectue of horror,
That honored hath the cruell faire that lyueth:
The cruell faire, that fees I languishe for her,
Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.
This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
To tread me downe with foote of her disgrace:
Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,
And laide my liues rest in so faire a face;
That rest I lofte, my loue, my life and all,
So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall' (1, 2):

in 'l. 4 is 'That hart being made the prospectue': 'Tyme' and text of a, first in 4 and reprinted in 6.
SONNET. XXIII.

Time, cruel time, come and subdue that Brow
Which conquers all but thee, and thee too staiyes
As if she were exempt from Syeth or Bow,
From loue or yeares vnsubieect to decaies.
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eies
That they may helpe thee to consume our daies?
Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
Being merciles like thee that no man weies?
And yet thou feest thy powre she disobayes,
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vaine,
And prodigall of howers and yeares betraies
Beauty and youth t'opinion and disdaine.
Yet spare her Time, let her exempted be,
She may become more kinde to thee or me.

Sonnet 23. First in and reprinted in : L. 13, cap. T accepted from .

SONNET. XXIII.

These sorrowing sighes, the smoake of mine annoy,
These teares, which heat of sacred flame distils,
Are those due tributes that my faith doth pay
Unto the tyrant, whose vnskindnes kills.
I sacrifice my youth, and blooming yeares
At her proud feete, and she respects not it;
My flower vntimely's withred with my teares:
And Winter woes, for spring of youth vnsfit.
She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
And so with lookes, prolongs my long-lookt ease,
As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,
Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.
DELIA.

Thus she returns my hopes so fruitless euer,
Once let her love indeed, or else eye me neuer.

Sonnet 24. l. 1, 'smoakes'; 1, 3, : l. 2, , after 'teares' accepted from
3, : l. 3, 'thefe'; 1, 3; l. 10, 'cafe'; 1, 3, accepted for 'cafe' of 1, 3, and
a; also the hyphen 'long-lookt': l. 14, 'eye me'; 1, 3, —more quaint and
strong—accepted. This is Sonnet xx1. in 1592, and xx11. in 8.

SONNET. XXV.

If Hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe,
   Traitor to me, and faithfull to my Loue:
   A thousand times it promis'd me reliefe,
Yet euer any true effect I prove.
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,
   I banish her, and blame her trechery,
   Yet soone againe I must her backe recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often as I chase my hope from me,
   Straight-way she hasts her vnto DELIAS eies:
   Fed with some pleasing looke there shall she be,
And so sent backe, and thus my fortune lies.
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope fosters me in vaine,
Hopes are vntrue, when certaine is my paine.

Sonnet 25. l. 2, 'Traytours'; 1; 'Traytours'.

SONNET. XXVI.

Ooke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourn,
   From care to care that leads a life so bad;
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her scorne,
   Whose clouded brow doth make my daies so sad.
Long are their nights whose cares do ever sleepe,
   Lothsome their daies, whom no sun euer ioyd,
   Th'impression of her eyes do pearce so deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.
But since the sweetest roote yeelds fruite so sour,
   Her praise from my complaint I may not part:
   I loue th'effect the cause being of this powre,
   Ile praise her face, and blame her flinty heart.
Whilst we both make the world admire at vs,
Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Sonnet 26.  1. 1, 'morne' 1, 2—cf. Sonnet xvi., l. 2: l. 7, 'Her fairest
eyes doe penetrate' 1, 2, 3: l. 9, 'doth yeeld thus much' 1, 2, 3; ibid., 'Sith' 4:
l. 11, 'for that . . . . such' 1, 2, 3: l. 13, 'that we make' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. XXVII.

Oft and in vaine my rebel thoughts haue ventred,
   To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart:
   And shut those waies my friendly foe first entred,
   Hoping thereby to free my better part.
And whilst I garde these windowes of this forte,
   Where my harts theese to vexe me made her choice:
   And thether all my forces doe transporte,
   An other passage opens at her voice.
Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye:
   My freedomes tyrants conquering all by arte.
   But ah, what glorie can she get thereby,
   With thee such powers to plague one filly harte.
Yet my soules soueraigne, since I must resigne,
Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Sonnet 27.  From 1 and reprinted in 2, but not in 3, 4, 5, or 6.
DELIA.

SONNET. XXVIII.

R
Aigne in my thoughts faire hand, sweete eye, rare
voice,
Possesse me whole, my hearts triumvirate:
Yet heauy heart to make so hard a choise,
Of such as spoile thy poore afflicted state.
For whilst they striue which shall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe;
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeeld me nought that giues them their renowne.
When backe I looke, I sigh my freedome past,
And waile the state wherein I present stand:
And see my fortune euer like to laft,
Finding me rain’d with such a heauy hand.
What can I do but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,
And serue all three, and yet they spoile me too.

Sonnet 28. No variations.

SONNET. XXIX.

To M. P.

L
ike as the spotlesse Ermelin distrest,
Circumpaß’d round with filth and lothsome mud:
Pines in her griefe, imprisoned in her nest,
And cannot Issue forth to seeke her good.
So I inuiron’d with a hatefull want,
Looke to the heauens; the heauens yeelde forth no
grace:
I search the earth, the earth I finde as skant,
I view my selfe, my selfe in wofull case.
Heauen nor earth will not, my selfe cannot wake
   A way through want to free my soule from care:
But I must pine, and in my pining lurke,
   Least my sad lookes bewray me how I fare.
My fortune mantled with a clowde f'obscure;
   Thus shades my life so long as wants endure.

Sonnets 29 and 30 appeared only in 1592 (E 3 and E 3 verso)—former
misnumbered xxxi. as it follows xxviii., folio 29 after folio 28. They are
accepted and re-inserted. See our Memorial-Introduction on them, and
specially on the ‘M. P.’ of Sonnet 29.

SONNET. XXX.

My cares draw on mine everlasting night,
   In horrors fable clowdes sets my liues sunne:
My liues sweet sunne, my dearest comforts light,
   Will rife no more to me, whose day is dunne.
I goe before vnto the Mirtle shades.
   To attend the presence of my worlds Deere;
And there prepare her flowres that neuer fades,
   And all things fit against her comming there.
If any aske me why so soone I came,
   Ile hide her sinne and say it was my lot:
In life and death Ile tender her good name,
   My life nor death shall neuer be her blot.
Although this world may seeme her deede to blame,
Th' Elifian ghosts shall neuer know the fame.
SONNET. XXXI.

Alluding to the Sparrow pursued by a Hawke, that flew into the bosome of Zenocrates.

Hilft by thy eies pursu'd, my poore heart flew
Into the sacred Refuge of thy brest:
Thy rigor in that Sanctuary flew
That which thy succring mercy should haue blest.
No priuileged of faith could it protect,
  Faith being with blood, and fiue yeares witnes sign'd,
Wherein no shew gaue cause of least suspec
tFor well thou saw'ft my loue and how I pin'd
Yet no mild comfort would thy Brow reueale,
  No lightning lookes which falling hopes ereect:
What bootes to lawes of Succor to appeale?
  Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes respect.
Then there I die from whence my life shoud come,
And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

Sonnet 31. The heading first in : ll. 1, 3, 'it' at close in 1, 8, 8; ibid., 'her' for 'thy': l. 2, 'bosome of my deerest' 1, 8, 8; ll. 3-14—
  'She there in that sweete sanctuary flew it,
Where it presum'd his safetie to be neereft.
  My priuileged of faith could not protect it,
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes sign'd:
In all which time she neuer could suspec it,
For well she sawe my loue, and how I pined.
And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee,
  No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth:
What bootes to lawes of sucoour to appeale mee?
  Ladies and tyrants neuer lawes respeceth.
Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen ;
  And by that hand, which better might haue given' (1, 8, 8).
SONNET. XXXII.

He Starre of my mishap impo'd this paine
To spend the Aprill of my yeares in giafe:
Finding my fortune ever in the waine
With still fresh cares, suppleide with no reliefe.
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee is done,
But these weake whings presuming to aspire,
Which now are melted by thine eyes bright fun,
That makes me fall from off my hie desire.
And in my fall I crye for helpe with speede,
No pittyng eye lookes backe vpon my feares:
No succour finde I now when most I neede,
My heates must drowne in th'Ocean of my teares.
Which still must beare the title of my wrong,
Cau'd by those cruell beames that were so strong.

Sonnet 32 is xxvii. of 1, xxxi. of 2, xxix. of 2, xxxi. of 2, and 3: l. 1, 'payning', 1, 2: l. 2, 'wayling', 1, 2: l. 3, 'That never found my fortune but in wayning', 1, 2: l. 4, 'my present woes affayling', 1, 2: l. 5, 'her . . . she might haue blest mee', 1, 2: l. 6, 'But my desires wings so high aspiring', 1, 2: l. 7, 'Now melted with the sunne that hath possest mee', 1, 2: l. 8, 'Downe now I fall from off my high desiring', 1, 2: l. 9, 'doe cry for mercy speedy', 1, 2: l. 10, 'mourning', 1, 2: l. 11, 'helpe . . . when now most sauour neede I', 1, 2: l. 12, 'Th' Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning', 1, 2: l. 13, 'And this my death chrisiten her anew', 1, 2: l. 14, 'And giue the cruell Faire her tytle dew.'

SONNET. XXXIII.

Till in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceasles cares continually run on:
Seeking in vaine what I haue euuer sought,
One in my loue, and her hard hart still one.
I who did neuer joy in other Sun,
And haue no stars but those, that must fulfill
The worke of rigor, fatally begun
Upon this heart, whom crueltie will kill.
Injurious DELIA yet I love thee still,
And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine,
Ile tell the world that I deseru'd but ill,
And blame my selfe t'excuse that heart of thine.
See then who finnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine.

Sonnet 33. Not in 1, 9: first in 8 and reprinted in 4, 6 and 1: is so
different that it must be reproduced here—

"Still in the trace of my tormented thought,
My ceafeleffe cares must march on to my death:
Thy least regard too deerlie haue I bought,
Who to my comfort neuer deign'ft a breath.
Why shoul'dt thou stop thine eares now to my cryes,
Whose eyes were open, ready to oppresse me?
Why shutt'ft thou not the cause whence al did rife,
Or heare me now, and seeke how to redresse me?
Injurious DELIA, yet Ile loue thee still,
Whilst that I breathe in forrow of my smart:
Ile tell the world that I deseru'd but ill,
And blame my selfe for to excuse thy hart.
Then judge who finnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy disdaine."

SONNET. XXXIII.

Oft do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies,
Are eyes, or els two radiant stars that shine
For how could Nature euer thus deuise,
Of earth on earth a substance so diuine,
Delia.

Starres sure they are, whose motions rule desires,
And calm and tempest follow their aspects:
Their sweet appearing still such power inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects,
Yet whether fixt or wandring starres are they,
Whose influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart?
Fixt sure they are, but wandring make me stray,
In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starres then, not eyes, moue you with a milder view,
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

Sonnet 34. Not in 1, 2: first in 3, and reprinted in 4, 5, and 6.

Sonnet. XXXV.

And yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt presuming so to fore;
The mounting venter for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honor, great designes their fame,
Glory doth follow, courage goes before.

And though th'euent oft answers not the fame,
Suffice that high attempts haue neuer shame.
The meane obseruer (whom base safety keeps)
Liues without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternall darkness euer sleepe.

And therefore Delia, tis to me no blot,
To haue attempted, though attaind thee not.

Sonnet 35. Not in 1, 2: first in 3 (xxx.), and reprinted in 4, 5, and 6.
SONNET. XXXVI.

Raising my hopes on hills of high desire,
   Thinking to scale the heauen of her hart,
My slender meanes presum'd too high a part;
   Her thunder of disdaine forst me retire.
And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
   Where loe I languish in so heauy smart,
Because th'attempt was farre aboue my art:
   Her pride brook'd not poore foules shoulde so aspire.
Yet I protest my high desiring will
   Was not to dispossesse her of her right:
Her soueraignty should haue remained still,
   I onely fought the blisse to haue her fight.
Her fight contented thus to see me spill,
   Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

Sonnet 36. l. 4, a badly inserts 'to' before 'retire': l. 8, 'should come fo nye her' ; l. 9, 'aspyring' ; l. 9.

SONNET. XXXVII.

Vv Hy dooft thou DELIA credit fo thy glasse,
   Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the skies:
And dooft not rather looke on him (alas)
   Whose state beft shewes the force of murdering eies?
The broken tops of lofty trees declare
   The fury of a mercy-wanting storme;
And of what force thy wounding graces are,
   Vpon my selfe thou best mayft finde the forme:
Then leave thy glass, and gaze thy selfe on me,
That Mirror shewes what power is in thy face:
To view your forme too much, may danger bee,

*Narcissus* chang'd t'a flower in such a case.
And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint;
I feare your eye hath turnd your heart to flint.

Sonnet 37. l. 1, 'O why dooth Delia . . . her' 1, 8; l. 2, 'her' for 'thy' and 'thee' 1, 8; l. 3, 'dooth' 1, 2, 8; l. 8, 'you . . . may' 1, 2, 8: ll. 7, 9, 10, 'your.'

*SÖNNET. XXXVIII.*

I

Once may see when yeares shall wreck my wrong,
When golden haires shall change to siluer wier:
And those bright raies that kindle all this fire,
Shall faile in force, their working not fo strong:
Then beauty (now the burthen of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth fo admire,
Must yeeld vp all to tyrant Times desire;
Then fade those flowers that deckt her pride fo long.

When, if she grieue to gaze her in her glass,
Which, then presents her winter-withered hew,
Goe you my verse, go tell her what she was;
For what she was, she best shall find in you.

Your fiery heate lets not her glory passe,
But (Phænix-like) shall make her liue anew.

Sonnet 38. l. 8, 'which' 1, 2.
SONNET. XXXIX.

Looke DElia how we'steeme the halfe blowne Rose,
The image of thy blush and Sommers honor:
Whilst yet her tender bud doth vndisclose
That full of beauty, time bestowes vpon her.
No sooner spreds her glory in the ayre,
But straight her wide blowne pomp comes to decline:
She then is scord that late adornd the Fayre;
So fade the Roses of thofe cheeks of thine.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withered flowres,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying houres,
Disolues the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waft in vaine,
But loue now whilst thou maiest be lou'd againe.

Sonnet 39.  l. 1, 'wee steeme' b, s, : l. 3—
    'in . . . greene the doth inclose,
That pure sweete beautie, Time' (1, 3, 4):
  l. 6, 'ful-blowne pride is in declyning' l, s, : l. 8, 'So crowdes thy
beautie, after fayrest shining' l, s, : l. 10, 'blooming' l, s, : ibid., 'thy'
for 'the' misprint of a—accepted: l. 13, 'O let not their . . . riches'
l, s : l. 14, 'loue whilst that thou' l, s, .

SONNET. XL.

Bv't loue whilst that thou maiest be lou'd againe,
Now whilst thy May hath fild thy lap with
flowres,
Now whilst thy beauty beares without a staine;
Now vse the Sommer smiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilst thou spreadst vnto the rising sunne,
The fairest flowre that euer saw the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy sweet be done.
And (DELIA) thinke thy morning must haue night,
And that thy brightnes ssets at length to West,
When thou wilt close vp that which now thou show'ft,
And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most inuaile and shadow most.
Men do not wey the tchalke for that it was,
When once they find her flowre her glory pas.

Sonnet 40.  l. 7, 'thy' twice inserted in a before sweet': in 1, 8, spelt 'dunne'—so frequently: l. 12, 'hide it most, and couer lowest' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. XLI.

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone:
Received hast this message from thy glasse,
That tells the truth, and sayes that all is gone;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shal waxe, when thou are in thy waining.
The world shall finde this myracle in me,
That fire can burne when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath bene thy selfe shall see,
And that thou waft vnkinde, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou haft scorn'd my teares,
When winter snowes upon thy fable haires.

Sonnet 41.  l. 4, 'thee': l. 11, 'shalt', 1, 2, 3; l. 14, 'golden heares', 1, 2, 3.
SONNET. XLII.

VV

Hen winter snowes vpon thy fable haires,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties neere,
When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,
And all lies withred that was held so deere.

Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limmed with a Pensill not all vnworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and nature lent thee,
Here read thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee.

This may remaine thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherrish,
These colours with thy fading are not spent,
These may remaine when thou and I shall perish.

If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby,
They will remaine, and so thou canst not die.

Sonnet 42. 1. 1, 'golden'; 2, 3, 5: 1. 2, 'flowers'; 6, 7.

SONNET. XLIII.

Hou canst not die whilst any zeale abound
In feeling hearts that can conceiue these lines;
Though thou a Laura haft no Petrarch found,
In base attire, yet cleerly Beauty shines.

And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Do seele mine inward heat as great (I know it:)
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better shoue it.
But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile,
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldest thou liue in an immortall stile.
For though that *Laura* better limned be,
Suffice, thou shalt be lou’d as well as shee.

*Sonnets*. 43. 1. 4,; accepted after ‘attire’ ; , , , .

**SONNET. XLI.**

BE not displeas’d that these my papers should
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art:
Or that my wits haue shewed the best they could.
(The chasteft flame that euer warmed hart)
Thinke not (sweet *DELIA*) this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praiise with mournfull warble:
How many liue, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in Ise, when thine is grau’d in Marble.

Thou maist in after ages liue esteeem’d,
Unburied in these lines resevu’d in purenes;
These shall intombe those eies, that haue redeem’d
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes.

Although my carefull accents neuer moou’d thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou’d thee.

*Sonnets*. 44. 1. 1, ‘O be not grieu’d ’ ; , , , and a badly ‘diseas’d’: 1. 7, ‘liues’ ; , ; 1. 8, 1 misprinted ‘yee.’

**SONNET. XLV.**

DELIA, these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seene those walls which proud ambition rear’d

To check the world, how they intomb’d haue lien
Within themselues, and on them ploughs haue ear’d.

Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaind
The spoyle of fame deuer’d by vertuous men:
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain’d
Th’eternall Annals of a happy pen.
DELIA.

And therefore grieue not if thy beauties die,
Though time do spoyle thee of the fairest vaile
That euer yet couered mortality,
And must instarre the Needle, and the Raile.
That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,
Liuies in my lines, and must eternall bee.

Sonnet 45. 1. 2, 'the which ambition' 1, 2, 3: l. 5, 'for all that no' 1, 2, 3: l. 8, 'Annals' 1: l. 9, Why then though Delia fade, let that not move her' 1, 2, 3: l. 11, 'mortalitie did coner' 1, 2, 3: l. 12, 'which shall ... trayle' 1, 2, 3: l. 13, 'grace, that vertue, all that seru'd t' in woman' 1, 2, 3: l. 14, 'Dooth her vnto eternitie affommon' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. XLVI.

Oft faire and louely Maide, looke from the shore,
See thy Leander striuing in these waues:
Poore soule quite spent, whose force can do no more,
Now send forth hope, for now calme pitty saues.
And waft him to thee with those louely eies,
A happy conuoy to a holy Land:
Now shew thy power, and where thy vertue lies,
To saue thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand.
Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;
That hand that darts so right and neuer misse:
I shall forget old wrongs, my grieues shall cease;
And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kisse.
Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may figh no more.

Sonnet 46. 1. 1, 'Faire and louely' 1, 2, 3: l. 3, 'fore-spent' 1: l. 5, a badly misprints 'waft' 1. 11, 'Ile not reuenge ... wrath' 1, 2, 3: l. 12, 'For' 1, 2, 3: 1, 5 print 'glis.'
SONNET. XLVII.

Ead in my face, a volume of dispaires,
   The wailing Iliads of my tragick woe:
   Drawne with my blood, and painted with my cares,
   Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd so.
Who whilst I burne, she sings at my soules wrack,
   Looking aloft from turret of her pride:
   There my soules tyrant ioyes her, in the sack
   Of her owne seate, whereof I made her guide.
There do these smoakes that from affliction rise,
   Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame:
   A sacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
   Because their power serue to exact the same.
Thus ruines she (to satisifie her will,)
The temple, where her name was honour'd still.

Sonnet 47. l. 1, after 'face' accepted 1, 2, 3: l. 3, 'printed' 1, 2, 3:
last l., after 'Temple' accepted 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. XLVIII.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eies,
   The ready handmayds on her grace t'attend:
   That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer rife,
   For to their flow she neuer grants an end.
Th'Ocean neuer did attend more duly
   Vpon his souereignes course, the nights pale Queene,
   Nor payd the impost of his waues more truly,
   Then mine vnto her cruelty hath beene.
Yet nought the rocke of that hard heart can moue,
Where beat these teares with zeale, and fury dries:
And yet I'd rather languish for her loue,
Then I would ioy the fairest she that liues.
And if I finde such pleasure to complaine,
What should I do then, if I should obtaine?

'Sonnet 48. L. 1, 'Cynthia' ; l. 2, 'attending' ;
neuer dries' from ; gives the true reading 'but euie rife'—accepted:
1 4, 'ending' ; l. 8, 'to her in truth have euie beene' ; ibid.,
'Deitie become' ; l. 10, 'these' accepted ; a badly 'their' from ;
ibid., 'driueth' ; l. 11, 'for' ; ; I'd' for 'I' ; l. 12, 'liueth'
; ; ll. 13, 14—
'I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,
As now I taste in compas of complauning' (', ,').

SONNET. XLIX.

H ow long shall I in mine affliction mourne?
A burden to my selfe, distrest in minde:
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out dispaire, wherein they lie confinde?
When shalt her troubled brow charg'd with disdain,
Reveale the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Ife that hath congeald her heart?
Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue doth sommon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue?
I know her heart cannot but iudge with me,
Although her eyes her aduersaries be.

Sonnet 49. L. 1, 'morne' ;—cf. Sonnet xvi., l. 5, 'troubled'
in errata', as dropped : ll. 13, 14—
' I knowe she cannot but must needes confesse it,
Yet deignes not with one simple signe t'express it' (', ,').
SONNET. L.

Beauty (sweet Loue) is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green:
Cheerès for a time, but till the Sunne doth shew,
And straight tis gone as it had never been.
Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest florish,
Short is the glory of the blushing Rose:
The hew which thou so carefully dost norish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou surcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinklest homeward to the earth,
And that in Beauties leafe expir'd, appears
The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.
But ah! no more, this must not be foretold,
For women grieue to thinke they must be old.

Sonnet 50. ll. 11, 12—
'When tyme hath made a pasport for thy feares,
Dated in age... '(, , ):
1. 13, 'hath beene often tolde' 1, 2, 3: 1. 14, 'And.'

SONNET. LI.

Must not grieue my Loue, whose cies would reede
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile:
Flowers haue a time before they come to seede,
And she is yong, and now must sport the while.
Ah sport (sweet Maide) in season of these yeares,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the sweetest blossomes first appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten foorth smiles to cleere the clouded aire,  
And calme the tempest which my sighs doo raife :  
Pitty and smiles doe best become the faire,  
Pitty and smiles must onely yeeld thee praife. 
Make me to say, when all my griefes are gone,  
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Sonnet 51. L. 3, 'a' dropped by a inadvertently : l. 5, 'Ah,,' 1, 2, 3 accepted for 'And' of a and 4 : l. 12, 'shall yeeld thee lafting' 1, 2, 3 : l. 13, 'I hope' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. LII.

At the Authors going into Italie.

And whither (poore forsaken) wilt thou goe,  
To goe from sorrow, and thine owne distresse?  
When every place presents like face of woe,  
And no remoue can make thy sorrowes leffe?  
Yet goe (forsaken) leaue these Woods, these plaines,  
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues  
Thee and thy Loue forlorne, and both disdaines :  
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues.  
Seeke out some place, and see if any place  
Can giue the leaft releafe vnto thy grieffe :  
Conuay thee from the thought of thy disgrace,  
Steale from thy selfe, and be thy cares owne thiefe. 
But yet, what comforts shall I hereby gaine ?  
Bearing the wound, I needes must feele the paine.

Sonnet 52. Not in 1, 2 : heading accepted from 3 : l. 1, 'O Whether' 2.
SONNET. LIII.

This Sonnet was made at the Author's beeing in Italie.

Drawne with th'attactive vertue of her eyes,
   My toucht heart turns it to that happy cost:
My joyfull North, where all my fortune lies,
The leuell of my hopes desired most,
There where my Delia fairest then the Sunne,
   Deckt with her youth whereon the world doth smile,
Ioyes in that honor which her eyes have wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happy Ile.
Florish faire Albion, glory of the North,
   Neptunes best darling, held betweene his armes:
Duided from the world, as better worth,
Kept for himselfe, defended from all harms.
Still let disarmed peace decke her and thee:
And Muse-foe Mars, abroad farre softred bee.

Sonnet 53. Heading from 'accepted': l. 5, a badly misprints 'were': l. 6, 'smyleth' , 'beautie wonne' , 'Th' eternall volume which her fame compyleth' ; l. 8, 'Neptunes darling' ; ibid., misprinted 'arme' in a.

SONNET. LIIII.

Are-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the fable night,
   Brother to death, in silent darknes borne:
Relieue my languish, and restore the light,
   With darke forgetting of my care returne.
And let the day be time enough to mourne
   The shipwracke of my ill adventred youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorne,
   Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Ceafe dreames, th’Images of day desires,
To modell forth the passions of the morrow:
Neuer let rising Sunne approue you liers,
To adde more griefe to aggrauate my sorrow.
Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,
And neuer wake to feele the dayes disdaine.

Sonnet 54. 1. 5, ‘morne’ 1, 2, as before: 1. 9, ‘th’ ymagery of our
day’ 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. LV.

Et others sing of Knights and Palladines;
In aged accents, and vntimely words:
Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee, and those faire eies,
Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th’vnborne shall say, Lo where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speake that else was dombe.
These are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name against old age:
And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
Against the darke and times consuming rage.
Though th’error of my youth in them appeare,
Suffice, they shew I liu’d and lou’d thee deare.

Sonnet 55. 1. 13, ‘they shall discouer’ 1, 2, 3: 1. 14, ‘was thy louer’
1, 2, 3.
SONNET. LVI.

As to the Roman that would free his Land,
His error was his honour and renowne:
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Then if he had the tyrant over-throwne.
So DELIA, hath mine error made me knowne,
And my deceiu'd attempt, deseru'd more fame;
Then if I had the victory mine owne:
And thy hard heart had yeelded vp the fame.
And so likewise, renowned is thy blame,
Thy cruelty, thy glory; O strange case
That errors should be graci'd that merit shame,
And finne of frownes bring honour to the face.
Yet happy DELIA that thou wast vnkind,
Though happier far if thou wouldst change thy mind.

Sonnet 56. First in 2: l. 14, 'yet 'n.

SONNET. LVII.

Like as the Lute delights or els dislikes,
As is his art that playes upon the fame:
So sounds my Muse according as she strikes
On my heart-strings high tun'd vnto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the found,
Which here I yeeld in lamentable wise:
A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports giue honor to her eyes.
Else harsh my stile, vntunble my Muse,
Hoarce founds the voyce that prayseth not her name;
If any pleasing relish here I vse,
Then iudge the world her beauty giues the same.
For no ground els could make the Muficke fuch,
Nor other hand could giue fo true a touch.

SONNET. LVIII.

One other fame mine vnambitious Muse,
Affected euer, but t'eternize thee:
All other honors doe my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary bee.
For God forbid I should my Papers blot,
With mercenary lines, with feruile Pen;
Praising vertues in them that haue them not,
Bafely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no, my Verse respects not Thames nor Theaters,
Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,
But Auon rich in fame, though poore in waters,
Shall haue my Song, where Delia hath her feat:
Auon shall be my Thames, and she my Song,
No other prouder Brookes shall heare my wrong.

Sonnet 57. l. 1, 'that ioyes' i, i, i: ll. 13, 14—
'O happie ground that makes . . . .
And blessed hand that giues so sweete' (i, i, i).

Sonnet 58. l. 11, 'rich' 1, 1, 1, accepted for 'poore' of 1, 1, 1, and 1;
also 'though' for 'and': l. 14, 'He found her name the Ryuer all along'
1, 1, 1.
SONNET. LIX.

V

Nhappie Pen, and ill-accepted lines
That intieme in vaine my chast desire:
My chast desire, which from dark her sorrow shines,
Inkindled by her eyes celestiall fire.

Celestiall fire, and vnrespecting powres
Which pity not the wounds made by their might,
Shew'd in these lines, the worke of carefull houres,
The sacrifice here offered to her fight.

But since she weighs them not, this rests for me,
Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue:
And so content me that her frownes should be
To m'infants stile the Cradle, and the Graue.

What though my Muse no honor get thereby,
Each Bird sings to her selfe, and so will I.

Sonnet 59. 1. 1, 'papers' 1, 2, 3, 4: l. 2, 'defiers' 1, 2, 3: l. 3, 'defiers, the ever burning tapers' 1, 2, 3: l. 4, 'fiers' 1, 2, 3: l. 5, 'fiers' 1, 2, 3: l. 6, 'That deigne not view the glory of your' 1, 2, 3: l. 7, 'In humble lines' 1, 2, 3: l. 8, 'I offer' 1, 2, 3: l. 9, 'sith' 1, 2, 3: ibid., 'scornes her owne' 1, 2, 3: l. 13, 'selfe' 1, 2, 3.

SONNET. LX.

L

O here the impost of a faith entire
Which loue doth pay, and her disdain extorts:
Behold the message of a chast desire
Which tells the world how much my grieve imports.

These tributary passions, beauties due,
I send those eyes the cabinets of loue:
That Cruelty her selfe might grieue to view
Th'affliction her vnkind disdain doth moue.
And how I liue cast downe from off all myrth,  
Penfiue alone, onely but with Dispaire:  
My ioyes abortiue, perish in their byrth.  
My griefes long liu'd, and care succeeding care.  
This is my state, and DELIAS heart is such,  
I say no more, I feare I sayd too much.

Sonnet 60.  1. 1, 'vnfaining' 1, 2: 1. 2, 'That loue hath paide ...  
extortes' 1, 3: 1. 3, 'my iust complayning' 1, 2: 1. 4, 'That shewes ... imported' 1, 1, 2: 1. 5, 'plaintes fraught with desiere' 1, 1, 2: 1. 7, 'The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire' 1, 1, 2: ll. 8, 9—  
'From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.  
Wherein I thus doe liue cast downe from myrth' (1, 1, 2):  
1. 10, 'none but despayre about mee' 1, 2: 1. 11, 'perisht at' 1, 2—  
'perisht' accepted for 'perish' from 4, 5 and a: 1. 12, 'carres ... will not dye without mee' 1, 2: 'Finis' 1, 2: 1. 14, qu.—'I've'?  
The Ode and other related Poems appended will be found under 'IX. Occasional Poems.'
III.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

1592.
NOTE.

As shown by the title-pages of 1592 (1st and 2nd edition), the 'Complaint of Rosamond' accompanied the 'Sonnets to Delia'; and so in 3, 4, 6, and 8. Our text (as throughout) is the 4to of 1623; but underneath the various readings, additions, etc., of the earlier texts are recorded.

In 1594 edition (Malone 354) on last leaf (verso) the following notes are written:—

**Epitaphium.**

Hic jacet in tombo Rosa mundi non Rosa munda.
Non redolet fed olet, qua redolere solet.

Heer lyes intoumbd wthin this compast stone,
Fayre Rosamond, not nowe the world's fayre rose;
Who whilome sweetest smelt, follow'd by none,
Doth nowe wth deadly staunch infest y' nofe.

F. L.

**AND**

This marble stone doth heere enclose
The worlds fayre not nowe sweete rose,
In whome too late the worlds repose
Doth nowe wth stinch offende the nofe.

F.d.

See Memorial-Introduction on Mr. J. Payne Collier's reprints of the early texts of the 'Complaint.'

A. B. G.
THE COMPLAINT OF Rosamond.

O't from the horror of infernal deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my shame that never sleepeis,
The spot wherewith my kind, and youth did stain it.
My body found a graue where to containe it:
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin.
For Fame findes neuer Tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worse, my soule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elision rest,
The ioyfull bliss for Ghosts repurified,
The euer-springing Gardens of the blest:
\textit{Caron} denies me waftage with the rest.

And saies my soule can neuer passe the Riuier,
\textit{Till Louers sighs on earth shall it deliuer.}

So shal I neuer passe; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
Time hath long since worn out the memorie
Both of my life, and lives vniust deprevying:
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.

\textit{Rosamond} hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the fame.

l. 4, \textit{accepted from }1, 2: \textit{also: after }'it' \textit{for. : l. 9, }'Elision' \textit{: l. 18,}
\textit{for, }1, 2, 3.
No Muse suggests the pitty of my case,
Each Pen doth ouerpaswe my iust complaint,
Whilft others are prefer'd, though farre more base;
Shores wife is grac'd, and passes for a Saint;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.
Her well-told tale did such compassion finde,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behinde.

Which seene with grieze, my miserable Ghost,
(Whilome invested in so faire a vaile,
Which whilft it liu'd, was honoured of the most,
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile,)
Comes to sullicite thee, (whilft others faile)
To take this taske, and in thy wofull song
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
Toill'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares hath little time to vse,
And therefore maift esteeme of mine the lesse:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redresse,
The ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy minde a wofull womans case.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our Story,
And offer vp her sighs among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best.
Such powrre s he hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to bleffe the dead.

1. 27, hyphen accepted 1, 2, 3: 1. 33, 'since' 1, 2, 3: 1. 37, 'affliction' accepted 1, 2, 3, for 'affection': 1. 43, 'deynge' 1, 2.
OF ROSAMOND.

So I (through beauty) made the wosull'ft wight, 50
By beauty might haue comfort after death :
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Finde life aboue on earth, and rest beneath.
She that can bless vs with one happy breath,
    Giue comfort to thy Mufe to doe her best,
    That thereby thou mayst ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said : forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pitty (which my selfe could neuer find,)
What she desir'd, my Mufe deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tell her mind. 60
And I (more willing) tooke this charge assign'd;
    Because her griefes were worthy to be knowne,
    And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my flippry state :
Of all my life reuеalе the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
    Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
    And ere they come to know them tis forbidden. 70

For whilst the Sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate
That euer yet imperious beauty tasted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get:
But this faire morning had a shamefull set.
    Disgrace dark'dd honour, sinne did cloude my brow,
    As note the sequell, and Ile tell thee how.

L 65, : †, ‡, § for ,
The bloud I stain'd, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me blest.
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vse the fame.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
     And all concurr'd to make me happy furst,
That so great hope might make me more accurst.

Happy liu'd I whilst parents eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble wayes,
And Countrey-home kept me from being eide,
Where best vnknowne I spent my sweetest daies:
Till that my friends mine honour sought to raffe
     To higher place, which greater credit yeelds,
Deeming such beauty was vnfit for fields.

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd
From caline to stormes; from shore into the deepes:
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I loft the floure which honour keepes,
There where the worser thriues, the better weepes;
     Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy shelve,
I grounded me, and cast away my selfe.

There whereas fraile and tender beauty stands,
With all assaulting powres inuironed;
Hauing but prayers and weake feeble hands
To hold their honours Fort vnauquished;
There where to stand, and be vnconquered,
     Is to b'aboue the nature of our kinde,
That cannot long for pity be vnkinde.

1. 98, 99, 100, accepted: ll. 99—105 first inserted in 4 are reprinted in 5,
   though left out in 1599 edition, but again in 1605.
OF ROSAMOND.

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
With rarest proove of beauty euer seene:
When my requiuing eie had learnt the truth,
That it had powre to make the winter greene,
And floure affections whereas none had beene;
    Soone-could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
    And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeal'd their thoughts against a warme desire,)
Yet figh their want, and looke at such a baite;
I saw how youth was waxe before the fire;
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.
    Yet well perceiued, how Fortune made me then
    The enuie of my sexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the first appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing,
Makes silent listning vnto him that told it,
So did my speech when Rubies did vnfold it;
    So did the blazing of my blush appeare,
    T'amaze the world, that holdes such sights so deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,
Sweet silent Rhetorique of persuading eyes:
Dombe Eloquence, whose powre doth moue the bloud,
More then the words or wisedome of the wise;
Still harmony, whose Diapason lyes
    Within a brow, the key which passions moue,
    To rauish fence, and play a world in loue.
What might I then not doe whose powre was such?
What cannot women doe that know their powre?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How blisse or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke:
That new-found shame, a sinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke:
Vilde staine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to cover our defect.

Impietie of times, Chaftities abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest:
Treason to counterfeit the seale of Nature,
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the highest.
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest,
Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wife,
And all that honour thee Idolatrisse.

Farre was that sinne from vs whose age was pure,
VWhen simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheekes, a vertuous breest:
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.
These were the weapons which mine honour wonne,
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begunne.

l. 139, 'her' (his) 'proper fayre', 1, 3: l. 140, 'Which cheers the worlde, ioyes each sight, sweetens th'ayre', 1, 3 (in misprinted 'arye'): l. 152, 1, 3, 8 for: l. 158, 1, 3 for: l. 160, spelt 'wunne', 2: 'wun'.

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OF ROSAMOND.

Which were not small; I wrought on no meane obiect,
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obey'd me:
Whom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,
Who did command the Land, most humbly pray'd me:

Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd me,

Found well (by proose) the priuiledge of beauty,
That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in France,
And all the triumphs of his honour wonne:

Unmatcht by sword, was vanquisht by a glance,
And hotter warres within his breast begunne.

Varres, whom whole legions of desires drew on:
Against all which, my chaftitie contends,
With force of honour, which my shame defends.

No Armour might be found that could defend,

Transpiercing raies of criaffall poynted eyes:
No stratagem, no reafton could amend,
No not his age; (yet old men should be wife)

But shewes deceive, outward appearance lies.

Let none for seeming so, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue fuckt their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obey'd his hand-maide of so meane eftate;

Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worn his pleasures out of date.

But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late,

For such a dainty which his youth found not,

Unto his seeble age did chaunce allot.

1. 163, 1, 2, 3 for and so. 1. 165: l. 170, Tryumphing in the honour
of his deedes' 1, 2, 3: l. 172, 'bosome breedes' 1, 2, 3: l. 173, 'desires feedes'
1, 2, 3: l. 174, 'oppeses' 1, 2, 3: l. 175, 'The field of honour vertue neuer
loses' 1, 2, 3: l. 184, 'a state' 1, 3.
Ah Fortune, neuer absolutely good,
For that some crosse still counter-checks our lucke;
As here behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stucke:
Whose lothing, we from Natures breasts doe stucke, ✓
As opposite to what our bloud requires;
For equall age, doth equall like desires.

But mighty men, in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the'are'old:
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so farre
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect;
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiesty, whereon his state relies:
And now of loues and pleasures must devise.
For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
And seekes all meanes to undermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recouer, ✓
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires:
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaste louer.
The Crowne that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then Chaftities attires.
Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adornes,
Th'vnsgathed Rose, defended with the thornes. ✓

l. 195, ; 1, 2, 8 for .
OF ROSAMOND.

And safe mine honor stood, till that in truth,
One of my Sexe, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habit of like frailtie clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weakenesse had.

A seeming Matron, yet a sinfull Monster,
As by her words the Chaster fort may confiter.

She set vpon me with the smoothest speech
That Court and age could cunningly devise:
Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to subtilise.
Both were enough to circumuent the wife.

A document that well might teach the sage,
That there's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (said she) behold thy happy chance,
That haft the lot cast downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'st thy honor great aduance,
Whilst thou (unhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T'oppose thy selfe against thine owne good fortune,
That poyns thee out, and seemes thee to importune.

Doost thou not see, how that thy King (thy Ioue)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate:

And showers downe gold and treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doost shut thy lap against thy Fate?
Fie Fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canst not see:
What is the Fortune that doth follow thee.

l. 230, 'may' 1, 2, 3: l. 232, 'faith' 1, 2.
THE COMPLAINT

Thou must not thinke thy flower can always flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admired;
But that those raiseth which all these flames doe nourish,
Cancell'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will scorne what now is so desired.
    250
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow;
I haue beeene faire (I must confesse the truth)
And stood vpon as nice respects as thou;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
    But were I to beginne my youth againe,
    I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine.

But thou haft yeeres and pruilledge to vse them,
260
Thy pruilledge doth beare Beauties great seale;
Besides, the Law of Nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.

Esteeme not Fame more then thou dost thy weale.
Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choice)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lifts of Reputation?
Titles which cold seueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholies opinion, Customes relation;
    Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hell to the faire,
    To leaue the sweet for Castles in the aire.

1. 256, 'thow', 2, 8.
Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne:
And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

The subtill City-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chaste enough that baft seeme fo:
Who though they spport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies do;
Tis warie walking that doth fastlyest go,
With shew of Vertue, as the cunning knowes:
Babes are beguild with sweets, and men with showes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy spports detract:
Thou must not fondly thinke thy selfe transparant, 290
That those who see thy face can judge thy fact;
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.
And seeme the chaste, which is the chieuest arte,
(For what we seeme each sees, none knowes our hart.)

The mightie who can with such finnes dispence,
In stead of shame doe honors great bestow,
A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the scarlet finne as white as snow.
The Maiestie that doth descend so low,
Is not defilde, but pure remains therein:
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin.

l. 279, ‘blasts’ , l. 291, ‘the’ , l. 294, ‘sees’ , accepted for
‘see’; ll. 295—301 from , l. 298, misprinted ‘sarelet.’
THE COMPLAINT

What, doofst thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon;
Thy pleasures want shall be supplide with gold,
Cold age dotes most when heate of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.
    Alluring shewes most deepe impression strikes,
    For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe beganne the cumbat in my blood:
Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vnceartaine where my reasons stood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
    Against such powers which were so surely laid,
    To ouerthrow a poore vnskillfull Maide.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
To sell my selfe to luft, my soule to sin:
Pure-blushing shame was euen in retiring,
Leaung the sacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
    When cleaner thoughts my weakenesse gan vpbray
    Against my selfe, and shame did force me say;

Ah Rosamond, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame:
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?
Leaung thy blush the colours of thy shame?
    Opening thy feete to finne, thy soule to luft,
    Gracelesse to lay thy glory in the duft?

l. 321, 'can', &. See Glossarial-Index, s.v.
OF ROSAMOND.

Nay first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
Or seele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed;
Suffring thy selfe by luft to be misled;
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That Clifford's race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer wish longer to enjoy the Aire,
Then that thou breath'st the breath of Chaftitie:
Longer then thou preferu'th thy foule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie.
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eie,
Where Natures care such rarities inroule;
Which vf'd amisse, may serue to damne thy foule.

But what? he is my King, and may constraine me,
Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed.
The World will thinke Authoritie did gaine me,
I shaull be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed:
We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honorable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the fame.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy Maide)
Whereby thy spotlesse foote may wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou feest is laide;
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeeres cannot resolue this doubt.
Thy Youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
But (in despite) some scandall will be giuen.
Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sin ;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuse my fault my lufts begin.

And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

So well the golden balles cast downe before me,
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way:
Whereat my wretchlesse youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the Goale, the Glory and the Day.
Pleasure had set my well school'd thoughts to play,
And bade me vse the vertue of mine eies,
For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonise.

Thus wrought to sinne, soone was I train'd from Court,
T'a solitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King should thither make resort,
Where he Loues long-desired worke should end.
Thither he daily messages doth send,
With costly Jewels (Orators of Loue.)

Which (ah, too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greetes me with a Casket richly wrought ;

So rare, that Artes did seeme to strue with Nature,

T'expressse the cunning Worke-mans curious thought ;
The mysterie whereof I prying fought,

And found engrauen on the lid aboue,

Amymone, how she with Neptune stroue.
OF ROSAMOND.

Amymone, old Danaus fairest Daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone
At Lerna: whereas Neptune came and caught her:
From whom she stru'd and struggled to be gone,
Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone; 390
   But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go;
   Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens so.

There might I see described how she lay,
At those proude feete, not satisfied with prayer:
Wayling her heavy hap, cursing the day,
In act so pitious to expresse despaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire.
   Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull Gerle,)
   Did seeme against the Sunne Chrifall and Pearle:

Whose pure cleere streames (which to to faire appeares)
Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of Loue 401
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue ;)
   To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
   But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing view'd, and therewith something moued,
Figured I finde within the other squares,
Transformed Io, Ioues deerely loued,
In her afflicition how she strangely fares. 410
Strangely distrest'd (O beauty, borne to cares)
   Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with jealous eyes,
   Always in danger of her hatefull spies.

l. 390, 'Beating', 'sh's', accepted for 'Bathing' of a: l. 391, 'sh's', 'sh's': l. 404, ) inserted instead of after l. 401 at 'Loue': l. 406, 'that': l. 408, 'found': l, 2.
These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the preface of my fall was showne,
Might have fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harms haue made me shun mine owne.
But Fate is not prevented, though foreknowne.

For that must hap, decreed by heav'ly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours. 420

Witnesse the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miferies vnken'd before they come:
Who can the Characters of chaunce decipher,
Written[ in cloudes of our concealed dome ? ]
Which though perhaps haue beene reueal'd to some,
Yet that fo doubtfull (as success did proue them)
That men must know they haue the Heau'ns aboue them.

I saw the sinne wherein my foote was entring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was ventring, 430
Yet had I not the power for to defend it.
So weake is fence, when error hath condemn'd it.

We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soone repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of ilnesse,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in stilnesse,]
And dreadfull blacke had dispoe[st the cleere,
Com'd was the Night (mother of sleepe and feare)
Who with her fable-mantle friendly couers 440
The sweet-stolne sport of ioyfull meeting Louers.

ll. 433-4, 'vs'; 2: added 'content,' 'repent.'
When lo, I joy’d my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of lust most undesired:
Enforc’d th’vnprooued bitter sweet to proue,
Which yeeldes no naturall pleasure when tis hired.
Loue’s not constrain’d, nor yet of due required.

Judge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But soone his age receiu’d his short contenting,
And sleepe seal’d vp his languishing desires:

When he turnses to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires:

My nakednesse had prou’d my fences liers,
Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein;
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I finde my selfe vnparadis’d,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu’d how ill I was aduis’d,
My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning;
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.

For Nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnesse,
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
That jealoufie increas’d with ages coldnesse,
Fearing to loose the joy of all his weale;
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
H’is drieuen to deuise some subtill way,
How he might safelyest keepe so rich a pray.

l. 454, ; added for, ; and so ll. 466, 474, 482.
A stately Pallace he forthwith did build, 470
Whose intricate innumerable wayes
With such confused errours, so beguilde
Th'unguided Entrers, with vnctertaine strayes,
And doubtfull turnings, kept them in delayes;
    With bootelesse labor leading them about,
    Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,
That seru'd a Centre to that goodly Round,
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground, 480
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
    T'entertaine the sens of wanton eies;
    Fuell of Loue, from whence lufts flames arise.

Here I inclo'd from all the world asunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloifred in so defolate a cafe:
None but the King might come into the place,
    With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,
    And he himselfe came guided by a threed. 490

O Iealousie, daughter of Enuie and Loue,
Moist wayward issue of a gentle Sire;
Fostered with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monster, borne a subtill lier;
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire:
    Feeding vpon suspeect that doth renue thee,
    Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.
OF ROSAMOND.

Thou haft a thousand Gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart;
Hundred ey'd Argus, ever waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernal Furie, pleasures smart,
Envious Obseruer, prying in every part;
Suspicious, fearfull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou didst deprive (through false suggesting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie:
The onely good that women hold so deere,
And turn'd my freedome to captiuitie,
First made a prisoner, ere an enemie.

Enioyn'd the ransome of my bodies shame,
Which though I paid, could notredeeme the same.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it bee not seene?
Or what is't to be seene if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd?

Neuer were cheekes of Roses, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the Fire for heate, the Sunne for light;) 520
The faire doe hold this pruiliatedge as due
By ancient' Charter, to liue most in fight,
And she that is debar'd it, hath not right.

In vaine our friends from this, doe vs dehort,
For Beauty will be where is most resorft.
Witnexe the fairest streetes that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glittiring Faire:
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The solitary Countrey may not stay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t'adorne the West.

Here doth the curious with judicall eies,
Contemplate Beauty gloriously attired:
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To liue where we are praish'd and most desired.
O how we ioy to see our felues admired,
Whilst niggardly our favours we discouer:
We loue to be belou'd, yet scorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had nouer mou'd
From Countrey-safety, from the fields of rest:
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the best:
Happy for me, better had I beeene blest,
If I vnluckily had nouer straide,
But liu'd at home a happy Countrey Maide.

Whose vnaffected innocencie thinkes
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer:
Shee's deckt with truth; the Riuere where she drinkes
Doth serue her for her glasse, her Counsell-giuere;
She loues sincerely, and is loued euer.
Her dayes are peace, and so she enodes her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

l. 531, mis-spelt 'beatties,' and l. 532, 'Delea' in a: l. 549, ; for , inserted.
OF ROSAMOND.

So should I never have beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate:
Nor had my name inrol'd with maides misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught, (through my vnhappy fate)
This Lesson (which my selfe learn't with expence)
How most it hurts, that most delights the fence. 560

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is dueely giuen,
Impietie will out, never to closely done:
No walls can hide vs from the eye of Heauen,
For shame must end what wickednesse begun;
Forth breaks reproach when we least thinke thereon,
And this is ever proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entering the Closet of the Pallace dweller:
Abroade reueling what is most forbidden.
Of truth and falsehood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can serve for to expell her.
The Sword of Justice cannot cut her Wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vring secret things.

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could so closely deale,
That she the whole of all our practife learned,
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King to wreek her wrong,
With such reuenge as she desired long. 580
The Labyrinth she entred by that Threed,
That seru’d a conduct to my absent Lord,
Left there by chance, referu’d for such a deed,
Where she surpriz’d me whom she so abhor’d.
Enrag’d with madnessse, scarce she speakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Offering me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her Whelpe,
Runnes fiercely ranging through the Woods aforay: 590
And seeing her selfe depriv’d of hope or helpe,
Furiously assaults what’s in her way,
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray) 7
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could Disdaine and Iealousie deuise.

And after all her vile reproches vsde,
She forc’d me take the Poyson she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abusde,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought.
No crueltie her wrath could leaue vnwrought, 600
No spitefull act that to Reuenge is common ;
(No beast being fiercer then a iealous woman.)

Here take (faith she) thou impudent vnclenee,
Basse gracelesse Strumpet, take this next your heart ;
Your Love-ficke heart, that ouer-charg’d hath beene
With Pleasures surfeit, must be purg’d with Art.
This potion hath a power that will conuarte
To naught, those humors that oppresse you so.
And (Gerle) Ile see you take it ere I go.

l. 608, ‘nought’. 
OF ROSAMOND.

What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe? 610
Tremble you (Minion?) come, dispatch with speed;
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
And all these teares you shed will nothing steed;
Those dainty fingers needes must doe the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And trifle not, lest that I use you worse.

Hauing this bloody doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euerie side I cast:
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last:
All hope of pitty and of comfort past.
No meanes, no power; no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had bin,
They must giue death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in thereat,
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.) 630

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victorie)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forfaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)
To whom she did her full reuenge refer.
Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

II. 617—770 first appeared in *, and reprinted in † and ‡: also in 1599 and 1605.
Then straight my Conscience summons vp my sinne,
T'appeare before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soule beginne,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace;
    Whilst I remaine opprest in every part,
Death in my body, Horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in eudence
Against my soule, and tels I was vnchast;
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed fence,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence;
    Must here the right of Heauen needes fatisfie,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Here I beganne to waile my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange vnlookt for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me such a fall of infamy.
And poore distressed Rosamond (faid I)
    Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Desarts where no eare can heare thee mourne?

Nor any eye of pitty to behold
The wofull end of my sad tragedie;
But that thy wrongs vnseeene, thy tale vntold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
    Thy sinne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.
OF ROSAMOND.

Yet breathe out to these Walles the breath of mone,
Tell th'Aaire thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well:
Utter thy griefe wherewith thy soule doth swell.
And let thy heart pitty thy hearts remorse,
And be thy selfe the mourner and the corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Did'st glorious liue, admir'd and honored:
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To shew in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eye the starre of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoyle the rest?
O Beautie thou an enemie profess'd
To Chastitie and vs that loue thee most,
Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee lost?

You, you that proude with libertie and beautie,
(And well may you be proude that you be so)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie;
Would God I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
To keepe your feete in cleanly paths of shame,
That no inticing may diuert the same.

l. 680 ('o for thyss';) l. 687, 'O you.'
See'ng how against your tender weakesse still,
The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th'assaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and cleane intent:
Ah let not greatnesse worke you to consent.

The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot pruiledge what God forbade.

Locke vp therefore the treasure of your loue,
Vnder the surest keyes of feare and shame:
And let no powers haue power chaste thoughts to moue
To make a lawlesse entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,

Whose equall loue shall march with equall pace,
In those pure ways that leade to no disgrace.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our owne aspiring, or our Parents pride
Haue cauf'd, whilst that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beside:
Whilst married but to titles, we abide.
As wedded Widowes, wanting what we haue,
When shadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweet of youth in plotting in the ayre;
Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to clime;
Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilst those decayes which are without repaire,

Make vs neglected, scorned and reprou'd.
(And O what are we, if we be not lou'd?)
OF ROSAMOND.

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
Left this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Doe ouer-take your youth or ruine it,
And cloude with infamie your beauties shine:
Seeing how many seeke to vndermine
  The treasurie that's vnpossesft of any:
  And hard tis kept that is desired of many.

And flee (O flee) these Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The Monsters of our Sexe) that make a pray
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane;
And euens (like Vipers) eating out a way
Through th'wombe of their owne shame, accursfed they
  Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of sin,
  The filth of lust, vnclenesse wallowes in.

As if t'were not enougb that we (poore we)
Haue weakenesse, beautie, gold and men our foes,
But we must haue some of our felues to be
Traitors vnto our felues, to ioyne with those?
Such as our feeble forces doe disclose,
  And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
  To lust, to folly, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of bloud and lawes,
Vilde Orators of shame, that pleade delight:
Vngracious agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darkenesse, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, Deuils, that doe inuite
  The wanton tast of that forbidden tree,
  Whose fruit once pluckt, will shew how foule we bee.

1.736, 'O is it'.
THE COMPLAINT

You in the habite of a graue aspect,
(In credit by the trust of yeeres) can shoee
The cunning wayes of luft, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing (your lothesome selues) your youth spent so.
   And in vnclennesse euer haue beene fed,
By the reueneue of a wanton bed.

By you haue beene the innocent betraide,
The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtille, subtille made the maide,
The husband scorn'd, dishonored the kin:
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous bin.
   Confus'd our race, and falsified our blood,
   Whilst fathers sonnes possesse wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would haue vterted then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my bloud, subscrib'd with Conscience Pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
Though I could wish (by th'exemple of my will)
   I had not left this note vnto the faire,
   But dide intestate to haue had no heire.

But now, the poyson spred through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing fences quite:
And nought-respecting death (the laft of painses)
Plac'd his pale colours (th'enligne of his might)
Vpon his new-got spoyle before his right;
   Thence chac'd my foule, setting my day ere noone,
   When I leaft thought my ioyes could end so soone.

1. 768, 'And & I wish' : l. 771, 'The poyson spoone dispere'd' 1, 2;
l. 772, 'Had' 1, 2, 3 : l. 773, 'When naught' 1, 2; 'and naught' 3; hyphen
inserted.
OF ROSAMOND.

And as conuaidt 'tvntimely funerals,
My scarce cold corfe not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the King (by chance) returning, fals
T'incounter with the fame vpon the way,
As he repair'd to see his dearest ioy.

Not thinking such a meeting could haue beene,
To see his Loue, and seeing bin vnseene.

Judge those whom chance deprimies of sweetest treasure,
What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleseure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
What passions feelest that heart, inforc'd to beare

The deepe impreffion of so strange a right,
That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stears,
Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares ;
Confus'd affeets each other doe confound.

Opprest with griefe, his passions had no bound :

Striving to tell his woes, words would not come ;
For light cares speake, when mightie griefes are dombe.

At length, extremitie breaks out a way,
Through which, th'imprisoneed voice with teares attended,
Wailes out a found that sorrowes doe bewray :

With armes a-crosse, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighs that to the skies ascended.

Sighs (the poore easpe calamitie affords)
Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.


1. 791, 'Tongue, pen, nor art, can neuer shew a right'; 
2. : L. 799, 'away'; (bad).
O Heauens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy Sunne?
Why haue I light to see my finnes controld,
With bloud of mine owne shame thus wildly done?
How can my sight endure to looke thereon?

Why doth not blacke eternall darkenesse hide,
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

What saw my life wherein my soule might ioy;
What had my dayes whom troubles still afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted;
This, that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broiles, abroade in strife.

Vext still at home with broiles, abroade in strife,
Diffension in my bloud, iarres in my bed:
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread;
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries goe mask'd in glittering showes,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as these passions doe him ouerwhelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it.
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it:

And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On fenceleffe lippes, millions of kisses spends.

1. 807, 'Sonne' ; 2, 3 : l. 817, 'afflicted' ; 1, 2.
OF ROSAMOND.

Pittifull mouth (faith he) that liuing gauest
The sweetest comfort that my foule could wish:
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
This sorowwing farewell of a dying kisse;
And you faire eyes, container of my blisse,
   Motiues of Loue, borne to be matched neuer,
   Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleepe for euer. 840

Ah, how me thinkes I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loues sweet place;
Decayed Roses of discoloured cheeke,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And uly Death sits faire within her face;
   Sweet remnants resting of Vermillion red,
   That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the laft that I shall make thee:
For loe, my foule that now already saints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forfake thee)
Haftens her speedy course to ouer-take thee.
   Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
   For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my foule doth vow,
Reuenge shall sweeten death with ease of minde:
And I will caufe Posterity shall know,
How faire thou wert about all women kinde;
And after-Ages Monuments shall finde,
   Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
   Rose of the world, that sweetned so the fame.

1. 834, 'quoth' 1, 2; 2. 845, 'ougly' 1, 2; 3. 849, 'The' 1, 2.
This said, though more desirous yet to say,  
(For sorrow is unwilling to giue ouer)  
He doth represse what griefe would else bewray,  
Left he too much his passions should discouer;  
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer,  
So farre transported that he knowes not whither,  
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill togither.

Then were my Funerals not long deferred,  
But done with all the rites pome could deuide,  
At Godstow, where my body was interred,  
And richly tomb'd in honorable wise:  
Where yet as now scarce any note descries  
Vnto these times, the memory of me,  
Marble and Brass is so little lasting be.

For those walls which the credulous deuout,  
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found;  
With willing zeale, that never call'd in doubt,  
That time their workes should euer so confound,  
Lie like confus'd heapes as vnder-ground.  
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,  
The wiser ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lines  
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,  
And that thy accents willingly affignes  
Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,  
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praife.  
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,  
Till other ages shall neglect thy Rime.

1. 865, 'might', ² : 1. 867, 'whether', ¹, ².
Then when Confusion in her course shall bring Sad desolation on the times to come:
When mirthlesse Thames shall have no Swanne to sing,
All Musick silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,
That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But here an end, I may no longer stay,
I must returne t'attend at Stygian flood:
Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray,
Tell Delia, now her sigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
   And if I passe vnto those happy bankes,
   Then she must haue her praife, thy Pen her thankes.

So vanisht she, and left me to returne
To prosecute the tenor of my woes,
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourn:
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
   Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene;
   Who made me knowne, must make me live vnseeene.

Finis.
IV.

A LETTER FROM OCTAUIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

1599.
NOTE

This 'Letter from Octauia' was first published in the 'Poeticall Essayes' of 1599, and was reprinted in the folios of 1601 and 1602, and also in 1605, 1607, 1611 onward to a. Exceptionally, a collation of the successive editions reveals practically no variations. A. B. G.
To the right Honourable and most vertuous Lady, the Lady MARGARET Countesse of Cumberland.  

Although the meaner fort (whose thoughts are plac'd)
As in another Region, farre below
The sphere of greatnesse) cannot rightly taste
What touch it hath, nor right her passions know:
Yet haue I here aduentur'd to bestow
Words vpon griefe, as my grieses comprehend;
And made this great afflicted Lady shouw,
Out of my feelings, what she might haue pend.

And here the saame, I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
Most vertuous Lady, that vouchsaf't to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto mee,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues spread,
B'ing Secretary now but to the dead.

1 See Memorial-Introduction for notice of this 'Fair Lady.'
The Argument.

Pon the second agreement (the first being broken through ieadousie of a disproportion of eminencie) betweene the Triumuirri Octauius Cæfar, Marcus Antonius, & Lepidus: Octauia the sister of Octauius Cæfar, was married to Antonius, as a lincke to combine that which were yet, the greatest strength of Nature, or any power of nearest respect could long hold together, who made not the instrument of others ends, and delivered vp as an Ostage, to serve the opportunity of advantages, met not with that integrity she brought: but as highly preferred to affliction, encountered with all the grievances that beate upon the misery of greatnesse, exposed to stand betwixt the diverse tending humours of unquiet parties. For Antonie having yet upon him the futters of Ægypt, layd on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new Lawes into the state of his affection, or dispose of himselfe, being not himselfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eastward, whither the poynt of his desires were directed, toucht with the strongest allurements that ambition, and a licentious soueraignty could draw a man unto: could not truly descend to the private love of a ciuill nurtred

l. 8, 'neuer' 1601.
Matron, whose entertainment bounded with modesty, and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours, then the plain habit of truth: wherein she ever judgeth all her actions, and used all her best ornaments of Honestie, to winne the good liking of him that held her, but as a Curtaine, drawne betweene him and Octavius, to shadow his other purposes withall: which the sharpe sight of an equally jealouse ambition could soone pierce into, and as easily looke thorow, and ouer bloud and nature, as he to abuse it: and therefore, to prevent his aspiring, he armes his forces, either to reduce Antonie to the ranke of his estate, or else to disfranke him out of state and all. When Octavia by the employme of Antonie (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her tryall) throwes her selfe, great with childe, and as big with sorrow, into the trauell of a most laboursome reconciliation: taking her journey from the farthest part of Greece, to finde Octavius, with whom her care and teares were so good agents, that they effected their Commission beyond all expectacion: and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunity, got ouer againe into Ægypt, where he so forgot himselfe, that hee quite put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleasures, as if he had wound himselfe out of the respect of Countrey, bloud and alliance; which gave to Octavia the cause of much affliction, and to mee, the Argument of this Letter.
A Letter sent from Octavia to her husband Marcus Antonius into Ægypt.

1

O thee (yet deere) though most dis-loyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keeps in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife Octavia sendeth word
Of th'vnkind wounds receiued by thy hand:

Great Antony, O let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderstand
The hurt thou doft, and doe but reade her teares,
That still is thine though thou wilt not be hers.

2

Although perhaps, thes[e] my complaints may come
Whils[t] thou in th'armes of that incestuous Queene,
The staine of Ægypt, and the shame of Rome
Shalt dallying fit, and blush to haue them seene:
Whils[t] proud disdainfull she, ge[ss]ing from whome
The message came, and what the cause hath beene,
Will scorning say, Faith this comes from your Deere,
Now Sir you must be shent for staying heere.
From her indeede it comes, delitious Dame,
(Thou royall Concubine and Queene of lust)
Whose armes yet pure, whose breasts are voyde of blame,
And whose most lawfull flame proves thine unuift:
Tis she that sends the message of thy shame,
And his vntruth that hath betraid her trust:
Pardon, deare Lord, from her these sorrowes are,
Whose bed brings neither insamie nor warre.

And therefore heare her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame,
Although at first my trust in thee was such,
As it held out against the strongest fame:
My heart would neuer let in once a touch
Of least beleefe, till all confirmd the fame:
That I was almost last that would believe,
Because I knew me first that most must grieue.

How oft haue poore abused I tooke part
With Falsehood, onely for to make thee true?
How oft haue I argued against my heart,
Not suffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not haue thee what thou art,
I made my selfe, vnvo my selfe vntrue:
So much my love labour'd against my finne,
To shut out feare which yet kept feare within.
TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

6

For I could never think the aspiring mind
Of worthy and victorious Anthonie,
Could be by such a Syren so declined,
As to tryst a prey to Luxury:
I could not think my Lord would be s'vnkind,
As to despise his Children, Rome and me:
But O how soon are they deceive'd that trust,
And more their shame that will be so vnjust.

7

But now that certaine fame hath open laid
Thy new relapse, and strange revolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the passage of my sorrowes free;
For now poore heart, there's nothing in the way
Remaines to stand betwixt Despaire and thee:
All is throwne downe, there comes no succours new,
It is most true, my Lord is most vntrue.

8

And now I may with shame inough pull in
The colours I advanced in his grace,
For that subduing power, that him did win,
Hath lost me too, the honour of my face:
Yet why should I, bearing no part of sinne,
Beare such a mighty part of his disgrace?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine:
And his renowne being clip'ld, mine cannot shine.
Which makes me, as I doe, hide from the eye
Of the misjudging vulgar that will deeme,
That sure there was in me some reaon why
Which made thee thus, my bed to disesteeme:
So that alas, poore vndeferving I,
A cause of thy vnene deserts shall seeme,
Though luft takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But still leaues knowne delights to seeke out new.

And yet my brother Caesar laboured,
To haue me leaue thy house, and liue more free:
But God forbid Octavia shoule be led,
To leaue to liue in thine, though left by thee.
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed,
Are still the obiefts that remember me
What Antony was once, although false now,
And is my Lord, though he neglect his vow.

These walles that here doe keepe me out of sight,
Shall keepe me all vnspotted vnto thee,
And testifie that I will doe thee right;
Ile neuer staine thy house, though thou shame me:
The now sad Chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the Temple of my pietie,
Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.
TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

12

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong
Might draw my blood to forfeit unto shame;
Nor need I frustrate my delights so long,
That have such means to carry so the same,
Since that the face of greatness is so strong,
As it dissolves suspicion, and beares out blame;
Hauing all secret helpes that long thereto,
That seldom wants there aught, but will to do.

13

Which yet to doe, ere lust this heart shall frame,
Earth swallow me alive, Hell rap me hence:
Shall I, because dispir'd, contemne my shame,
And add disgrace to others impudence?
What can my powre, but give more powre to fame?
Greatnesse must make it great incontinence:
Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,
No doore keepes in their shame that doe not well.

14

Hath greatness aught peculiar else alone,
But to stand faire and bright aboue the base?
What doth divide the Cottage from the Throne,
If vice shall lay both euell with disgrace?
For if uncleannesse make them but all one,
What prouidedge hath Honour by his place?
What though our finnes goe braue and better clad
They are as those in ragges, as base, as bad.
I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath vndiscerning custome plac'd our kind
Vnder desert, and set vs farre below
The reputation to our sexe assign'd:
Charging our wrong reputed weaknesse, how
We are vnconstant, fickle, false, vnkinde:
And though our life with thousand proofes shewes no,
Yet since strength faies it, weaknesse must be so.

Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no share
Of power to doe of lifes best benefit:
But stand, as if we interdicted were
Of vertue, action, liberty and might:
Must you haue all, and not vouchsafe to spare
Our weaknesse any int'rest of delight?
Is there no portion left for vs at all,
But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance and thrall?

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
To know, to speake, to doe, and to be wise:
Whose words haue credit, and whose deedes, though naught,
Must yet be made to feeme farre otherwise:
You can be onely heard, whilst we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exercise
The powers of our best parts, because your parts
Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our harts.
TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

18

We, in this prison of our felues confin'd,
Muft here shut vp with our owne passions liue,*
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find
The vent of outward meanes that might relieue:
That they alone muft take vp all our mind,
And no room left vs, but to thinke and grieue:
Yet oft our narrowed thoughts looke more direct
Then your loose wildomes born with wild neglect.

19

For, should we to (as God forbid we should)
Carry no better hand on our desires
Then your stength doth, what int'rest could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succede the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
What foule confusion in your bloud and race
To your immortall shame and our disgrace?

20

What? are there barres for vs, no bounds for you?
Muft Leuitie stand sure, though Firmeness fall?
And are you priviledg'd to be vntrue,
And we no grant to be dispens'd withall?
Muft we inviolable keepe your due,
Both to your loue, and to your falshood thrall?
Whilst you haue stretch't your luft vpon your will,
As if your strength were licenc'd to doe ill.
21

O if you be more strong, then be more just,
Cleere this suspition, make not the world to doubt,
Whether in strong or weake be better trust,
If frailty or else valour be more stout:
And if we haue shut in our hearts from lust,
Let not your bad example let them out,
Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud:
If you will haue vs good, be you then good.

22

Is it, that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but stil in what it would,
Which drawes you on to doe vs this vnright,
Whilst feare in vs, of loosing what we hold,
Keepes vs in stil to you, that set vs light,
So that, what you vnties, doth vs infolde?
Then Loue, tis thou that dost confound vs so,
To make our truth the occasion of our wo.

23

Distressed woman kind, that either muft
For louing loose your loues, or get negleect:
Whilst wantons are more car'd for then the iuft,
And falsihood cherisht, Faith without respect:
Better she fares in whom is lesse trust,
And more is lou'd that is in more suspect.
Which (pardon me) shewes no great strenght of mind
To be moat theirs, that vs you moat vnkind.
TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

24

Yet well it fits, for that sinne euer muft
Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame;
For he that holdes no faith, shall find no trust,
But sowing wrong, is sure to reape the same:
How can he looke to haue his measure iuft,
That fils deceit, and reckons not of shame,
And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,
Shall euer pine for that which he hath not?

25

Yet if thou couldft not loue, thou mightft haue fem'd
Though to haue seem'd, had likewise beeene vniuft:
Yet so much are leane·shewes of vs esteem'd,
That oft they feede, though not suffice our truft:
Because our nature grieveth to be deem'd
To be so wrong'd, although we be, and muft,
And it's some ease yet to be kindly vf'd
In outward shew, though secretly abuſ'd.

26

But woe to her that both in shew despif'd
And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorne,
For whom no comforts are to be deuif'd,
Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne:
O Antony, could it not haue suffiz'd
That I was thine, but muft be made her fcorne
That enuies all her bloud, and doth deuide
Thee from thy selfe, onely to serue her pride?
27

What fault have I committed that should make
So great dislike of me and of my love?
Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
For to dislike what most doth it reprove?
Because the conscience gladly would mistake
Her own misdeeds which she would fain remove;
And they that are unwilling to amend,
Will take offence, because they will offend.

28

Or having runne beyond all pardon quite,
They flie and joyn with sinne as wholly his,
Making it now their fide, their part, their right,
And to turne backe, would shew t'haue done amisse:
For now they thinke, not to be opposite
To what obraides their fault, were wickednesse:
So much doth folly thrust them into blame,
That euen to leaue off shame, they count it shame.

29

Which doth not thou, deere Lord, for I do not
Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy returne
Backe to thy selue, whom thou haft both forgot
With me, poore me, that doth not spight, but mourne:
And if thou couldst as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, these plaints had beene forborne:
And thou shouldst be the same unto my hart
Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.
TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

30

Though deepe doth fit the hard recoveringe smare
Of that late wound (which God grant be the last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my sad soule, then all th'vnderkindnesse past:
And Antony, I appeale to thine owne hart,
(If th'heart which once was thine thou yet still haft)
To judge if euer woman that did liue
Had iustere cause, then wretched I, to grieue.

31

For comming vnto Athens, as I did,
Weary and weake with toyle, and all distreft,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request:
And how my trauell was considered,
And all my care and cost, thy selfe knowes best:
That wouldst not moue one foote from luft for me,
That had left all was deere to come to thee.

32

For first what great adoe had I to win
M'offended brother Caesar backward will?
And praid, and wept, and cride to stay the sinne
Of ciuill rancor rising twixt you still:
For in what case shall wretched I be in,
Set twixt both, to share with both your ill?
My bloud saide I with either of you goes,
Who euer win, I shall be sure to lose.
33

For what shame should such mighty persons get,
For two weake womens cause to disagree?
Nay, what shall I that shall be deem'd to set
Th'inkindled fire, seeming inflam'd for me?
O if I be the motiue of this heate,
Let these vn guilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The agent twixt my brother and my Lord.

34

With prayers, vowes and teares, with vrging hard
I wrung from him a slender grant at laft,
And with the rich prouisions I prepar'd
For thy (intended Parthian warre) made hafte,
Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties past:
And came to Athens; whence I Niger sent,
To shew thee of my comming and intent.

35

Whereof, when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no neare;
Then sent I backe, to know what should be done
With th'horfe, and men, and money I had there:
Whereat perhaps when some remorfe begun
To touch thy soule, to thinke yet what we were,
Th'inchantresse strait stept twixt thy heart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.
TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

36
She armes her teares, the ingins of deceit
And all her batterie, to oppose my loue,
And bring thy comming grace to a retrecit,
The powre of all her subtilty to proue:
Now pale and fain the languishe, and strait
Seemes in a sound, vnable more to moue:
Whilst her instructed fellowes ply thine eares
With forged passions, mixt with fained teares.

37
Hard-hearted Lord, say they, how canst thou see
This mighty Queene, a creature so diuine
Lie thus distreft, and languishing for thee,
And onely wretched, but for being thine?
Whilst base Octavia must intituled be
Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy Concubine:
Advance thy heart, raise it vnto his right,
And let a Scepter baser passions quit.

38
Thus they affaile thy natures weakest side,
And worke vpon th'advantage of thy minde,
Knowing where judgement stood leaft fortified,
And how t'incounter folly in her kinde:
But yet the while, O what dost thou abide,
Who in thy selfe such wrastling thoughts dost finde?
In what confused case is thy soule in,
Rackt betwixt pitty, sorrow, shame and sin?
A LETTER FROM OCTAUUA

39

I cannot tell, but sure I dare beleue
My travels needs must some compassion moue:
For no such locke to bloud could Nature giue
To shut out Pitty, though it shut out Loue:
Conscience must leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reproue
The guilt of thine offence that cauf'd the same,
For deepest wounds the hand of our owne shame.

40

Neuer haue vniust pleafures beene compleete,
In ioyes intire, but fiill feare kept the dore,
And held backe somethings from that full of sweete,
To interfowre vnfure delights the more:
For neuer did all circumstances meete
With those desires which were conceiu'd before:
Some thing muft fiill be left to checke our finne,
And giue a touch of what should not haue bin.

41

Wretched Mankinde, wherfore hath nature made
The lawfull vndelightfull, th'vniust shame?
As if our pleafure onely were forbade,
But to giue fire to luft, t'adde greater flame;
Or else, but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passions to confound the fame;
Which though it be, yet adde not worfe to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine owne will.
redeeme thy selfe, and now at length make peace
With thy divided heart opprest with toile:
Breake vp this warre, this brest-disstention cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile:
I do not onely seeke my good t'increafe,
But thine owne ease, and liberty: the while
Thee in the circuit of thy selfe confine,
And be thine owne, and then thou wilt be mine.

I know my pittied loue, doth aggrauate
Enuy and Wrath for these wrongs offered:
And that my suffrings adde with my estate,
Coales in thy boforme, hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that, my fault, but, my hard fate,
Who rather wish to haue beene vnpitied
Of all but thee, then that my loue should be
Hurtfull to him that is so deere to me.

Cannot the busie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they must intermeddle with my mone,
And seeke t'offend me with vnsought reliefe?
Whilst my afflictions labour to moue none
But onely thee, must Pitty play the thiefe,
To steale so many hearts to hurt my hart,
And moue a part againft my deereft part?
45
Yet all this shall not prejudice my Lord,
If yet he will but make retourne at last;
His sight shall raze out of the sad record
Of my inrowled griese all that is past:
And I will not so much as once afford
Place for a thought to thinke I was disgrac'd:
And pitty shall bring backe againe with me
Th'offended harts that haue forfaken thee.

46
And therefore come deere Lord, leet longer stay
Do arme against thee all the powres of spight,
And thou be made at last the wofull pray
Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what presaging thought of bloud doth stay
My trembling hand, and doth my soule affright?
What horror do I see, prepar'd t'attend
Th'euenet of this? what end vnlesse thou end?

47
With what strange formes and shadowes ominous
Did my last sleepe, my grieu'd soule intertaine?
I dreamt, yee O dreames are but friulous,
_A sea horse._ And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.
Me thought a mighty Hippopotamus
From Nilus floating, thruts into the maine,
Vpon whose backe, a wanton Mermaide fate,
As if she rul'd his course, and steer'd his fate.
TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

48

With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and powre as good:
At whose ingrapping, Neptunes mantle takes
A purple colour, dyde with streames of bloud;
Whereat this looker on amaz'd, forskakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better stood:
But se'ing her gone, strait after her he hies,
As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

49

On followes Wrath vpon Disgrace and Feare,
Whereof th'euent forsooke me with the night
But my wak'd cares, gaue me: these shadowes were
Drawne but from darkenesse to instruct the light.
These secret figures, natures message beare
Of comming woes, were they desciphered right;
But if as cloudes of sleepe thou shalt them take,
Yet credite Wrath and Spight that are awake.

50

Preuent, great spirit, the tempests that begin,
If Luft and thy Ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not shut all in,
To stop thy judgement from a true suruay
Of thy estate, and let my hart within
Confider in what danger thou dost lay
Thy life and mine, to leauoe the good thou haft,
To follow hopes with shadowes ouercast.
Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toile,
Possesse thine owne with right, with trueth, with peace:
Breake from these snares, thy judgment vnbeguile,
Free thine owne torment, and my grieve releafe.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to ceaze?
Words still with my increasung sorrowes grow:
I know t'have said too much, but not enow.
Wherefore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the hart that's thine, and so I end.

Finis.
A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE

to

THE KING

(JAMES I).

1603.
NOTE.

In the gift-folio of 1601 in the Bodleian and other copies, this 'Panegyrike' is found, so that it was probably privately printed and presented before the King arrived in England; albeit the 1601 volume is evidently made up of earlier and later printed pieces. A holograph MS. of this 'Panegyrike' is in the British Museum (Royal MSS. A 18. 72). So far as appears it was first published in 1603:—"A Panegyrike congratulatorie to the King's Maiestie; also certaine epiftles"—folio [British Museum, 837 K 9 (1)]. In the same year it was re-issued with a new general title-page, and 'Defence of Ryme' added: 'Printed by V. S. for E. Blount' [Ibid. 644, K 8 (2) folio]. Another (8vo) edition bears the same date (Ibid. 1076, f. 2). It was also contemporarily reprinted at Edinburgh (4to, 1603). The special title-page in the 1601 volume is given opposite this. It is within the wood-cut border of the others. Unlike his 'Delia' and 'Funeral Poeme' for Devonshire, the Author seems to have left the 'Panegyrike' unaltered, save in the slight variations and margin-note recorded in their places, and in st. 30. See our Memorial-Introduction on this 'Panegyrike.'

A. B. G.
Semper Eadem.

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORY
Delivered to the Kings most excellent majesty at Burleigh Harrington in Rutlandshire.

By Samvel Daniel.

Also certaine Epistles.

With a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the Author.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

At London
Printed by V. S. for Edward Blount.
A PANEGYRIKE
CONGRATULATORIE

to the Kings most excellent
Maiestie.

I

Oe here the glory of a greater day
Then England euer heretofore could see
In all her daies! When she did most display
The ensignes of her pow'r, or whenas she
Did spread her selfe the most, and most did sway

Her state abroade, yet could she neuer be
Thus blest at home, nor euer come to grow
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

II

And now she is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with Vnion, O thou mighty State,
Now thou art all Great-Britaine and no more,
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate;
No borders but the Ocean and the shore:
No wall of Adrian servus to separate
Our mutuall loue, nor our obedience,
Being Subiects all to one imperiall Prince.

St. 2, l. 3, 'great Britaine' 1601.
3
What heretofore could never yet be wrought
By all the swords of pow'r, by blood, by fire,
By ruine and destruction; here is brought
To passe with peace, with love, with joy, desire:
Our former blessed union hath begot
A greater union that is more entire,
And makes us more our felues, sets us at one
With Nature that ordain'd us to be one.

4
Glory of men, this hast thou brought to us,
And yet hast brought us more than this by farre;
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousness,
Judgement and justice, which more glorious are
Then all thy Kingdomes; and art more by this
Then Lord and Sou'reaigne, more then Emperor
Over the hearts of men that let thee in
To more then all the pow'rs on earth can win.

5
God makes thee King of our estates, but we
Doe make thee King of our affection,
King of our love: a passion borne more free,
And most unsubiect to dominion:
And know, that England which in that degree
Can love with such a true devotion,
Those that are lesse then Kings; to thee must bring
More love, who art so much more then a King.

St. 3 in a, l. 3, 'to passe' ends l. 3 (error).
CONGRATVLTORIE.

6
And King of this great Nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, pow’rfull both by Sea and Land,
Attemptiue, able, worthy, generous,
Which joyfully embraces thy command;
A people tractable, obsequious,
Apt to be fashion’d by thy glorious hand
To any forme of honor, t’any way
Of high attempts, thy vertues shall assay.

7
A people so inur’d to peace, so wrought
To a successiue course of quietnesse,
As th’haue forgot (and O, b’it still forgot)
The nature of their ancient stubbornnesse:
Time altred hath the forme, the meanes, and brought
The State to that proportion’d euennesse,
As ’tis not like againe ’twill euer come
(Being vs’d abroad) to draw the fword at home.

8
This people, this great State, these hearts adore
Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee,
Touch’t with as pow’rfull zeale, and if not more,
(And yet O more, how could there euer be
Then vnto her, whom yet we doe deplore
Amidst our ioy! ) And giue vs leaue if we
Rejoyce and mourne, that cannot without wrong
So soone forget her we enjoy’d so long.
9
Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we holde
True after death, and bring not this respect
To a new Prince for hating of the olde;
Or from desire of change, or from neglect;
Whereby, O mighty Soueraigne, thou art tolde
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to runne
Before their time to an arising Sunne.

10
And let my humble Muse, whom she did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead,
That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured:
O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace;
Let not her honour be disquieted
Now after death: but let the Graue inclose
All but her good, and that it cannot close.

11
It addes much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our loue
Runnes thus to thee, all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we doe remoue
Not as in motion put from out our place,
But in one course, and doe not seeme to moue,
But in more ioy then euer heretofore;
And well we may, since thou wilt make vs more.
I2

Our loue we see concurses with Gods great loue,
Who onely made thy way, thy passage plaine,
Leuell'd the world for thee, did all remoue,
That might the shew but of a let retaine:
Vnbarr'd the North, humbled the South, did moue
The hearts of all the right to entertaine;
Held other states embroil'd, whose enuie might
Haue softred factions to impugne thy right:

I3

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his powre, and reuerence thine,
Whom he hath rais'd to glorifie our dayes,
And make this Empire of the North to shine
Against all th'impious workings, all th'assayes
Of vile disnatur'd Vipers, whose designe
Was to embroile the State, t'obscure the light,
And that cleere brightnesse of thy sacred right.

I4

To whose reproch, since th'issue and succeffe
Doth a sufficient marke of shame returne,
Let no Pen else blazon their ouglinesse;
Be it enough, that God and men doe scorne
Their projects, cenfures, vaine pretendences:
Let not our children, that are yet vnborne,
Find there were any offred to contest,
Or make a doubt to haue our Kingdome blest.
15
Burie that question in th'eternall graue.
Of darknesse, neuer to be seene againe:
Suffice we haue thee whom we ought to haue,
And t'whom all good men knew did appertaine
Th'inheritance thy sacred birth-right gaue,
That needed n'other suffrages t'ordaine
What onely was thy due, nor no decree
To be made know'n, since none was known but thee.

16
Witnesse the ioy, the vniuerfall cheere,
The speede, the eas'e, the will, the forwardnesse
Of all this great and spacious State, how deere
It held thy title and thy worthinesse:
Hastie could not post so speedy any where,
But Fame seem'd there before in readinesse,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaime thy name;
O greater then our hopes, more then thy fame!

17
What a returne of comfort doft thou bring
Now at this fresh returning of our bloud,
Thus meeting with the opening of the Spring,
To make our spirits likewise to imbud!
What a new seafon of incouraging
Biginnes t'inlength the dayes dispo'd to good!
What apprehension of recouerie
Of greater strength, of more abilitie!
CONGRATVLMATORIE.

18

The pulse of England never more did beat
So strong as now: nor ever were our harts
Let out to hopes so spacious and so great
As now they are: nor ever in all parts
Did we thus feel so comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
The whole completion of the Common-wealth,
So weak before, hop'd never for more health.

19

Could'st thou but see from Douer to the Mount,
From Totnes, to the Orcades, what joy,
What cheer, what triumphs, and what deere account
Is held of thy renowne this blessed day:
A day which we and ours must ever count
Our solemn festiual, as well we may.
And though men thus court Kings still which are new,
Yet doe they more, where they find more is due.

20

They fear the humours of a future Prince,
Who either lost a good or felt a bad,
But thou hast cheer'd us of this fear long since,
We know thee more, then by report we had:
We have an euerlafting evidence
Under thy hand, that now we need not dread
Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designes
Then there thou art in those judiciall lines.

St. 18, l. 5, a misprints 'freely.'
21

It is the greatest glory vpon earth
To be a King, but yet much more to giue
The institution with the happy birth
Vnto a King, and teach him how to liue:
VVe haue, by thee, far more then thine owne worth,
That doth encourage, strengthen and relieue
Our hopes in the succession of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

22

VVe haue an earneft, that doth euen tie
Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne
(That els no band can binde) to ratifie
VVhat thy religious hand hath there set downe,
VVherein thy all commanding Soueraignty
Stands subject to thy Pen and thy renowne;
There we behold thee King of thine owne hart,
And see what we must be, and what thou art.

23

There great Exemplare, Prototipe, of Kings,
VVe finde the good shall dwell within thy Court;
Plaine zeale and truth, free from base flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd, and haue refort;
Honest discretion, that no cunning brings,
But counsels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiued, with those whose care attends
Thee and the State more then their priuate ends.
CONGRATVLATORIE.

24

There grace and fauour shall not be dispos'd,
But by proportion, euen and upright;
There are no mightie Mountaines interpos'd
Betweene thy beames and vs, t'imbarrre thy light;
There Maiestie liues not as if inclos'd
Or made a prey t'a priuate benefit:
The hand of Pow'r deales there her owne reward,
And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

25

There is no way to get vp to respect,
But onely by the way of worthinesse;
All passages that may seeme indirect
Are stopt vp now, and there is no accessse
By grosse corruption, bribes cannot effect
For th'vndeserving any offices;
Th'ascent is cleane, and he that doth ascend
Must haue his meanes as cleane as is his end.

26

The deeds of worth and laudable defarts
Shall not now passe thorow the straight report
Of an imbas'ing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours shall comport:
The Prince himselfe now heares, sees, knowes what parts
Honor and Vertue acts, and in what sort:
And thereto giues his grace accordingly,
And cheeres vp other to the like thereby.
Nor shall we now haue vs e of flatterie,
For he knowes falshood farre more subtille is
Then truth, basenesse then libertie,
Feare then loue, t'iuent these flourishes:
And Adulation now is spent so nie
As that it hath no colours to expresse
That which it would, that now we must be faine
T'venlearne that Arte, and labour to be plaine.

For where there is no eare to be abus'd
None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong:
The insolent deprauer stands confus'd:
The impious Atheist seemes to want a tongue,
Transform'd into the fashion that is vs'd.
All strive t'appeare like those they liue among,
And all will seeme compos'd by that same square
By which they see the best and greatest are.

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
As that without a sward, without debate,
Without a noise (or feeling in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, forme, accommodate
Thy Kingdome, people, rule, and all effect
Without the leaft conuulsion of the State;
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seeme a change, but onely of our ill.
We shall continue and remaine all one,
In Law, in Iustice, and in Magistrate;
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy Ancestors haue laid of this Estate,
Nor grieue thy Land with innouation,
Nor take from vs more then thou wilt collate;
Knowing that course is best to be obseru’d,
Whereby a State hath longest beeene preferu’d.

A King of England now most graciously,
Remits the injuries that haue beeene done
T’a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie
To checke them more then his correction;
Th’annointed bloud that stain’d most shamefully
This ill seduced State, he lookes thereon
With th’eye of grieue, not wrath, t’auenge the fame,
Since th’Authors are extinct that cauf’d that shame.

Thus mightie riuers quietly doe glide,
And doe not by their rage their powers professe,
But by their mightie workings, when in pride
Small Torrents roare more lowd, and worke much lesse:
Peace, greatnesse best becomes: calme power doth guide
With a farre more imperious statelinesse,
Then all the swords of violence can doe,
And easier gains those ends she tends vnto.

St. 30. We shall continue one, and be the same
In Law, in Iustice, Magistrate and forme,
Thou wilt not touch the fundamentall frame
Of their Estate thy Ancestors did forme
But with a reverence of their glorious fame
Seek onely the corruptions to reforme (1601 folio).
Then *England*, thou haft reason thus to cheare,
Reason to ioy and triumph in this wise,
When thou shalt gaine so much, and haue no feare
To lose ought els but thy deformities;
When thus thou shalt haue health and be set cleare
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By such a hand that beft knowes how to cure,
And where moft lie those griefes thou doft endure.

When thou shalt see there is another grace
Then to be rich; another dignitie
Then money; other meanes for place
Then gold; wealth shall not now make honestie;
When thou shalt see the estimation base
Of that which moft afflicts our miserie:
Without the which, else could'st thou neuer see
Our wayes laid right, nor men themselfes to bee.

By which improuement we shall gaine much more
Then by *Peru*, or all discoueries:
For this way to imbase, is to instore
The treasure of the Land, and make it rife.
This is the onely key t’vnlocke the dore,
To let out plenty, that it may suffice:
For more then all this Ile, for more increase
Of subiects then by thee, there can increase.
CONGRATULATORY.

36
This shall make roome and place enough for all,
Which otherwise would not suffice a few,
And by proportion Geometricall
Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle,
Intrusion, wrestling, and by meanes vndue,
Desert shall haue her charge, and but one charge,
As hauing but one body to discharge.

37
Whereby the all in-cheering Maiestie
Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
And spread her beames of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like desarts:
For thus to checke, imbase and vilifie
Th’esesteeme of wealth, will fashion so our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good then to be rich.

38
This will make peace with Law, restore the Bar,
T’her ancient silence, where contention now
Makes so confus’d a noise; this will debar
The fostring of debate, and ouerthrow
That ougly Monster, that foule rauener,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
By making prey vpon our misery,
And wasting it againe as wickedly.
39
The strange examples of impou'rishments,
Of sacrilege, exaction and of waste,
Shall not be made, nor held as presidents
For times to come, but end with th'ages past:
Whenas the State shall yeeld more suppliments
(Being well impoy'd) then Kings can well exhaust;
This golden Meadow lying ready still
Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

40
Favour, like pitie, in the hearts of men
Haue the first touches euer violent:
But soone againe it comes to languish, when
The motiue of that humour shall be spent:
But being still fed with that which first hath been
The cause thereof, it holdes still permanent,
And is kept in by course, by forme, by kinde,
And time begets more ties that still more binde.

41
The broken frame of this disjoynted State,
Being by the blisse of thy great Grandfather
Henry the seuenthe, restor'd to an estate
More found then euer, and more stedfast,
Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate
Stands bond to thee that art his successer:
For without him it had not beene begunne,
And without thee we had beene now vndone.
He, of a priuate man, became a King,
Hauing indur'd the weight of tyrannie,
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the thing
That good men wish for in their miserie
Vnder ill Kings, saw what it was to bring
Order and forme to the recouerie
Of an vnruuly State; conceiu'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

Thou, borne a King, haft in thy State endur'd
The fowre affronts of priuate discontent
With subiects broiles; and euer beene enur'd
To this great mysterie of gouvemment:
Whereby thy Princely wisdome hath allur'd
A State to peace, left to thee turbulent,
And brought vs an addition to the frame
Of this great worke, squar'd fitly to the same.

And both you (by the all-working Prouidence,
That fashions out of dangers, toyles, debates,
Those whom it hath ordained to commence
The firt, and great establisshments of States)
Came when your aide, your powers experience
(Which out of iudgement best accommodates
These ioynts of rule) was more then most desir'd,
And when the times of neede the most requir'd.

St. 43, l. 1, a misprints 'Then.'
And as he laid the modell of this frame,
By which was built so strong a worke of State,
As all the powers of changes in the same,
All that excess of a disordinate
And lustfull Prince, nor all that after came,
Nor child, nor stranger, nor yet womens fate,
Could once disjoynt the couplements, whereby
It held together in just Symetry.

So thou likewise art come as fore-ordaind,
To reinforce the same more really,
Which oftentimes hath but beene entertain’d
By the onely stile and name of Maiesty ;
And by no other counsells oft attain’d
Those ends of her inioy’d tranquility,
Then by this forme, and by the incumbrances
Of neighbour States that gaue it a succeffe.

That hadst thou had no title (as thou haft
The onely right, and none hath els a right)
We yet must now haue bin inforc’d t’haue cast
Our selues into thy armes, to set all right,
And to auert confusion, bloudshed, waste,
That otherwise vpon vs needes must light :
None but a King, and no King els beside
Could now haue fau’d this State from being destroid’.
48
Thus hath the hundred yeeres brought backe againe
The sacred bloud lent to adorne the North,
And here return'd it with a greater gaine,
And greater glory then we sent it forth.
Thus doth th'all-working Prouidence retaine,
And keepe for great effects the seede of worth,
And so doth point the stops of time thereby,
In periods of vncertaine certainty.

49
Margaret of Richmond (glorious Grandmother
Vnto that other precious Margaret,
From whence th'Almighty worker did transfer
This branch of peace, as from a roote well set)
Thou Mother, Author, Plotter, Counsellor
Of vnion, that didst both conceiue, beget
And bring forth happinesse to this great State,
To make it thus intirely fortunate.

50
O couldst thou now but view this faire successe,
This great effect of thy religious worke,
And see therein how God hath pleaf'd to bleffe
Thy charitable counsels and to worke
Still greater good out of the blessednesse
Of this conioyned Lancaster and Yorke:
Which all conioyn'd within, and those shut out
Whom nature and their birth had set without.

St. 48, margin-note from 1601 folio—"It is iust a hundred yeares since the
Lady Margaret was married to James the fourth King of Scots."
How much hast thou bound all posterities
In this great worke to reuere the thy name!
And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wife
And learned Mourton, who contrib'd the same,
And first aduised, and did so well aduise
As that the good success that thereof came
Shew'd well, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleere harts
Are onely fit to act such glorious parts.

But Muse, these deare remembrances must be
In their conuenient places registred,
When thou shalt bring sterne discord to agree,
And bloody warre into a quiet bed:
Which worke must now be finished by thee,
That long hath laine undone, as destined
Unto the glory of these dayes: for which
Thy vowes and Verfe haue laboured so much.

Thou euer hast opposed all thy might
Against contention, furie, pride and wrong,
Perswading still to hold the course of right;
And peace hath beene the burden of thy song:
And now thy selfe shalt haue the benefit
Of quietnesse, which thou haft wanted long;
And now shalt haue calme peace, and union
With thine owne warres, and now thou must go on.
54
Onely the ioy of this so deare a thing
Made me looke backe vnto the cause, whence came
This so great good, this blessing of a King,
When our estate so much requir'd the same:
When we had need of pow'r for the well ordering
Of our affaires, need of a spirit to frame
The world to good, to grace and worthinesse,
Out of this humour of luxuriousnesse.

55
And brings vs backe vnto our selues againe,
Vnto our ancient native modestie;
From out these forren sinnes we entertaine,
These lothesome surfets, ougly gluttonie;
From this vnmanly and this idle vaine
Of wanton and superfluous brauery:
The wracke of Gentry, spoyle of Noblenesse;
And square vs by thy temp'rate sobernesse.

56
When Abstinence is fashon'd by the Time,
It is no rare thing to be abstinent,
But then it is, when th'age full fraught with crime
Lies prostrate vnto all misgouernment.
And who is not licencious in the prime
And heate of youth, nor then incontinent
When out of might he may, he neuer will;
No power can tempt him to that taste of ill.
57

Then what are we t'expect from such a hand
That doth this stern example guide?
Who will not now shame to have no command
Ouer his lufts? Who would be seen to abide
Unfaithfull to his vowes, to infringe the band
Of a most sacred knot which God hath tide?
Who would now seem to be dishonoured
With th'unclean touch of an unlawful bed?

58

What a great checke will this chaste Court be now
To wanton Court debauch with luxury;
Where we no other Mistresses shall know
But her to whom we owe our loyalty?
Chaste Mother of our Princes, whence do grow
Those righteous issues, which shall glorifie
And comfort many Nations with their worth,
To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

59

We shall not feare to have our wives disstain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperiall lust, that being vnrain'd,
Will hardly be relifted any where.
He will not be betray'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to weare
His time of life: but knowes whereto he tends,
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.
CONGRATVLATORIE.

60
And that this mighty worke of vnion now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clof'd, as all the ioynts may grow
Together firme in due proportion:
A worke of power and Judgement, that must shew
All parts of wisedome and discretion
That man can shew, that no cloud may impaire
This day of hope, whose morning shewes so faire.

61
He hath a mighty burden to sustaine,
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious Prince,
Or where mens expectations entretaine
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he undergoes a greater paine,
A more laborious worke, who must commence
The great foundation of a government,
And lay the frame of Order and Content.

62
Especially where mens desires do runne
A greedy course of eminency, gaine,
And priuate hopes, weighing not what is done
For the Republicke, so themselfes may gaine
Their ends, and where few care who be vndone,
So they be made, whil'st all do entretaine
The present motions that this passage brings
With th'infancy of change, vnder new kings.
63
So that the weight of all feemes to relie
Wholly vpon thine owne discretion;
Thy judgement now must only rectifie
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands vpon
From thee must come; that thy posterity
May joy this peace, and hold this vnion:
For whil'st all worke for their owne benefit,
Thy only worke must keepe vs all vpright.

64
For, did not now thy full maturity
Of yeeres and wisdome, that discerne what showes,
What arte and colours may deceiue the eye,
Secure our trust that that cleere iudgement knowes
Vpon what grounds depend thy Maiesty,
And whence the glory of thy greatnesse growes;
We might distrust left that a side might part
Thee from thy felse, and so surprize thy heart.

65
Since th'art but one, and that against thy breft
Are laid all th'ingins both of skill and wit,
And all th'assaults of cunning are addrest
With stratagems of Art to enter it,
To make a prey of grace, and to inuest
Their pow'rs within thy loue, that they might fit
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselues and their owne ends.
66
And see’ning how difficult a thing it is
To rule, and what strength is requir’d to stand
Against all th’interplac’d respondences
Of combinations, set to keepe the hand
And eye of power from out the Prouinces
That Auarice may draw to her command;
Which, to keepe hers, she others vowes to spare,
That they againe to her might vse like care.

67
But God, that raif’d thee vp to act this part,
Hath giuen thee all those powers of worthines,
Fit for so great a worke, and fram’d thy heart
Discernable of all apparences;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art
Of ord’ring man, Knowledge of Knowledges;
That from thee men might reckon how this State
Became restor’d, and was made fortunate.

68
That thou the first, with vs, in name, might’st be
The first in couerfe, to fashion vs a new,
VVherein the times hath offred that to thee,
VVhich seldome t’other Princes could accrue:
Thou haft th’aduantage only to be free
T’imploy thy favours where they shall be due,
And to dispose thy grace in generall,
And like to Iovce, to be alike to all.

St. 68, in margin of 1601 folio, ‘Eft Iupiter omnibus idem.’
Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t'all thy people vniuersally,
And not to them, but for their loue alone,
Which they account is placed worthily:
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, wheron
They rest, nor they faile in their loyalty;
Since no Prince comes deceiued in his truist,
But he that first deceiues, and proues vniuist.

Then since we are in this so faire a way
Of Restauration, Greatnesse and Command,
Curfed be he that causeth the least stay
In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand;
And cursed he that offers to betray
Thy graces or thy goodnesse to withstand;
Let him be held abhor'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

And he that shall by wicked Offices
Be th'author of the least disturbancy,
Or seeke t'auert thy godly purposes,
Be euer held the scorne of infamy:
And let men but consider their successs
Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously:
They shall perceiue their ends do still relate,
That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.
CONGRATULATORIE.

72

And it is just, that they who make a prey
Of Princes favours, in the end againe
Be made a prey to Princes, and repay
The spoiles of misery with greater gaine;
Whose sacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men, conceiued in their disdaine:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still,
More than ill Princes, those that make them ill.

73

But both thy judgement and estate doth free
Thee from these powers of feare and flattery
The conquerours of Kings, by whom we see
Are wrought the acts of all impiety:
Thou art so set, as th'haft no cause to be
Jealous, or dreadfull of disloyalty;
The pedestal whereon thy greatness stands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

St. 73, l. 7, misprinted 'the.'
vi.

A Fynerall Poeme Vpon the Death of the late noble Earle of Devonshire.

1606.
NOTE.

The Earl of Devonshire died on 3rd April, 1606, and this 'Fvnerall Poeme,' which appeared originally as a thin quarto, having a title-page printed in white letters on a black ground, may be dated in the same year, though without date anywhere. The title-page thus runs:—

A Fvnerall Poeme
Upon the Death of
the late noble Earle
of Devonshire. (11 leaves.)

An exemplar is in the British Museum. It is found in all the collective editions after 1606. A collation of the quarto of 1623 with this original edition—never before done—abundantly rewards us. At the bottom of the pages lines and whole passages left out by the Author on revision are recorded, and some re-introduced into the text. Passages in the quarto of 1623 not in the original edition are also noted. The 1607 edition supplies in margin an important name. See Memorial-Introduction on this nobleman, and for an original and unpublished letter from Daniel to him. A. B. G.
A FUNERAL Poem.
Vpon the Death of the late noble.
Earle of Devonshire.

Now that the hand of death hath layd thee there,
Where neither greatnesse, pompe, nor grace, we see,
Nor any differences of earth; and where
No vaile is drawne betwixt thy selfe and thee:

Now Devonshire that thou art but a name,
And all the rest of thee besides is gone,
When men conceiue thee not, but by the fame
Of what thy vertue, and thy worth haue done:

ll. 7-13 in the original edition are as follows:—
Where all must be, and leuel’d thee with th’ Earth—
Where men are all of them alike, and where
There are no seu’rall roomes for state or birth:
Now thou haft nothing left thee but a name
(O noble Devonshire) and all is gone
With thee, except the memorie, and fame
Of what thy vertue . . . hath . . .
Now shal my verse which thou in life didst grace,
(And which was no disgrace for thee to do)
Not leaue thee in the graue, that ougly place
That few regard, or haue respect vnto,
Where all attendance, and obseruance ends,
Where all the Sunshine of our fauour sets,
Where what was ill, no countenance defends,
And what was good, th'vnthankfull world forgets.
Here shalt thou haue the seruice of my pen
(The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
I cannot be supposide to flatter, when
I speake behinde thy backe, not to thy face :
Men neuer sooth the dead but where they do
Find liuing tyes, to hold them therevnto.
And I stand cleere from any other chaine
Then of my loue which freeborne, draws free breath.
The benefit thou gau't me to sustaine
My humble life, I loose it by thy death.
Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of respect so strong,
As t'inforce m'obseruance, beyond thee,
Or make my conscience differ from my tongue.
Let those be vassals to such seruices
Who have their hopes, or whose desires are hye,
For me I haue my ends, and know it is
For I haue learnt it is the property
For free men to speake truth, for flaues to lye.

l. 16, 'darkesome'; ll. 26-7 not in original edition; l. 28, 'And am vntide'; ll. 36-8 accepted from original edition; l. 40—Here in the original edition a very striking but scarcely wrought-out passage is found, as follows:—

And if mistaken by the Parralax
And distance of my standing too farre off
And therefore I sincerely will report
First how thy parts were faire conuaid within,
How that braue minde was built and in what fort
All thy contexture of thy heart hath beene,
Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd
As vertue neuer had a fairer seate,
Nor could be better lodg'd nor more repos'd,
Then in that goodly frame; where all things sweete,
And all things quiet, held a peacefull rest;
Where passion did no suddaine tumults raise
That might disturb her, nor was ever brest
Contain'd so much, and made so little noyse;

I heretofore might erre, and men might tax
My being to free of prayses, without proofe.
But here it is not so, and yet the choyce
Of those I made did yeald the greatest shew
Of honour and of worth, and had the voyce
Of present times their virtues to allow.
And if they have not made them good, it is
No fault of mine, nor ought it to be layd
To disrepute thesee my obseruances:
True prayses doe adorn, the false obrayd,
And oftentimes to greatnesse we are glad
To attribute those parts we wish they had.
But Devonshire I here stand cleere with thee,
I have a manumission to be free,
I owe thee nothing, and I may be bold
To speake the certaine truth of what I know:
There is no power remains in thee, to hold
The tongues of men, that will be talking now:
And now being dead may anatomise,
And open here all that thou wert within,
Shew how thy minde was built, and in what wife
All the contexture . . . [See l. 39.]

l. 48, misprinted 'thing.'
That by thy silent modestie is found
The emptier vessels make the greatest sound.
For thou so well discern’dst thy selfe, had’st read
Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
The selfe to speake, as being ordain’d to spread
Thy selfe in action, rather than discourse;
Though thou hadst made a generall Survey of
Of all the best of mens best knowledges,
And knew as much as euer learning knew,
Yet did it make thee trust thy selfe the selfe,
And selfe presume; and yet when being mou’d
In priuate talke to speake, thou didn’t bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within, and proud’d
That thou didn’t know what euer wit could say;
Which shew’d thou hadn’t not bookes as many haue
For ostentation, but for vse, and that
Thy bounteous memory was such, as gaue
A large revenue of the good, it gat.
Witness so many volumes whereto thou
Haft set thy notes vnder thy learned hand,
And markt them with that print as will shew how
The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand;
That none would thinke if all thy life had beene,
Turn’d into leisure, thou couldst haue attain’d
So much of time, to haue perus’d and scene,
So many volumes that so much contain’d.
Which furniture may not be deem’d least rare
Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight
Thy solitary Wanstead, where thy care
Had gathered all what heart or eyes delight.

l. 56, ‘smoake’; ‘the’ for ‘thee’; I. 59, ‘furview’; ll. 81-2, in margin.
‘The Library at Wanstead.’
And whereas many others haue, we see
All things within their houses worth the sight,
Except themselves, that furniture of thee
And of thy presence, gaue the best delight.
With such a season, such a temperat ure
Wert thou compos'd, as made sweetnes one,
And held the tenor of thy life still sure,
In confort with thy selfe in perfect tone ;
And never man had heart more truely seru'd
Vnder the regiment of his owne care
And was more at command, and more obsenu'd
The colours of that modesty he bare
Then that of thine, in whom men never found
That any shew, or speech obscene, could tell
Of any veine thou hadst that was vnfound,
Or motion of thy powers, that turn'd not well.
And this was thy prouision laid within,
Thus wert thou to thy selfe, and now remaines.
VVhat to the world thou outwardly hast beene,
VVhat the dimension of that side contains,
Which likewise was so goodly and so large
As shewes that thou wert borne t'adorne the dayes
Wherein thou liuest, and also to discharge
Those parts which Englands and thy fame shoul d raife ;
Although in peace, thou seem'dst to be all peace
Yet being in warre, thou wert all warre, and there
As in thy spheere thy spirits did never cease
To moue with indefatigable care
And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart
Nor more inlarge thee into iollity,

ll. 87-98 not in original edition.
Then when thou sawest thy selfe in armour girt,
Or any act of armes like to be nye.
The Belgique warre first tride thy martiall spirit,
And what thou wert and what thou wouldst be found
And markt thee there according to thy merit
With honors stampe, a deepe and noble wound.
And that same place that rent from mortall men
Immortall Sidney, glory of the field
And glory of the Muses, and their pen
(Which equall bare the Caduce and the Shield)
Had likewise bin thy last, had not the fate
Of England then referu'd thy worthy blood,
Vnto the prefection of a State
That much concern'd her honour and her good;
And thence return'd thee to injoy the blis
Of grace and fauour in Elisaes sight
(That miracle of women) who by this
Made thee be held according to thy right;
Which faire and happy blessing thou mightst well
Haue farre more раіfd had not thine enemy
Retired priuacy, made thee to fell
Thy greatnes for thy quiet, and deny
To meet faire Fortune, when she came to thee.
For nouer man did his preferment fly,
And had it in that emminent degree,
As thou, as if it sought thy modesty.
For that which many, whom ambition toyles
And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine

1. 128, 'eyes'; 1. 130—

'... held, and made thee to arise
Vnto a note more hye, which thou ...';

1. 413, 'quiet' accepted for a's misprint 'quite'; 1. 138, misprinted 'fought.'
With all their thrusts, & shouldring-plots, and wiles
VVas easily made thine, without thy paine.
And without any priuate malicing
Or publique greeuance, every good man ioy'd
That vertue could come cleere to any thing,
And faire deferts to be so fairely pay'd.
Thoshe benefits that were bestow'd on thee
VVere not like fortunes fauours, they could see.
Eliza's cleere-eied judgement is renown'd
For making choice of thy ability:
But it will euerlastingly redound
Vnto the glory, and benignity
Of Britaines mighty Monarch, that thou wert
By him advanced for thy great desert;
It being the fairer worke of maiesty
With fauour to reward, than to employ.
And as thou saidst that naught thy heart did grieue,
In death so much, as that time would not yeeld
Thee meanes to shew thy zeale, that thou mightst liue
T'haue done but one dayes fervice in the field,
And that faire bed of honour died vpon,
And with thy bloud haue seald thy gratefulness
To such a royall Maister. Who had done
So much for thee t'aduance thy fervices;
Which were indeed of that deseart, as they
Might aske their grace themselfes: yet do we see
That to successe, desert hath not a way
But vnder Princes that most gracious be,
For without thy great valour we had lost
The dearest purchase ever England made:
And made with such profuse exceeding cost
Of blood and charge, to keep and to invade:
As commutation paid a dearer price
For such a pece of earth, and yet well paid
And well adventur'd for, with great advice,
And happily to our dominions laid;
Without which out-let, England thou hadst bin
From all the rest of th'earth shut out, and pent
Vnto thy selfe, and forst to keepe within,
Inuiron'd round with others gouvemment;
Where now by this, thy large imperiall Crowne
Stands boundlesse in the West, and hath a way
For noble times, left to make all thine owne
That lyes beyond it, and force all t'obay.
And this important pece, like t'haue beene rent
From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
As that no ioynture of the gouvemment
But shooke, no ligament, no band
Of order and obedience, but were then
Loose and in tottering, when the charge
Thereof was laid on Montiow, and that other men
Checkt by example fought to put it off.
And he out of his natuie modesty
(As being no vndertaker) labours too
To haue avoied that which his ability
And Englands Genius would haue him do

1. 169, 'For when our kingdom stood in state t' haue lost'; l. 170, 'that it' for 'euer'; l. 171, 'And what it bought with that'; l. 173, 'As neuer nation'; misprinted 'communion'; l. 177, 'hadst' for 'haft'—accepted; l. 180, 'Inuiron'd with incroching'; l. 183, 'leat' for 'left'; l. 192, 'checkt' accepted for 'chokt' of a'; l. 196, 'to' in error before 'do' in a.
Alleadging how it was a charge vnfit
For him to vndergo, seeing such a one
As had more power and meanes t'accomplish it
Then he could haue, had there so little done.
VWhose ill succeffe (considering his great worth,
Was such as could that mischiefe be withstood,
It had beeene wrought) did in it selfe bring forth
Discouragement that he should do lesse good.
   The state replide, it was not lookt he should
 Restore it wholy to it selfe againe,
But only now if possible he could
In any fashion but the same retaine
So that it did not fall a funder quite,
Being thus dishiiuered in a desperate plight.
   With courage on he goes, doth exiquite
With counsell, and returns with victoy;
But in what noble fashion he did fute
This action, with what wit and industry,
Is not to be disgracede in this small carde:
It askes a spacious Mappe of more regarde.

1. 197, ‘And did alledge it’; ll. 201-4 in original edition read—
   ‘Whose ill succeffe (for that he knew his worth
   So great, as if there could haue beeene redresse,
   He had effected it) in him brought forth
   Discouragement, that he shoule there do lesse.’

1. 206, ‘being fo dis-rent’; ll. 207-8—
   ‘And only now, if possibily he could
   But hold it vp, it was sufficient’—
   ‘sufficient’ rhyme-word to ‘disrent’ in l. 206; l. 211, ‘execute’; l. 212,
   ‘With’ accepted for ‘Which’; ll. 215-90 not in original edition, which
   has only the following :—
   ‘There is no roome to place it in this freight.
   Time, and my present griefes, do disappoin
Here is no roome to tell with what strange speed
And secrecy he vled to preuent
The enemies designdes, nor with what heed
He marcht before report, where what he ment
Fame neuer knew her selfe till it was done,
His drifts and Rumor seldome being all one;
Nor will this place conueniency afford
To shew how he, when dismall winter stormes
Keepes peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword,
Toyles him abroad, and noble act performs;
Nor how by mastring difficulties so
In times vnusuall, and by passage hard
He brauely came to disappoynt his foe,
And many times surpris'd him vnprepared.

Yet let me touch one point of that great Act,
That famous siefe, the Master-worke of all,
Where no distresse nor difficulties lackt
T'afflict his weary tyred Campe with all.
That when inclofd by powerfull enemies
One either side, with feeble troupes he lay
Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miseries;
Kept waking with Alarumes night and day.
There were, who did aduise him, to withdraw
His army to some place of safe defence,
From the apparent perill which they saw
Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

My willingnes. Befides being of that weight
Tis finne to place it in a narrower point,
And better now say nothing then to say
But little; there remains for this behind,
A Trophy to b'erected that will say
To all posterityes, and keepe in minde
That glorious worke, which did a kingdome saue,
Kept the Crowne whole & made the Peace we haue.'
For now the Spaniard had possest three ports
The most important of this Ile say they,
And sooner fresh supplyments, Spaine transports
To them then England can to vs conuay;
The Reble is in heart, and now is ioyn'd
With some of them already, and doth stand
Here ouer vs, with chieflie strength combin'd
Of all the desperate forces of the land;
And how vnpon these disaduantages
Your doubtfull troupes will fight your Honour guess.
Th'vndaunted Montjoy hereto answers this.
My worthy friends, the charge of this great state
And kingdome to my faith committed is,
And I must all I can ingeniate
To answere for the same, and render it
Vpon as faire a reckning as I may;
But if from hence I shal once stirre my feete,
The kingdome is vndone, and lost this day.
   All will fly thither where they find is hart,
   And feare shal haue none stand to take his part;
   And how shal we answere our Country then
At our returne, nay answere our owne fame?
Which howsoeuer we haue done like men
Will be imbranded with the marke of blame.
And since we here are come vnto the point
For which we toild so much and taide so long,
Let vs not now our travailes disappoint
Of th' honour which doth thereunto belong.
We cannot spend our blood more worthily
Then in so faire a cause, and if we fall

1. 252, spelt 'ges.'
We fall with glory, and our worth thereby
Shalbe renowned, and held deare of all.
And for my part I count the field to be
The honourablest bed to die vpon;
And here your eies this day either see
My body laid, or els this action done.

The Lord the chiefe and soueraigne Generall
Of Hofts, makes weake to stand, the strong to
fall.

With which braue resolution he so warm’d
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble worke; which they perform’d
As gallantly as euer men haue done.
Of which tis better nothing now to say,
Then say too little: For there rests behind
A Trophy to b’erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keepe in minde
That glorious act which did a kingdome saue,
Kept the Crowne whole and made the peace we
haue.

And now I will omit to shew therefore,
His management of publike busineses:
Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more
Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages;
VVhich on his owne discretion did relie,
VVherewith his spirit was furnisht happily.

Milde, affable, and easie of accesse
He was, but with a due referuednes:
So that the passage to his fauours lay
Not common to all commers, nor yet was

l. 291, ‘here’ for ‘now’; l. 292, ‘bus’nesses’; ll. 285-90—see foot-
note on pp. 179-80.
So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way
To such as fitly might or ought to passe:
Nor fold he smoke, nor tooke he vp to day
Commodities of mens attendances,
And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,
And intertaine them with faire promises.
But as a man that lou’d no great commerce
With businesse, and with noife, he euer flies
That Maze of many waies, which might disperse
Him, into other mens uncertainties.

And with a quiet calme sincerity,
H’effectts his vndertakings really.
His tongue and heart did not turne-backes, but went
One way, and kept one courfe with what he ment.
He vf’d no maske at all, but euer ware
His honest inclination open fac’d,
The friendships that he vou’d, most constant were,
And with great judgment, and discretion plac’d.

And Deuonshire thy faith hath her reward,
Thy noblest friends do not forfake thee now,
After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and show,
That worthinesse, which merits to remaine
Among th’exampes of integrity;
Whereby themselues no doubt shall also gaine,
A like regard vnto their memory.

Now muttering enuy, what canst thou produce
To darken the bright luster of such parts?
Cاست thy pure stone, exempt from all abuse.
Say what defects could weigh downe these deserts?

1. 308, ‘business.’
Summon detraction, to object the worst
That may be told, and utter all it can.
It cannot find a blemish to b'inforst,
Against him, other, then he was a man,
And built of flesh and blood, and did live here
Within the region of infirmity;
Where all perfections never did appear,
To meet in any one so really,
But that his frailty ever did bewray
Unto the world, that he was set in clay.
But yet his virtues, and his worthiness
Being seen so far above his weakness,
Must ever shine, whilst th'other under ground,
With his frail part, shall never more be found
And gratitude, and charity I know,
Will keep no note, nor memory will have,
Of any fault committed, but will now
Be pleas'd, to bring all within his Graue.
Seeing only such stand ever base and low
That strike the dead, or mutter under-hand:
And as dogges bark at those they do not know,
So they at such they do not understand.
The worthier fort, who know we do not live
With perfect men, will never be so vnkinde;
They will the right to the diseased give,
Knowing themselves must likewise leave behind,

l. 334, for accepted; ll. 341-4 re-inserted and accepted from original edition; ll. 347-8 accepted for a's—

'Of ought, but of his worthy virtues now
Which still will live; the rest lies in his graue';

l. 349, 'lie' for 'stand'; l. 354, 'be so vnkinde' accepted for 'f'vnkind';
Those that will censure them. And they know how,  
The Lyon being dead euen Hares insult. 
And will not urge a passed error now,  
Whenas he hath no party to consult, 
Nor tongue, nor advocate, to shew his minde:  
They rather will lament the losse they finde, 
By such a noble member of that worth, 
And know how rare the world such men brings forth. 
For neuer none had heart more truly serv'd, 
Under the regiment of his own care, 
And was none at command, and none obser'd 
The coulours of that honesty he bare, 
Then that of his: who neuer more was knowne; 
To use immodest act, or speech obscene,  
Or any leuity that might haue showne, 
The touch but of a thought that was vnclene. 
So that what euery he hath done amisse, 
Was vnderneath a shape that was not knowne; 
As Jupiter did no vnworthinesse, 
But was in other formes, not in his owne. 

But let it now sufficient be, that I, 
The last Scene of his act of life bewray; 
Which giues th'applauze to all, doth glorifie 
The worke. For tis the euening crownes the day. 
This action of our death especially 
Shewes all a man. Here only is he found. 
With what munition he did fortifie 
His heart, how good his furniture hath bin. 
And this did he performe in gallant wise: 
In this did he confirme his worthinesse.

1 359, 'a passed error' accepted for 'an imperfection'; II. 365-76 re-inserted and accepted from original edition.
For on the morrow after the surprize
That sicknes made on him with fierce accesse,
He told his faithfull friend whom he held deere
(And whose great worth was worthy so to be)
How that he knew those hot diseases were
Of that contagious force, as he did see
That men were ouer-tumbled sudainly,
And therefore did desire to set a course
And order t'his affaires as speedily;
As might be, ere his sicknes should grow worse:
And as for death, said he, I do not wey,
I am resolu'd and ready in this case.
It cannot come t'affright me any way,
Let it looke neuer with so grim a face:
And I will meete it smilling, for I know,
How vaine a thing all this worlds glory is.
And herein did he keepe his word. Did shoue
Indeede as he had promis'd in this.
For sicknesse neuer heard him groane at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to shew his paine;
Which howfoeuer being tirannicall,
He sweetly made it looke, and did retaine
A louely countenance of his being well,
And so would euery make his tongue to tell.

Although the feruour of extremity,
Which often doth throw those defences downe,
Which in our health, wail in infirmity,
Might open lay more then we would haue knowne:
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one peece of nature ill fet in;

1. 389—in 1607 edition here in margin 'Sir William Godolphin.'
Those lightnesses that any thing will say
Could say no ill of what they knew within;
Such a sure locke of silent modesty
Was set in life upon that noble heart
As that no anguish, nor extremity
Could open it t'impaire that worthy part.
For hauing dedicated still the same
Vnto deuotion, and to sacred skill,
That furnish perfect held, that blessed flame
Continued to the last in fervour still.
And when his spirit and tongue, no longer could
Do any certaine seruices beside,
Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold
VWith fervent zeale, how only he relide
Upon the merits of the precious death
Of his redeemer; and with rapt desires
H'appeales to grace, his soule deliuereth
Vnto the hand of mercy, and expires.
Thus did that worthy, who most vertuously
And mildly liu'd, most sweete, and mildly dy.

And thus Great Patrone of my muse haue I
Paid thee my vowes and fairely clear'd the accounts
VWhich in my loue I owe thy memory.
And let me say that herein there amounts
Something vnto thy fortune, that thou haft
This monument of thee, perhaps may last.
Which doth not t'euery mighty man befall:
For loe how many when they die, die all.
And this doth argue too, thy great deserts,
For honour neuer brought vnworthinesse
Further then to the graue, and there it parts
And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulnes.
And we do see that nettles, thistles, brakes
(The poorest workes of nature) tread vpon
The proudest frames that mans inuention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But Devonshire thou hast another Tombe
Made by thy vertues in a safer roome.

SAMVEL DANIELL.

1. 455, 'Samuell.'

FINIS.
VII.

CERTAINE EPISTLES.

1601-3.
NOTE.

These 'Certaine Epiftles' are also found in the gift-folio of 1601, but probably like the 'Panegyrike' (which precedes them) were of later dates. They were described by the Author as 'after the manner of Horace.' A collation of the after-texts shows no various readings except slight orthographical changes. They appear in all the editions. See our Memorial-Introduction on the persons addressed. A. B. G.
TO

Sr. THOMAS EGERTON

Ell hath the pow'rfull hand of Maiesty,
Thy worthines, and Englands hap beside,
Set thee in th'aidfull'st roome of dignity,
As th'Isbimus, these two Oceans to diuide,
Of Rigor and confus'd Uncertainty;
To keepe out th'entercourse of wrong and pride,
That they ingulph not vp vnsuccoured right
By the extreme current of licencious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongeest fastning of society,
Law; whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remaine concussed with uncerteinty,
And seeme to foster rather than withstand
Contention, and embrace obscurity,
Only t'aflict, and not to fashion vs,
Making her cure farre worse than the disease;

1. 10—1601 'fasting' (error).
As if she had made covenant with Wrong,
To part the prey made on our weaknesses,
And suffer'd Falseness to be arm'd as strong
Vnto the combate, as is Righteousnesse,
Or suted her, as if she did belong
Vnto our passions, and did euen profess
Contention, as her only mystery,
Which she restraines not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same sh'is now in ages past?
Or was she lesse when she was vised lesse:
And growes as malice growes, and so comes caft
Iuft to the forme of our vnquietnesse?
Or made more low, the more that strife runs faft,
Staying t'vndo vs ere she will redresse?
That th'll ill she checks seemes suffred to be ill,
When it yeelds greater gaine than goodnes will.

Must there be still some discord mixed among
The Harmony of men? whose mood accords
Blest with Contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong,
That when warre failes, peace must make warre with
words,
And b'arm'd vnto destruction even as strong,
As were in ages past our ciuill swords;
Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds,
That whenas fury failes, wisdome confounds.

If it be wisdome, and not cunning, this
Which so imbroiles the state of truth with brawles,
And wraps it vp in strange confusednesse,
As if it liu'd immur'd within the walls.
EGERTON KNIGHT.

Of hideous terms, fram'd out of barbarousnesse
And forren customes, the memorials
Of our subiection, and could neuer be
Deliu'red but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plaine,
Vncurious, Gentle, easie of accessse;
Certayne vnto it selfe, of equall vaine,
One face, one colour, one assurednesse:
It's falsihood that is intricate and vaine,
And needes these labyrinths of subtlenesse:
For where the cunningst cou'rings most appeare,
It argues still that all is not sincere.

Which thy cleere-ey'd experience well discrives
Great Keeper of the state of Equity,
Refuge of mercy, vpon whom relies
The succour of oppressed misery;
Altar of safeguard, whereto affliction flies
From th'eager pursuit of seuerity;
Hauen of peace, that labour'd to withdraw
Justice from out the tempests of the Law.

And set her in a calme and even way,
Plaine, and directely leading to redresse,
Barring these counter-courses of delay,
These waisting dilatory processes:
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, essoines, and trauerse;
The heads of Hydra springing out of death,
That giues this monster, Malice, still new breath.

I.
That what was made for the vtility
And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt,
To make him worser by his remedy,
And cast him downe, with what should him support: 8o
Nor that the state of Law might lose thereby
The due respect, and reu'rence of her port;
And seeme a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deeds
Vnto a like infinity arise,
As being a Science, that by nature breeds
Contention, strife, and ambiguities:
For altercation controuersie feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of Cauill lying all like wide,
Yeelds like advantage vnto either side.

Which made the graue Castillian king deuise

A prohibition, that no Aduocate

Should be conuai'd to th'Indian Colonies,
Left their new setting, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender root, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firme estate:
For hauing not this skill, how to contend,
Th'vn nourisht strife wold quickly make an end.

So likewise did th'Hungarian, when he saw

These great Italian Bartolists, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explane the Law,
T'imbroile it more, and make it much lesse cleere;
Caul’d them from out his kingdom to withdraw
With this infectious skill, some other-where:  Dominic
Whose learning, rather let men farther out,  fuit doctrina.
And opened wider passages of doubt.

Seeing euen Injustice may be regulare,
And no proportion can there be betwixt  110
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And th’ordinances which are alwayes fixt;
Ten thousand lawes more can not reach so far,
But malice goes beyond, or lies immixt
So close with goodnesse, as it euer will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfet it still.

And therefore did those glorious Monarchs, (who
Divide with God the stile of Maiesty
For being good, and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honesty)
Ordaine this sanctuary, whereunto
Th’opprest might flie, this seat of Equity;
Whereon thy vertues fit with faire renowne,
The greatest grace and glory of the Gowne.

Which Equity, being the soule of law,
The life of iustice, and the spirit of right,
Dwell’s not in written lines, or liues in awe
Of bookes: deafe powers, that haue nor eares nor sight
But out of well-weigh’d circumstance doth draw
The essence of a judgement requisit;
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
Plies to the worke, not forc’th the worke to it.
Maintaining still an equal parallel,
Iust with th'occasions of humanity;
Making her judgment ever liable
To the respect of peace and amity;
When surely Law, stern, and unaffable,
Cares only but it selfe to satisfie:
And often innocencies scarce defend,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

But Equity, that beares an euen raine
Upon the present course, holds in aw,
By giving hand a little, and doth gaine
By a gentle relaxation of the law;
And yet inviolable doth maintain
The end whereto all constitutions draw;
Which is the well-fare of society,
Consisting of an upright policy:

Which first being by necessity compos'd,
\textit{Necessitas est lex temporis.} Where, whenas iustice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole body of the State:
For if there be a passage once discol'd,
That Wrong may enter at the selfe-same gate
Which serves for Right, clad in a coate of Law,
What violent distempers may it draw:

And therefore do'ft thou stand to keepe the way,
And stop the course that malice seekes to run,
And by thy prouident \textit{Injunctions} stay
This never ending Altercation;
Sending contention home, to the end men may
There make their peace whereas their strife begun,
And free these pestered streets they vainely weare,
Whom both the state, and theirs, do need elsewhere.

Left th’humor which doth thus predominate
Conuert unto it selfe all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And come t’execeede th’affaires it undertakes:
As if the only Science of the State
That tooke vp all our wits for gaine it makes;
Not for the good that thereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearely bought.

What shall we thinke whenas ill causes shall
Inrich men more, and shall be more desir’d
Than good, as farre more beneficial?
Who then defends the good? Who will be hir’d
To entertaine a right, whose gaine is small?
Unlesse the Advocate that hath conspir’d
To plead a wrong, be likewise made to runne
His Clients chance, and with him be undone.

So did the wifest nations euer strive
To binde the hands of Iustice vp so hard,
That left she falling to proue Lucratuue
Might basely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her provisions fit to liue
Out of the publike, as a publike guard
That all preferues, and all doth entertaine,
Whose end is only glory, and not gaine.
TO SIR THOMAS EGERTON KNIGHT.

That eu'n the Scepter which might all command,
Seeing her s'vnpartiall, equall regular,
Was pleas'd to put it selfe into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admired far.
And this is that great blessing of this land,
That both the Prince and people vse one Barre;
The Prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood)
Is neuer bad but where himselfe is good.

This is that ballance which committed is
To thy most even and religious hand,
Great Minister of Iustice, who by this
Shalt haue thy name still gracious in this land:
This is that seale of pow'r which doth impress
Thy acts of right, which shall for euer stand:
This is that traine of State, that pompously
Attends vpon thy reu'rent dignity.

All glory els besides ends with our breath,
And mens respects, scarfe brings vs to our graue:
But this of doing good, muft out liue Death,
And haue a right out of the right it gaue:
Though th'act but few, th'exemple profiteth
Thoufands, that shall thereby a blessing haue.
The worlds respect growes not but on desarts,
Pow'r may haue knees, but iustice hath our hearts.
TO
THE LORD HENRIE
HOWARD, one of his Maiesties
Privy Councell.

Raise, if it be not choice, and layd aright,
Can yeeld no lustre where it is be-
stow'd,
Nor any way can grace the giuers
Art,
(Tho'it be a pleasing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can
be shew'd
Will beare it well, but Vertue and Defart.

And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy vttrance; and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and giues you grace,
Yet your cleere judgement best deserueth it;
Which in your course hath carried you vpright,
And made you to discerne the truest face,
And best complexon of the things that breed
The reputation and the loue of men;
And held you in the tract of honesty,
Which euer in the end we see succeed;

17, misprinted 'Not,' in all.
Though oft it may haue interrupted beene
Both by the times and mens iniquity.
  For sure those a ctions which do fairely runne
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most cleane and sаfe to their end,
And passe the be st without confusion,
Either in those that act or els dispose,
Hauing the scопe made clee re, whereto they tend.
  When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbroile
And intricate the passage of affaires,
As that they seldome fairely can get out;
But cost, with lesse successe, more care and toyle,
Whil'st doubt and the distrustd cause impaires
Their courage, who would els appeare more stout.
  For thoughsome hearts are blinded so, that they
Haue divers doores whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without disturbancy,
Int'any course, and into eu'ry way
Of humor that affection turnes about;
Yet haue the be st but one t'haue passage by,
  And that so surely warded with the gard
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must
Haue course that way, but with the cеrtaine passe
Of a perswasiue right; which being compar'd
With their conceit, must thereto answere iust,
And so with due examination passe.
  Which kind of men, raif'd of a better frame,
Are meere religious, constant and vpright,
And bring the ablest hands for any effect,
And beft beare vp the reputation, fame,
And good opinion, that the action's right
When th'undertakers are without suspeст:
HENRIE HOWARD.

But when the body of an enterprize
Shall go one way, the face another way,
As if it did but mocke a weaker trust,
The motion being monstrous, can not rise
To any good, but falls downe to bewray,
That all pretences serue for things vniust;
Especially where th'actiion will allow
Appearance, or that it hath a course
Concentrike with the vniuersfall frame
Of men combin'd; whom it concerneth how
These motions runne, and entertaine their force;
Hauing their being resting on the same.

And be it, that the vulgar are but grosse,
Yet are they capable of truth, and see,
And sometimes gesse the right, and do conceiue
The nature of that text that needs a glosse,
And wholy never can deluded be:
All may a few, few cannot all deceiue.

And these strange disproportions in the traine
And course of things doe euermore proceed
From th'ill-set disposition of their mindes,
Who in their actions cannot but retaine
Th'incumbred formes which doe within them breed,
And which they cannot shew but in their kindes.

Whereas the wayes and counsels of the light
So fort with valour and with manlinesse,
As that they carry things assuredlie
Vndazling of their owne or others fight:
There being a blessing that doth giue sucesse
To worthinesse and vnto constancie.

And though sometimes th'euent may fall amisse,
Yet shall it stille haue honour for th'attempt,
TO THE LORD HENRIE HOWARD.

When craft begins with feare and ends with shame,
And in the whole designe perplexed is;
Vertue, though lucklesse, yet shall scape contempt,
And though it hath not hap, it shall haue fame.
TO

THE LADIE MARGARET

Contesse of Cumberland.

E that of such a height hath built his minde,
   And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither feare nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolued powr's, nor all the winde
Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
His setled peace, or to disturbe the fame;
What a faire feate hath he, from whence he may
The boundlesse waftes and wildes of man suruay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe
Vpon these lower regions of turmoyle!
Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat
On flesh and bloud; where honour, pow'r, renowne
Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle;
Where greatnesse stands vpon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme
To little minds, who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes vpon the mightieft Monarchs warres
But onely as on stately robberies;
Where euermore the fortune that preuailes
Muft be the right; the ill-fuceeding marres
The fairest and the best-fac't enterprize:
Great Pirat Pomfey lesser Pirats quailes;
Justice, he sees, as if seduced, still
Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of Right t'appeare as manifolde
As are the passions of vnctertaine man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses holde:
He sees, that let Deceit worke what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mou'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of Tyrants threats, or with the furry brow
Of power, that proudly fits on others crimes,
Charg'd with more crying finnes then those he checks;
The stormes of fad confusion, that may grow
Vp in the present, for the comming times,
Appall not him, that hath no fide at all
But of himselfe, and knowes the worst can fall.

Although his heart so neere allied to earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexed State
Of troublous and distreft mortalitie,
That thus make way vnto the ougly birth
Of their owne followes, and doe still beget
Affliction vpon imbecillitie:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must runne,
He lookes thereon, not strange, but as foredone.
And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
And is incompast; whilst as craft deceiues
And is deceiued; whilst man doth ransacke man,
And builds on bloud, and rises by distresse;
And th'inherittance of desolation leaues
To great expecting hopes; he lookes thereon
As from the shore of peace with vnwet eie,
And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires, and fees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom I see you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as neare
His glorious mansiion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, Madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that cleere judgement that hath carried you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that minde
Out of her forme of goodnesse, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here besalles
You in the region of your selfe remaine;
Where no vaine breath of th'impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walles
Of a cleere conscience, that without all staine
Rifes in peace, in innocencie rests;
Whilst all what malice from without procures,
Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge
Then women vse to doe; yet you well know,
That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd
Then being pursu'd: leauing to him t'auenge
To whom it appertaines; wherein you show
How worthily your cleereness hath condemn'd
Bafe malediction, liuing in the darke,
That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roule; where all th'aspec'ts of miserie
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must beare, being pow'rlesse to redresse;
And that vnlesse aboue himselfe he can
Erect himselfe, how poore a thing is man!

And how turmoyl'd they are, that leuell lie-
With earth, and cannot lift themelves from thence;
That neuer are at peace with their desires,
But worke beyond their yeeres, and eu'en denie
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence
With death: that when ability expires,
Desire liues still: so much delight they haue
To carry toyle and travell to the graue.
Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the summe
And reckonings of their glory; and you know
This floating life hath but this Port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come:
And that mans greatnesse rests but in his show;
The best of all whose dayes consumed are
Either in warre, or peace conceiving warre.

This concord, Madame, of a well-tun'd minde
Hath beene so set, by that all-working hand
Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out, by discords most vnkinde;
Yet doth it still in perfect vnion stand
With God and man, nor euer will be forc't
From that most sweet accord, but still agree
Equall in Fortunes inequalitie.

And this note (Madame) of your worthinesse
Remaines recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th'inheritance of Fame you must possesse;
You that have built you by your great deserts,
Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisit
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

S. D.
TO

THE LADIE LVCIE

Countesse of Bedford.

Hough vertue be the same when low she stands,
    In th'humble shadowes of obscuritie,
    As when she either sweats in martiall bands,
    Or fits in Court clad with authoritie;
    Yet, Madam, doth the strictnesse of her roome

Greatly detract from her abilitie:

For as in-wall'd within a living tombe,
    Her hands and armes of action, labour not;
    Her thoughts, as if abortiue from the wombe,
    Come never borne, though happily begot,
But where she hath mounted in open fight
    An eminent and spacious dwelling got.
    Where shee may stirre at will, and use her might,
    There is she more her selfe, and more her owne;
    There in the faire attire of honor dight,
    She fits at ease and makes her glory knowne:

Applause attends her hands, her deeds haue grace;
    Her worth new-borne is strait as if full grown.
With such a godly and respected face
Doth vertue looke, that's set to looke from hie;
And such a faire advantage by her place
Hath state and greatness to doe worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby:
And well was let into a house so sweet,
So good, so faire, so faire so good a guest;
Who now remains as blessed in her seat,
As you are with her residencie blest.
And this faire course of knowledge whereunto
Your studies, learned Lady, are addrest,
Is th'only certaine way that you can go
Unto true glory, to true happiness:
All passages on earth besides, are so
Incumbred with such vaine disturbances;
As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
Being but deluded with apparances;
And no key had you else that was so fit
To vnlocke that prison of your sex, as this,
To let you out of weakness, and admit
Your powers into the freedome of that blisse
That sets you there where you may ouer-see
This rowling world, and view it as it is;
And apprehend how th'outsides doe agree
With th'inward, being of the things we deeme
And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
Of highest value and of best esteeme;
Since all the good we have rests in the minde,
By whole proportions onely we redeem
Our thoughts from out confusion, and doe finde
The measure of our felues, and of our pow'rs;
OF BEDFORD.

And that all happinesse remaines confinde
Within the Kingdome of this breast of ours:
Without whose boundes all that we looke on lies
In others iurisdictions, others pow'rs,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honor, fame, applause, renowne,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t'others wils, wherein th'are onely growne:
And that vnlesse we find vs all within,
We neuer can without vs be our owne,
Nor call it right our life that we lieue in:
But a possession held for others vse,
That seeme to haue most int'rest therein;
Which we doe so disseuer, part, traduce,
Let out to custome, fashion, and to shew,
As we enjoy but onely the abuse,
And haue no other deed at all to shew.
How oft are we constrained to appeare
With other countenance then that we owe,
And be our felues farre off, when we are neere!
How oft are we forc't on a cloudie hart
To set a shining face, and make it cleere;
Seeming content to put our felues apart,
To beare a part of others weakenesses!
As if we onely were compo'd by Art,
Not Nature, and did all our deeds address
T'opinion, not t'a conscience, what is right:
As fram'd b'exemple, not aduisedness,
Into those formes that entertaine our fight.
And though books, Madam, cannot make this minde
Which we must bring apt to be set aright,
Yet doe they rectifie it in that kinde,
And touch it so, as that it turns that way
Where judgement lies: and though we cannot find
The certaine place of truth, yet doe they stay:
And entertaine vs neere about the same;
And giue the foule the best delight that may
Encheere it most, and most our spirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends:
And therefore in a course that best became
The cleerenesse of your heart, and best commends
Your worthy pow'rs, you run the rightest way
That is on earth, that can true glory giue;
By which when all consumes, your fame shal liue.
TO
THE LADIE ANNE
Clifford.

To the tender youth of those faire eyes
The light of iudgement can arise but new;
And yong the world appeares t'a yong conceit,
Whil't thorow the vnaquainted faculties
The late inuested foule doth rawly view
Those obiects which on that discretion wait.
Yet you that such a faire aduantage haue
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t'out go,
And be before your yeeres, can fairely guesse
What hue of life holdes surest without staine;
Hauing your well-wrought heart full furnisht so
With all the images of worthinesse,
As there is left no roome at all t'inuest
Figures of other formes but sanctitie:
Whilst yet those cleane-created thoughts, within
The Garden of your innocencies rest;
Where are no motions of deformatie,
Nor any doore at all to let them in.
With so great care doth she, that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorne
That better part, the mansion of your minde,
With all the richest furniture of worth;
To make y'as highly good as highly borne,
And set your vertues equall to your kinde.

She tels you how that honour onely is
A goodly garment put on faire desarts;
Wherein the smallest staine is greatest seene,
And that it cannot grace vnworthinesse;
But more apparant shewes defective parts,
How gaye foever they are deckt therein.

She tels you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept inclosed with so many eies,
As that it cannot stray and breake abroad
Into the private wayes of carelesnesse;
Nor euer may descend to vulgarize,
Or be below the sphere of her abode.

But like to those supernall bodies set
Within their Orbs, must keepe the certaine course
Of order, destin'd to their proper place;
Which onely doth their note of glory get.
Th'irregular apparances inforce
A short respect, and perishe without grace:

Being Meteors seeming high, but yet low plac't,
Blazing but while their dying matters last:
Nor can we take the iust height of the minde,
But by that order which her course doth shew,
And which such splendor to her actions giues;
And thereby men her eminencie finde,
And thereby onely doe attain to know
The Region, and the Orbe wherein she liues.
For low in th'aire of grosse vncertaintie
Confusion onely rowles, order fits hie.
And therefore since the dearest thing on earth,
This honour, Madam, hath his stately frame
From th'heau'ny order, which begets respect;
And that your Nature, vertue, happy birth,
Haue therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not runne the least course of neglect,

For where, not to obserue, is to prophone
Your dignity; how careful must you be
To be your self? And though you may to all
Shine faire aspects, yet must the vertuous gaine
The beft effects of your benignitie:
Nor must your common graces cause to fall
The price of your esteeme t'a lower rate,
Then doth beset the pitch of your estate.

Nor may you build on your sufficiencie,
For in our strongest parts we are but weake;
Nor yet may ouermuch distrust the fame:
Left that you come to checke it fo thereby,
As silence may become worse then to speake;

Though silence women neuer ill became.

And none we see were euer ouerthrowne
By others flattery more then by their owne.
For though we liue amongft the tongues of praife,
And troopes of smoothing people that collaud
All that we doe, yet 'tis within our harts
Th'ambushtment lies, that euermore betraies
Our judgements, when our selues be come t'applaud
Our owne abilitie and our owne parts.

So that we must not onely fence this fort
Of ours, against all others fraud, but most
Against our owne; whose danger is the most,
Because we lie the neerest to doe hurt,
And soon't deceiue our selues, and soon't are lost
By our best pow'rs, that doe vs most transport.
Such are your holy bounds, who must conuay
(If God so please) the honourable bloud
Of Clifford, and of Russell, led aright
To many worthy items; whose offspring may
Looke backe with comfort, to haue had that good
To spring from such a branch that grew upright;
Since nothing cheere the heart of greatnesse more
Then th'Ancestors faire glory gone before.

1. 89 misprinted 'transpord' in 1623 4to.
TO
HENRY VVRIOthesly
Earle of Southamton.
Non furt ullum ictum illa fectitas.

E who hath neuer warr'd with miserie,
Nor euer tugg'd with Fortune and distresse,
Hath had n'occasion nor no field to trie
The strength and forces of his worthiness:
Those parts of judgement which felicitie
Keepes as conceal'd, affliction must expresse;
And onely men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had neuer taken so full note
Of what thou art, hadst thou not beene vndone;
And onely thy affliction hath begot
More fame, then thy best fortunes could haue done;
For euer, by aduersitie are wrought
The greatest works of admiration.
And all the faire examples of renowne
Out of distresse and miserie are growne.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeale,
Exile renown'd, and grac'd Rutilius;
Imprisonment and pouson did reuеale.
The worth of *Socrates*; *Fabritius*
Pouertie did grace that Common-weale
More then all *Syllaes* riches, got with strive;
And *Catoes* death did vie with *Cæsars* life.

Not to b'vnhappy is vnhappynesse;
And misery not t'haue knowne miferie:
For the best way vnto discretion, is
The way that leades vs by aduersitie.
And men are better shew'd what is amisse,
By th'expert finger of calamitie,
Then they can be with all that Fortune brings;
Who neuer shewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'ft haue indur'd
With a reposed cheere, wrong and disgrace;
And with a heart and countenance assur'd
Haue lookt sterne death and horror in the face!
How should we know thy soule had beeene secur'd
In honest counsels and in way vnbase!
Hadst thou not stood to shew vs what thou wert,
By thy affliction, that discri'd thy heart.

It is not but the Tempest that doth shew
The Sea-mans cunning; but the field that tries
The Captaines courage: and we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst ieoperdies:
For lo, how many haue we seene to grow
To high renowne from lowest miferies,
Out of the hands of death, and many a one
T'haue beeene vndone, had they not beeene vndone.
He that indures for what his conscience knowes
Not to be ill, doth from a patience hie
Looke onely on the cause whereto he owes
Thosse sufferings, not on his miserie:
The more h'endures, the more his glory growes,
Which neuer growes from imbecillitie:
Onely the best compos'd and worthiest harts
God sets to act the hardest and constant'ft parts.

S. D.
VIII.

Musophilus, or Defence of all Learning.

1602-3.
NOTE.

In the 1601 gift-folio, again, 'Mufophilus' is found with this title (undated):

A

Defence of Ryme

Against a Pamphlet enti-
tuled

Observations in the Art of

English Poesie.

Wherein is demonstratiously pro-
ued, that Ryme is the fittest har-
monie of words that comportes
with our language.

By Sa. D.

At London
Printed by V. S. for Edward Blount.

As Dr. Thomas Campion's 'Observations' did not appear until 1603, the 'Defence' cannot have been printed sooner than 1602-3. A collation of the after-texts yields no various readings save slight orthographical changes. See our Memorial-Introduction on 'Mufophilus,' and Daniel's prose 'Defence' (in his Prose Works). The general title was thus altered later.

Mufophilus:

Containing

A General Defence

of Learning.

In the 4to of 1623 and elsewhere the placing of the stanzas is irregular (from p. 248, l. 717); all have been made uniform, i.e., 8 lines each, with first line projecting instead of a line projecting and two lines; also l. 728 a misprint 'temp'ring' corrected by 'tamp'ring.'
To the right VVorthy and Iudicious

Fauorer of Vertue, Master

Fulke Greuill.

Doe not here upon this hum'rous Stage,
Bring my transformed Verse, apparelled
With others passions, or with others
rage;
With loues, with wounds, with factions
furnished:
But here present thee, (lonely modelled
In this poore frame, the forme of mine owne heart:
Where, to reviue my selfe, my Muse is led
With motions of her owne, t'act her owne part;
Striving to make her now contemned Art,
As faire her selfe as possibily she can;
Left, seeming of no force, of no desert,
She might repent the course that she began;
And, with these times of dissolution, fall
From Goodnesse, Vertue, Glory, Fame, and all.
MVSOPHILVS

Containing,

A generall Defence of all Learning.

Philocosmus.

Ond man Musophilus, that thus dost spend,
In an vngainsfull Arte thy deerest dayes,
Tyring thy wits, and toyling to no end,
But to attaine that idle smoke of Praife:

Now when this busie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely Musicke of neglected layes.
Other delights then these, other desires
This wiser profit-seeking Age requires.

Musophilus.

FRIEND Philocosmus, I confesse indeede,
I loue this sacred Arte thou settest so light,
And though it neuer stand my life in stead,
It is enough, it giues my selfe delight;
The whiles my vnafflicted minde doth feede
On no vnholie thoughts for benefit.
Be it, that my vnseasonable Song
Come out of time; that fault is in the Time,
And I must not doe Vertue so much wrong,
As loue her aught the worse for others crime:
And yet I finde some blessed spirits among,
That cherish me, and like, and grace my Rime.

Againe, that I doe more in Soule esteeme,
Then all the gaine of dute the world doth crauе:
And, if I may attaine, but to redeeme
My name from Dissolution and the Graue;
I shall haue done enough, and better deeme
T’haue liu’d to be, then to haue dide to haue.

Short-breath’d Mortalitie would yet extend
That spanne of life so farre forth as it may,
And robbe her Fate; seeke to beguile her end
Of some few lingring dayes of after-stay,
That all this little All, might not descend
Into the darke, a vniuerfall pray.

And giue our labours yet this poore delight,
That when our daies doe end, they are not done: 40
And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
But liue two liues, where other haue but one.

Philocosmus.

Silly desires of selfe-abusing man,
Striving to gaine th’inherittance of Aire,
That hauing done the vtterness he can,
Leaues yet, perhaps, but beggarie to his heire:
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feedes not his race, or makes his house more faire.

l. 44, ‘Seely’ 1601.
And what art thou the better, thus to leave
A multitude of words to small effect,
Which other times may scorne, and so deceiue
Thy promis’d name, of what thou dost expect?
Besides, some vipers Criticke may bereave
Th’opinion of thy worth for some defect;
And get more reputation of his wit,
By, but controlling of some word or fence,
Then thou shalt honour for contriving it,
With all thy trauell, care and diligence;
Being Learning now enough to contradict,
And censure others with bold insolence.
Besides, so many to confusedly sing,
Whose diuerse discords haue the Musicke mar’d,
And in contempt that mysterie doth bring,
That he must sing aloud that will be heard:
And the receiu’d opinion of the thing,
For some unhallowed string that wildly iar’d,
Hath so vnseason’d now the eares of men,
(That who doth touch the tenour of that vaine,
Is held but vaine;) and his vnreckned pen
The title but of Leuitie doth gaine.
A poore light gaine, to recompence their toyle,
That thought to get Eternitie the while.
And therefore, leaue the left and out-worne course
Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how
To fit the times with what is moft in force;
Be new with mens affections that are new;
Strive not to runne an idle counter-course,
Out from the scent of humours, men allow.
For not discreetly to compose our partes
Unto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off our felonies, and make our Artes
Rebels to Nature and Societie;
Whereby we come to bury our defarts;
In th'obscure graue of Singularitie.

Musophilus.

Doe not prophane the worke of doing well,
Seduced man, that canst not looke to hie
From out that mist of earth, as thou canst tell
The wayes of Right, which Vertue doth descree;
That ouer-lookes the base contemptibly,
And low-laid follies of Mortalitie:

Nor mete out Truth and right-discerning Praise,
By that wrong measure of Confusion,
The vulgar foote; that never takes his wayes
By Reason, but by Imitation,
Rowling on with the rest; and never weighs
The course which he should goe, but what is gone.

Well were it with Mankinde, if, what the most
Did like, were best: But Ignorance will live
By others square, as by example lost:
And man to man must th'hand of Error give
That none can fall alone, at their owne cost;
And all, because men judge not, but beleuee.

For what poore bounds have they, whom but th'earth bounds;
What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got, relieues not, but confounds,
Hauing but travell to succeede their paines?
What ioy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and Grieue his gains?
MVSOPHILVS.

Gath’ring, incroching, wrestling, Joyning to,
Defteoying, building, deckin; furnishing,
Reparing, altring, and so much ado,
To his soules toyle, and bodies trauelling:
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordaines to haue th’inheriting.
And his faire house rais’d hie in Enuies eie;
Whose Pillars rear’d (perhaps) on bloud and wrong,
The spoyles and pillage of Iniquitie:
Who can assure it to continue long?
If Rage spar’d not the wall’s of Pietie,
Shall the prophaneft pyles of finne keepe strong?

How many proud aspiring Pallaces
Haue we knowne, made the prey of wrath and pride;
Leuell’d with th’earth, left to forgetfulness;
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or ciuill tumults, or an ordelesse
Order, pretending change of some strong side?

Then where is that proud Title of thy name,
Written in yce of melting vanitie?
Where is thine heire left to possesse the same?
Perhaps, not so well as in beggarie.
Something may rise to be beyond the shame
Of vile and vnregarded Pouertie.

Which I confesse, although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colours I can giue:
Yet for all that, me thinkes she lookes but ill.
I cannot brooke that face, which dead aliove
Shewes a quicke body, but a buried will.

Yet oft we see the barres of this restraint
Holdes goodnesse in, which loose wealth would let flie;
And fruitless riches barriner then want,
Brings forth small worth from idle Libertie:
Which when Disorders shall againe make scant,
It must refetch her state from Pouertie.

But yet in all this interchange of all,
Vertue we see, with her faire grace, stands fast:
For what high races hath there come to fall,
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past.

Since Chaucer liu'd; who yet liues, and yet shall,
Though (which I grieue to say) but in his last.

Yet what a time hath he wrested from Time,
And wonne vpon the mighty waste of dayes,
Vnto th'immortall honour of our clime!
That by his meanes came first adorn'd with Bayes;
Vnto the sacred Relickes of whose rime,
We yet are bound in zeale to offer praisse?

And, could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtaine but such a blessed hand of yeares,
And scape the fury of that threatning rage,
Which in confused cloudes gastiylly apparees;
Who would not straine his trauels to ingage,
When such true glory should succeede his cares?

But whereas he came planted in the Spring;
And had the Sunne, before him, of Respect:
We, set in th'Autumne, in the withering
And fullen seacion of a cold defect,
Must taste those lowre disfaits the times do bring
Vpon the fulnesse of a cloy'd Neglect;

Although the stronger constitutions shall
Weare out th'infection of distempered dayes,
And come with glory to out-line this fall:
Recou'ring of another springing of Praife,
Cleer'd from th'oppressing humours wherewithall
The Idle multitude surcharge their laies.

Whenas (perhaps) the words thou scornest now
May live, the speaking picture of the minde;
The extract of the soule, that laboured, how
To leave the Image of herselfe behind.
Wherein Posteritie, that loue to know
The just proportion of our Spirits, may finde.

For these Lines are the veins, the arteries,—
And vndecaying life-strings of those harts
That still shall pant, and still shall exercize
The motion, spirit and Nature both imparts;
And shall, with those aliue to sympathize,
As, nourisht with their powers, injoy their parts.

O blessed Letters, that combine in one,
All Ages past, and make one liue with all:
By you, we doe conferre with who are gone;
And, the dead-living vnto Councell call:
By you, th'vnborne shall haue communion
Of what we feele, and what doth vsbefall.

Soule of the world, Knowledge, without thee,
What hath the Earth, that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stirre to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To doe worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight?

And let th'vnnaturall and wayward Race,
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our shame,
That never read t'obserue, but to disgrace;
Raise all the tempest of their powre, to blame.
That puffe of folly neuer can deface,
The worke a happy Genius tooke to frame.
Yet why should ciuill Learning seeke to wound
And mangle her owne members with despight?
Prodigious wits, that study to confound
The life of wit, to seeme to know aright,
As if themselves had fortunately found
Some stand from off the earth beyond our sight;
Whence, ouer-looking all as from aboue,
Their grace is not to worke, but to reprooue.
But how came they plac'd in so high degree
Aboue the reach and compasse of the rest?
Who hath admitted them onely to be
Free-denizons of skill, to judge the best?
From whom the world as yet could neuer see
The warrant of their wit soundly express.

T'acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceipt, which onely they possesse;
That we might have things exquisitely done,
Measur'd with all their strict observances:
Such would (I know) scorne a Translation,
Or bring but others labours to the Preffe:
Yet oft these monster-breeding mountaines will
Bring forth small Mice of great expected skill.

Presumption euer fullest of defects,
Failes, in the doing, to performe her part:
And I haue knowne proude words and poore effects,
Of such indeede as doe condemne this Arte:
But let them rest, it euer hath beene knowne,
They others vertues scorne, that doubt their owne

And for the diuers disagreeing cordes
Of inter-iangling Ignorance, that fill
The dainty eares, and leauе no roome for words,
The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will;
Knowing the best he hath, he frankly foorde,
And scorne to be a niggard of his skill.

And that the rather, since this short-liued race,
Being fataly the sonnes but of one day;
That now with all their powre plie it apace,
To hold out with the greatest might they may,
Against Confusion, that hath all in chace,
To make of all, an vniousfall pray.

For now great Nature hath laid downe at last
That mighty birth, wherewith so long she went,
And ouer-went the times of ages past,
Here to lye in, vpon our soft content:
Where fruitfull she, hath multiplyed so faft,
That all she hath, on these times seemd t'haue spent.

All that which might haue many ages grac'd,
Is borne in one, to make one cloyd with all;
Where Plenty hath imprest a deepe distaft,
Of best and worst, and all in generall:
That Goodnesse seemes Goodnesse to haue defac't,
And Vertue hath to Vertue giuen the fall.

For Emulation, that proude nurse of Wit,
Scorning to stay below or come behinde,
Labours vpon that narrow top to fit
Of sole Perfection in the highest kinde:
Enuy and Wonder looking after it,
Thrust likewise, on the selfesame blisse to finde:

And so, long striving, till they can no more,
Doe stuffe the place, or others hopes shut out;
Who, doubting to ouertake those gone before,
Gieue vp their care, and cast no more about:
And so in scorne, leauue all as fore possed,
And will be none, where they may not be best.
Eu'n like some empty Creeke, that long hath laine,
Left or negleced of the Riuier by,
Whofe searching fides, pleaf'd with a wandring vaine,
Finding some little way that close did lie;
Steale in at firft, then other freames againe
Second the firft, then more then all supply;
Till all the mighty maine hath borne, at laft,
The glory of his chiefeft powre that way;
Plying this newfound pleafant roome fo fast,
Till all be full, and all be at a stay:
And then about, and backe againe doth caft,
Leauing that full to fall another way:
So fares this hum'rous world, that euermore
Rapt with the current of a present course,
Runnes into that which lay contenm'd before:
Then glutted, leaues the fame, and falles t'a worfe:
Now Zeale holdes all, no life but to adore,
Then cold in spirit, and faith is of no force.
Strait, all that holy was, vnhalloved lies,
The fcatred carcasses of ruin'd vowes:
Then Truth is falfe, and now hath Blindnesse eies,
Then Zeale trufts all, now scarcely what it knowes:
That euermore, to foolifh or to wise,
It fatall is to be feduc'd with showes.

Sacred Religion, mother of Forme and Feare,
How gorgeously sometymes doft thou fit deckt?
What pompous vextures doe we make thee weare?
What ftrately piles we prodigall erect?
How sweet perfum'd thou art, how shining cleare?
How solemnely obferu'd, with what respect?

l. 280, 'solempny' 1601; l. 289, misprinted 'vnhalloved.'
Another time, all plaine, all quite thread-bare,
Thou muft haue all within, and nought without;
Sit poorely without light, disrob'd, no care
Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout;
Powrelesse, vnfollowed, scarcely men can spare
The necessarly rites to fet thee out.

Either Truth, Goodnesse, Vertue are not still
The selfesame which they are, and alwayes one,
But alter to the proiect of our will,
Or we, our actions make them waite vpon,
Putting them in the liuery of our skill,
And caft them off againe when we haue done.

You mightie Lords, that with respected grace
Doe at the sterne of faire example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keepe a right course, beare vp from all disgrace,
Obserue the poyn of glory to our land:

Hold vp disgraced knowledge from the ground,
Keepe Vertue in request, give Worth her due,
Let not Neglect with barbarous meanes confound
So faire a good, to bring in night anew.
Be not, O be not accessory found
Vnto her death, that muft giue life to you.

Where will you haue your vertuous name safe laide?
In gorgeous Tombes, in sacred Cels secure?
Doe you not see those prostrate heapes betraide
Your fathers bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you truft deceitfull stones faire laide,
And thinke they will be to your honour truer?

l. 327,—'prostrate.'
No, no, vnsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant vnto Wrath ; that with one frowne
Will all these mock'ries of Vaine-glory rend,
And make them, as before, vngrac'd, vnknowne ;
Poore idle honours that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keepe their owne.
And whereto serue that wondrous Trophei now,
That on the goodly Plaine neere Wilton stands ?
That huge dumbe heape, that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands, 340
Nor for whose glory, it was set to shew
How much our pride mocks that of other lands ?
Whereon, whenas the gazing passenger
Hath greedy lookt with admiration,
And faine would know his birth, and what he were,
How there erected, and how long agone :
Enquires, and askes his fellow traueller,
What he hath heard, and his opinion :
And he knowes nothing. Then he turns againe,
And lookes, and fighs, and then admires afresh, 350
And in himselfe with forrow doth complaine
The misery of darke Forgetfulness ;
Angry with Time that nothing should remaine
Our greatest wonders wonder, to expresse.
Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing faire Arte and Cunning of their right,
Tels, how those stones, were by the Deuils force,
From Affrike brought to Ireland in a night,
And thence, to Britannie, by Magick course,
From Gyants hands redeem'd, by Merlins sleight. 360
And then neere Ambri plac'd, in memorie
Of all those noble Britons murthered there,
By Hengift and his Saxon trecherie,
Comming to parlee in peace at vnaware.
With this old Legend then Credulitie
Holdes her content, and closes vp her care:
But is Antiquitie so great a liar?
Or, doe her yonger sonnes her age abuse,
Seeing after-commers still, so apt t'admire
The graue authoritie that she doth vse,
That reuerence and Respect dares not require
Proose of her deedes, or once her words refuse?
Yet wrong they did vs, to presume so far,
Vpon our easie credit and delight:
For, once found false, they strait became to mar
Our faith, and their owne reputation quite,
That now her truths hardly beleued are:
And though sh'auouch the right, she scarce hath right.
And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stands corrupted so with times despight,
And giu'ft false eudience, against their fame
That set thee there, to testifie their right;
And art become a Traitour to their name
That trusted thee with all the best they might.
Thou shalt stand still belide, and slandered,
The onely gazeing-flocke of Ignorance;
And by thy guile, the wife admonished,
Shall neuer more desire such heapes t'aduance;
Nor trust their liuing glory with the dead
That cannot speake, but leaue their fame to Chance:
Considering in how small a roome doe lie,
And yet lie safe, as fresh as if aliue,
All those great worthies of antiquitie;
Which long foreliu'd thee, and shall long furuiue;
Who stronger tombes found for Eternitie,
Then could the powres of all the earth contrive.
Where they remaine these trifles to obraide
Out of the reach of Spoyle, and way of Rage;
Though Time with all his power of yeeres hath laid
Long batterie, back'd with undermine Age,
Yet they make head, onely with their owne aide
And warre, with his all-conquering forces, wage.
Pleading the Heau'ns prescription to be free,
And t'haue a grant, t'indure as long as hee.

*Philocosmus.*

Beholde how euery man, drawne with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way;
Striving to make his course seeme onely right
Doth his owne rest, and his owne thoughts betray:

\[
\text{Imagination bringing brauely sight,}
\]
\[
\text{Her pleasing Images in best aray.}
\]

With flattering glasse that must shew him faire,
And others foule: his skil and wit best,
Others seduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their:
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest.
Not seeing how these Minions in the aire
Present a face of things falsely express,
And that the glimmering of these errours showne,
Are but a light, to let him see his owne.

Alas poore Fame, in what a narrow roome,
As an incaged Parrot art thou pent
Here amongst vs, where, euuen as good be dombe
As speake, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
Whenas the present are so negligent?
Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
This little Point, this scarce discerned Ile,
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech unknowne
Made neuer any traffike of our Stile?
And in this All, where all this care is showne,
T'inchant your fame to last so long a while?
And for that happier tongues haue wonne so much,
Thinke you to make your barbarous language such?

Poore narrow limits for so mightie paines,
That cannot promise any foraine vent:
And yet, if here, to all, your wondrous vaines
Were generally knowne, it might content:
But loe, how many reades not, or disdaines
The labour of the chiefe and excellent?

How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spencer, or their Bookes?
And yet braue fellowes, and presume of Fame,
And seeme to beare downe all the world with lookes?
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
On whose induets few or none scarce lookes?

Doe you not see these Pamphlets, Libels and Rymes,
These strange confused tumults of the minde,
Are growne to be the ficknesse of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankinde?
Your Vertues by your Follies made your crimes
Haue issue with your indiscretion join'd.

Schooles, Artes, Professions, all in so great store,
Pass the proportion of the present state;
Where, being as great a number as before,
And fewer rooms they to accommodate:
It cannot be but they must throng the more,
And kick, and thrust, and shoulder with Debate.
For when the greater wits cannot attaine
Th'expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine
Of farre inferiour vertues in their fight:
They present, with the sharpe of Enuie, straine
To wound them with reproches and despight:
And for these cannot haue as well as they,
They scorn their faith should deigne to looke that way.

Hence, discontented Sects and Schismes arise,
Hence interwounding Controveries spring,
That feede the Simple, and offend the Wife,
Who know the consequence of cauelling
Disgrace, that these to others doe deuise:
Contempt and Scorne on all in th'end doth bring,
Like scolding wiuws, reckning each others fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.

For when to these rare dainties, time admits
All commers, all complexions, all that will,
Where none should be let in but choiest wits,
Whose milde discretion could comport with skill:
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place, who can expect but ill?

For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand,
And for aught els whereto they shall b'addrest,
They eu'n become th'incumbrance of the land,
As out of ranke, disfording all the rest:
This grace of theirs, to seeme to vnderstand,
Marres all their grace, to doe, without their rest.

Men finde, that action is another thing,
Then what they in discoursing papers reade:
The worlds affaires require in managing,
More Artes then those wherein you Clerkes proceede:
Whilst timorous Knowledge stands considering, 490
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deede;
For who knowes most, the more he knowes to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout;
This sweet inchaunting Knowledge turnes you cleene
Out from the fields of naturall delight,
And makes you hide, vnwilling to be seene
In th'open concourse of a publike fight:
This skill, wherewith you haue so cunning beene,
Vnsinues all your powres, vnmans you quite.

Publike societie and commerce of men

Require another grace, another port:
This Eloquence, these Rymes, these Phrases then,
Begot in shades, doe serue vs in no sort;
Th'vnmateriall dwelling of your Pen
Touch not the spirit that action doth import:

A manly stile, fitted to manly eares
Blest gree with wit; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gawdy liu'ry weares
Of nice Corruptions, which the times doe sway,
And waites on th'humour of his pulse that beares
His passions set to such a pleasing kay:
Such dainties serue onely for stomackes weake;
For men doe fowlest, when they finest speake.

Yet doe I not dislike that in some wise
Be fung, the great heroicall delerts,
Of braue renowned spirits: whose exercise
Of worthy deeds may call vp others hearts,
And serue a modell for potteries,
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts:
But so, that all our spirites may tend hereto,
To make it, not our grace, to say, but do.

I.
M

Vch thou hast saide, and willingly I heare,
As one that am not so possesse with Loue
Of what I doe, but that I rather beare
An eare to learn, then a tongue to disprove:
I know men must, as carried in their sphære,
According to their proper motions, moue.
And that course likes them best which they are on,
Yet Truth hath certaine bounds, but Falshood none.
I doe confesse our limits are but small,
Compar'd with all the whole vaste earth beside;
All which, againe, rated to that great All,
Is likewise as a poynt, scarcely descride:
So that in these respects, we may this call,
A poynt but of a poynt, where we abide.
But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
And cast our thoughts, but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread vpon;
We then may estimate our mighty land,
A world, within a world standing alone.
Where, if our fame confind cannot get out,
What, shall we imagine it is pen'd,
That hath so great a world to walke about,
Whose bounds with her reports have both one end?
Why shall we not rather esteeme her stout,
That farther then her owne scorne to extend?
Where being so large a roome, both to doe well,
And eke to heare th'applause of things well done,
That farther, if men shall our vertues tell,
We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won;
It doth not greater make that which is laudable, 
The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.
And for the few that onely lend their eare,
That few, is all the world; which with a few
Doe euer liue, and move, and worke, and stirre.
This is the heart doth feele and onely know
The rest of all, that onely bodies beare,
Rowle vp and downe, and fill vp but the row. 560
And sieres as others members, not their owne,
The instruments of those that doe direct.
Then what disgrace is this, not to be knowne
To those know not to giue themselues respect?
And though they swell with pome of folly blowne,
They liue vngrac'd, and die but in Neglect.
And for my part, if onely one allow
The care my labouring spirits take in this,
He is to me a Theater large enow,
And his applaue onely sufficient is: 570
All my respect is bent but to his brow,
That is my All; and all I am, is his.
And if some worthy spirits be pleased too,
It shall more comfort breede, but not more will.
But what if none? It cannot yet vndoe
The loue I beare vnfo this holy skill:
This is the thing that I was borne to doo,
This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.
Let those that know not breath, esteeme of winde,
And set t' a vulgar ayre their sereule song; 580
Rating their goodnesse by the praife they find,
Making their worth on others fits belong;
As Vertue were the hireling of the minde,
And could not liue if Fame had ne'r a tong.
Hath that all-knowing powre that holdes within
The goodly prospectue of all this frame,
(Where, whatsoever is, or what hath bin,
Reflects a certaine image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seeke an almes of Fame?

Must she, like to a wanton Curtezan,
Open her brests for shew, to winne her praise;
And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man
As if she were enamour'd of his wayes,
And knew not Weakenesse, nor could rightly scan
To what defects his hum'rous breath obayes?

She that can tell, how proud Ambition
Is but a Beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is gu'n of meere Deuotion:
For which, how much it sweats, how much it's thrall?
What toyle it takes, and yet, when all is done,
Th'endes in expectation neuer fall;

Shall she ioyne hands with such a servile mate,
And prostrate her faire body, to commit
Folly with earth, and to defile that state
Of cleerenesse, for so grosse a benefit?
Hauing Reward dwelling within her gate,
And Glory of her owne to furnish it:

Her selfe, a recompence sufficient
Vnto her selfe, to giue her owne content.

I'ft not enough, that she hath rais'd so hie,
Those that be hers, that they may fit and see
The earth below them, and this All to lie
Vnder their view, taking the true degree
Of the iuft height of swolne Mortalitie,
Right as it is, not as it seemes to be?
And vndeceiued with the Paralax
   Of a miftaking eye of passion, know
By these mafk'd outfides what the inward lackes;
Meal'ring man by himselfe, not by his show; 620
Wondering not at their rich and golden backes,
   That haue poore mindes and little else to shew:
Nor taking that for them which well they see
   Is not of them, but rather is their loade:
The lies of Fortune, wherewithall men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroade: [knee,
Whose ground, whose graffe, whose earth haue cap and
Which they suppose, is on themselues bestow'd.
And thinke like Isis Asse, all Honours are
   Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done 630
Vnto the painted Idoll which they beare,
   That onely makes them to be gazed on:
For take away their packe, and shew them bare,
   And see what best this Honour rides vpon.
Hath Knowledge lent to hers the priuy kay,
   To let them in vnto the highest Stage
Of Causes, Secrets, Counsels, to furuay
The wits of men, their hearts, their colds, their rage,
That build, destroy, prais'e, hate, say and gainsay,
Beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age. 640
And shall we trust goodnesse as it procedes
   From that vnconstant mouth, which with one breath
Will make it bad againe vnlesse it feedes
The present humour that it fauoureth?
Shall we esteeme and reckon how it heedes
Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloweth?
Then whereto serues it to haue bin inlarg'd
   With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that, we still continue charg'd
With those discou'red errors which we finde? 650
As if our knowledge onely were discharg'd,
Yet we our felues staid in a seruile kinde.
That Vertue must be out of countenance,
If this grosse spirit, or that weake shalow braine,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Negle'ct, dista'te, vncomprehend, disdaine ;
When such ficke eyes can neuer caft a glance,
But through the colours of their proper staine.
Though, I must needes confesse, the small respect,
That these great-seeming best of men doe giue, 660
(Whose brow begets th'inferior forts negle'ct,)
Might moue the weake irresolute to grieue ;
But stronger, see how iustly this defect
Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue :
That Learning needs must runne the common fate
Of all things else, thruft on by her owne weight,
Comporting not her selfe in her estate
Vnder this burthen of a selfe conceit :
Our owne dissentious hands opening the gate
Vnto Contempt, that on our quarrels waite,
Discou'red haue our inward government,
And let in hard opinion to Disgrace
The generall, for some weake impotent
That beare out their diseasfe with a stolne face ;
Who (filly foules) the more wit they haue spent,
The lesse they shew'd, not bettring their bad case.
And see how soone this rowling world can take
Advantage for her dissolution,
Faine to get loose from this withholding stake
Of ciuill Science and Discretion : 680


How glad it would runne wilde, that it might make
One formeleffe forme of one confusion?
Like tyrant Ottomans blindefolded state,
Which must know nothing more, but to obay:
For this, seeke greedy Ignorance t'abate
Our number, order, liuing, forme and sway:
For this, it practiseth to dissipate
Th'vnsheltred troupes, till all be made away.

For, since our Fathers finnes pull'd first to ground
The pale of their disseuered dignitie,
And ouerthrew that holy reverent bound
That parted learning and the Laiety,
And laid all flat in common, to confound
The honour and respect of Pietie:
It did so much invile the estimate
Of th'opened and inuulgar'd mysteries,
Which now reduc'd vnto the basest rate,
Must waite vpon the Norman subtilties,
Who (being mounted vp into their state)
Doe best with wrangling rudenesse sympathize.

And yet, though now set quite behinde the traine
Of vulgar sway (and light of powre weigh'd light)
Yet would this giddy innovation faine
Downe with it lower, to abase it quite:
And those poore remnants that doe yet remaine
The spoyled markes of their diuided right:
They wholly would deface to leave no face
Of reverent Distinction and Degree,
As if they weigh'd no diffrence in this case,
Bettwixt Religions Age and Infancie:

Where th'one must creepe, th'other stand with grace,
Left turn'd to a child it ouerturned be.
Though to pull backe th'on-running state of things,
   (Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers dayes)
Vnto the forme of their first orderings,
Is the best meanes that dissolution stayes,
And to goe forward, backward, right, men brings,
T'obserue the line from whence they tooke their wayes.
Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not leuell to the times condition:
To alter course, may bring men more astray,
And leaving what was knowne to light on none;
Since eu'ry change the reuereunce doth decay,
Of that which alway shoulde continue one.

For this is that close kept Palladium
Which once remou'd, brings ruine euermore:
This stir'd, makes men fore-setled, to become
Curious, to know what was beleeu'd before:
Whilstt Faith disputes that vset to be dombe,
And more men striu to talke, then to adore.

For neuer head-strong Reformation will
Rest, till to th'extreame opposite it runne,
And ouer-runne the meane distrustfull still,
As being too neare of kinne, to that men shunne:
For good, and bad, and all, must be one ill,
When once there is another truth begunne.

So hard it is an euен hand to beare,
In tamp'ring with such maladies as these;
Left that our forward passions launce too neare,
And make the cure proue worse then the disease:
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it growes with that, which doth displease:
And faults are easier lookt in, then redrest:
Men running with such eager violence,
At the first view of errors fresh in quest;  
As they, to rid an inconuenience,  
Sticke not to raise a mischief in the steed,  
Which after mocks their weake imprudence:  
And therefore doe make not your owne sides bleed  
To pricke at others: you that would amend  
By pulling downe, and thinke you can proceed,  
By going backe vnto the farther end,  
Let stand that little Couert left behinde,  
Whereon your succours and respects depend.  
And bring not downe the prizes of the minde,  
With vnder-rating of your selues so base:  
You that the mighties doores doe crooching find,  
To fell your selues to buy a little grace,  
Or waite whole months to out-bid Symonie,  
For that, which being got, is not your place:  
For if it were, what needed you to buy  
What was your due; your thirsting shewes your shift,  
And little worth that sekes inuirously  
A worthier from his lawfull roome to lift?  
We cannot say, that you were then prefer'd,  
But that your money was, or some worse gift.  
O scattring gath'rs, that without regard  
Of times to come, will to be made, vndo  
As if you were the last of men, prepar'd  
To bury in your graues all other to.  
Dare you prophane that holy portion  
Which neuer sacrilegious hand durft do?  
Did forme-establishing Deuotion,  
To maintaine a respectiue reuerence  
Extend her bountifull prouision,  
With such a charitable prouidence,
For your deforming hands to dissipate,
And make Gods due, your impious expence?
No maruell then, though th’ouerpeftred State
Want roome for goodness, if our little hold
Be lefned vnto such a narrow rate,
That Reuerence cannot fit, fit as it should:
And yet what neede we thus for roomes complaine,
That shall not want voyde roomes if this course hold?
And more then will be fill’d; for who will straine
To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes, and trauell for an honour vaine,
And gaine a Port, without support or stay?
What neede hath Enuy to maligne their state,
That will themselfes, so kind, guie it away?
This makes indeede our number passe the rate
Of our prouisions: which, if dealt aright,
Would yeeld sufficient roome t’accommodate,
More then we haue in places requisite.
The ill disposing onely doth vs fet
In disaray, and out of order quite.
While other guifts then of the minde shall get
Vnder our colours, that which is our dues,
And to our trauels, neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor respect accrewes:
The sicksness of the States soule, Learning, then
The bodies great diştemprature influes.
For if that Learnings roomes to learned men
Were as their heretage distributed,
All this disordred thrust would ceaze: for when
The fit were call’d, th’vnworthy frustrated,
These would b’aham’d to seeke, those to b’vnfought,
And stay’ng their turne, were sure they should be sped.
Then would our drooping Academies, brought
Againe in heart, regaine that reuerend hand
Of loft Opinion, and no more be thought,
Th'vnecessary furnish of the land,
Nor discourag'd with their small esteeme,
Confus'd, irresolute and wauering stand:
Caring not to become profound, but seeme
Contented with a superficial skill;
Which for a sleight reward enough they deeme,
When th'one succedees as well as th'other will:
Seeing shorter wayes leaide sooner to their end,
And others longer travels thrive so ill.

Then would they onely labour to extend
Their now vnsearching spirit beyond these bounds
Of others powres; wherein they must be pend,
As if there were besides, no other grounds:
And set their bolde Plus ultra farre without
The pillars of those Axioms Age propounds:
Discou'ring daily more and more about,
In that immense and boundlesse Ocean
Of Natures riches; neuer yet found out,
Nor fore-clof'd, with the wit of any man,
So farre beyond the ordinary course
That other vnindustrious Ages ran,
That these more curious times, they might diuorce
From the opinion they are linckt vnto
Of our disable and vnactiuue force,
To shew true knowledge can both speake and do:
Arm'd for the sharpe, which in these dayes they finde,
With all prouisions that belong thereto:
That their Experience may not come behinde
The times conceipt, but leading in their place,
May make men see the weapons of the minde
Are States best strengths, and kingdoms chiefest grace;
And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and praise,
Makes Maieftie appeare with her full face, ✓
Shining with all her beames, with all her raies,
Vnscanted of her parts, vnshadowed
In any darkened poynct; which still bewrayes
The wane of Powre, when powr's vnfurnifhed,
And hath not all those intire complements
Wherewith the State shoulde for her state be sped. 850
And though the fortune of some age consents
Vnto a thousand errors grossely wrought,
Which flourifh ouer with their faire euents,
Haue past for currant, and good course thought:
The leaft whereof, in other times againe
Most dang'rous inconueniences haue brought,
Whilft to the times, not to mens wits pertaine,
The good successes of ill manag'd deedes:
Though th'ignorant deceiued with colours vaine,
Miffe of the caufes whence this lucke proceedes. 860
Forraine defects giuing home-faults the way,
Make eu'n that weakenesſe sometimes well succeedes.
I grant, that some vnlettred practique may
(Leauing beyond the Alpes, Faith and Respect
To God and man) with impious cunning, fway
The courses fore-begunne with like effect,
And without ftop, maintain the turning on,
And haue his erreurs deem'd without defect:
But when some powerfull opposition,
Shall, with a found in countring fchocke, disioynt 870
The fore-contriued frame, and thereupon,
MVSOPHILVS.

Th'experience of the present disappoynt,
And other stirring spirits, and other hearts
Built-huge, for action, meeting in a poynpt:
Shall drive the world to sommon all their Artes,
And all too little for so reall might,
When no aduantages of weaker parts
Shall beare out shallow counsels from the light:
And this fensce-opening action (which doth hate
Vnmanly craft) shall looke to haue her right. 880
Who then holdes vp the glory of the State
(Which letred armes, and armed letters won)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate,
Contemn'd Iustinian, or else Littleton?
When it shall not be held wisedome to be
Privately made, and publikely vndone:
But found designes that judgement shall decree
Out of a true discerne, of the cleere wayes
That lie direct, with safe-going Equitie;
Imbroyling not their owne and others dayes. 890
Extending forth their prouidence, beyond
The circuit of their owne particular:
That eu'n the ignorant may vnderstand,
How that deceit is but a caullear;
And true vnto it selfe can neuer stand,
But still must with her owne conclusions warre.
Can Truth and Honestie, wherein consists
The right, repose on earth? the surest ground
Of Truft, come weaker arm'd into the lifts,
Then Fraud or Vice, that doth it selfe confound? 900
Or shall Presumption that doth what it lifts,
Not what it ought, carry her courses found?
Then, what safe place out of confusion
Hath plaine proceeding Honestie to dwell?
What sute of grace hath Vertue to put on,
If Vice shall weare as good, and doe as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion,
Act as faire parts, with ends as laudable?
Which all this mighty volume of euents,
The world, the vniuersall map of deedes
Strongly controwles, and proues from all discents,
That the diresteft courses best suceedes
When Craft, wrapt still in many comberments
With all her cunning thrues not, though it speedes.
For, should not graue and learn'd Experience
That lookes with th'eyes of all the world beside,
And with all ages holdes intelligence,
Goe safer then Deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence
Crossing the waies of Right, still runs more wide:
Who will not grant? and therefore this obverse,
No state standes sure, but on the grounds of Right,
Of Vertue, Knowledge, Judgement to preserue,
And all the powres of Learning requisite:
Though other shifts a present turne may serue,
Yet in the tryall they will weigh too light.
And doe not thou contemne this swelling tide
And streame of words, that now doth rise so hie
Above the dulall bankes, and spreads so wide
Over the borders of Antiquitie:
Which I confesse comes euuer amplisfide
With th'abounding humours that doe multiplie:
And is with that same hand of happinesse
Inlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:
Yet so, as if let out but to redresse,
And calme, and sway th' affections it commands:
Which as it stirres, it doth againe represse
And brings in, th' out-gone malice that withstands.
Powre aboue powres, O heauenly Eloquence,
That with the strong reine of commanding words, 940
Doft manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of mens affections, more then all their swords:
Shall we not offer to thy Excellence,
The richest treasure that our wit affords?
Thou that canst doe much more with one poore pen
Then all the powres of Princes can effect:
And draw, duert, dispose and fashion men
Better then force or rigour can direct:
Should we this ornament of Glory then
As th' vnmateriall fruits of shades, neglect?
Or should we carelesse, come behinde the rest
In powre of words, that goe before in worth,
Whenas our accents equall to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth:
When all that euer hotter spirits exprest,
Comes bettred by the patience of the North.
And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gaine of our best glory shall be sent,
T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our stores? 950
What worlds in th'yet vnformed Occident
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?
Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand
The greatnesse of our stile is now ordain'd?

What powrs it shall bring in, what spirits command,
What thoughts let out, what humours keepe restrain'd,
What mischiefe it may powrefully withstand,
And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd.
And as for Poesie (mother of this force)
That breedes, brings forth, and nourisheth this might,
Teaching it in a loose, yet measured course,
With comely motions how to goe vpright:
And fostring it with bountifull discourse,
Adornes it thus in fashions of delight,
What should I say? since it is well approu'd
The speech of heaven, with whom they haue commerce;
That onely seeme out of themselves remou'd,
And doe with more then humane skills convers'd:
Those numbers wherewith heau'n and earth are mou'd,
Shew, weaknesse speakes in Profe, but powre in Verfe.
Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow,
That the acts of worthy men should be preferu'd:
As in the holiest Tombes we can bestow
Vpon their glory that haue well deseru'd,
Wherein thou dost no other Vertue shew,
Then what most barbrous Countries haue obsenu'd:
When all the happieft Nations hitherto
Did with no lesser glory speake, then do.
Now to what else thy malice shall obieçt,
For Schooles, and Artes, and their necessitie:
When from my Lord, whose judgement must direct,
And forme, and fashion my abilitie,
I shall haue got more strength; thou shalt expect
Out of my better leasure, my reply.

FINIS.
IX.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

FROM

VARIOUS SOURCES.

1593—1607.
NOTE.

The sources of these scattered Poems are recorded in their places. See on them our 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' in closing volume.

A. B. G.
A NO C C A S I O N A L  P O E M S.

An Ode.¹

OW each creature ioyes the other,
passing happy dayes and howers;
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of filuer showers;
Whilst the earth (our common mother)
hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest Torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
chearing plants with fresher lap:
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refresh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Aire,
(babling guest of Rocks and hils,)
Knows the name of my fierce Faire,
and sounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
whilst that she her Louer kils.

¹ Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,' ¹, ².
Whilst that she (O cruel Mayd)
doth me and my true love despise;
My lives flourish is decayed,
that depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obeyed,
and well he ends for love who dies.

_A Pastorall._

O

Happy golden Age,
Not for that River ranne
With streams of milk, and honey dropped from trees;
Not that the earth did gage
Vnto the husband-man
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th'eternal flowring Spring
Wherein liue'd every thing,
And whereon the heavens perpetually did smile;
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores, or wars or wares ill fought.
But onely for that name,
That Idle name of wind:
That Idol of deceit, that empty found
Call'd HONOR, which became
The tyrant of the minde,
And so torments our Nature without ground;
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet fad griefes imparts

1 Appeared originally in 1592 'Delia,' 1.
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyfull amorous wights.
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts.
But golden lawes like these
Which nature wrote. That's lawfull which doth please.

Then amongst flowres and springs
Making delightfull sport,
Sate Louers without conflict, without flame;
And Nymphs and shepheards sings,
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisp'ring with Songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her Roses fresh Reveales,
Which now her vaile conceales:
The tender Apples in her bosome scene.
And oft in Rivers cleere
The Louers with their Loues comforting were.

HONOR, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight:
Denying water to the amorous thirst
Thou taught'rt faire eyes to lose
The glory of their light;
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves reverst.
Thou in a lawne didst first
Those golden haires incase,
Late spred vnto the wind;
Thou mad'st loose grace vnkind,
Gau'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honour it is thou
That mak'st that stealth, which loue doth free allow.
It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and torments thus:
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The quallisier of Kings,
What doest thou here with vs
That are below thy power, shut from aboue?
Goe and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mighties sleepe,
Let vs negleeted, base,
Liue still without thy grace,
And th'vse of th'ancient happy ages keepe:
Let's loue: this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue: the sun doth set, and rife againe,
But whenas our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.
A Description of Beauty, translated
out of Marino.¹

1

Beauty (beames, nay flame
Of that great lampe of light)
That shines a while, with fame,
But presently makes night:
Like Winters short-liu'd bright,
Or Summers suddaine gleames,
How much more deare, so much
losse-lasting beames.

2

Wing'd Loue away doth flye,
And with it time doth beare;
And both take suddainly
The sweate, the faine, the deare:
A shining day, and cleare,
Succeedes an obscene night,
And sorrow is the hewe of sweet delight.

3

With what then doft thou swell,
O youth of new-borne day?
Wherein doth thy pride dwell
O beauty made of clay?

¹ First appeared in 4to of 1623.
Not with to swift away
The headlong corrant flyes,
As do the sparkling rayes of two faire eyes.

4

Do not thy felfe betray
VWith wantonizing yeares :
O beauty, traytors gay,
Thy melting life that weares,
Appearing, disappeares,
And with thy flying dayes,
Ends all thy good of price, thy faire of prayse.

5

Trust not, vaine creditor!
Thy apt deceiued view,
In thy false counsellor,
That neuer tels thee true:
Thy forme, and flattred hew,
Which shall fo foone transpasse,
Is farre more faire, then is thy looking-glasse.

6

Injoy thy Aprill now,
Whilst it doth freely shine;
This lightning flash and show,
With that cleare spirit of thine,
Will fuddainly decline;
And thou faire murthering eyes
Shalbe loues tombes, where now his cradle lyes.
Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkled cheeks, and stains,
With motion troublesome,
With skin and bloodless veins,
That lively visage reawen,
And made deform'd and old,
Hates flight of glass, it loud so to behold.

Thy gold, and scarlet shall
Pale flurer colour bee,
Thy Rowe of pearles shall fall
Like withered leaves from tree;
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and hair to grow
All plough'd with furrows, over-sowne with snow.

That which on Flora's breast,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly drest,
Saw in her dawning spring;
Quite dry and languishing
Depriu'd of honour quite,
Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Faire is the Lilly, faire
The Rose, of flowers the eye;
Both wither in the ayre,
Their beautious colours die;
And so at length shall lye
Depriu'd of former grace,
The lillies of thy brefts, the roses of thy face.

II

What then wilt it availe,
O youth advis'd ill,
In lap of beauty fraile
To nurfe a way-ward will;
Like snafe in sunne-warme hill?
Plucke, plucke, betime thy flower,
That springs, and parcheth in one short howre.
To the Angell Spirit of the most excellency, S'r. Phillip Sidney.

O the pure Spirit, to thee alone addrest
Is this ioynt worke, by double intrist
thine;
Thine by his owne, and what is done
of mine
Inspir'd by thee, thy secret powre
impref. [combine
My Muse with thine, it selfe dar'd to
As mortall staffe with that which is diuine:
Let thy faire beames giue luster to the rest.

That Israels King may daygne his owne transform'd
In substance no, but superficiall tire:
And English guif'd in some sort may aspire
To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd:
His sacred Tones, age after age admire.
Nations grow great in pride, and pure desire
So to excell in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soule which honour brought to rest
To soone not leaft, and reaft the world of all
What man could shew, which we perfection call;
This precious peece had forted with the best.

But ah! wide festred wounds that neuer shall
Nor must be clof'd, vnto fresh bleeding fall:
Ah memory, what needs this new arrift.

1 First appeared in 4to of 1623—query for Sidney's 'Psalmes.' See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' in closing volume.
Yet blessed griefe, that sweetnes can impart
Since thou art blest. Wrongly do I complaine;
What euer weights my heauy thoughts suftaine
Deere feelees my soule for thee. I know my part,
Nor be my weaknes to thy rites a staine;
Rites to aright, life bloud would not refraine:
Assiift me then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth, what time hath yet supprest,
In whom, thy losse hath layd to vitter waft
The wracke of time, vntimely all defac't,
Remayning as the tombe of life disceast:
VVhere, in my heart the highest roome thou haft;
There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac't:
Triumphant death, in life how more then blest.

Behold! O that thou were now to behold,
This finisht long perfections part begun;
The rest but peic'd, as leaft by thee vndone;
Pardon blest soule, presumption ouerbold:
If loue and zeale hath to this error run
Tis zealous loue, loue that hath neuer dun,
Nor can enough, though iustly here contrould.

But since it hath no other scope to go,
Nor other purpose but to honour thee,
That thine may shine, where all the graces be;
And that my thoughts (like smallest freames that flow,
Pay to their sea, their tributary fee)
Do ftriu, yet haue no meanes to quit nor free,
That mighty debt of infinites I owe.
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

To thy great worth which time to times inroule
VVonder of men, fole borne, soule of thy kind
Compleat in all, but heauenly was thy mind,
For wisdome, goodnes, sweetnes, fairest soule :
To good to wish, to faire for earth, refin'd
For Heauen, where all true glory rests confin'd :
And where but there no life without controule.

O when from this accompt, this cast-vp somme,
This reckning made the Audit of my woe,
Some time of rase my swelling passions know,
How work my thoughts, my senfe, is striken dombe
That would the more then words could euere shew ;
Which all fall short. Who knew thee best do know
There liues no wit that may thy prayer become.

And rest faire monuments of thy faire fame,
Though not complete. Nor can we reach, in thought,
What on that goodly pcece, time would haue wrought.
Had diuers so spar'd that life (but life) to frame
The rest : alas such losse the world hath nought
Can equall it, nor O more grievance brought,
Yet what remainse must euere crowne thy name.

Receiue these Hims, these obsequies receiue,
(If any marke of thy secret spirit thou beare)
Made only thine, and no name els must weare.
I can no more deare soule, I take my leaue,
My sorrow strives to mount the highest Sphere.
Vlisses and the Syren.¹

Syren. Come worthy Greeke, Vlisses come
    Possesse these shores with me:
The windes and Seas are troublesome,
    And heere we may be free.
    Here may we fit, and view their toile
That travaile on the deepe,
    And ioy the day in mirth the while,
    And spend the night in sleepe.

Vlies. Faire Nimph, if fame, or honor were
To be atteynd with eafe,
    Then would I come and rest with thee,
    And leaue such toyles as these.
        But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seeke it forth:
    To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. Vlisses, O be not deceiu'd
    With that vnreall name:
This honour is a thing conceiu'd,
    And rests on others fame.
    Begotten onely to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
    And giue vs vp to toile.

¹ From "Certaine Small Poems Lately Printed: with the Tragedie of Philotas. Written by Samuel Daniel.
At London. Printed by G. Eld for Simon Waterson 1605 (12mo)," also in 1607, 1611, etc., but not in 4to of 1623.
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

Vlis. Delicious Nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manliness would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport.
   For toyle doth giue a better touch,
To make vs feel our joy:
And eafe finds tediousnesse as much
As labour yeelds annoy.
Syr. Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore
Where to tends all your toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
   Who may disporte them diuersly,
Finde neuer tedious day,
And eafe may haue varietie,
As well as action may.
Vlis. But natures of the noblest frame,
These toyles, and dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in eafe.
   And with the thoughts of actions past
Are . . . . reveale all still;
When pleasure leaues a touch at laft,
To shew that it was ill.
Syr. That doth opinion onely caufe,
That's out of custome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes
Then euery Nature did.
   No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sportes are without bloud,
The world we see by warlike wights,
Receiuies more hurt then goud.
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

Vliss. But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great Sports of high desire,
Seeme borne to turne them best.

To purge the mischieves that increase
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Syr. Well, well Vlisses then I see
I shall not haue thee heare,
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortunes there.

I must be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not wonne:
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoo, or be vndonne.
"The passion of a distressed man, who being in a tempest on the Sea, and having in his Boate two Women, of whom, he loued the one that disdained him, and scorned the other who affected him, was by commandement from Neptune, to cast out one of them, to appease the rage of the tempest, but which, was referred to his owne choice."—Prefixed to this poem in the folio of 1602 is the following short letter:

"To Edward Seymour

Earle of Hertford:

Concerning his question of a distressed man in a Boate upon the Seas.

Noble Lord, the judgements of men, as ever according to the set of their affections, and as the images of their passions are drawn within, so they send forth the forme of their opinions: and accordingly must I judge of this case (which your Honour hath moued vnto me) as my selfe do stand looking thorow the prospectiue of min owne imagination, that onely takes measure of other mens passions by that itselfe seeles. Referring the same to the better censure of your honour,

Who shall ever commaund me,

Samwel Daniel."
Y vNKINDE LOUE, or she that loues me deare,
Neptune will haue cast forth to calme the Seas.
One of these two, or all must perish here:
And therefore now, which shall I faue of these?

Ah! doe I make a question which to faue,
When my desires share but one onely part!
Who should it be but she to whom I haue
Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my hart?
She, she must liue, the tempests of whose brow
Confound me more then all these stormes can doo,
And but for whom I liue: And therefore how
Can any life be life, lesse she liue too?
For by that meanes I both may pacifie
The rigour of these waues, and her hard heart,
Who must faue him who would not let her die:
Nor can she but reward so great desert.
She cannot, but in mercy needes must giue
Comfort to him, by whom her selfe doth liue.

Pars altera.

B vt sHALL the bloud of her that loues me then
Be sacrific'd to her disdainefulnesse
That scornes my loue? and shall I hope to win
Mercie from her, by being mercilessse?
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

Will not her safety being thus attain'd,
Raise her proude heart t'a higher set of scorne,
When she shall see my passions are disstain'd
With bloud, although it were to serue her turne?
Since th'acl of ill, though it fall good to vs,
Makes vs yet hate the doer of the fame:
And though my hand should haue preseru'd her thus, 30
Yet being by cruell meanes, it is my shame;
Which she will but ascribe to my desect,
And th'imperfections of my passions; which
She knowes the influence of her eyes effects,
And therein ioyes t'haue vanquisht me so much.
And when desert shall seeme t'exact reward,
It breedes a loathing in the heart of Grace;
That must worke free out of her owne regard,
And haue no dues t'obraid her to her face.
So shall I then haue bent against my soule
Both her disdaine, and th'horror of that deed;
Which euermust my crueltie controule,
And checke the wrong that neuer can suceed.
And though it be requir'd that one must go,
By meassage sent me from the powrs Diuine,
Yet will I not redeeme my safety so;
Though life be in their hand, death is in mine.
And therefore since compassion cannot be
Cruell to either, Neptune take all three.

Resumptio.

B
Vt that were to be cruell to all three,
Rebell to Nature, and the gods arrest,
Whose ordinances must obserued be;
Nor may our frailty with the heauens contest.
Why then that must be done that's least vniust,
And my affections may not beare a part
With crueltie and wrong. But here I must
Be of a side, to goe against my hart,
And her disdaine her due reward must haue:
\[\text{She must be cast away that would not faue.}\]

S. D.
Of William Jones, his "Nennio 1595."

Here dost thou bring (my friend) a stranger borne
To be indentisde with us, and made our owne,
Nobilitie; whose name indeed is worne
By manie that are great, or mightie growne:
But yet to him most natural, best knowne,
To whom thou dost thy labours sacrifice,
And in whom all those vertues best are shewne
Which here this little volume doth comprise.

Wheran when he shall cast his worthie eies,
He here shall glasse himselfe, himselfe shall reed:
The modell of his owne perfections lies
Here plaine describ'd, which he presents indeed:
So that if men can not true worth disceerne
By this discourse, looke they on him and learne.

Sa. Danyel.

1. 6, the person meant is "Robert Devrue [sic], Earle of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley," etc., to whom Wm. Jones dedicates Nennio. This Sonnet follows Ed. Spenser's "Who so wil seeke by right deferts t'attaine," etc., and precedes George Chapman's Sonnet, "Accept thrice Noble Nennio at his hand," etc. 

G.
Ovid quærit titulos, quid dotes iactat Auifa.
Anne ea Penelope est æquíparanda tuæ?
Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis: Auifa
obscura, obscuro fœmina nata loco.
Penelope satrapæ est coniux illuFresh: Auifa
coniux cauponis, filia pandochei.
Penelope castra est cum sponsus absestet: Auifa
castra suo sponde nocte diéque domi.
Penelopeia annos bis denos manfit: Auifa
tot (vix credo) dies interemerata foret.
Penelopeia procos centum neglexit: Auifa
Vix septem pretium sustinuit precem,
Penelope neuit, pensum confecit: Auifæ
laßfauit nunquam pændula tela manus.
Penelope Graïjs, Latijs celebratur: Auifæ
vnus homo laudes, nomen, & aëta canit.
Ergo Penelope vigeat, cantetur: Auifa
nullo Penelope est æquivalenta modo.
TRANSLATION (from Introduction to Willobbie's Avisa, pp. xxv-vi).

To his most dear friend P. C.—S. D.¹

W

Why seeks she titles, boasts she riches, why—

Avisa?

Is she with thy Penelope to vie?

The one renowned, revered, true to her own: Avisa
An unknown woman from a place unknown.

The one spouse of a prince of glorious name: Avisa
Child of an innkeeper, wife of the same. 10

The one is chaste, her husband being away: Avisa
Chaste when he is at home, by night and day.

The one through twice ten years strong to endure:

Avisa

Through scarce as many days could be kept pure.

The one to a hundred lords refused her hand: Avisa
The force and prayers of seven could scarce withstand.

The one would spin until her task was done: Avisa

Ne'er tired the spinning-wheel with what she spun.

The one to the Greeks and Romans praise: Avisa
Has but one man her name and fame to raise. 20

Long live Penelope and flourish fair: Avisa
May never with Penelope compare.

¹ As in Introduction supra, I doubt if the S. D. represent our Daniel, still others think so, and it isn't impossible.
From "Il Pastor Fido; or The Faithfull Shepheard," Translated out of Italian into English. 1602.

To the right worthy and learned Knight, . . . . Syr Edward Dymock, Champion to her Maiestie, concerning this translation of Pastor Fido.

I Do reioyce learned and worthy Knight,
That by the hand of thy kinde Country-man
(This painfull and industrious Gentleman)
Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light:
Who in thy loue I know tooke great delight
As thou in his, who now in England can
Speake as good English as Italian,
And here enjoyes the grace of his owne right.

Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd
Vnto us both the vertues of the North,
Saying, our costes were with no measures gra'd,
Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth.

I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store,
Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more.

Sam. Daniell.
From "BARTAS his Deuine Weekes & Workes." Translated by Iosuah Syluester, 1605.

To my good friend,
M. Syluester, in honour of this sacred Worke.

Thus to aduenture forth, and re-conuay
The best of treasures, from a Forraigne Coast,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,
And make it Ours by such a gallant pray,
And that without in-iustice; doth bewray 10
The glory of the Worke, that we may boast
Much to haue wonne, and others nothing loft
By taking such a famous prize away.
As thou industrious SYLVESTER haft wrought,
And heere enritch'd vs with th'immortall store
Of others sacred lines : which from them brought
Comes by thy taking greater then before:
So haft thou lighted from a flame deuout,
As great a flame, that never shall goe out.

Samuel Daniel. 20
From Clement Edmunds (Remembrancer of the Cittie of London): his "Observations vpon Cæsars Comentaries, 1609."

To my friend, Maister Clement Edmonds.

Who thus extraets, with more then Chymique Art,
The spirit of Bookes, shewes the true way to finde
Th'Elixer that our leaden Parts conuart
Into the golden Metall of the Minde.

Who thus obserues in such materiall kinde
The certaine Motions of hie Practisyes,
Knowes on what Center th'Actions of Mankinde
Turne in their course, and fees their fatalnes.

And hee that can make these obseruances,
Must be aboue his Booke, more then his Pen.
For, wee may be assur'd, hee men can ghesse,
That thus doth Cæsar knowe; the Man of men.

Whose Work, improu'd here to our greater gaine,
Makes Cæsar more then Cæsar to containe.

Sam. Danyell.
From "Queen Anna's New World of Words,"
   etc. Collected by John Florio. 1611.

To my deare friend and brother M. John Florio,
one of the Gentlemen of hir Maiesties Royall
Priuy-chamber.

I Stand not to give praise before the face
   Of this great worke, that doth it selfe commend:
But to congratulate the good and grace
   That England com's thereby to apprehend:
   And in hir name to thanke your industry
Laborius Florio, who have so much wrought
To honour hir in bringing Italy
   To speake hir language, and to give hir note
Of all the treasure that rick tongue contains:
   Wherein I cannot but admire your paines
In gathering vp this uniuersall store,
   And furniture of words for every arte,
And skill of man: So that there seem's no more
   Beyond this search, that knowledge can impart.
Which being a worke which would take vp the powers
Of more then one whole man, I wonder how
You could substract so many serious howres
   From that great summe of service that you owe.
But that it seemes the beaming Gracefulnesse
   That lightens from the most refulgent Queene
Our sacred Mistris, work's that ablenesse
   As mak's you more, then els you could haue beene.
Wherein the power of Princes well is seene
   That can infuse such force, and make age greene.
And it were well, if in this season, when
They leave erecting Churches, Colledges,
And pious monuments, they would build men
Who of their glory may be witnesses,
And what they doe be theirs: As Masons raise
Work's not for them, but for their masters praise.
For, would they but be pleas'd to know, how small
A portion of that over-flowing waste
Which run's from them, would turne the wheeles and all
The frame of wit, to make their glory last:
I thinke they would doe something: but the stirre
Still about greatnesse, gives it not the space
To looke out from it selfe, or to conferre
Grace but by chance, and as men are in place.
But that concern's not me, It is ynow
I doe applaud your worke. Thus from my Plow.

Samuel Daniel.
From John Florio's 1613 edition of his "Done into English" Essayes written in French by Michael Lord of Montaigne.

To my deare brother and friend M. John Florio,
one of the Gentlemen of hir Maistries most Royall Priuie Chamber.

Books, like superfluous humors bred with ease
   So stuffe the world, as it becomes opprest
With taking more than it can well digest;
And now are turn'd to be a great disease.
For by this ouercharging we confound
The appetite of skill they had before:
There being no end of words, nor any bound
Set to conceit the Ocean without shore.
As if man laboured with himselfe to be
As infinite in writing, as intents;
And draw his manifold uncertaintie
In any shape that passion represents:
That these innumerable images
And figures of opinion and discourse
Draw'n out in leaves, may be the witnesses
Of our defects much rather than our force.
And this proud frame of our presumption,
This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit,
Seemes only checkt with the confusion
Of our mistakings that dissolueth it.
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

And well may make us of our knowledge doubt,
Seeing what uncertainties wee build upon,
To be as weake within booke as without;
Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.

But yet although wee labor with this store
And with the preffe of writings seeme opprest,
And have to many bookes, yet want wee more,
Feeling great dearth and scarcenesse of the best;
Which cast in choiser shapes haue bin produc'd,
To giue the best proportions to the minde
Of our confusion, and haue introduc'd
The likeliest images fraiitie can finde.

And wherein most the skill-desiring soule
Takes her delight, the best of all delight;
And where her motions evenest come to roulle
About this doubtfull center of the right.

Which to discouer this great Potentate,
This Prince Montaigne (if he be not more)
Hath more adventur'd of his owne estate
Than euer man did of himselfe before:
And hath made such bold saultes out upon
Cuftome: the mightie tyrant of the earth,
In whose Seraglio of Subjection
Wee all seeme bred-up, from our tender birth;

As I admire his poures, and out of loue,
Here at his gate do stand, and glad I stand
So neere to him whom I do so much loue,
T'applaude his happie setling in our land:
And safe transpassege by his studious care
Who both of him and vs doth merit much,
Haung as sumptuously, as he is rare
Plac'd him in the best lodging of our speach.
And made him now as free, as if borne here,
And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud
That he is theirs, though he be every where
To have the franchise of his worth allow'd.

It being the proportion of a happy Pen,
Not to binuaffal'd to one Monarchie,
But dwell with all the better world of men,
Whose spirits all are of one communitie;
Whom neither Ocean, Desarts, Rockes nor Sands
Can keep from th'intertraffique of the minde,
But that it vents her treasure in all lands,
And doth a most secure commermencement finde.

Wrap Excellencie vp neuer so much,
In Hieroglyphiques, Ciphers, Caracters,
And let her speake neuer so strange a speech,
Her Genius yet finds apt decipherers:
And neuer was she borne to dye obscure,
But guided by the starres of her owne grace,
Makes her owne fortune, and is euer sure
In mans best hold, to hold the strongest place.

And let the Critick say the worst he can,
He cannot say but that Montaigne yet,
Yeldes most rich pieces and extracts of man;
Though in a troubled frame confus'dly set.
Which yet his blest that he hath euer seene,
And therefore as a guest in gratefulnesse,
For the great good the house yelds him within,
Might spare to taxe th'vnapt conuayances.

But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,
Whilst England English speaks, is of that store
And that choyse stuffe, as that without the fame
The richest librarie can be but poore.
And they unblest who letters doe profess
And haue him not: whose owne fate beates their want
With more sound blowes, then Alcibiades
Did his Pedante that did Homer want.

By SAM. DANIEL one of the Gentlemen
extraordinarie of hir Maiesties most
royall priuie Chamber.
Concerning the honor of bookes.

Since Honor from the Honorer proceeds,
How well do they deserve that memorie
And leave in books for all posterities
The names of worthyes, and their vertuous deeds
When all their glorie els, like water weeds
Without their element, presently dyes,
And all their greatnes quite forgotten liyes:
And when, and how they florisht no man heedes.
How poore remembrances, are statutes, Toomes
And other monuments that men erect
To Princes, which remaine in closed roomes
Where but a few behold them; in respect
Of Bookes, that to the univerfall eye
Shew how they liu'd, the other where they lye.

1 This Sonnet in 1613 edn. (not 1603) immediately follows the preceding poem, and though it has no signature, seems to belong to Daniel. G.
From "The Essayes, of Morall Politike and Millitarie Discourses of Lo: Michaeill de Montaigne, Kn't, 1603 edition." ¹

To my deere friend M. John Florio, concerning his translation of Montaigne.

B Ookes the amasse of humors, swolne with eas'e,  
The Griefe of peace, the maladie of rest;  
So suffe the world, falne into this disease,  
As it receives more then it can digest:  
And doe so overcharge, as they confound  
The apetite of skill with idle store:  
There being no end of words, nor any bound  
Set to conceipt, the Ocean without store.

As if man labor'd with himselfe to be  
As infinite in words, as in intents,  
And drawe his manifold incertaintie  
In eu'ry figure, passion represents ;  
That these inumerable visages  
And strange shapes of opinions and discourse  
Shadowed in leaues, may be the witnesses  
Rather of our defects, then of our force.  
And this proud frame of our presumption,  
This Babel of our skill, this Towre of wit,  
Seemes onely checkt with the confusion  
Of our mistakings, that dissolueth it.

¹ The re-casting of this poem for 1613 edn., or ten years later, seems to call for the reproduction separately of its original form.
And well may make us of our knowledge doubt,
Seeing what uncertainties we build upon,
To be as weake within booke as without;
Or els that truth hath other shapes then one.

But yet although we labor with this store
And with the press of writings seeme opprest,
And haue too many booke, yet want we more,
Feeling great dearth and scarsenesse of the best;
Which cast in choiser shapes haue bin produc'd,
To give the best proportions to the minde
Of our confusion, and haue introduc'd
The likeliest images frailtie can finde.

And wherein most the skill-desiring soule
Takes her delight, the best of all delight;
And where her motions evenest come to rowne
About this doubtfull center of the right.

Which to discouer this great Potentate,
This Prince Montaigne (if he be not more)
Hath more adventur'd of his owne estate
Then ever man did of himselfe before:

And hath made such bolde fallies out upon
Custome: the mightie tyrant of the earth,
In whose Seraglio of subjection
We all seeme bred-up, from our tender birth;

As I admire his powres, and out of love,
Here at his gate do stand; and glad I stand,
So neere to him whom I do so much love,
That applause his happie setling in our land:
And safe transpasse by his studious care,
Who both of him and vs doth merit much;

Hauing as sumptuously, as he is rare
Plac'd him in the best lodging of our Speach,
And made him now as free, as if borne here;
And as well ours as theirs, who may be proud
That he is theirs; though he be ever where
To have the franchise of his worth allow'd.

It being the portion of a happy Pen,
Not to binuassal'd to one Monarchie,
But dwell with all the better world of men
Whose spirits are all of one communitie.
Whom neither Ocean, Desarts, Rockes nor Sands
Can keepe from th'interraffeque of the minde,
But that it vents her treasure in all lands,
And doth a most secure commerçement finde.

Wrap Excellencie vp never so much,
In Hieroglyphicques, Ciphers, Caractiers,
And let her speake never so strange a speach,
Her Genius yet finds apt decipherers:
And never was she borne to dye obscure,
But guided by the Starres of her owne grace,
Makes her owne fortune, and is ever sure
In mans best hold, to hold the strongest place.

And let the Critic say the worst he can,
He cannot say but that Montaigne yet,
Yeeldes most rich pieces and extracts of man;
Though in a troubled frame confuy'dly set.
Which yet his blest that he hath ever seene,
And therefore as a guest in gratefulnesse,
For the great good the house yeelds him within
Might spare to taxe th'vnapt conuayances.

But this breath hurts not, for both worke and frame,
Whilst England English speakes, is of that store
And that choyse stuffe, as that without the fame
The richest librarie can be but poore.
And they unblest who letters do professe
And have him not: whose owne fate beates their want
With more sound blowes, then Alcibiades
Did his Pedante that did Homer want.

SAM. DANYEL.
Lthough you haue out of your proper store
The best munition that may fortisfe
A Noble heart as no man may haue more,
Against the batteries of mortality:
Yet reverend Lord voutsafe me leaue to bring
One weapon more vnto your furnisment;
That you the Assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wafting sickenesse may preuent:
For that my selfe haue struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do;
And let me tell you this you neuer could
Haue found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more faire proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity,
Nor giue more time to make resistances
And to repaire your breaches, then will this.

For whereas other sickenesses surprize,
Our spirits at vnawares disweopning sodainely,

1 From Quarto of 1623. A holograph copy is preserved in H.M. Public Record Office. See 'Memorial-Introduction II.—Critical' on this.—G.
All sense of understanding in such wise,
As that they lay vs dead before we die,
Or fire vs out of our inflamed fort,
With raving Phrensies in a fearefull fort;
This comes and steales vs by degrees away;
And yet not that without our priuity
They rap vs hence, as Vultures do their pray;
Confounding vs with tortures instantely.
This fairely kills, they lowly murther vs,
Trippe vp our heeles before we can discerne;
This giues vs time of treaty to discus
Our suffring, and the cause thereof to learne.

Besides therewith we oftentimes haue truce
For many months, sometimes for many yeares,
And are permitted to inioy the vse
Of study, and although our body weares
Our wit remains ; our speach, our memory
Faile not, or come before our selues to die :
We part together and we take our leaue
Of friends, of kindred ; we dispose our state,
And yeeld vp fairely what we did receiue
And all our businesse accomodate :
So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
But we depart from hence in quiet fort :
The foe with whom we haue the battaile fought,
Hath not subdu'd vs but got our Fort,
And this disease is held most incident
To the best natures and most innocent.

And therefore reuering Lord, there cannot be
A gentler passage then there is hereby,
Vnto that port wherein we shall be free
From all the stormes of worldly misery.
And though it show us dayly in our glasse,  
Our fading leaf turn'd to a yellow hue,  
And how it withers as the sap doth passe,  
And what we may exspect is to infue.  

Yet that I know disquiets not your mind,  
Who knowes the brittle mettaile of mankind,  
And have all comforts vertue can beget,  
And most the conscience of well acted dayes;  
Which all those monuments which you have set  
On holy ground to your perpetuall praise,  
(As things best set) must euer testify;  
And shew the worth of Noble Montague.  
And so long as the Walls of Piety  
Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you;  
And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall show  
Their faire repairs to all Posterity;  
And how much blest and fortunate they were  
That euer Gracious hand did plant you there;  
Besides, you have not only built vp walls  
But alfo (worthier edifices) men;  
By whom you shall have the memorialls  
And euerlasting honor of the pen  
That whensoever you shall come to make  
Your Exit from this Scene wherein you haue  
Perform'd so noble parts, you then shall take  
Your leaue with honor, haue a glorious graue.  

"For when can men go better to their rest  
"Then when they are esteem'd and loued best?"

SAM. DANIEL.

END OF VOL. I.